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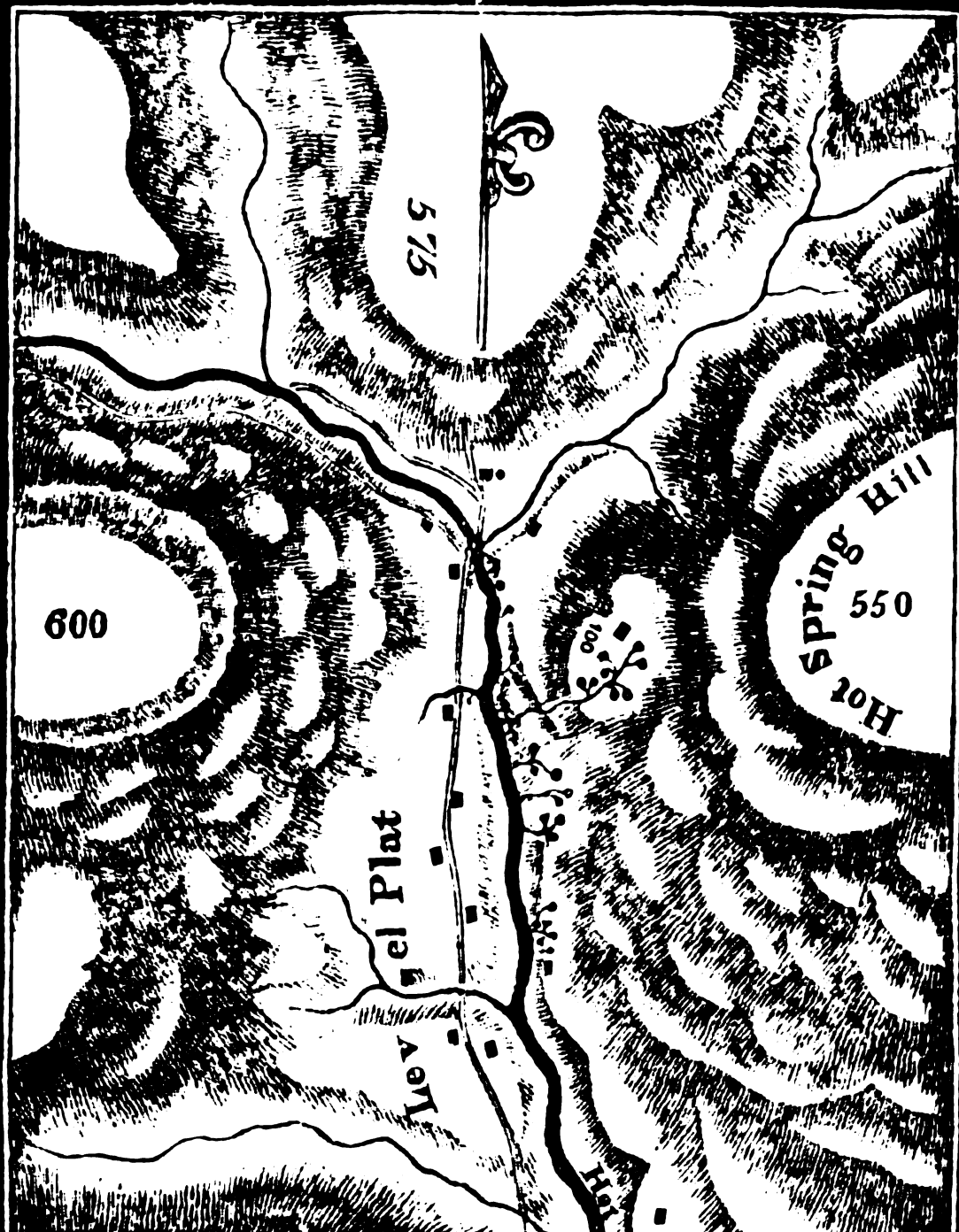
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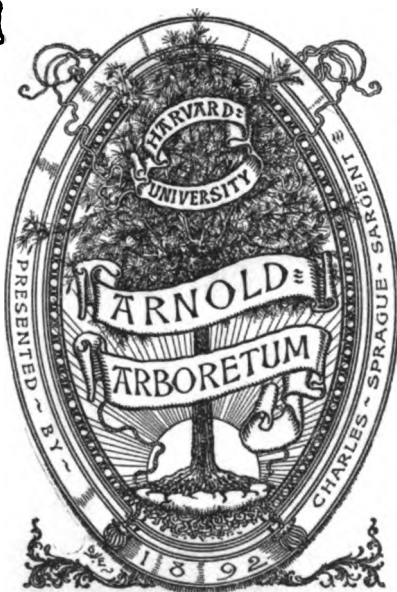
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No. I.....VOL. III.

MAY, 1818.

ART. 1. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.

THERE has lately crept into our language a very uncouth and inaccurate form of speech, which ought, before this time, to have been made the subject of some authoritative critical censure. Thus far, however, it has escaped, I believe, all public animadversion; and it is a matter of no little surprise, that some of the professed literati, both in Great Britain and this country, are contributing to its currency by their own example. Indeed, from an inherent propensity, in our language, to that particular combination of words, or mode of expression, in which the fault in question always originates, it is now becoming a characteristic blemish in many of the most respectable written compositions and public speeches of the day. There is certainly no extravagance in saying, that it disgraces a great proportion of both.

The inaccuracy to which I refer, consists in improperly using a noun in the nominative or objective case, instead of the possessive, where the *clause itself*, in which the noun is used, or some other noun, stands, in sense, and ought to stand, in grammatical construction, as the nominative or objective. To illustrate my meaning, I subjoin a list of examples, selected at random, from a few hours' miscellaneous reading, and generally from a class of compositions in which one might reasonably expect to find, at least, "proper words in proper places." The examples are numbered, for the purpose of facilitating particular references to them.

1. "The possession of the goods was altered, by the *owner* taking them into his own custody." [Marshall on Insurance.]

2. "In consequence of the king of Prussia invading Saxony and Bohemia, the Aulic council voted his conduct to be a breach of the public peace." [Edinb. Encyclop.]

3. "The *secretary* wearing a sword and uniform, was a circumstance which added greatly to his natural awkwardness." [Notices of Mr. Hume.]

4. "Many valuable lives are lost, by reason of studious men indulging too much in sedentary habits." [Anon.]

5. "I rise in consequence of the hon. *gentleman* having alluded to a remark of mine." [Congr. Debates.]

6. "The fact of an *appointment* having been made, would not prevent its being recalled." [Lord Castlereagh.]

7. "How will this idea consist with the *Sabbath* having been a ritual appointment to Israel?" [Christ. Observ.]

8. "Instead of Asia *Minor* having received them from Greece, a directly contrary process took place." [Quart. Rev.]

9. "The *gentleman* having advanced a doctrine, which I regard as unconstitutional, is my apology for troubling the house," &c. [Congr. Debates.]

10. "In New England, there is no test to prevent *churchmen* holding offices." [Edinb. Rev.]

11. "Observers—who reject all idea of their *elevation* being owing to volcanic eruptions." [Quart. Rev.]

12. "The accident of a *horse* neighing once decided the succession to the throne of a mighty empire." [Anon.]

Selections of the same kind, from recent publications, might be multiplied indefinitely; but there can be no need of augmenting the number. Of those which have now been presented, it must be perfectly obvious to every English scholar, that there is not one in which the grammatical construction corresponds with the real meaning of the writer or speaker—in other words, not one in which the fact or idea intended to be communicated, is expressed by the language employed; and, of course, not one in which the rules of composition are not grossly violated. This may be made very apparent by a partial analysis of a few of the examples: To take the first—the meaning of the writer certainly is, not that the *owner* was the means by which the possession of his goods was altered, but that his *taking them into his own custody* was so. In grammatical construction, however, the language expresses the former meaning, and no other.

In the second example, the fact which the historian intended to state, is, in substance, that in consequence of the *invasion of Saxony and Bohemia* by the king of Prussia, the Aulic council voted, &c. But, according to the grammatical purport of the sentence, as it now stands, the words, "invading Saxony and Bohemia," express merely an incidental circumstance, which might have been thrown into a parenthesis, or a distinct clause; and the whole sentence might, without any material alteration of the sense, as *expressed* by the writer, be paraphrased thus: "In consequence of the king of Prussia—who, by the by, had invaded Saxony, &c. the Aulic council voted his conduct to be a breach of the public peace." If the paraphrase is nonsense, it is the nonsense of the original.

In the third, the meaning expressed by the words, is, that the *secretary*, (who happened, indeed, to wear a sword and uniform), was himself the circumstance which added to his own natural awkwardness. The fact intended to be communicated is, that his *wearing a sword*, &c. was that circumstance.

To avoid unnecessary particularity, I will advert to only two or three more of the examples:—In the fifth, the declaration of the speaker, if construed according to the rules of syntax, is, that he rises, not in consequence of the *allusion* made to a remark of his own, by the "hon. gentleman; but in consequence

of the *hon. gentleman himself*, who had made the allusion. In the ninth, the *gentleman* referred to—not his having *advanced an unconstitutional doctrine*—is, according to the true construction of the sentence, the speaker's apology: And in the twelfth, the *horse*, instead of his *neighing*, is made the accident which decided the succession. An examination of all the other examples would present similar results.

Now, all this blundering and absurdity might have been avoided, and the intended sense of the several passages cited, have been made to correspond with their syntax, by merely using the possessive case of the nouns, put in italics, in the several examples: as, by writing *owner's*, instead of "owner"—*Prussia's*, instead of "Prussia"—*secretary's*, instead of "secretary," &c.

If any one can doubt the justness of these strictures, he may bring them to a very simple and decisive test, by substituting pronouns for nouns, in each of the passages cited. Thus: "The possession of one's goods is altered, by *him* taking them into his own custody." "The Aulic council voted the king's conduct to be a breach of the public peace, in consequence of *him* invading Saxony," &c. "*He* wearing a sword and uniform was a circumstance which added to his natural awkwardness." "The lives of many studious men are lost, by reason of *them* indulging," &c. This, it will readily be agreed by every reader, is absolutely intolerable: and yet it does not at all surpass, in grossness of inaccuracy, any one of the original passages cited.

It is really a reproach to the literature of the age, that so much of it should be disgraced by this awkward hallucination. Barbarous as it is, however, it has not, thus far, I believe, become strictly vulgar; that is, it has not, as yet, interwoven itself as an idiom, with our common colloquial style. If so, it is not, perhaps, too inveterate for correction: and surely so rank a barbarism ought, if possible, and as speedily as possible, to be banished from the English tongue.

J. G.

An Historical Essay on the Rise and Progress of Civil Liberty in Asia.

We can scarcely conceive a more important study than the examination of principles manifestly operating upon a numerous, high-minded, and intelligent people, to the production of national grandeur, power, and prosperity. We are

earnestly intent upon the comparative rude and imperfect development of energies whose matured and refined action is to exhibit results so gratifying. The affairs of a nation destined to commence a career at once honourable and glorious; yet struggling with the difficulties inseparable from a new and scarcely settled state; composed of parts not yet cemented into one great and efficient whole; whose civil dissensions partially consume the strength and talent which a more enlightened policy will direct to enterprises of foreign grandeur, and the consolidation of a widely-spread and well-administered dominion;—must always open to the student in human character, sources of more minute and accurate knowledge of its constituents, than can possibly be afforded by the history of older and more polished nations, whose affairs are, too generally, conducted in a manner that systematically excludes the agency of superior abilities.

The abstract correctness of these observations, we may presume, will be generally acknowledged; but when predicated of an Asiatic people, such an exordium may sound rather strange in the ears of all who are versed in the history and policy of the East. They will recall to their recollection those scenes of atrocious tyranny which, with the fewest imaginable exceptions, occupy the pages of oriental historians; that system in which the ruler is every thing, and the people nothing, will rise before them in all its variety of guilt; its unspeakable horror and gigantic enormity; held together only by that dreadful compact which it has instinctively entered into with the vices, passions, and ignorance of its miserable victims. That selfish and sanguinary temper which teaches the sovereign to endure no eminence but his own, or that springing from and dependent on himself: that morbid jealousy and distrust that will not bear even "*a brother near the throne*," and consequently interdicts the march of moral and political amelioration, and submits the interests of the community to the wayward and desolating caprices of a fool, perhaps, or a madman—always a tyrant,—will not, assuredly, be forgotten—it will not be forgotten, that blood-stained basis on which nearly every Eastern dynasty has erected its seat of power, and terror, and oppression, from the height of which it has hung abroad the standard of its terrible and heart-bowing dominion: nor will the limited extent to which, it would seem on the first hasty glance, the nations of Asia are confined in their advances in science and practical morality, be under-

rated by those whose acquaintance with the Eastern character and genius would dispose them earnestly and sincerely to dispute the most plausible speculations on the capabilities and natural tendencies of the Orientals; then, too, the enervating climate, and the luxurious propensities of which it invites and sues the indulgence; and the habitual un murmuring submission to despotic authority, which it appears to superinduce in the uncultivated minds and overawed hearts of the population; and the deep-rooted prejudices of an intolerant faith; and the want of concert among the people; and the absence of every feeling bearing the remotest connexion with patriotic sentiment; and the tranquil equanimity in the endurance of *predetermined* hardships and distresses: these, we are well aware, will enter largely into the calculations of the readers of Eastern records, when they are told that at this moment there are three vast and independent states in the East, whose government is constructed upon principles singularly liberal, and the nature of whose internal polity encourages the progress of useful knowledge.

The communities to which we allude, are the WUHABEES, the SIKHS, and the AFGHAUNS.

The doctrine of the Wuhabees, while it embraces a considerable portion of the Muhammedan ethics and rules of morality, and acknowledges the *unity* of God as the fundamental article of faith, dissents from Islamism, and, indeed, from every other religion, ancient and modern, in two or three particulars, which the clergy of all nations will, we are persuaded, regard with the most disinterested displeasure; and should these sectaries succeed in overthrowing the Turkish power in Asia, the establishment of a creed which denies the claims of prophets, and apostles, and inspired volumes, and looks not with the eyes of affection on mosques and richly-endowed benefices, and whose principles inculcate the smallest possible reverence for the pillars of the church, may invigorate and diversify the exhausted eloquence of the *Moolas* of Christendom.

Niebuhr is the first European traveller who reports the rise and progress of this interesting and enterprising sect. ANPOUL WUHAB was a native of *El áred*, (or *Ool Urud*.) a province of Arabia. In his youth he diligently applied himself to the study of his native literature, and after residing some years at *Básra* (*Bussora*) repaired to *Bagdad*, whence he returned

to Arabia. Here he began to propagate his opinions, and having attached several of the principal Shaiks to his interests,—among others, the governor of his native town,—the success of his first endeavours encouraged him to proceed, and his labours were quickly rewarded by the happiest results. His authority became speedily acknowledged throughout *El Ared*, and he established his capital at *Deryeh*, near *Lahsa*. His principal doctrines were,

1. *That there is but one God.*
2. *That God never did, and never will, impart to man the gift of prophecy.*
3. *That there are no inspired books.*
4. *That it is a duty incumbent upon all true believers to join in the destruction of mosques, magnificent tombs, &c.*

Muhammed, Jesus, Moses, and other prophets, they regard with high respect, as great and excellent men, whose actions are worthy of imitation; but the junction of whose names with that of God they reprobate. Sobriety and temperance are religious duties, and even the use of vegetable stimuli—coffee, opium, tobacco, &c.—is prohibited among them. Countrymen of Muhammed, and surrounded by his disciples, they evince an accommodating disposition towards the Muslims, highly advantageous to their cause. Thus, they consider it illegal to levy duties on the moveable property of Muhammedans, enjoin a strict observance of the moral precepts of the Koran, &c.

Abdoul Wuhab was succeeded by his son *Muhammed*, according to Niebuhr, (*Description de l'Arabie*, tom. ii. p. 211. quarto ed. Paris,) but Major Waring (*Tour to Sheeraz*, p. 120) calls him *Ubdool Uzeez*, while a French historian (*Salaberry, Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, tom. iii. p. 334. Paris, 1813) making no mention of the establishment of the sovereign authority in the family of the founder, says that *Ebn Sehoud*, prince of a powerful Arabian tribe, having afforded refuge to Abdoul Wuhab during his difficulties, embraced the opinions of his guest, and made them the means of erecting an empire, which he transmitted to his descendants. These apparent contradictions may possibly be reconciled, by supposing *Muhammed Ubdool Uzeez* to have been the name of Abdoul Wuhab's son and successor, and *Ebn Sehoud* the same with *Bin-Saoud*, the present sovereign and generalissimo of the Wuhabees, according to Major Waring. Be this as it may, the fact appears sufficiently clear that the Wuhabee empire (notwithstanding the partial defeats sustained by its chief in

his late contests with the Pasha of Egypt) is firmly fixed in Arabia, and their general success against the Turks, and the ease and rapidity with which they propagate their tenets, make it more than probable that at no very distant period the whole of Ottoman Asia will be included within their boundaries. Their armies are numerous and better disciplined than any forces the Porte can send against them; Mecca and Medina (the holy cities) have fallen before them, and their expeditions into Syria are frequent and successful.

The Sikhs are a powerful people, the independent possessors of a large portion of Upper Hindustan, several of the extensive and opulent provinces formerly subject to the Monguls, having been conquered partly, and partly allured into the Sikh alliance by the vast benefits held out to the Hindû inhabitants by those martial reformers. The countries of the Punjab, or territories watered by the five branches of the Indus, part of Multan, and nearly all the regions between the Jumna and the Sutlege (their north-western frontier leaning on the limits of Afghanistan, and their south-eastern boundary reposing, at present, on those parts of India held by the British), have thrown off the yoke both of their Muslim and Brahminical tyrants, and embraced the liberal and stimulating tenets of this bold and adventurous people.

The founder of the Sikhs arose in the reign of the Afghaun Sooltaun, Belloli. NANOCK, or NANAC, was born in the village of Tulwundy, or Rai-pour, sixty miles west of the city of Lahore. A strict regard for the principles of justice, a commanding, a persuasive eloquence, and an unshrinking fortitude, fitted him for the station in which he was destined to shine. He visited most of the Indian States, and his disciples believe that he penetrated into Persia and Arabia. His travels occupied fifteen years, and from the circumstance of his having converted, during his absence, a Muslim who accompanied him, we may infer that he drew up his civil and religious code, while employed in studying the manners and condition of foreign nations. The death of the venerable apostle (whom his disciples secretly believe to have been an incarnation of the Deity) took place in 1539, at Dayrah, on the banks of the Ravee, where the anniversary of their founder's decease is still celebrated by the Sikhs with many sacred ceremonies.

The revolution effected by Nanock was, indeed, in a philosophical and poli-

tical point of view, the greatest that India ever witnessed; though its immediate results were by no means invested with that external splendour so captivating to the imagination. He abolished the worship of images, and ordained that the temples should be of the most simple construction, and utterly devoid of ornament. In each of these "*houses*" of worship, is deposited a copy of the "*Grunth*," or civil and sacred ordinances of Nanock. The people are directed to address their prayers and supplications immediately to God, and not through the medium of an intercessor. They are educated in the belief of one unassociated Governor of the universe. The admission of proselytes, forbidden among other Hindûs, aimed a mortal blow at the old superstition, and opening to all the inferior *castes* the paths of respectability and opulence, shook to its basis the ancient and iron fabric of Brahminical fraud and despotism.

The reformation, once begun, continued—rapidly, yet peaceably—to extend itself, and grew up under the eyes of the Brahmins and the Monguls for two hundred years, without molestation. That the Muslims, engaged in foreign and civil wars, and caring little for, and rarely interfering with the religious opinions and ceremonies of their Hindû subjects, should not observe and persecute the dissenters, will not surprise us; but it is surely extraordinary that a class of individuals, depending for all their consequences and privileges upon the existing system, should not have used their influence to crush in the beginning the innovator and the innovation—and strangle in its birth a revolution which, though incalculably beneficial to the people, would irrecoverably divest them of the sanctity, and power, and immunities they had hitherto enjoyed—and obliterating the magic circle of their prerogative, drag them forth into the light, and exhibit them in all the paraphernalia of their imposture to the disenchanted vision of the multitude.—(*Foster's Journey from Bengal to England*, vol. i. p. 291, et seq.)

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the progress of the Sikhs attracted the observation of the Mongul government. It became jealous of the increasing numbers and prosperity of the dissenters—and when did jealousy in power refrain from persecution? *Har Govind* was the sixth ruler of this once peaceful people—his father had perished in a Muslim prison, and the new chief resolved on revenge. He attacked and put to death the agent of his father's mis-

fortunes; and was, for a period, successful against the forces sent against him by the emperor Jehan-jire,—at length he was overpowered. (*Foster's Journey*, vol. i. p. 298.)

The history of the Sikhs continues unimportant till the accession of Aurungzebe. In the reign of that monarch they became more widely alienated from the system of Brahma than was strictly authorized by the precepts of Nanock. Hitherto they had had recourse to arms so far only as was commanded by the law of self-defence and preservation; but the arbitrary treatment they suffered under Aurungzebe, roused a new spirit, which the assassination of their leader, *Taigh Bhauder*, by his command, quickened and exasperated. *Guru Govind* (i. e. the priest Govind), the son of the murdered chief, remembered how his father fell, and determined on retribution. The Sikh records inform us, that at this period he had accomplished only his fifteenth year. But he was active and resolute, accustomed to the use of arms, and his martial genius speedily converted the pacific disciples of Nanock into a nation of warriors.

This was the object of his whole scheme of policy—and the sole addition to the system of Nanock that was required to sweep away the last dyke between the old frame of Hindû society, and the overwhelming waves of enthusiastic innovation. Prompted at once by the spirit of revenge and ambition, *Guru Govind* (who henceforward assumed himself, and made his followers assume, the name of *Singh*, or *Lion*) addressed himself to the inflamed and exacerbatèd minds of his countrymen;—vividly he displayed before them the baseness of their fortunes under the Monguls, and passed in galling review the disgraceful tenure by which alone they held their lands, their lives, their property. He showed them by how slender provisions the institutions of their revered founder were guarded from destruction,—every thing valuable in their estimation, and dear to their hearts, was at the mercy of a proud, cruel, and insolent tyrant, whose late atrocious outrage upon them in the person of their chief, too plainly demonstrated the rancorous disposition he fostered against the reformers—the determination he had formed to crush a power that already alarmed his fears—and the measures to which he would resort to effect his abominable purpose. He described the arts that would be employed to deceive and allure—and the rigours that would be practised to awe and con-

pel;—disunion among the people—and hostility between themselves and their leaders—and cabal among the chiefs—and bribery in its hundred shapes: And he unsheathed before their fancy the sword of persecution—and called up in their minds the terrors of desolation—and he asked them how they would feel when they beheld their sons and kindred weltering in their blood, their daughters writhing in the embraces of lust and rapine, and their temples, and dwellings, and pleasant places blazing in Muhammedan fires? For the aversion of these dreadful evils, he said, but one mean presented itself—to force, force must be opposed, and the Sikhs must rely for the preservation of their rights and their laws on the strength of their arms, and the sharpness of their swords. He would be their leader;—his injuries—his hatred toward the strangers—gave him an undeniable claim to that station of glory and peril. Hereditary chief of the nation, he trusted for support to their free, uninfluenced approbation. The design he had formed to raise his countrymen to greatness, required that every man should become a *soldier*! The first duty of a citizen was the defence of his country. “That sacred service now demands us all—to all be the ranks of war thrown open—let the prizes of honour and wealth be accessible to each;—Brahmins and Chhatryas, Vaisyas and Sudras, be ye all equals, brothers, warriors! Ye have been lambs in peace—be ye *lions* in battle. Govind will be your general, and the spirit of Nanock shall inspire your councils.”

Govind addressed an auditory prepared to receive his exhortations with an enthusiasm answerable to his own. They drank the spirit of his words—they started to arms, and thronged around the standard of the illustrious youth who thus forcibly displayed to them the evils, the disgraces of their present situation, and so clearly pointed out the long train of disasters that would infallibly trace its march among them, if they longer endured in slavish apathy the heavy and humiliating yoke of their foreign tyrants. Into their hearts his words descended, and the latent fires of independence and glory, for which the principles of Nanock had provided the means of accumulating access, burst at once into flame. At the period when Guru Govind roused them to arms, the Sikhs were a people amazingly different from any other nation of Hindû origin or connexion.—The doctrines of Nanock were not merely captivating in their first display, but preg-

nant with such great and evident benefits to almost every class of Hindûs but one, that their rapid diffusion could have been imperiled only by a character the reverse of that which belonged to their venerable founder. Courage and eloquence are, indeed, qualities of an exalted order, and he who without them should set about the task of national reformation, would quickly learn on the scaffold his total unfitness for the part he had undertaken to enact: but the apostle of the Sikhs was not only distinguished by the undauntedness of his temperament, and the energies of a commanding elocution,—he was celebrated, likewise, for the uniform sobriety of his deportment, and that inestimable prudence which taught him how to secure the greatest good with the slightest danger, and avoid risking the total failure of his noble plan by too hasty a developement of all its parts. Had he, in the onset, aimed at that complete enfranchisement of his countrymen, which was reserved as the illustrious distinction of a succeeding age, the chances of his success would have been incomparably diminished; both classes of tyrants, the Monguls and Brahmins, would have taken the alarm—the impetuous reformer and his rash disciples must have fallen beneath the first effects of their awakened dread, and the vigilance of the persecutors would have taken effectual precautions against the repetition of such an enterprize.

Nanock pursued a surer, safer path. The advantages he put the inferior *castes* in possession of, rendered their present condition too delightful when compared with their preceding state, to leave them either leisure or inclination forcibly to enlarge the circuit of their newly-acquired privileges. Doubtless he was aware that the career of improvement, once begun, is rarely abandoned—that to effect the entire liberation of his countrymen would require more bold and daring measures than were then expedient; but the wise and patient spirit of Nanock perceived, that when the period of a farther mutation should arrive, his institutions would be so extensively propagated, and so firmly established, that the struggle for complete and acknowledged independence would be ushered in with less ambiguous omens, and the triumphant issue of that stern conflict with the oppressors insured by the numbers and experience of the sectaries. The calculations upon which we may suppose the legislator of the Sikhs to have grounded his proceedings, were justified by the result. Between Nanock (whom the gra-

titude of his countrymen subsequently complimented with the title of *Shah*, or *King*) two hundred years had elapsed, and in that long interval the institutes of the venerable patriarch had acquired the form of a compact and well-understood system. Supported, perhaps improved, by a series of disinterested rulers, so greatly had it elevated the Sikhs above the common standard of Hindû society—to the mass of the population its benefits had become so conspicuous and magnificent, that when Govind called them to arms, the people instantaneously acceded, and seemed, by the enthusiasm with which they embraced his suggestions, to have long brooded over a project which, by one decisive assault, would cast down and destroy the few remaining barriers between the humblest members of the community, and the higher stations of influence and wealth. The nation assumed a military aspect and attitude, and though the superior talents of their youthful chief maintained him in the command of their armies, the determined and heroic spirit of Govind animated every individual; and the peasant forsook his plough—and the manufacturer deserted his loom—and the artisan left his art; and they waited not for arms, but rushed into the field with such weapons as their domestic occupations furnished them with. But, at this period, the Mongul power had attained its loftiest pitch; the sway of Aurungzeb stretched over the whole of northern, and vast tracts of southern India. His armies were numerous—his treasury was full, and their first attempts, though made with all the ardour of a people, conscious of the justice of their cause, and corroborated by the extraordinary abilities of their chief, were unsuccessful. The vigilant severity of Aurungzeb rendered it impossible for them to reassert their rights during the remainder of his reign. But, on the death of that great and guilty sovereign, the scales of fortune began to waver. The empire, no longer held together by the strong hand of the deceased monarch, exhibited evident tokens of decline. Again were the Sikhs beheld in arms—the resources of the Monguls were again employed against the undaunted enthusiasts—and once more success attended the Muslim standards. The vindictive victors now gave loose to the reins of persecution, and the savage fury with which they were pursued, compelled the Sikhs to take refuge in the mountains and forests of the Punjab, there to wait till called forth by some more favourable juncture. The irruption of Na-

dir, and the extreme feebleness to which that tremendous visitation reduced the Monguls, gave free scope to the ambition and resentment of the long abused but intrepid sectaries. Rushing from their temporary retreats, they spread themselves over the desolated provinces; and the Monguls fell away from before them—and the star of their fortune shone in the ascendant—and they proceeded from conquest to conquest, till the flag of their dominion waved over two-thirds of the Indian empire of the Monguls.

The establishment of the Afghans sway, on the death of Nadir, brought the Sikhs in contact with the Dooraunee power. Ahmed Shaub was a prince of genius and vigour; and in the shock of the rival states it was the destiny of the Sikhs to succumb for a time beneath their formidable adversary. But the nation appears to have remained entire and untrifled; to have retained its laws and liberties. The institutions of Nanock and Govind seem to have been fortified by additional provisions, and the civil contentions of the Afghans render it not improbable that under the influence of the Sikhs the revolution begun by Nanock and advanced by Govind,* may direct its victorious march eastward, and northward, and southward through the regions of Hindûstan, and extend the shadow of its wings over the enlightened and aspiring millions of that long and variously oppressed country.

* The principle of equality is the corner-stone of the Sikh constitution, as it stands at present. The change produced by Nanock limited itself to the abolition of *caste*. Govind was the author of the political and military revolution. He is recorded to have said "that the four tribes of Hindus, the Brahmin, Chhatrya, Vaisya, and Sudra, would, like *pan* (betel-leaf), *chumam* (lime), *supari* (bitter nut), and *khat* (terra-japonica), become all of one colour when well chewed. All who subscribed to his tenets were upon a level; and the Brahmin who entered his sect had no higher claims to eminence than the lowest sudra who swept his house." (*Sir John Malcolm's Sketch of the Sikhs*.)

"In travelling through the Siringnaghar country, our party was joined by a Sicque horseman, and being desirous of procuring his acquaintance, I studiously offered him the various attentions which men observe to those they court. But the Sicque received my advances with a fixed disdain, giving me, however, no individual cause of offence, for his deportment to the other passengers was not less contemptuous. His answer, when I asked him the name of his chief, was wholly conformable to the observations I had made of his nation. He told me (in a tone of voice, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to revolt at the idea of servitude) that he disdained an earthly superior, and acknowledged no other master than his prophet." (*Foster's Journey*, vol. i. p. 329).

The Afghauns* constitute the *third* Asiatic people, among whom we discern considerable proofs of a meliorated state of society, and a practical consciousness of the value of liberty, at least equal to that of many European nations.

Afghanistaun contains, within a loosely calculated circuit of two thousand miles, more or less, a population of fourteen millions.

The name and importance of the Afghauns are conspicuous in the early periods of the modern history of Hindustaan. The territories inhabited by that brave and rising people extend in the form of an imperfect circle, the western section of which is composed of some of

the eastern provinces of Persia, the oriental including the conquered parts of Hindustaan, and the northern stretching over the snowy peaks of Hindû Kosh (or Caucasus) into the regions of Tartary. A line carried from the southern to the northern limits, and again to the western confines from the eastern boundaries, may be conceived as the general diameter of a circumference of two thousand miles. The ranges of Hindû Kosh proceed in irregular lines from the north through nearly the whole of this tract. The country is divided between mountain and valley, though many plains of considerable extent (those of Caubul and Peshawer are pre-eminently fertile and beautiful) intervene between the arms of Caucasus, and afford space and pasture to the wandering tribes. The Sind and its branches are the principal streams, but innumerable rivulets, formed by the melting of the snows in the superior cavities of Hindû Kosh, amply suffice for the purposes of irrigation in those parts of the country that are deficient in great rivers. CAUBUL, PESHAWER, Ghaznah, Candahar, and Heraut, are the chief cities; and if the population of Peshawer be taken as the criterion of that of the other towns above mentioned, we shall find that about 1-28th of the whole people of Afghaunistaun is resident in cities immemorably celebrated as seats of Asiatic politeness and science. The climate is healthy, and unsubject to the depressing and overpowering heats of the Indian heavens; but the monsoons rage with awful violence, and during the periods of their stay, the sheety rains and the raving winds transcend the wildest storms of Europe. The productions of both hemispheres abound and flourish in the generally rich soil and temperate atmosphere of Caubul.

Afghaunistaun has seen the rise in her bosom of the most powerful Muslim states. To Hindustaan she has sent forth her colonies of conquerors and kings, and but for the superior fortune of the descendants of Timour, the present shadow of an emperor might have been an Afghaun. On the west they have pushed their victorious arms into Iraun, and the expulsion of the Sefies was the work of an Afghaun mountaineer, in whose name the Khootha resounded in the musjids of Isfahau—and whose dynasty gave way only to that mighty chief, who, from the humblest obscurity, burst forth into greatness and renown—and bound the diadem of Persia round the brows of a hero, and sent out afar the tidings of his exploits, and called up the reverence of the East for the name.

* Mr. Elphinstone's "*Account of Caubul*" has furnished the materials for the observations in the text. During the government of lord Minto, in British India, and by his direction, Mr. Elphinstone was charged with a mission to the court of Caubul. Political motives, arising from the possible invasion of India by Napoleon, and the known endeavours of the Imperial Government to effect a good understanding with the states of Western Asia, appear to have been the causes of the embassy, the preparations for which were made at Delhi with a magnificence extraordinary even in the East. Audience was given at Peshawer (the second city of Caubul.)

Mr. Elphinstone's work is divided into two parts—The *first* and shortest, embraces the journey to and from Peshawer, beyond which city the convulsed state of the country prevented him from proceeding;—the *second* contains a regular, minute, and admirably-digested account of the geography, productions, animals, &c. of Caubul; the inhabitants, their dispositions, attainments, manners, &c.; the tribes composing the population; the dependent provinces; and, lastly, the government. Five appendices are added; the *first*—a history of the Dooraunee monarchy; from the Ahmed Shaah to Shaah Shuja, the sovereign in possession when the English ambassador arrived at Peshawer;—the *second*—a narrative of a journey into Caubul by one Mr. Durie, (a native of Bengal,) written at Mr. Elphinstone's request;—the *third*—an account of countries bordering on the Afghaun dominions;—the *fourth*—an extract from lieut. Macartney's geographical memoir on Caubul;—the *fifth*—a vocabulary of the Pushtoo language, the general idiom of Afghaunistaun, and apparently distinct from any other spoken in India. Such are the contents of Mr. Elphinstone's valuable and interesting work; but, to form an adequate idea of its great merits, the mass of information of almost every description which it includes, the correctness and clearness of its arrangement, the sound and discriminating judgment so conspicuous throughout the volume; the masterly manner, in brief, in which the author has managed a subject at once so extensive and complex, and the exemplary modesty which renders him so anxious that his attainments shall not be overrated—to become acquainted with these combined claims to the reader's applause, is not possible without a careful perusal of the work itself.

of NADIR. Previously, however, to the appearance and reign of Ahmed, the Afghans, though thus powerfully interfering in the concerns of circumjacent states, and held to be formidable neighbours by the potent sovereigns of Persia, Hindustan, and Tartary, had not permanently established their dominion over the regions now comprehended within the boundaries of Caubul. The form of society among them favourable to the achievement of foreign conquest, was wholly hostile to the establishment at home of a great and well-settled empire. The division of the nation into tribes, between whom the bonds of friendship and alliance were seldom strong, or for any considerable time lasting, confined the attention of the clans and their chiefs to their own peculiar interests; civil dissensions would, of course, frequently occur between communities, whose views and enterprises must so often clash—and the weaker party, yielding to the stronger, vented its resentment on, and procured a settlement in, the territories of its less martial neighbours. The authority of their chiefs might depend, in some measure, on their personal character; but their legitimate power was confined within very narrow limits. As the administrators of justice, they were the constitutional depositories of the law, and the legal dispensers of rewards and punishments. In disputes between members of the same community, it was permitted, nay, it was almost imperative upon them, to interpose their respectable influence—to assuage the animosity of the contending parties, and by amicable compromise, prevent the fierceness of the quarrel from degenerating into a bitter and incurable feud. But when any plan or enterprise was in agitation touching the interests of the tribe at large, and to execute which the efforts and resources of the community would be required, the chief was under the wholesome and indispensable necessity of convening the members of the clan, and taking the sense of a general council on the expediency of the measure in deliberation.

Such was the domestic polity of the Afghans till the death of Nadir Shah. The assassination of that extraordinary potentate gave birth to an order of things considerably different. The civil wars that convulsed Persia on the demise of her late sovereign, would not permit the candidates for the throne to attend to the security of the distant dependencies of the empire. The khaun of the Dooranees, the chief of the Afghau tribes, was young, brave, and ambitious. He aspired

to free his compatriots from the yoke of foreigners, and the reward he proposed to himself was the sovereignty of his country. Those glorious scenes on which the eyes of ambition delight to dwell, floated before the vision of the daring and undaunted aspirant. His vigorous and undaunted mind contemplated the perils of the enterprise—and despised them. His sagacity indicated the measures proper to accomplish his object—and he embraced them. The hatred of the Afghans against the Persians was, at once, political and religious;—as their oppressors, they detested them—they abhorred them as schismatics. This disposition the khaun rendered the lever of his designs. By his deeds of arms he attracted the observation, the applause, of his countrymen; his victories gained at the head of his tribe, over the late conquerors and lords of Afghauistan, excited their grateful enthusiasm: the spirit of an avenger seemed enshrined in the frame of Ahmed, and it required but slight persuasion to induce the people and their leaders to choose a hero for their king.

The deliverer of his country was the first monarch of Caubul; but those who from the establishment of a regal government, should infer, that from the heights of independence the Afghans dropped at once to the depths of slavery;—that having for centuries enjoyed the liberty, somewhat licentious;—and the manners, somewhat rude—of a turbulent but high-souled people—they were suddenly metamorphosed by the spells and incantations and mighty magic of royalty, into the servile vassals of an overbearing despotism, would be, indeed, wonderfully deceived. The spirit of independence which their domestic manners and laws, and, above all, their martial habits, so powerfully fostered, was at least equal to their grateful admiration of the merits of Ahmed. Raised to the throne by a nation to whom the name of king was a strange name, that politic sovereign was too wise to imitate the system of tyranny and spoliation so generally in vogue with oriental princes. A revenue sufficient for the expenses of the state, and its punctual payment—the appointment of magistrates—the establishment of a national army—the selection of ministers—the choice of viceroys and provincial governors—such appear to have been the principal features of the monarchy as established by Ahmed. But these provisions for the moderate power and dignity of the prince were not suffered to encroach on the rights, well understood and strictly guarded, of the people.

The clans still continue to enjoy their distinct local governments and jurisprudence. The khauns are occasionally, it may be, appointed by the king—but this, when it occurs, is an affair that requires considerable delicacy; and he whom the voice of the clan pronounces to be best adapted to the office, is the person on whom it will be most prudent in the sovereign to confer it. All affairs of general importance or interest are still discussed in open *Jeerga*, or council, and decided by a majority. No acts of summary punishment or capricious cruelty, either by the monarch or heads of tribes, can be committed with safety. The khauns, indeed, are regarded rather as magistrates than political rulers. Literature is cultivated and encouraged; some even of the abstruser branches of science are beginning to be inquired into, and known, and the condition of the softer sex is much superior to what is observed in other parts of Asia. The recent and existing distractions of the state do not appear to have stopped, though they may have retarded the career of improvement. Works of public utility and convenience are actively proceeding. Like the Sikhs, the Afghauns are rapidly ascending the steps of civilization. The present tumults will, it is probable, terminate in the *election* to the throne of some new Ahmed, who will collect and consolidate the fluctuating energies of Afghaniſtaun, and, with a resolved heart and a vigorous arm, give them a direction auspicious to the prosperity and grandeur of his people. and send down to posterity a name embalmed in the tears and admiration of his country.

G. F. B.

Biographical Sketch of the late Geographer, JOHN H. EDDY, of New-York

The subject of the following memoir, died, at the house of his father, on the morning of the 22d of December, last, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The few particulars of his life, which are here given, though drawn up by the hand of friendship, are stated with all the impartiality of truth, and it is hoped may serve to furnish to the reader some idea of the unwearied industry and extensive attainments of the deceased, though labouring under one of the most severe calamities incident to humanity. Those who were happy in a personal knowledge of the subject of this hasty sketch can best bear testimony to his integrity as a man, and to his warmth and constancy as a friend; while the manner in which he performed

his several duties, must have left an indelible impression on the hearts of those who were the peculiar objects of them.

JOHN H. EDDY was the eldest son of Thomas Eddy, Esq. of New-York, and was born in this city, in 1784. At an early age he entered upon the study of the ordinary elements of education, and equally by the ardour of his application and by his progress in knowledge, while labouring under all the disadvantages of a total deprivation of hearing, engaged the most affectionate sympathy of his friends. It was between the twelfth and thirteenth years of his age, that he had the great misfortune to lose entirely the sense of hearing, by a dangerous and protracted attack of the scarlet fever. Notwithstanding the great personal disadvantage under which he thus laboured, the powers of his mind were not suffered to lie dormant, and he improved with great earnestness every opportunity of cultivating them. To an ample knowledge of the Latin and French languages, he added that of algebra and the mathematics, all which he acquired without assistance from teachers. The intervals of time not devoted to these substantial pursuits, were occupied in reading, and few persons of his age have excelled him in the knowledge of ancient and modern history. It was his practice during the winter to rise an hour or two before day-light, and apply himself in the morning to general reading, and during the course of the day he seemed to be every moment employed in the pursuit of some favourite study.

That such ardent and constant intellectual exertions were not calculated to do good to his constitution, will not excite surprise; and the anxiety of his relatives became awakened at the symptoms of disease which he himself little regarded. In order to restore him to his former health, he was persuaded to abandon for a time his closet studies. It has often been observed, that a change of mental occupation is itself sufficient for the purposes of physical renovation. He now resolved to indulge that fondness for the works of nature, to which, at an early age, he had formed an attachment, but which he had, from various circumstances, been prevented from gratifying. That his attainments in this pleasing department of rational investigation, entitled him to high praise, cannot be denied; and the success that attended his labours in botany and mineralogy, is known to the cultivators of these branches of science.

But, while thus engaged, Mr. Eddy did not neglect those ornamental studies

which enable the possessor to take a part in elegant and polite conversation, but of which, from his peculiar situation, he was painfully deprived. His taste was improved by the perusal of the best poetical and prose authors of the present and former times. What he himself wrote he communicated in a style characterized by its perspicuity and force: and in his occasional interviews with the muses, he evidenced some of the stronger marks of genuine poetry. In a small volume of manuscript poems which he has left, there is one written on the occasion of his loss of hearing, in which he deploras, in plaintive accents, what so seriously affected his sensibility; and in no other instance has he ever been known on that account to utter a complaint.

Geography, however, was the favourite pursuit to which Mr. Eddy was attached: it is by his acquisitions on this important subject that he is to be especially regarded. How large were his pecuniary expenditures, what sacrifices of time and of health he made in order to acquire correct geographical knowledge, how honourably he supported his pre-eminence, and how extensively was his usefulness in this study directed for the benefit of his country, are circumstances familiarly known and universally admitted. He maintained an extensive correspondence with many of the most eminent characters in England and France, as well as in different parts of the United States, on geographical topics. The several maps which he published exhibit a display of taste and science exceeding any thing of the kind that had been presented to the American public. Among the first of these was his circular map of thirty miles round New-York, which appeared in 1814. He also published, at the request of the Canal Commissioners, a map of the western part of the state of New-York, with the proposed tract of the intended canal from lake Erie to the Hudson, accompanied with an accurate profile of the levels, and with a scale showing the number of feet of each level above Hudson river and below lake Erie. Next followed, at the request of his excellency governor Clinton, the President of the Board of Canal Commissioners, a map illustrative of a communication between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic ocean, by means of lake Erie and Hudson river. On this map are laid down the North-Western Territory, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, the western part of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the western part of the state of New-York; with a table, showing the respec-

tive distances from principal places to New-Orleans, New-York, Montreal, &c. About the same time he gave to the public a map of the Niagara river, with a profile view of the country from lake Erie to lake Ontario. The materials of these different maps were derived from the best sources, and the accuracy of his illustrations could not be questioned. Mr. Eddy had, more than two years before, viz. in 1812, accompanied his father and other commissioners for the purpose of exploring the western part of the state, and of ascertaining the practicability of a canal communication between lake Erie and the Hudson.

A short time previous to his death, Mr. Eddy finished a map of the state of New-York. This may be pronounced his best executed work: as to style, accuracy, and scientific arrangement, it may be safely said to exceed all other maps hitherto published in America. It cost him nearly four years of unremitted labour: his materials were original; he collected them with uncommon care, and incurred great expense in obtaining distinct surveys of every county in the state.*

He had also engaged in other important labours of a like nature. Governor Dickenson, of New-Jersey, and a number of gentlemen of that state, made application to Mr. Eddy to undertake a map of New-Jersey, and, with that view, furnished him with considerable surveys. The legislature, anxious that this work should be executed by one so competent, passed a resolution, unsolicited and unknown to Mr. E. directing that he should be supplied from the public offices of the state with such copies of surveys or records as he might suppose useful for his purpose. He collected no small amount of information for the Jersey map.

The premature death of this useful man has also deprived the country of an American atlas, which he had been solicited to undertake by a number of enterprising individuals. Nothing perhaps would more conclusively have shown how defective and erroneous are the European maps as it respects the geography of the United States. The enterprising projectors of the atlas intended it as a national work: they have now to lament the death of him whom they deemed so abundantly qualified to take the lead in

* The writer is informed, that this valuable map will not be lost: the engraving is stated to be already executed, by able artists in Philadelphia, and copies of the work will be published with all convenient expedition by Messrs. James Eastburn & Co. of New-York

this great attempt, and they have candidly expressed that the loss of his assistance is irreparable.

Mr. Eddy was the author of a number of essays which appeared in the newspapers, on botany and other branches of natural history; on geography and the internal improvement of this state. An essay on geography which he intended for publication in this magazine, will probably shortly appear. He was a member of the New-York Historical Society, and, in 1816, was elected to a similar honour in the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York. To this latter association he communicated an interesting memoir on the geography of Africa. That unfortunate mariner, Capt. James Riley, the narrative of whose sufferings has awakened so large a portion of public attention, had applied to Mr. Eddy to draw for him a map of part of Africa. This gave Mr. Eddy the occasion of examining the different accounts that had been published by different travellers on African geography; and, without passing sentence of condemnation on any writer for wilful misrepresentations, he gives due credit to the statement of Capt. Riley. Capt. Riley has indeed been pronounced a loose writer by an anonymous reviewer,* but the testimonies to his worth and veracity are most respectable, and, besides, he is subject to the evidence of living witnesses. It cannot be denied that his work contains most important views of interior Africa; and it is gratifying to observe, that a gentleman possessed of the talents and learning of Hugh Murray, Esq. should, in his enlarged edition of Leyden's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa, pay the tribute of high regard to our American narrator.

Enough has been said to show that the strongest principle of action in John H. Eddy, was the laudable desire to be useful: that he was superior to making a trade of liberal pursuits, and generous in

* Vide Quarterly Review, No. xxxiv. "Capt. Riley, it would appear, however competent as a mariner, was far from being a good anatomist and physiologist. He has stated that the weight of some of his companions on their reaching Mogadore did not exceed forty pounds each; whereas he ought to have been aware that the weight of the skeleton of a common sized man would be 13½ pounds; the usual weight of the brain 4½ pounds; that of the circulating blood 27 pounds: so that there are 45 pounds without either muscles or intestines." Did the Quarterly Reviewer want more decisive proof of the general inaccuracy of Capt. Riley's whole statement of his shipwreck, sufferings and sojournings?

pecuniary matters, is admitted by those to whom he was best known. To conclude this hasty sketch: it is unfortunately too frequently our lot to lament the seemingly untimely departure of aspiring genius and worth; but it may confidently be said, seldom could our regret and lamentation be more feelingly bestowed than on the subject of this brief memorial. Time and talents have rarely been more constantly or more undeviatingly directed to objects of substantial importance; and it is painful to reflect that his fatal illness was prematurely induced in consequence of such exertions. Let the qualities of his heart and his moral excellence command our regard; for the services he has rendered let the debt of gratitude be paid to his memory.

W.

Three cases of Gun-shot Wounds, communicated by Wm. Thomas, of Poughkeepsie, Hospital Surgeon to the Division of the Army commanded by Gen. Brown, in the Campaign of 1814.

Major Benjamin Birdsall of the 4th Rifle Regt. was wounded by a musket ball at the storming of Fort Erie, August 15, 1814. The ball struck the base of the under jaw and raked it to the angle where it is articulated with the head. For three days there was no bleeding of importance and the wound was dressed in the usual manner. But on the 4th, when the wounded parts had recovered from the torpor produced by the ball, a violent hemorrhage began, which ceased before any medical aid could be procured (the major being half a mile from the general hospital.) I was at a loss for some time to know whether the blood came from the facial or lingual artery, until the third or fourth hemorrhage, when it proved to be the facial artery that was wounded. The tongue was much injured and the frenum wounded, which, as at first, induced a belief that the lingual artery was the injured one. The parts became greatly inflamed and enlarged, and the wounded artery, to the finger, was twice its natural size and beat violently. Compresses of sponge were used, but the involuntary motion of the jaw and the formation of matter crowded the sponge from the artery, and, after repeated trials, they were discontinued. The swelling of the head and the integuments covering the external carotid artery, forbade searching for that artery from whence the facial branches, else it would have been tied, and the only alternative was a compress that would press immova-

bly on the wounded artery until its walls should unite. The finger was the only compress that could be relied on, and that was employed for thirteen days by relieves every three hours. Perhaps it was not necessary to continue the application of so laborious a compress for so long a time, but the life of a gallant officer was in jeopardy, and it was preserved by the only practicable mode of destroying the wounded artery. Major B. remained with the army until the succeeding winter; and when the inflammation subsided, the discharge from the wound was very great, and the left side of the jawbone, from the centre of the chin to the angle of its union with the head, came off in splinters with the pus; the destruction of the softer parts was great, and presented a large gaping appearance. Major B. has been advised to have the edges scarified and brought together similar to the hair-lip operation—success is doubtful. The duct of the parotid gland has been wounded, and there is a continual leaking from it. The sub-maxillary has been injured and the small glands on the general surface of the wound continually moisten the parts which will oppose the adhesive process.

Capt. James M'Intosh of the 1st Rifle Regt. was wounded by a musket ball in the action at Conjocita creek, it struck him on the left side of his neck, near the 4th coracal vertebre. It wounded the spine and entered the esophagus, and was swallowed without the patient's being conscious of it, and was discharged in a few days afterwards. The concussion of the spine produced a great degree of torpor for many months, particularly of the left arm, (probably one of the coracal nerves was wounded,) and the discharge of spiculi of bone in the pus proved the spine to have been injured. A portion of the liquid food which the captain attempted to swallow, passed out the orifice made by the ball for several weeks. Capt. M'Intosh left the army the succeeding winter, his wound being nearly healed, but there was a stiffness of his neck. The ball was ragged from its collision with the spine, and somewhat diminished in weight.

Lieutenant Jonathan Kearsley of the 4th Rifle Regt. was wounded at Fort Erie on the 15th August, 1814. A musket ball struck his left leg about four inches below the knee, and fractured both bones of the leg badly. The lieutenant was anxious to save his leg, and the operation of amputation was delayed four days longer than was prudent. On the fifth day from the time he was wounded it was taken off, just where the femoral artery passes un-

der the sartorius muscle. The lymphatic vessels were inflamed up to the inguinal glands and the leg somewhat swollen, it was evident that twenty-four hours longer delay must have placed it beyond the amputating period—and the lieutenant was in imminent danger from the delay which had occurred; but it was thought better to take off the thigh in its present situation than risk further delay; after tying the femoral artery and the profunda, the tourniquet was loosened, and the surface of the stump appeared to be crowded with leaking arteries, and before the patient could be removed from the table, seventeen arteries were tied. There were several peculiarities attending this case, but the object of making it public is to show the importance of early amputations, when the character of the injury clearly makes it necessary. Had the limb been amputated on the field, not more than five or six arteries would have required the ligature, and the experience of the campaign proved that primitive operations were the most successful. The system will not remain tranquil beyond a day; and delay after that period endangers the lives of the wounded, and I do not recollect a fatal case during the campaign of 1814, where amputation was performed within thirty hours after the wound was received; on the contrary, a large proportion of the deferred operations of the campaign were fatal.

Second Memoir on the Genus ARHIS, containing the Description of 24 new American Species. By C. S. Rufinesque.

I shall now add 24 new species, which I observed in 1817, to the 12 already described in my first memoir on this genus, (Amer. Monthly Magazine, vol. i, p. 360.) I mean to proceed every year in the investigation of this interesting genus, which may properly be called the *cattle of the ants*. I have ascertained by actual observation the truth of Hubert's discovery respecting this singular fact, having detected the ants in their management of these animals: I have seen them carrying their eggs and young on the plants adapted for their food, surveying their growth and progress, feeding on their honey, walking and rambling over them without disturbing them in the least, &c. It appears that several species are raised by each species of ants; but the same species is not raised by different ants, and each herd or colony belongs to a peculiar tribe of ants, which does not suffer other tribes of the same species to come and invade

their property; and if any dares to do it, a war often ensues. These wonderful facts are not the most astonishing among those belonging to the natural history of the ants; a genus of insects which has claimed my most constant attention, and which I hope to illustrate shortly by describing the American species thereof; their policy exceeds that of many human societies!

All the species of the genus *Aphis* have many enemies, such as birds, reptiles, and the larva of several species of the genera *Syrphus*, *Hemerobius*, &c. which destroy them sometimes by thousands, else they would often propagate to an incredible extent; yet they are very hurtful to many plants, which they disease, reduce to inanition, and sometimes kill, by depriving them of their sap or juice. When they attack garden plants, they may be destroyed by rubbing a wet feather on those plants, they are easily detached and killed by it; they may also be easily killed by the smoke of tobacco or brimstone.

About 60 European species are known. I have detected already 36 species in the United States, where I suspect that many hundreds exist. I shall proceed to enumerate those observed last year in the state of New-York, mostly near Fishkill, and conclude by a synoptical division of the species already observed.

13. *Aphis rosea-nuveolens*. Body oboval oblong, green, brown or blackish, with two pale stripes on the back; antens nearly as long as the body and brownish, appendages very short, legs black at the base and tip, white in the middle; wings, with a brown spot in the males. The young ones are green, the old ones are blackish.

14. *Aphis dipolepha*. Body oboval, pale green, with two rows of bristles on the sides of the back, eyes black, antens rufous as long as the body, legs rufous, appendages longer than the vent, which is acute. This species is found on many garden roses, the specific name means *double ciliated*.

15. *Aphis rhodryas*. Body oboval oblong, pale green, antens two-thirds of the length of the body, brown as well as the legs, appendages short.—On many wild roses, which the specific name indicates.

16. *Aphis viburnum-opulus*. Body oboval, slate colour, antens black, white at the base, very short, only one-fourth of the body's length, appendages black and very short, vent black, legs black, white at the base. The young ones are of a greenish gray. This species feeds on the leaves instead of the stems; as usual with most of

the species, it deforms the leaves and rolls them over its nest.

17. *Aphis viburnum-acrifolium*. Body oboval, olivaceous brown, head black truncated, antens two-thirds of body's length brown, black at the top, as well as the legs, appendages shorter than the vent, which is acute. The young ones are olivaceous rufous; the males are entirely blackish or black, with a black oblong spot on the wings. This species is raised by the *formica melanogaster*, or the black belly ant with red breast, head and feet, and it is upon it that I have observed many of the facts noticed in the introduction.

18. *Aphis crategus-coccinea*. Body oboval, pale green, with two dark stripes on the back of a brownish green; antens green half of body's length, appendages very short, vent acute. Feeds on the leaves of the *crategus coccinea*.

19. *Aphis cornus-stricta*. Body oboval, black, head squared truncated; antens two-thirds of body's length with a white base, legs white at the top, appendages very short, vent nearly acute. The males have the wings double the body's length, with a large black oblong spot underneath. Covering the branches (rarely the leaves) of the *cornus stricta*.

20. *Aphis populus-grandidentata*. Body oboval obtuse, reddish black, head truncated, back annulated, antens one-third of body's length, appendages obtuse, exceedingly short, vent obtuse. Male with many oblong blackish spots on the wings. This species is found on a very high tree, and often on the upper leaves and branches. Length one line. It is remarkable by the many spots on the wings of the male, while most of the species have only one large spot on the lower side of each wing, and a few species have unspotted wings.

21. *Aphis populus-trepida*. Body oboval, pale green, with two dark or brown stripes on the back, which is annulated, head truncated, antens whitish two-thirds of body's length, feet whitish, appendages elongated, as long as the vent, which is acute. I have not seen the male of this species.

22. *Aphis jacobea-balsamita*. Body oboval oblong, very slightly annulated, entirely of a shining bronze colour; antens as long as the body, not shining, with some brown rings; legs with black knees and articulations; appendages black, stiff, longer than the vent, which is acute appendiculated. A very fine species of a metallic brass colour, the young ones are more oblong, darker, more annulated; the old ones are of a light or pale colour, nearly

obtuse behind, and smooth or scarcely annulated.

23. *Aphis orenaster*. Body oblong, of a brownish or dark bronze colour; head truncated; antens brown, as long as the body, legs brown; appendages longer than the vent, which is appendiculated; males with unspotted wings. Found on several species of *aster* on the highlands, particularly the *aster simplex*; the specific name means *mountain-asters*.

24. *Aphis erigeron-strigosum*. Body oboval oblong, reddish; antens as long as the body, blackish as well as the legs; appendages longer than the vent which is mucronate. In the old ones the body becomes flattened, of a reddish brown, and the appendage of the vent becomes longer.

25. *Aphis gibbosa*. Body oboval, reddish fulvous, head truncated, thorax yellowish and gibbous, abdomen acute slightly annulated; antens longer than the body, brown, base gray; legs gray, knees and feet black; appendages brown, longer than the vent, which is appendiculated; males with unspotted wings. Found near Newburgh, on several species of *solidago*, particularly the *S. odora*, *S. altissima*, &c.

26. *Aphis xanthelis*. Body oblong cuneate, of a dark brown bronze colour, head truncated, abdomen slightly annulated; antens as long as the body, blackish as well as the legs; vent acute, appendages elongated erect: males blackish, with a linear yellowish spot on the wings. Noticed on the *solidago nemoralis*; size very unequal, from half a line to two lines long: the specific name means yellow spotted.

27. *Aphis annulipes*. Body oboval, reddish brown, head truncated; antens two-thirds of body's length; legs with pale rings; vent obtuse, appendages very short divergent. Observed in September near Oysterbay, Long-Island, on the *Hieracium gronovi* and *H. paniculatum*, length one line.

28. *Aphis hieracium-paniculatum*. Body oblong, of a shining reddish brown, abdomen a little curved or depressed above, and annulated; antens as long as the body, whitish at the base as well as the legs; vent acute, appendages elongated horizontal: male with vertical appendages, mucronate vent, and wings with a greenish brown spot. Found on the *hieracium paniculatum* only, in October, near Flatbush, Long-Island, a very singular species, the hind part of the body is raised; the males are much larger than the females.

29. *Aphis verberna-hastata*. Body pale green annulated oboval; antens as long

as the body, head truncated, appendages short. Length of the body one line, vent mutic.

30. *Aphis polanisia-graveolens*. Body black oblong oboval slightly annulated; antens as long as the body, base and top gray; legs with the base and a ring in the middle gray; appendages longer than the vent, which is acute; males with a brownish spot on the wings. Found near Newburgh, in June, on the leaves and flowers of the *polanisia graveolens* or *cleome decandra L.* where it is singular that they should be raised, since the vicinity of this plant must be some impediment: length of the body one line.

31. *Aphis arabis-mollis*. Body oboval oblong glaucous green, a row of black dots on each side; antens brown nearly as long as the body, appendages short, vent acute. A small species, less than one line in length.

32. *Aphis polygala-senega*. Body oboval brown; antens longer than the body, with pale rings, as well as the legs; appendages short, vent nearly obtuse. Noticed in June; length about one line.

33. *Aphis brassica-napus*. Body elliptic, pale greenish, covered with a white dust, a blackish spot on each side; head narrow truncated; antens half body's length, blackish as well as the legs; vent acute, appendages short, dentiform. Found in gardens, sometimes also on the *brassica*.

34. *Aphis erigeron-canadense*. Body oboval green; antens brown, shorter than the body; appendages brown, elongated one third of total length, oviduct elongated. The body is about one line long, the oviduct appears as a third appendage. Found on Long-Island.

35. *Aphis ambrosia*. Body oboval, yellow, acute behind; head truncated; antens half the length of the body, a little brownish, feet tipped with brownish; appendages brown elongated upright: very small, body only half a line long. Found on Long-Island on several species of the genus *ambrosia*: they are raised and bred by a new species of ants, which I have called *formica fasciata*.

36. *Aphis acaroides*. Body oboval reddish, obtuse behind, antens very short, feet brown, appendages obtuse wart shaped. The smallest species observed, scarcely one-fourth of a line long, having much the appearance of an *acarus*; found also on Long-Island on the *dileptium virginicum*, (*lepidium virginicum L.*) raised likewise by the *formica fasciata*, which is itself rather a small ant.

Whenever a genus becomes extensive in species, it is necessary to divide it in

sub-genera and sections, in order to reach with a greater degree of facility the knowledge of the species which it contains. I shall therefore propose the following temporary divisions among the American species already detected.

I. Division. Antens bent.

1. Sub-genus. *Cladoxus*. Body flattened, no appendages, antens club-shaped. Sp. 12.
2. Sub-genus. *Lozerates*. Body thick, with appendages, antens not club-shaped.
 1. Section. Body annulated. Sp. 1.
 2. Section. Body not annulated. Sp. 2.

II. Division. Antens not bent.

3. Sub-genus. *Dactymotus*. Body or back annulated.
 1. Section. Antens shorter than the body. Sp. 20, 21.
 2. Section. Antens as long as the body. Sp. 22, 26, 28, 29, 30.
 3. Section. Antens longer than the body. Sp. 25.
4. Sub-genus. *Adactymus*. Body not annulated.
 1. Section. No appendages. Sp. 3.
 2. Section. Usual appendages, antens shorter than the body. Sp. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 27, 33, 34, 35, 36.
 3. Section. Usual appendages, antens as long as the body. Sp. 10, 13, 14, 23, 24, 31.
 4. Section. Usual appendages, antens longer than the body. Sp. 2, 11, 23.

Memoir on the Crystallization of Snow; read before the Lyceum of Natural History, New-York, April 8th, 1817. By P. S. Townsend, M. D.

The doctrines of crystallization have long received the attention of chemical philosophers. Of late years, the elucidations of the Abbé Haüy, on this subject, have far outstripped the labours of others; and his discoveries, going to establish the identity of chemical laws and mathematical demonstration, have given a peculiar grandeur to this part of analytical philosophy, and left little else to be done by those who follow him. Crystallography, however, where it applies to the evanescent forms of watery concretions, has not been much attended to. The observance of these forms, and the delineation of the varieties they assumed, was all that seemed necessary: for the component parts of water were well known, and whatever

shape it might assume on crystallization, did not seem to have, as in salt and other substances, any particular relation to its chemical constitution. The practical utility of such investigation, therefore, was, in regard to water, no longer thought of, while its modes of congelation were from time to time expatiated upon, rather with the air of speculative relaxation than severe discrimination. Much, however, has even in this way been accumulated; and though much may remain to be known, I believe, in what I have to offer there will be found little if any originality.

Water, undergoing congelation in the heavens, and falling upon the earth, exhibits itself in the form either of *snow* or *hail*; that congelating upon the surface of the earth is termed *ice*. "Hail is of the same nature as ice: snow is of the same nature as white frost. That snow may be formed, it is necessary that the aqueous particles diffused through the air should congeal before they have united into gross drops."* The causes producing solidification in bodies, may sometimes so operate, that the masses concreting shall assume certain regular and systematic figures. These, in chemistry, are termed crystals. In water, crystallization is ascribable only to abstraction of caloric; but in other substances it is effected also by evaporation. The *crystals of snow*, particularly, are distinguished from all others in another respect; viz. they consist of little, thin, smooth, and narrow bars of transparent ice, so disposed that they form planular or flattened *hexagonal stellæ*, or stars, rather than solid masses of a cuboidal or pyramidal configuration. These stellæ, or stars, though of sufficient magnitude for ocular inspection, are, however, of rare occurrence, "the flocculi being ordinarily of irregular and unequal figure."† Hence they have been remarked upon by very few. When they do occur, therefore, they should be noted. I had the satisfaction of witnessing these beautiful and singular configurations on Saturday afternoon, the 1st of March, 1817; and again a few days after that. The weather on the day that I first discovered them, was cloudy, with the wind at S. W. but so moderate as not to be perceptible. The temperature of the air was about 30° or 31°. These forms were assumed when the snow fell very gently, and in* such

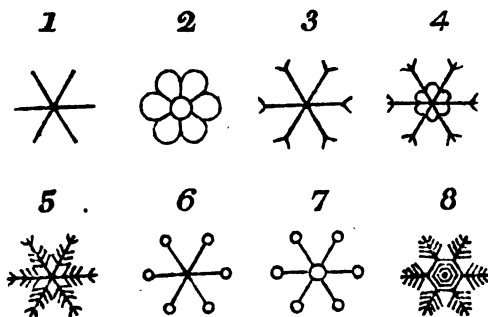
* M. De Ratte. Vide Art. Neige, Encyclopedie des Sciences et des Arts. Paris. 1774. fol.

† Vide Art. Neige, Encyclop. des Arts et des Sciences.

small quantities that it was hardly noticed. The radii of the stars were all of equal length, diverged in the same plane, and at exact angles of 60° , the length of each radius about the 1-7th of an inch. When the snow fell in quantities, these forms were no longer visible, and it appeared, as usual, in flocculi of minute needles irregularly associated. The state of the atmosphere on both the days when I observed these crystals was not materially different.

By referring to the article *Neige*, in the French Encyclopedia,* I found this subject there treated at large by Mons. De Ratte,† the author of that article. The varieties spoken of by M. De Ratte, are found most beautifully and minutely

delineated in the same work, as copied from the *Miscellanea Berolinensia*, vol. vi. and amount to seventeen. The basis of the crystal in these stellæ remains the same in each, viz. a planular, hexangular star; and the varieties they exhibit seem rather to have the appearance of extrinsic decoration than any radical mutation. The modifications refer either to the radii or the centre. The following are those which came under my notice on the days above mentioned. They all seem to differ more or less from those delineated in the French Encyclopedia, except the first and second; but could I have inspected them by the microscope, it is probable I should have found a more general analogy.



P. S. T. del.

A. Anderson, sculp.

Crystals enlarged $1\frac{1}{2}$ from nature.

1st. The crystal here is a simple hexangular star—the radii plain little needles of equal length and breadth, and the centre formed simply by their convergence—the angle of convergence in this as well as in all the succeeding, and in those given by M. De Ratte, being uniformly at 60° degrees.

2d. The radii and centre are both so expanded as to resemble the petals and disk of a compound flower. Seen also in Feb. 1818, by the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, of New-York.

3d. The same as the first, i. e. a simple star, differing from it only in having the extremities of the radii bifurcated, these bifurcations being at angles of 60° to the parent radius, and about 1-4th the length of that radius.

4th. The ends of the radii are, in this

variety, forked into three prongs, which are of the same length, and diverge as in the last, at angles of 60° . Proceeding from the centre of the star, and between every two radii, are petals of half the length of the radii.

5th. The radii three-pronged as before, and after the same manner—pinnated about midway, towards the centre of the star, the pinnæ or collateral branches being of equal length, and in the proportion to the main radius of about one to eight. Seen also by Mr. Schaeffer.

6th. A simple star, except a circular flat knob on the extremity of each radius—the diameter of this knob about the 1-16th of an inch.

7th. Like the last, except that the radii converge also on a central knob, whose diameter appeared double that of the circumferential knobs.

8th. The centre an equilateral hexagonal plane; with a succession of similar hexagonal figures drawn upon it, one within the other. The radii proceed from each

* Vide Encyc. des Arts et des Sciences.—Folio, printed at Paris, 1774. (des planches Physiques.)

† Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences of Montpellier.

angle of the plane, and are about equal in length to its diameter, i. e. about the 1-7th of an inch; hence this star was larger than the rest, though the radii remain of the same length in all. Each radius is supplied with pinnæ, which branch off from near the place of insertion of the radius. These pinnæ amount to four or five on each side, and gradually decrease in length towards the extremity of the radius, towards which also they all incline by angles of 60 degrees, the longest pair of pinnæ being nearly of equal length with the radius.

It will be remembered that all these modifications are upon the same plane, and that the radii are constantly six in number.

This peculiar, extraordinary, and beautiful species of crystallization, as I have before remarked, has been noticed but by very few. Muschenbroeck saw two sorts only, viz. the six-petal'd-flower, and stars with little branches on each ray. M. Cassini saw, in 1692, the last kind mentioned by Muschenbroeck, with this modification, viz. the collateral branches had leaves branching from them. Erasmus Bartholini assures us that he has seen pentagonal stars; and that some have even seen octangular. But Dr. Grew* asserts, that when they do deviate from the hexangular it is always into the dodecangular formation.

One solitary author, Beckman, declares that he saw niveous crystallizations in the form of hexangular pillars, that they occurred at Frankfort, upon the Oder, in 1667.† The analysis of these columns would present a deposition of so many hexagonal laminae, so that the tendency to hexangular crystallization is apparent here too.

CAUSES.

How snow should take on this beautiful stellated crystallization, and by what operation the various modifications of these stars are produced is not yet ascertained. Grew, however, has endeavoured to clear up this matter by comparing the crystals of snow with those of other substances. He has not particularized any modification excepting that wherein the radii of the stars are pinnated with collateral branches diverging at acute angles. The following are his own words: "Nitre crystallizes in the same slender spiculæ. Salt of hartshorn, sal ammoniac, and some other volatile salts, besides their main and longer shoots, have other shoots branched out

from them; resembling, as those the main, so these the collateral points of snow. But the icicles of urine are still more near: for in the salt of hartshorn, although the collateral shoots stand at acute angles with the main, yet not by pairs at equal height; and in sal ammoniac although they stand diametrically opposite or at equal height, yet withal at right not acute angles. Whereas in the icicles of urine they stand at equal height and at acute angles both; in both like those of snow.* And it is observable that the configuration of feathers is likewise the same: the reason whereof," he quaintly remarks, "is because fowls having no organs for the evacuation of urine" (an egregious error by the by,) "the urinous parts of the blood are evacuated by the habit or skin, where they produce and nourish feathers." From all this reasoning he concludes, that the *spiritous and aqueous* particles of the drops of rain, descending into a colder region of the atmosphere, are apprehended in their descent by those of a *nitro-urinous*, but chiefly *urinous* nature. The whole mass then congeals into these little starry crystals, which are variously modified as they meet with gales of warmer air, or impinge and rub against each other. By these means, says he, "some are a little thawed, blunted, frosted, clumpered; others broken; but the most banked and clung in several parcels together, which we call flakes of snow."

Dr. Clarke too, observed the stellar crystallization of snow, on the 2d of April, 1800, during his travels in Russia.† The thermometer of Celsius stood at 5° below the freezing point, (i. e. 27° Fahrenheit). The crystals were all precisely alike, viz. of the shape of *little wheels*, of about the diameter of a pea, each having six spokes or radii. "This appearance continued," he remarks, "during three hours, in which time no other snow fell." He also states that the weather was calm; "the snow falling gently upon us as we drove along the streets"‡ [St. Petersburg].

So also Grew. "He who wishes to learn the nature of Snow," says Grew, "should observe it when it is thin, calm and still." The same is confirmed by Monge, President of the late French Institute, who has likewise noticed this beautiful phenomenon. Dr. Black too, corroborates

* See figures 5 and 8.

† Vol. i. p. 6.

‡ Vague notices of niveous crystals have occasionally appeared in our newspapers; but I cannot discover any accurate descriptions of them in these sources.

* Vid. Trans. of Royal Soc. Lon. No. 92, by Dr. Nehemiah Grew.

† Vid. Trans. of Royal Soc. Lon. He called

‡ Nix Columnaris.

rates this fact, and remarks that the weather should also be "very cold."*

We hence perceive, that the observations of Grew, Black, Clarke and Monge, as well as my own, all tend to the conclusion, that these crystals are more frequent and more regularly formed, when the atmosphere is in a state of quiescence—a conclusion which might have been readily anticipated, when we call to our recollection that a state of quiescence is considered essential to the crystallization of all other substances.

But Macquart informs us, that niveous crystals are observed at Moscow, "when it snows violently and the atmosphere is not too dry!"†

Dr. Black declares that they are *pure icy concretions*. That they are oftener formed in the clouds than upon the earth, Dr. Black very rationally supposes to be owing to the fewer obstacles which exist there to oppose the peculiar crystalline disposition of water. He thinks too, polarity has something to do with it. He does not believe that an admixture of saline or other particles is necessary to their formation, this being disproved on experiment; for the water of these crystals is *purer than any other natural water*. And hence he calls it a property of pure water.

Beccaria supposes‡ the crystals of snow as well as the drops of rain attributable to electrical agency. In snow it acts with less energy than in hail, hence, says he,

the difference of density. In like manner he adds, the drops of rain from thunder clouds are larger than those from others.

In the opinion of M. De Ratte, the agents to which these extraordinary phenomena are ascribable, are the following: "the degree of cold, its mildness or its rapid accumulation, (sa lenteur ou son accroissement rapide,) the direction and violence of the wind, the part of the atmosphere from whence the snow falls, and the various kinds of exhalation mingled with the congealing water."* The agency of any extraneous matters, whether saline or other exhalations, in the formation of these crystals, as suggested by this author and Dr. Grew, must be doubted, after what has just been stated from Dr. Black. Monsieur De Ratte is, no doubt, right in supposing the crystallization of snow to be more or less influenced by the rest of these agents; but in regard to the immediate cause of their production, *as with all the other results of the minute affinities of matter*,† it is impossible perhaps ever to arrive at the truth. And it is as yet doubtful, whether philosophers have even approximated to this point. For without recurring to the less supposed influences, or taking any notice of *Caloric*, as connected with the explanation of this subject, we see the question still asked, whether or no, these phenomena are to be ranked in the great class of *Galvanic* or *Magnetic* agency. P. S. T.

ART. 2. *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy, in the years 1802 and 1803. By Joseph Forsyth, Esq. Boston, 1818. Wells and Lilly, 8vo. pp. 443.*

INNUMERABLE are the books that have been published on Italy, but none, we conceive, more admirably calculated to impress just and lively conceptions of its present state, than the volume before us. Deeply imbued with the ancient and modern literature of a region interesting not merely to the scholar, but to the man of taste, and the lover of nature, Mr. For-

syth united with his distinguished attainments as a man of letters, a soundness of judgment, keenness of perception, and general capaciousness of intellect that fitted him peculiarly for the survey of a country upon which so much has been said and written, and so little to the purpose. To be sure, there is Mr. Eustace, whose fine taste and classical enthusiasm have supplied us with many and glowing pictures of the remains of ancient art and magnificence that are scattered over the surface of Italy. His descriptions of the scenery and climate, too, of that enchant-

* See his Chemistry.

† "When it snows violently and the atmosphere is not too dry, the air is observed at Moscow to be loaded with beautiful crystallizations regularly flattened and as thin as a leaf of paper. They consist of a union of fibres which shoot from the same centre to form six principal rays, and these rays divide themselves into small blades extremely brilliant." Macquart.—See Sullivan's View of Nature.

‡ Dr. Hutton's Philosophical and Mathematical Dictionary. Art. Snow.—Vol. ii.

* Encyclop. des Arts et des Sciences—art Neige.

† Vid. System of Chemistry by that truly logical and accomplished writer Jno. Murray, Esq. of Edinburgh, vol. i. Art. Attraction; and Introduction.

ing land, can scarcely be surpassed in the richness and, we believe, truth of their colouring. His observations on paintings, statues, cameos, &c. may also be read with interest, nor are we at all inclined to quarrel with the vehemency of his invective against the late masters of Italy; neither is our spleen moved against him because he was a catholic, and, of course, an extreme admirer of the Pope and his cardinals, and a well-wisher to the order of things that subsisted in that best of all possible times, the period immediately preceding the Reformation—an event which we had always been accustomed to regard,—erroneously, no doubt,—as the triumph of true religion, but which the Reverend Mr. Eustace has taken especial care to leave us no excuse for longer contemplating as such, by informing us that it sprang “from consciousness of power on one side, and the *rage of innovation on the other*,”—a very luminous and satisfactory explanation, and one which we take the liberty of recommending, as a model of brief and oracular exposition, to the supporters of the true Faith, whenever they are so unfortunate as to become entangled in controversy with Protestant prejudice and bigotry. Again, we say, it is not because Mr. Eustace looked upon the French Revolution as the *alpha* and *omega* of human crime and misery, or because he was a staunch adherent of the Romish Church, that we object to his lucubrations on a country where that Revolution has left some of its deepest scars—and where that Church is so maternally attentive to the *spiritual* welfare of her children, that all her ingenuity seems to be directed to the leaving them as little else to think about, as she well can. All this we conceive, is very beautiful,—only rather late in the day, and not altogether adapted to the darkness of the present age, which in spite of the benevolent remonstrances of Mr. Eustace, and writers of that *genus*, appears determined to persist in its own crude notions, and to reject, as something partaking of the ridiculous, all his pathetic dissertations and panegyrics upon the divine origin, humbleness and sanctity of the only saving faith.—No, it is for reasons substantially different from objections of a religious nature, that we rank Mr. Eustace, as a writer and observer, in a very inferior rank to that which we would assign to the unprejudiced and eloquent author of the “*Remarks*,” &c. a book which every person intending to visit Italy, should previously peruse—we can assure them it is no undelightful task—and deposit in their

malle du voyage, ready to be consulted among the scenes it so pictorially describes.—It is the prejudice—the blind prejudice—that pervades the pages of Mr. Eustace—his determination to lift up the Italians—the modern Italians—above all other nations—the unbounded veneration for antiquity that makes him regard with a complacency truly amusing and edifying acts, which, had they occurred in modern times, he would, and very properly, have branded with reprobation—his absurd endeavours to underrate the value of French literature, and to place the feeble triflers of Naples above VOLTAIRE, MONTESQUIEU, and BUFFON—together with the affectation of archæological sensibility which frequently assumes the appearance of a desire to impose himself upon you for an ancient Roman, and which in one instance, he does not hesitate to say, made him pass by, without visiting, a spot (among the mountains in the vicinity of Verona) inhabited by a very singular race of people, totally distinct from the general population of Italy, and supposed to be descended from the remains of the Cimbri and Teutones, defeated in this neighbourhood by Marius;—these constitute some of the grounds on which we would take our stand against Mr. Eustace as an Italian traveller:—the general aim and desire evinced in his volumes, and not seldom with considerable ostentation, seems to be, the holding forth the Romans, and pretty universally the Italians as the only people deserving the name of a civilized nation, or whose history and monuments ought to excite our curiosity and admiration. Now, we think that there were many features in the Roman character worthy only of unequivocal abhorrence:—sprung from a race of robbers, the Romans appear always, more or less, to have retained the undoubted tokens of their descent;—their arts—their literature—were borrowed tastes—but for war and rapine they were cursed with an innate and almost savage predilection;—ambition in its simplest—grossest—form, was the true passion of this unrefined and cruel people—the mere extension of their dominion furnished the single impulse by which they were actuated in all their foreign enterprises;—not that they were a martial, but that they were only a martial, people is it that we would point out the Romans as the very worst model for a nation to mould its manners and habits after;—the Greeks were ambitious, but their ambition was not confined to the object which formed its exclusive motive with the Romans—havoc, fraud, and oppression always followed in

the rear of a Roman force, and the lands that submitted to their arms became the victims of their tyranny;—the expeditions of the Greeks, most frequently justified by the aggressions of their enemies, generally ameliorated the condition of the people against whom they were directed, and by the introduction of the useful and elegant arts, more than counterbalanced the temporary evils unavoidably attendant on war. In their least civilized state, the Greeks have always appeared to us a more lofty—generous-souled—and in many points, a more refined—people than the Romans in the proudest periods of the Republic. Every success of the Romans was a curse—every conquest of the Greeks a blessing—to mankind. With the praise to which the primitive purity of their manners, and the intensity of their patriotism, unquestionably entitle them, we cordially agree, and unite with Mr. Eustace in his admiration of their *literati*, and the mighty and majestic monuments of their former power and magnificence;—but here we stop;—we are not prepared with him, to worship the purple either of the Cæsars or the Popes—we cannot forget that the guilty greatness of Rome was founded in the subjection and plunder of the world—that her eagles were the uniform harbingers of blood and destruction—that fraud and assassination were the steps by which she mounted to glory—and that the triumphs of her arms impeded, in an incalculable degree, the improvement and civilization of the human race. The countrymen of Washington should ever remember that the bases of true greatness are laid in the arts of peace, and that more real glory is derived from the noiseless labours of civil wisdom, than from all the false and glittering pageantry of military or imperial despotism.

Too long has Mr. Eustace detained us from the interesting and, indeed, delightful volume which we are solicitous to introduce to the notice of our readers. Never perhaps, has Italy been sketched with so elegant, vigorous, and masterly a pencil;—never have the vestiges of ancient grandeur, or the labours of modern genius and taste, been so clearly and vividly delineated as in the pages of Mr. Forsyth—yet it must not be supposed that the talents of the author are simply those of an archæologist, or that he carried with him to Italy a mind intent only upon the beautiful, but inanimate, objects of art;—his intellect was too extensive in its grasp—his powers of observation were too various and independent—to be confined to the analysis of buildings, and statues, and

pictures;—these, as we have said, he describes—and his remarks upon subjects that had exhausted the eulogistic or depreciating talents of his predecessors, have an animation and originality that must excite the surprise of all who reflect upon the difficulty of saying any thing at once true and novel upon topics which have been the themes of discussion for so many centuries;—but it would be doing this eloquent writer a great injustice to suppose that he travelled merely as a connoisseur—that he was so steeped in *visto*, as to pass through a country like Italy without bestowing a thought upon any object that did not make an immediate appeal to his taste or imagination,—that the character, the manners, the pursuits, and political condition of her improving, though still degraded population, should not call forth any observations from a writer so eminently and variously gifted, would be a just cause of surprise, and to be accounted for only on the score of indolence, or by supposing him to have enjoyed too little leisure or opportunity for the exercise of other powers than those possessed by ordinary travellers. But if Mr. Forsyth were deficient in affording us information respecting the important and primary objects of enquiry to which we have alluded, he could not plead the want either of time or opportunity as a sufficient excuse for his sins of omission:—a residence in Italy of two entire years would enable an acute and active mind (and the mind of Mr. Forsyth was active and acute in the highest degree) to collect and combine together a mass of useful and instructive intelligence on the actual condition of the people—he had, besides, access to the highest and best informed society of the country, and as far as we can gather from his own unostentatious language, the esteem in which he was generally held afforded him every desirable means of obtaining, *viva voce*, information upon every topic which conversation was capable of elucidating—and now having stated to our readers what they have a right to expect from Mr. Forsyth, it seems but fair to inform them he has availed himself to the utmost of all his advantages, and given us a book upon one of the most interesting regions of Europe, superior in nearly every respect to the works that have hitherto fallen in our way. His style is original in a very eminent degree—brief, vigorous, and animated—nothing of the set air of regular composition about it—no laborious effort at effect;—but in every page you meet with those unsought graces of diction which captivate the at-

tention, when the studied beauties of fine writing would fail altogether of producing the slightest impression. It is not art, but its real or apparent absence, that lends to Mr. Forsyth's style its chief and prominent attractions—it has all the life and vivacity of high-toned conversation—every object is presented to you through a clear and transparent medium that permits you to form an idea of its outline and essential qualities as correct, nearly, as if you actually beheld it;—were we disposed to raise any objection, we should, perhaps, be tempted to say that the composition is too uniformly ambitious and brilliant, and maintains an elevation to which the minds of readers in general, are not always disposed to soar—it may be, that Mr. Forsyth is too constantly splendid—it is possible that he sacrifices a little too much to the desire of dazzling the imagination—and that the web of his diction would be improved were its rich and sparkling materials interwoven with threads of a less gorgeous tint;—we cannot be always roving on the mountain-tops—we love occasionally to descend into the valleys—to repose our wearied limbs, and refresh our exhausted faculties, in the calm and humble shades of their solitary retreats;—Mr. Forsyth was a man of unusually comprehensive and original intellect—habituated to depend upon the dictates of his own judgment—and rarely drawn aside by prejudice or false enthusiasm—and this temperament of his mind is evinced in almost every subject upon which he touches. Seldom is it that he leans upon the crutches of another's opinion,—where he has nothing valuable to offer of his own, he is usually silent—and the treasures of others are rarely rendered subsidiary to a mind wealthy even to overflowing in its own resources.—This intellectual independence, it is admitted, makes occasional inroads upon the grace and suavity of the general style—and here and there the self-love of the reader is a little revolted by bursts of disdainful observation, and the splenetic eruptions of a conscious superiority:—but really, when we consider how frequently we are offended by the unbounded and baseless arrogance of modern writers,—with all the pride, but none of the pretensions of genius—and turn in disheartening retrospect to the quantity of inane and impertinent trash which is almost diurnally disgorged from the press in every Protean shape of instinctive vanity—we do feel disposed to exercise a more than common patience and lenity towards a writer whose extraordinary claims to our atten-

tion may well be pled in apology for an occasional and involuntary acerbity or even haughtiness of manner.

A short biography of the author is prefixed, from which we shall extract such passages as we think necessary to let our readers into a knowledge of the habits and dispositions of Mr. Forsyth.

Joseph Forsyth was a native of Elgin, in the county of Moray, in Scotland. His parents were respectable—his father was a merchant of long and reputable standing. Joseph was early sent to the grammar school of Elgin, where his progress was so rapid that his master pronounced him, when only twelve years of age, fit for the university. He was accordingly entered at King's College, Aberdeen, and here the superiority of his exercises, and the gentleness of his disposition soon won the attention of his tutor, Professor Ogilvy. “As he successively passed under the care of the professors, he found himself the object of their approbation and solicitude. Returning every summer to the bosom of his family, he devoted his whole time to study, and thus laid the foundation of that eminent knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, which it was the business and chief pleasure of his life afterwards to complete. On concluding the four years usually employed in the Scotch universities, his parents left to himself the choice of a profession, but with a secret hope that he would prefer the church; his natural diffidence, and the little prospect he then saw of obtaining a patron, determined him on trying to turn his classical acquirements to some account in that universal mart—London.” There he entered into an engagement with the master of a respectable academy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—where for some time he officiated as assistant—but subsequently purchased the establishment—and for thirteen years conducted it “on his own account with the highest reputation and success. The drudgery and irksomeness of this business were too much for his strength and spirits. Having a tendency to pulmonary complaints, he was, during this period, twice reduced by them to the brink of the grave. Seeing the impossibility of struggling longer with such incongruous duties as the care of his health, and the conscientious superintendence of the education of nearly an [a] hundred boarders, he resigned the charge, and retired to Devonshire in the spring of 1801, to recruit his constitution.

The remainder of the memoir we should injure by abbreviation—it embodies the regrets of a relation—and the sacred

name of a brother forbids its curtailment. We give it entire.

"After restoring his health by a residence of some months in Devonshire, he came, in July, 1801, to Elgin, to visit his aged and beloved mother, and remained until autumn. During this interval of 'learned leisure,' his mind was anxiously bent on enjoying the grand object of all the wishes and hopes of his life—a tour through Italy. His intimate acquaintance with the poets and historians of that classic country, both in its ancient and modern state, had already familiarized him with every scene, and almost with every building it contained. But at this period an insuperable barrier was interposed by Buonaparte:—no Briton might tread with safety the soil over which he bore sway. Thus, in the midst of leisure, renovated health, and easy circumstances, was his ardent imagination left, almost in despair, to languish over his favourite object. It may be easily conceived with what rapture he hailed the unexpected happiness which the peace of Amiens brought to every heart. That event took place on the 1st October, was known at Elgin on the 7th, and Mr. Forsyth was already on his journey to London for Italy on the 12th. He was in France at the celebration of the extravagant and tumultuous festival that took place in honour of that hollow treaty. After spending a few weeks in Paris, where he had been twice before, he pushed on to the land of promise, and arrived at Nice on Christmas day, 1801. Here his 'Remarks' will best enable those who may feel an interest in his progress through life to trace it for the two succeeding years.

"In consequence of the rupture between England and France in 1802, and that cruel and unjust order of Buonaparte to arrest all British subjects travelling in his dominions, Mr. Forsyth was seized by the police, at Turin, on the 25th of May, 1803, while on his return home through Switzerland, and with no intention whatever of entering France: He was carried to Nîmes, and found his situation there as pleasant as under restraint it could be. There were soon collected from Italy and the southern provinces of France a great many English at this dépôt: and, in this early stage of their confinement, a considerable degree of relaxation and indulgence was granted. Feeling themselves unjustly detained, many of the more adventurous made their escape in different directions; and Mr. Forsyth, encouraged by the general practice, withdrew to Marseilles with the in-

tention of passing, in an American ship, to Malta and thence to England. Here, however, the broker who negotiated for his passage, sold him to the police; by whom he was arrested when stepping on board, and conveyed, under guard, back to Nîmes. For this venial transgression he was visited with a dreadful punishment. In the depth of a most severe winter he was marched from one extremity of France to the other, (a distance of 600 miles,) to that most execrable dungeon, Fort de Bitché. His confinement at first was intolerably strict, but, by degrees, was softened into something more bearable. His mild and gentle demeanor, the extent and variety of his information, and his facility in the French language, at length procured him the notice and esteem of the commandant, who afterwards paid him particular attention. He continued there two years; but in consequence of earnest applications to the French government by some of his friends who had been removed from Bitché to Verdun, he was at last permitted to join them; where he remained five years. The dissipation and riot, in which the English prisoners in general indulged, were so repugnant to his habits and feelings, that he lived almost in solitude. He was well known by the more regular part of his countrymen there, who esteemed him for that fund of intelligence he possessed, and for his benevolence to hundreds of our poor prisoners whose allowances scarcely afforded the means of existence. At this time his most anxious desire, next to the recovery of freedom, was to be permitted to reside in Paris. The easy access to the society of learned Frenchmen, the public institutions, the museums, the National Library, and, above all, the glorious collection in the Louvre, were his excitements. After many fruitless endeavours, he at last accomplished his wish in the spring of 1811, through the influence of a lady in the suite of the king of Holland, then a kind of state prisoner at Paris. His permission was no sooner granted, than he set off for the capital, and found himself established in every respect, except his darling object *liberty*, to his heart's content. Four months had scarcely elapsed, when an order from government was secretly issued to send off instantly every Englishman from Paris to his respective dépôt.

Mr. Forsyth's astonishment and disappointment were extreme when two *gend'armes* drew aside his curtain at four o'clock in the morning of the 22d July, presented their order, and desired him to

dress immediately and follow them. He waited on two friends, members of the National Institute, who accompanied him to the Minister of Police, and who, by way of special indulgence, gave him two days to prepare for his departure, with the choice of Verdun or Valenciennes as his future residence. He fixed on the latter, and after three years' abode was well pleased with the preference which he had given it. Here he enjoyed the advantage of riding into the country, and even of living, during the summer months, in a cottage several miles from the town. These favours seem to have been conceded from the estimation in which he was held by the commandant, by whom he was appointed one of the five commissioners who superintended the appropriation of the allowances given to the mass of prisoners by the French government, and the patriotic fund at Lloyd's.

"Mr. Forsyth's favourite pursuits during his detention seem to have been the classics, Italian poetry, and architecture: but the anxiety which he incessantly felt to be delivered from restraint, absorbed every other consideration, and prevented the application of his mind to any fixed subject, or to composition of any kind. His correspondence at this time shows unwearied applications to his friends at Paris, to the government, and even personally to the emperor, but without any effect. Nor were his friends in Britain less anxious or less zealous in the same good cause; yet, although persons of high rank and influence lent their earnest assistance, no beneficial effect resulted from it. Having seen some of the *détenus* obtain their release in consequence of appearing before the public in the character of authors—(Buonaparte affecting to be considered the patron and protector of literature)—Mr. Forsyth was induced to prepare the notes he had made while on his tour in Italy, and publish them in England, copies of which were forwarded to the leading members of the National Institute at Paris, with solicitations in his favour by some of the most eminent literary characters in London. Even this last effort for freedom failed, and he never, to his dying day, ceased to regret that it had been made. He considered his 'Remarks' as not sufficiently worthy of himself, put together as they were on the spur of the moment, to attain a particular object, dearer to him than fame itself. Had he embodied his whole mind, with his ample store of materials, in a period of personal satisfaction and self-possession, his work would have displayed his erudition and talents in a far more favourable light.

"At length the long wished for moment of deliverance approached. The appearance of the allies on the northeastern frontier of France, in the end of 1813, made it necessary that the English dépôts should be removed farther into the interior. They were ordered first to Mons, then to Orleans, and lastly to Blois. At Orleans, on the 6th April, 1814, Mr. Forsyth first heard the welcome news of the allies having entered Paris on the 31st March. His chains were now broken, freedom and home burst upon him with all their endearing force, and for two days he seems to have been almost wild with joy. The first moments of recollection were devoted to his journey to Paris; there he had the satisfaction of finding himself in the midst of the deliverers of Europe, and surrounded by the most extraordinary assemblage of princes, statesmen, and soldiers, that had ever before met on one spot. In May he arrived in England; and after an absence of thirteen years, came to Elgin, in July, to visit his only surviving brother, and the friends of his earliest days. Fearing to encounter the severity of a northern winter, he returned to London in October, and spent that season in a family of a friend in Queen square, Bloomsbury, where every attention that kindness or affection could dictate was paid to his comfort. His time was employed chiefly in the reading-room of the British Museum, and in intercourse with men of letters. In April, 1815, he came down again to Elgin, to establish himself with his brother, and take possession of his extensive collection of books, from which he had been divorced for the last fourteen years. After so long a privation, he seemed almost to devour them by the eagerness of his enjoyment, and his incessant devotion to them. It was, however, evident, that his constitution, originally delicate, had been undermined by the harassing confinement which he had undergone, and that the irritation of so painful a cause of distress to a mind of the greatest susceptibility, had fatally injured the body. His relations observed, particularly in the summer of 1815, a weakness of nerve, and a lassitude of mind that gave them the greatest alarm. With the view of rousing his spirits, and improving his health, by moderate exercise and varied scenery, his brother accompanied him in an excursion through the Highlands of Invernesshire and Argyll to the island of Staffa. The grandeur and sublimity of the objects which present themselves in that tour, and the wonders of Staffa, delighted and interested him exceedingly, and he returned home ap-

parently invigorated in body, and cheered in mind. How uncertain is the tenure of any temporal good! This amiable man, and most accomplished scholar, who was now thought to have laid the foundation of better health, was on the very eve of removal to another and a better world! On Friday night, the 17th September, a few days after his return, having spent the evening with more than usual gayety, he was struck speechless and nearly insensible by a fit of apoplexy, in which he lingered till Monday the 20th, and then died, to the irreparable loss of his relations, and the sincere regret of all who had an opportunity of admiring his highly cultivated talents, and the amiable and polished expression of the heart which shone so conspicuously in him."

That an individual of such varied accomplishments should be thus suddenly arrested in his career, who will not regret?—That the results of the last pilgrimage he made in quest of that health, which, alas! he was never to enjoy, should not have been laid before the public, who will not deplore?—Let us be thankful, however, for the exquisite specimen of his pre-eminent talents, of which even the languor of imprisonment and disease have not been capable of depriving us.

After inspecting the (*formerly*) great museum of Paris, he proceeded to Lyons, and took his passage at Marseilles in a felucca for Nice; but being driven into Toulon, he left the vessel, and crossed overland to Nice—and the few lines he bestowed upon this celebrated spot, show, thus early, his peculiar talents for lively and identifying description.

"On Christmas day, 1801, I arrived at Nice, where a soft and balmy air, oranges glowing in every garden, lodgings without a chimney, and beds with mosquito curtains, presented the first signs of Italy."

Hence he proceeded to Genoa, past Noli, where he landed, and crossed over the mountains through *Savona, Coguredo*, &c. on his way to the former capital of the Ligurian Republic. His description of Doria's palace, and the hospitals of Genoa, are the first examples of that lofty and unshackled spirit to which we have alluded. After noticing the mass of noble mansions, he proceeds—

"Prince Doria's palace is detached from the throng and commands attention as an historical monument. Though magnificent when viewed from the bay or the mole, the mansion itself is patched and neglected; the titles of the immortal Andrew, which extended two hundred feet in front, have been

effaced by the late revolution: the gardens are unnaturally pretty; colossal statues rise over cut box; nothing corresponds with the majesty of the site.

"The Serra palace boasts the finest saloon in Europe. This celebrated object is oval in plan, the elevation a rich Corinthian, the walls are covered with gold and looking glass; the floor consists of a polished mastic stained like oriental breccia. Surfaces so brilliant as these would deaden any pictures, except those of a ceiling, which require a bright reflection from the walls. Here then the ceiling alone is painted, and borrows and lends beauty to the splendour below.

"The hospitals of Genoa vie with its palaces in magnificence, and seem more than sufficient for all the disease and misery that should exist in so small a state. They are crowded with honorary statues; but I write only from recollection, and one seldom recollects things so pompous and so uniform as the effigies of rich men. At the *Albergo de Poveri* is a sculpture of a higher order, a dead Christ in alto rilievo by Michael Angelo. The life and death which he has thrown into this little thing, the breathing tenderness of the Virgin, and the heavenly composure of the corpse, appeared to me beauties foreign to the tremendous genius of the artist. At the hospital of *Incurables* I found priests and choristers chanting between two rows of wretches, whom their pious noise would not suffer to die in peace. The very name of such hospitals, forbidding the patient to hope and the physician to struggle, cuts off at once two sources of recovery."

From Genoa he proceeded to Pisa;—gray—deserted—silent—and melancholy—the rival of Florence possesses but little to attract the curiosity of the traveller.—The famous *Leaning Tower*, of course, drew the attention of Mr. Forsyth; and his description of this *apparent* phenomenon, and his striking delineation of the *Campo Santo*, it would be unjust to withhold from our readers.

"The *Leaning Tower*. Here are eight circles of columns supporting arches, which are smaller and more numerous in proportion as you ascend. Such a profusion only betrays that poverty of effect, which must ever result from small columns and a multitude of orders.

"As to the obliquity of this tower, I am surprised that two opinions should still exist on its cause. The Observatory in the next street has so far declined from the plumb line as to affect the astronomical calculations of the place. A neighbouring belfry declines to the same side, and both these evidently from a lapse in the soft soil, in which water springs every where at the depth of six feet. This great tower, therefore, leans only from the same cause, and

leans more than they, because it wants the support of contiguous buildings. Many Pisans, however, are of the old opinion. One of their literati took pains to convince me that the German architect contrived this declination, which his Italian successors endeavoured to rectify.

"The *Campo Santo*. The portico of this vast rectangle is formed by such arcades as we find in Roman architecture. Every arch is round, and every pillar faced with pilasters; but each arcade includes an intersection of small arches rising from slender shafts like the mullions of a Gothic window. This, however, looks like an addition foreign to the original arcades, which were open down to the pavement.

"Such cloistered cemeteries as this were the field where painting first appeared in the dark ages, on emerging from the subterranean cemeteries of Rome. In tracing the rise and genealogy of modern painting, we might begin in the catacombs of the fourth century, and follow the succession of pictures down to those of St. Pontian and Pope Julius; then, passing to the Greek image-makers of the tenth and eleventh centuries, we should soon arrive at this *Campo Santo* which exhibits the art growing, through several ages, from the simplicity of indigence to the simplicity of strength.

"Here the immensity of surface to be covered forbade all study of perfection, and only required facility and expedition. The first pictures show us what the artist was when separated from the workman. They betray a thin, timid, ill-fed pencil; they present corpses rather than men, sticks rather than trees, inflexible forms, flat surfaces, long extremities, raw tints, any thing but nature. As you follow the chronology of the wall, you catch perspective entering into the pictures, deepening the back ground, and then adjusting the groups to the plans. You see the human figure first straight, or rather stretched; then foreshortened, then enlarged: rounded, salient, free, various, expressive.* Throughout this sacred ground, painting preserves the austerity of the Tuscan school: she rises sometimes to its energy and movement, she is no where sparing of figures, and has produced much of the singular, the terrible, the impressive;—but nothing that is truly excellent.

"All the subjects are taken from Scripture, the Legends, or Dante; but in depicting the life of a patriarch or a saint, the artists have given us the dress, the furniture, and the humours of their own day. A like anachronism has introduced some portraits of illustrious Tuscans, which are rather fortunate in such works as these. But how many anachronisms disfigure the first paintings in Italy! How painful it is to see, in

the finest Nativities and Crucifixions, a St. Francis, or St. Dominic, or the *donatore*, or the painter himself, or the painter's mistress, looking out of the picture and impudently courting your remark!"

"Some of these frescos have been exposed to the open air for 500 years, and the earliest works are mouldering away from moisture.† What pity that a country full of antiquaries and engravers should let such monuments perish without a remembrance! How superior these to the coarse remains of Anglo-Gothic art, which our draughtsmen are condemned to search out for those old mumbling collectors who are for ever picking the bare bone of antiquity!"

His observations upon the University of Pisa are also well deserving of attention.

"This University is now reduced to three colleges; yet still allots a chair to each faculty. Many of these, indeed, have lost their old scholastic importance, and left their professors idle; for the students attend only the classes necessary to their future degree.

"Universities being, in general, the institution of monkish times, are richest in objects related to church or state. Divinity and law engrossed the manors of the pious founders, and left little or nothing to the improvement of natural science. In this university, however, physics found the earliest protection: it boasts the first anatomical theatre, and the first botanical garden in Europe; both created before the middle of the sixteenth century. The botanical chair is now admirably filled by the learned and amiable Santi; yet, in general science, Pisa is declined much below the fame of Pavia.

"The library is full of civil and canonical law, polemics, councils, fathers, and metaphysics; but in science or polite literature I saw nothing very curious or rare. On the classical shelves are some early Italian editions, the remains, I presume, of the Aldine legacy. The Observatory is adjoining, and includes a school for astronomers; but no student intrudes at present on Dr. Slop's repose.

"The lectures were formerly given in Latin from the chair, and were recapitulated in Italian under the portico of the schools; but this stoic exercise, and the Latin, are both fallen into disuse. That censorial discipline which once expelled members

* "This practice was ancient: Pliny reproaches *Arellius* for introducing his mistresses into sacred pictures.

† "This climate, however, is favourable even to the materials of art. The outside *marble* of the Duomo has, in seven hundred years, contracted very little of the lichen, which would blacken an English tombstone in fifty. The bronze door of 1184, is not yet corroded with patina. The iron griffons of the Strozzi palace, wrought in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are still as sharp as when they came from *Carra's* smithy.

* "A similar progress may be traced in the sculpture called Etruscan, which passed from the meagre style to the round, and from the attic to the natural.

through the window is now obsolete and unknown. Attendance passes for merit; time, terms, and the archbishop, confer academical rank.

"How infinitely more important are private schools scattered over the country than institutes like this, which young men seldom enter till they are able to teach themselves! In universities the very multitude of helps only tends to relax, to dissipate, or embarrass the attention. Neither Pisa, nor any academical city in Italy, has given birth to a man of transcendent genius, if we except Galileo, who was dropped here by chance.

"That excluding spirit which prevails in other universities is here unknown. No religion is proscribed. All degrees, except in divinity and canonical law, are open to heretics and Jews. Such liberality must win a number of volunteers. Others are forced to attend as a qualification for legal practice; for in Tuscan every attorney's clerk is a doctor.

Pisa, though long posterior to Bologna, was the second school of law in Italy. Some ascribe this early eminence to her possession of the *Pandects*; but this celebrated manuscript was so hoarded, both here and at Florence, that instead of restoring the Roman law, it remained useless and lost to study, till Politian was allowed by Lorenzo the Magnificent to collate it with the *Pandects* first published at Venice. Politian's collated copy of that edition escaped the sack of the Medici library in 1494, and after a long train of travels and adventures, it at last re-appeared at Florence in 1784.

"Pisa lays some claim to the introduction of algebra, which Bonacei is said to have transplanted hither from the east; while the Florentines contend that their Paolo dell' Abbaco was the first to use equation. Algebra was certainly known in Europe before 1339, the date of this university.

"The professorships are in general reduced to one-fourth of their original emolument. Francesco Bartolozzi, in a paper read at the Accademia Economica, states their mean salary to have been 2000 crowns, at a time when the great Macchiavel received only 180, as secretary to the Florentine Republic.* Such was the encouragement that drew the celebrated Decius so often back to Pisa from contending powers; for this great oracle of the laws appeared so important a possession to Louis XII. and to Venice, that they threatened hostilities on his account."

We have hinted to our readers Mr. Forsyth's proficiency in Italian literature, and we cannot but think that his charac-

teristical display of the modern bards of Hesperia will amply justify our eulogy.

"Italian poetry has for some time revived from the torpor of two centuries, and seems now to flourish in a second spring. Every bookshop, every circle, swarms with poets; and the Pisan press is now selecting a *Par-nassus* of the living, as a rival to that of the dead.

"Where should we seek for the principle which multiplies poets so incalculably in this country? Is it in the climate or in the language? Is it education, or leisure, or fashion, or facility, or all these together? Interest it cannot be. No where is poetry so starving a trade; nor do its profits, rare as they are, arise so much from the sale of books as from dedication fees. Gianni prints his flattery in very small retail. In a single duodecimo he gives thirteen dedications, twelve of which were lucrative, and one was thrown away on sensibility. A certain Count lives by this speculation: his works serve only as a vehicle to their inscriptions.

"Satirists, perhaps the most useful of all poets, write under other discouragements:—the censure of the press, and the sacredness of public men and measures. Hence their brightest things are confined to private circles, where they come out with hesitation and fear from the pocket-book. Hence the necessity of masking their satire has led some to a beauty, when they sought only a defence.

"In reviewing some of these bards, I shall begin with *Pignotti*, as he still belongs to Pisa. So little does this elegant fabulist owe to genius, that his very ease, I understand, is the result of severe study; and, conscious of his own faculty, he seems to describe it in these lines:

"———La natura

"Parrà che versati habbia da vena

"Fasil versè che costan tanta pena.

"*Pignotti* admires and resembles Pope. Both seem confined to embellish the thoughts of others; and both have depraved with embellishment the simplicity of the early Greeks. Pope's Homer is much too fine for the original; and *Pignotti*, for want of Esop's naïveté, has turned his fables into tales. Some of his best novelle are reserved for private circles. I heard him read one on 'the art of robbing,' which could not be safely published by a Tuscan placeman. In the man himself you see little of the poet, little of that refined satire which runs through his fables and has raised those light-winged, loose, little things to the rank of Italian classics."

* "Bartolozzi calculates from a curious fact—that for four centuries wheat was bartered in Tuscany for its weight of butcher's meat, of oil, of flax, or of wool, however the money prices might fluctuate.

"*Pignotti*, who is now engaged on a history of Tuscany, once repeated to me, with great satisfaction, what Gibbon says of the Italian historians, among whom he anticipates a niche for himself. This led him to compare Mr. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo with Fabroni's history of the same great man, when Monsig-

"*Bertola* is, perhaps, a more genuine fabulist than Pignotti. He does not labour to be easy; for he has naturally the negligence, and sometimes the vacuity of a rhyming gentleman. His fugitive pieces are as light as the poetical cobwebs of his friend Borgognini. His sonnets run upon love or religion, and some inspire that mystic, unmeaning tenderness which Petrarch infuses into such subjects. *Bertola* is too fond of universality and change. He has been a traveller, a monk, a secular priest, a professor in different universities and in different sciences, an historian, a poet, a biographer, a journalist, an improvisatore.

"*Bondi* has also been bitten by the 'estro' of sonnet, though more conspicuous as a painter of manners. His 'conversazioni' and 'alla moda' expose some genteel follies with great truth of ridicule. His 'giornata villareccia' is diversified, not by the common expedient of episodes, but by a skilful interchange of rural description, good natured satire, and easy philosophy. The same subject has been sung by Melli in Sicilian, a language now the Doric of Italian poetry, and full of the ancient Theocritan dialect.

"*Cesarotti* is the only Italian, now alive, that has shown powers equal to an original epic; powers which he has wasted in stooping to paraphrase the savage strains of *Ossian*, and in working on Homer's unimprovable rhapsodies. The *Iliad* he pulls down and rebuilds on a plan of his own. He brings *Hector* into the very front, and re-moulds the morals and decoration of the poem; modernizes too freely the manners, and gives too much relief to its simplicity.

"*Parini* has amused and, I hope, corrected his countrymen by the *Matina* and the *Mezzogiorno*, for the other two parts of the day he left imperfect. An original vein of irony runs through all his pictures, and brings into view most of the affectations accredited in high life or in fine conversation. He lays on colour enough, yet he seldom caricatures follies beyond their natural distortion. His style is highly poetical, and, being wrought into trivial subjects, it acquires a curious charm from the contrast. He is thought inferior to *Bettinelli* in the structure of blank verse; but the seasoning and pungency of his themes are more relished here, than the milder instruction of that venerable bard.

"*Fassoni*, better known by his Arcadian name *Labindo*, is in high favour as a lyric poet. This true man of fashion never tires his fancy by any work of length; he flies from subject to subject, delighted and delighting. You see *Horace* in every ode, *Horace's* modes of thinking, his variety of measures, his imagery, his transitions. Yet

Labindo wants the *Horatian* ease; he is too studious of diction, and hazards 'some taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,' which remind us of our late *Della Crusca* jargon.

"*Pindemonte* was connected with some of our English *Crusca*s, but he cannot be charged with their flimsy, gaudy, glittering nonsense. He thinks, and he makes his readers think. Happy in description, sedate even in his light themes, generally melancholy and sometimes sublime, he bears a fine resemblance to our *Gray*, and, like *Gray*, has written but little in a country where most poets are voluninous.

"*Casti* is the profligate of genius. He rivals *La Fontaine* in the narrative talent, and surpasses him in obscenity. His late work, 'Gli Animali parlanti,' though full of philosophy and gall, must soon yield to the fate of all political poems. Its form and its agents are tiresome. We can follow a satirical fox through a short fable, but we nauseate three volumes of allegorical brutes connected by one plot. His 'novelle' are, on the contrary, too attractive, too excellently wicked. Such also is their reverend author. He has lived just as he wrote, has grown old in debauchery, and suffered in the cause: yet is he courted and caressed in the first circles of Italy, as the arbiter of wit, and the favourite of the fair.

"All these gentlemen seem to have renounced that epic chivalry, both serious and burlesque, which forms the principal poems in the language. Most of them have imbibed the philosophical spirit of the present day, a spirit destructive of the sublime, which it poorly compensates by the terse, the correct, the critical. They borrow language, imagery, and allusions incessantly from science. They affect the useful and the didactic. Some have sung the rights of man; others the topography and economics of their country; a few have attempted the scientific themes which the *Physiocrats* of *Siena* introduced into poetry.

"Such subjects naturally led their poets into blank verse, which, from its very facility, has grown into a general abuse. Many Italians could go spinning 'versi sciolti' through the whole business of the day; though it is more difficult to excel in these than in rhyme. I heard some unpublished heroïds flow with such ease from that benevolent chemist, the *Marquis Boccella*, that I forgot he was reading verse. Blank verse requires a certain poetical chemistry to concentrate, to fuse, to sublime the style, and to separate its measures from the rhythm of periodical prose."

We shall conclude our quotations upon *Pisa* with the short but sensible remarks of *Mr. Forsyth* upon the climate of *Tuscany*.

* "*Casti*, and several persons mentioned in this and some of the following articles as living, have died since I left Italy.

more himself entered the room and stopped his parallel. Why does that prelate write modern lives in an ancient language? Is he ashamed, in this silver age of Italian letters, to appear a 'Fabro del parlar majestoso'?

"The great evil of this climate is humidity. Both the Arno and its secondary streams glide very slowly on beds which are but little inclined, and nearly level with the surface of the Pisan territory. Hence their embankments, however stupendous, cannot ultimately protect the plain. They may confine to these channels the deposits of earth left by floods; but an accumulation of deposits thus confined has, in many parts, raised those channels above the level of the country. Should any water, therefore, escape through breaches into the plain, the difficulty of draining it must yearly increase; for even the bed of the sea has been rising for ages on this coast, and has stopped up some ancient outlets.

"Drainage, however, made very important conquests during the last century, and has greatly improved the climate. Scotti, with the spirit of a merchant accustomed to wholesale success, lately attempted to drain his part of the marshes between Pisa and Leghorn; but the villas which he built for his future tenantry were filled the first winter with water. The Ferroni, who have doubled their rental by their *colmate* near Fiesca, are now pursuing a still grander design on the lake of Bientina.

"We may calculate the mischief of inundations in this country from the violence of the rain; for its annual height (47 inches,) is about double that of our climate, while its duration is not one half. It generally falls in large round drops direct to the ground: it never breaks into mists, nor dims the air, nor penetrates the houses, nor rusts metals, nor racks the bones; with the searching activity of an English shower.

"Winter is by far the finest season at Pisa, and fully as mild as our spring. The east wind, indeed, being screened only by the Verrucola, is exceedingly sharp, and freezes at 35°. The southwest, being flat, lies open to the Libeccio, which is therefore more felt than the other winds, and is fully as oppressive on the spirits as the leaden sirocco of Naples.

"Some Pisans feel the climate colder, and I should suppose it drier too, since the neighbouring Apennines were cleared of their woods. Others compare the quantity of snow on these with that on the mountains of Corsica; and, if the former exceed the latter, they expect fair weather; if the reverse, rain: but I remained here long enough to find the prognostic fallible. One reverend meteorologist accounted to me more philosophically for a chill which I once complained of in Lent. 'This cold (said the priest) is a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and will continue till Easter; because it was cold when Peter sat at the High-priest's fire on the eve of the crucifixion.'

"The spring is short, for violent heat generally returns with the leaf. In summer, the mornings are intensely hot; at noon the sea breeze springs up; the nights are damp, close, suffocating, when not ventilated by

the *maëstrade*. Pisa may reverse what physicians say of the capital.—They hardly conceive how people can live at Florence in winter, or how they can die there in summer.

"The Lung' Arno di mezzo giorno, which is in fact the north side of the river, is usually recommended to invalids as the healthiest quarter of the city. The hottest it certainly is, for its curve tends to concentrate the meridian rays; but on that very account it appears to me scarcely habitable in summer. On this side, the house fronts are baked by a powerful sun, which throws into the chambers a close fetid warmth, and more than their proportion of the moisture which it pumps up. On the opposite side the houses are all damp, and many are covered with lichens. On both sides, the exhalations from the river seem unable to clear the lofty tops of the palaces which line it; for, walking at night on the quays, I have often perceived my stick and my hair moistened with the descending vapours. Convinced, therefore, that the general temperature of Pisa is mild enough for any constitution, I should prefer the quarter of Santo Spirito, or Via Santa Maria, as sharing only the common weather of the place, and being free from adventitious heat, or humidity."

Lucca, to which city Mr. Forsyth paid a passing visit on his way to Florence, is in a state of miserable decay—commerce; the very life-blood of the hundred busy and flourishing communities into which Italy was divided in the second golden age of her prosperity, has long deserted her walls, and the mournful consequences of her absence are but too visible in the gloom and silence of her lonely streets. In the period we have alluded to, her citizens were distinguished for the dignity of their deportment, and the splendour of their domestic æconomy—the title of *Signori*, peculiarly applied to them, emphatically announces their former importance—and the vanished opulence of the Lucchesi is still attested by the magnificent villas that rise on the eminences of the surrounding plain. The petty territory of Lucca, however, is richly cultivated, but the system of renting in fashion here, which gives to the landlord *two-thirds* of the produce of the soil, keeps the peasantry in a state of the most wretched indigence. The land is subdivided into farms of very small extent—but it seems dubious whether a contrary system would better the condition either of the country or the people. Virgil, Pliny, and Columella, are all in favour of small farms, and the deplorable poverty of the Roman peasants, does not seem to say much in recommendation of large ones.—The fact is, we suspect, that the

nature and exorbitancy of rent is the true cause of the general misery in which the Italian peasantry is involved,—if the farmer were accustomed to reap from his labours a handsome and proportional profit, not only would the agricultural wealth of the country be incalculably increased, but the comfort and respectability of her people would experience a sensible amelioration, and thus—in the only secure and pacific way—would be laid the foundations of that prosperity to which we would, even yet, indulge the hope that Italy may look forward.

Mr. Forsyth's remarks on the "*Tuscan Republics*" are the essence of good sense—their comparison with the Grecian commonwealths is eminently just—and to the observation which we have put in italics, every candid reader will, we presume, lend his assent.—In a country like Italy, where the benefits of education are so slenderly diffused, only the strong, though conciliating energies of the ruler can, by any possibility, counteract the destructive effects of a spurious patriotism, and drown the petty distinctions of *Pisans—Pistoians—Lucchesi*, &c. in the nobler title of ITALIANS.

"Every city in Tuscany having been once a separate republic, still considers itself a nation distinct from the rest, and calls their inhabitants foreigners. If we compare these little states with those of ancient Greece, we shall find that in both countries the republics emerged from small principalities; they shook off the yoke by similar means, and they ended in a common lord who united them all. In both we shall find a crowded population and a narrow territory; in both, a public magnificence disproportionate to their power; in both, the same nursing love of literature and of the arts, the same nice and fastidious taste, the same ambitious and excluding purity of language.

"Viewed as republics, the Tuscans and the Greeks were equally turbulent within their walls, and equally vain of figuring among foreign sovereigns; always jealous of their political independence, but often negligent of their civil freedom; for ever shifting their alliances abroad, or undulating between ill balanced factions at home. In such alternations of power, the patricians became imperious, the commons blood-thirsty, and both so opposite, that nothing but an enemy at the gates could unite them.

"But in no point is the parallel so striking as in their hereditary hatred of each other. This passion they fostered by insulting epithets. The Tuscans called the Pisans *traditori*, the Pistoians *perversi*, the Senese *passi*, the Florentines *ciechi*, &c.

"The Florentines themselves account for their nickname *ciechi*, by the whiteness of their

The Greeks (take even Boeotia alone) gave Tanagra a nickname for envy, Oropus for avarice, Thebes for the love of contradiction, &c.

"Nor was their hatred satisfied with mockery: it became serious upon every trifle. Athens waged a bloody war on Ægina for two olive stumps, the materials of two statues: Florence declared hostilities against Pistoia, on account of two marble arms which had been dismembered from one statue."

"The first private wars among the free cities of Italy broke out in Tuscany, between Pisa and Lucca. Tyrant never attacked tyrant with more exterminating fury, than these republics, the hypocrites of liberty, fought for mutual inthralment. No despot ever sported more cruelly with his slaves, than the Thessalians and Spartans with their Penestæ and Helots, or the Florentines with their Pisan prisoners. These last wretches were brought in carts to Florence, tied up like bale goods: they were told over at the gates, and entered at the custom-house as common merchandise: they were then dragged more than half naked to the Signoria, where they were obliged to kiss the posteriors of the stone Marzoccho, which remains as a record of their shame, and were at last thrown into dungeons, where most of them died. Such was

"La rabbia Fiorentina, che superba

"Fù a quel tempo sì, com' ora è putta.

"The Florentines brought home in triumph the chains of the unfortunate harbour, and suspended them in festoons over the two venerable columns of porphyry, which Pisa had presented in gratitude for a former service. The Pisan chains hang like a fair trophy on the foreign bank of Genoa; but to place them at Florence over those pledges of ancient friendship, betrayed a defect of moral taste; and to expose them still at that sacred door, which Michael Angelo thought worthy of Paradise, tends only to keep up the individuality of those little states, which it is the interest of their common governor to efface. No trifle should be left to record their separate independence, or to excite that repulsive action,—that tendency to fly off from their present cluster, which is doubly fatal in an age and a country so prone to partition."

At Florence he associated with most of the eminent literary and scientific characters of that celebrated city. Among others

houses which blinds so many of the inhabitants; but the other Tuscans contend that the epithet of Blind, applied nationally to Florence, should mean what it meant at Chalcedon.

"E liete, in cambio d'arrecarle aiuto

"L'italiche città del suo periglio,

"Ruzzarano tra loro, non altrimenti

"Che discolte poledre a calci e denti:

"TASSONI.

he was introduced to Fontana, brother of the Abatte,—Fontana is known as the *reviver* of a very useful art—the lectures of the anatomical professors of Europe are frequently illustrated by specimens of *imitative* anatomy—and the writer of this article has seen some exquisite proofs of Fontana's plastic skill in the extensive private museum of Mr. Brookes, in London.—Fontana is described as a man rather of excursive, than profound, knowledge—but Mr. Forsyth represents him as taking the lead in science, by the junction of considerable worldly talent with respectable professional acquirements;—by bringing forth upon the topic in discussion his whole stock of information, and dexterously eluding the dangers of close combat,—by improving and adopting as his own the inventions of others,—and by rendering their abilities subservient to his own views and reputation;—a talent, by the way, which signor Fontana shares in common with greater and meaner men than himself—with heroes and conquerors, with empirics and sciolists;—but what solid reputation can be built upon so frail and disgraceful a foundation? The character once understood, ceases to impose—the imposture detected, we despise the impostor—and strip the faded and fraudulent laurel from the unblushing brow that so shamelessly assumed it.—Fontana is, however, evidently a person of talents—his diligence is astonishing—and he appears to have brought imitative anatomy to a perfection truly wonderful.

"He readily detailed to me," says Mr. Forsyth, "the history of imitative anatomy, an art invented by Zumbo, and revived," said Fontana, "by me. I began with a very young artist, whom I instructed to copy the human eye in wax. This I showed to Leopold, who, pleased with the attempt, and desirous that his sons should learn anatomy without attending dissections, ordered me to complete the whole system.

"I stood alone in a new art, without guide or assistants. Anatomists could not model, and modellers were ignorant of interior anatomy. Thus obliged to form workmen for myself, I selected some mechanical drudges, who should execute my orders without intruding into my design. Superior artists are too full of their own plans to follow patiently another's, too fond of embellishing nature, to toil in the slavish imitation which I required. Such difficulties I surmounted; but before I finished the system, the funds had failed."

"This active Prometheus is creating a decomposable statue, which will consist of

ten thousand separate pieces, and three millions of distinct parts, both visible and tangible. I saw only the head and upper region of the trunk; but this machine appeared to me as sensible to the weather as its fleshy original is. The wood is so warped by the heat, that the larger contours are already perceptibly altered, and the pieces are connected by pegs, which become unfit on every change of the atmosphere. When I suggested this to the cavalier—'The objection is nothing. Ivory is too dear: papier mâché has been tried, but it failed.'"

Some of the works of Zumbo are repositied in the museum, and the passage in which Mr. Forsyth alludes to them, is a striking example of his powers in the delineation of the repulsive and horrid. In perusing it the blood seemed to chill in our veins, and the flesh to creep on our bones.

"Wax was first used in imitating anatomy by Zumbo, a Sicilian of a melancholy, mysterious cast, some of whose works are preserved here. Three of these bear the gloomy character of the artist, who has exhibited the horrid details of the plague and the charnel-house, including the decomposition of bodies through every stage of putrefaction—the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk—the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work—and the mushroom springing fresh in the midst of corruption."

"The *Royal Gallery*," at the period of Mr. Forsyth's visit to Florence, was stripped of those treasures of art with which it had been enriched by the Medici and their Austrian successors. At that time they contributed to the splendour of that immense assemblage of the works of human genius which the triumphs of France had concentrated in the *Louvre*;—we cannot here refrain from expressing our surprise at Mr. Eustace's disapprobation of this measure on the part of the French—to us it appears so perfectly Roman, that to an admirer of the "*lords of humankind*" we should have supposed it a proceeding of a most seducing nature, and that all the sympathies of such a person would have been roused in favour of a people who knew so well how to tread in the steps of his classical favourites;—for our parts, we reprobate this spoliating system—and however advantageous it may be to the progress of the arts that their *chefs-d'œuvres* should be collected in some central spot—we should be the first to exorcise the piratical spirit which takes advantage of victory to rob the vanquished of the purest monuments of their glory:

The Laurentian library contains some precious manuscripts. Within the last twenty-five years it boasted the famous Virgil, written, it is said, in the reign of Valens, and corrected in the fifth century, by the consul Asterius. This celebrated book had been lost and regained by the Florentines, but disappeared during the revolutionary wars, and is now, probably, lost to Florence for ever. The Pandects of Justinian, a remarkably fine copy, experienced a better fortune—on the approach of the French, they were “sent to Palermo for safety. Government, indeed, had always kept them under its own key, and opened them only by torch light to the great, on an order from the senate. Tradition says that this famous code was discovered in a barrel at Amalfi; and Hume, who believes the story, ascribes to this discovery the revival of the Roman law. But it is far more probable, that the Pisans brought it from Constantinople while their commerce flourished in the Levant, and it is certain that, before they took Amalfi, Irnerius had been teaching the Pandects at Bologna.”

There are some fine illuminated manuscripts of the classics—Greek and Latin—of the date of the eleventh century—fine at least from the brilliancy of the colours, which in that age, were used in an unmixed state—to this, probably, the splendour of the tints is, in a considerable measure, to be ascribed.

“Some of those illuminations came from the pencil of Oderisi, whom Dante extols as ‘the honor of the art;’ an art which grew afterwards into a luxury baneful to learning. Every copyist became a painter, and, wasting his time in the embellishing of books, rendered books in general rare. Early in the fifteenth century this art made a most rapid progress, as appears very eminently in some of these manuscripts; and Allevanti, who wrought for the magnificent founder of this library, had brought it nearly to perfection, when printing gave a check to its importance. Hence the works usually shown here as objects of beauty, such as the Pliny, the Homer, the Ptolemy, the Missal of the Florentine Republic, are all of that age, and contain portraits of the Medici, painted in the initials.”

The practice of illuminating books is no longer in vogue—indeed the invention of printing speedily put an end to a fashion ridiculous in itself, and which only served to pamper the pride and luxury of a few wealthy egotists, by the possession of books whose costliness necessarily limited them to the most opulent individuals. Manuscript-miniature is now exercised only by a few artists, employed to repair

the decayed and decaying volumes of the old libraries.

“I found Ciatti, who ranks first in the art, supplying here lost or damaged leaves; copying in fac-simile the writing of every age, and giving vellum the due tinge of antiquity. His enrichments have all the system of modern composition, though inferior to the old illuminations in their general effect. In the former, we admire an harmonious design; in the latter, a rich confusion. Such is an English carpet compared with a Persian.”

The peculiar talent of the Italians in *extemporaneous* poetry is well known to most of our readers. Florence has long been celebrated for her *Improvvisatori*. In the fifteenth century the blind brothers Brandolini acquired no mean reputation for the excellence of their extemporary Latin verse—all Italy lately hung with rapture on the spontaneous effusions of Corilla’s wit and fancy—but

“Signora Fantastici is now the improvisatrice of the day.

“This lady convenes at her house a crowd of admirers, whenever she chooses to be inspired. The first time I attended her accademia, a young lady, of the same family and name as the great Michael Angelo, began the evening by repeating some verses of her own composition. Presently La Fantastici broke out into song in the words of the motto, and astonished me by her rapidity and command of numbers, which flowed in praise of the fair poetess, and brought her poem back to our applause. Her numbers, however, flowed irregularly, still varying with the fluctuation of sentiment; while her song corresponded, changing from aria to recitativo, from recitativo to a measured recitation.

“She went round her circle and called on each person for a theme. Seeing her busy with her fan, I proposed the Fan as a subject; and this little weapon she painted as she promised, ‘col pennel divino di fantasia felice.’ In tracing its origin she followed Pignotti, and in describing its use she acted and analyzed to us all the coquetry of the thing. She allowed herself no pause, as the moment she cooled, her *estro* would escape.

“So extensive is her reading, that she can challenge any theme. One morning, after other classical subjects had been sung, a Venetian count gave her the boundless field of Apollonius Rhodius, in which she displayed a minute acquaintance with all the Argonautic fable. Tired at last of demigods, I proposed the sofa for a task, and sketched to her the introduction of Cowper’s poem. She set out with this idea, but being once entangled in the net of mythology, she soon transformed his sofa into a Cytherean couch, and brought Venus, Cupid and Mars on the scene; for such embroidery enters into the web of every improvvisatore. I found this morning accademia flatter than

the first. Perhaps Poetry, being one of the children of pleasure, may, like her sisters, be most welcome in the evening.

"I remarked that La Fantastici, when speaking of her art, gave some cold praise to her rival La Bandettini; but she set an old Tuscan peasant above all the tribe, as first in original and poetic thinking. She seemed then to forget her once admired Gianni, the Roman stay-maker. This crooked son of Apollo was the contested gallant of the first beauties in Florence, where he displayed powers yet unequalled in impromptu; defying all the *obligazioni* or shackles that the severest audience could impose on him. The very idea, however, of imposition is a violence fatal to genius; and the poetical commands thus executed, like laureate odes and other tasks, may show skill, practice, talent; but none of the higher felicities of art."

That all this is very delightful and surprising we cordially admit, and think that an evening the *délassement* of which included such a display of talent and eloquence, must approach as nearly as possible to that rapturous state of feeling which we are accustomed to attribute to superior beings:—but, perhaps, our wonder would abate somewhat on a cool examination of the compositions thus thrown forth, in the midst of the united excitements of beauty, music, and elegant conviviality, and where too the suddenness and rapidity of the verse does not permit the exercise of criticism. The poetic facility, besides, of the Italian language, and its richness in rhymes, must be powerful aids to the *improvvisatore*, who, were he requested to make a rational discourse in prose—where the advantages of his language would cease to assist him—would, in all probability, find himself awkwardly situated. Mr. Forsyth's observations on this subject are judicious and expressed with great elegance.

"Such 'strains pronounced and sung unmediated, such prompt eloquence,' such sentiment and imagery flowing in rich diction, in measure, in rhyme, and in music, without interruption, and on subjects unforeseen, all this must evince in La Fantastici a wonderful command of powers; yet, judging from her studied and published compositions, which are dull enough, I should suspect that this impromptu exercise seldom leads to poetical excellence. Serafino d'Acquila, the first *improvvisatore* that appeared in the language, was gazed at in the Italian courts as a divine and inspired being, till he published his verses and dispelled the illusion.

"An Italian *improvvisatore* has the benefit of a language rich in echoes. He generally calls in the accompaniment of song, a lute, or a guitar, to set off his verse and conceal any

failures. If his theme be difficult, he runs from that into the nearest common-place, or takes refuge in loose lyric measures. Thus he may always be fluent, and sometimes by accident be bright.

"I once heard a little drama given extempore with great effect, from the acting talent of the poet: but dramatic poetry is not so much the subject of Italian impromptu as it was among the Greeks. The Greek language and the Italian appear to me equally favourable to this talent. Equally rich, and harmonious, and pliant, they allow poets to alter the length and the collocation of words, to pile epithets on epithets, and sometimes to range among different dialects.

"In attending to the Italian *improvvisatori*, I began to find out, or perhaps only to fancy, several points in which they resemble their great predecessor Homer. In both may be remarked the same openness of style and simplicity of construction, the same digressions, rests, repetitions, anomalies. Homer has often recourse to the shifts of the moment, like other *improvvisatori*. Like them he betrays great inequalities. Sometimes when his speech is lengthening into detail, he cuts it short and concludes. Sometimes when the interest and difficulty thicken, the poet escapes, like his heroes, in a cloud. I once thought of Homer in the streets of Florence, where I once saw a poor cyclic bard most cruelly perplexed in a tale of chivalry. He wished to unravel; but every stanza gave a new twist to his plot. His hearers seemed impatient for the denouement, but still the confusion increased. At last, seeing no other means of escape, he vented his poetical fury on the skin of his tambourine, and went off with a '*maledetto*.'"

There is a chapter upon the Italian theatre, too long for insertion, but whose interesting details we shall endeavour to condense:—As early as the twelfth century Italy had her *Istrioni*—mere ballad-singers, who never aspired to the personation of character. The *moralities*, or scriptural dialogues, of the next age, approximated somewhat nearer to the form of the regular drama—and in 1449 the history of Abraham announced the approach of the Tragic Muse. Thirty years afterwards appeared the Orfeo of Politian—a composition constructed upon the Greek model—and which was so generally admired and imitated, that the first regular theatre of modern Europe was built at Milan, in 1490, upon the Greek plan. To Politian's Orfeo succeeded the Sofonisba of Carretto, and in 1515 appeared the first attempt of Trissino;—the taste for Greek tragedy was now epidemical—and was supported by a host of feeble and forgotten writers, whose stiff, solemn, languid dialogues exhibit the form of the classic drama, without a trace of the va-

sious and immortal genius that makes us forget its defects.

The translation from Plautus by Heccules, duke of Ferrara, first introduced among the Italians a taste for comedy. Ariosto followed with an original production. Then came a crowd who wrote learned comedies, to be recited—not on a public stage—no—these grave wits never thought of writing for the people—but “in courts, academies, and colleges, as exercises for princes and scholars,”—of these “*erudite*” compositions an intolerable stupidity is the usual characteristic, and where they are not dull, they are obscure.—The “*commedie dell' arte*,” though addressed to the feelings and passions of the populace, and consequently deficient in the higher qualities of the drama, were, nevertheless, vastly more interesting than the writings of the “*eruditi*,”—action was their principal charm—the dialogue was rarely printed—but the plot being sketched, the filling up of the characters was left to the spontaneous talents of the actors, the varieties of vulgar life afforded an exhaustless diversity of subject, and the wit of the performers was supplied from the same sources.

The degradation of tragedy gave birth to that seducing nondescript, the *Opera*—the same cause, as applied to comedy, produced the *Opera Buffa*—and in the charms of music, and the attractions of buffoonery—both national passions—the Italians were contented to forget the absurdity of the one, the vulgarity of the other, and the invasion which both were making upon the legitimate drama. But Goldoni appeared, and comedy reared her drooping head. For a while he yielded to the prevailing fashion, and his early pieces were written for the old masques—but by the introduction of new beauties, wholly foreign to and unadapted to them, he by degrees, created a taste for superior productions, and at length, though not without some murmurs from the adherents of the old school, succeeded in banishing the masked comedy from the stage altogether. This change in the form of the comic drama produced a correspondent revolution in the style of acting, and instead of the former rant and bombastic extravagance, the performers “affect a temperance bordering upon tameness.” They are held in slight estimation by the other classes of society—and rank even below the warblers of the Opera;—their own opinion of their own art (they style it merely *recitation*) scarcely entitles them to the respect of others—“like showmen in the streets” they expose their scenes

“*painted on a pole and underwrit*”—and every performance is concluded with a long and mean supplication of the public favour to the next:—the comic actors are principally Lombards,

“And of these the best are enlisted under Goldoni, a relation of the great dramatist. In his company are the two first actors of the day, Zanerini and Andolfati.

“Zanerini's walk is the ‘*padre nobile*,’ and surely in pathetic old characters he carries the exquisite and the forceful as far as they can exist together.

“Andolfati excels as a *characterist*, and has dramatised for himself some passages in the life of Frederick II. whom he imitates, *tale quale*, in his voice, walk, and manner. But Andolfati's merit rises far above mimicry; he can thrill the heart as well as shake the sides, and (what is more difficult than either) he can excite through long scenes that secret intellectual smile which, like the humour of Addison, never fatigues.”

The remarks upon the genius and character of the celebrated Alfieri are in a style of discriminating criticism very unusual with travellers, who generally praise and depreciate in the lump;—the second paragraph is peculiarly fine—and though the word “SHAKESPEARE” would be a full and imperial answer to his exulting question—“Has England a tragic poet equal to Alfieri?”—and though the justness of the insinuated panegyric is impeached by the allowed tragical superiority of Schiller (a poet whose chief merit is an exaggerated imitation or rather burlesque of the fiercer scenes of the bard of Avon)—we have no hesitation in saying that the sentences in question are such as none but a man of genius could produce.

“Alfieri is, next to Dante, the Italian poet most difficult to Italians themselves. His tragedies are too patriotic and austere for the Tuscan stage. Their construction is simple, perhaps too simple, too sparing of action and of agents. Hence his heroes must often soliloquise, he must often describe what a Shakespeare would represent, and this to a nation immoderately fond of picture. Every thought, indeed, is warm, proper, energetic; every word is necessary and precise; yet this very strength and compression, being new to the language and foreign to its genius, have rendered his style inverted, broken, and obscure; full of ellipses and elisions; speckled even to affectation with *Dantesque* terms; without pliancy, or flow, or variety, or ease.

“Yet where lives the tragic poet equal to Alfieri? Has England or France one that deserves the name? Schiller may excel him in those peals of terror which thunder through his gloomy and tempestuous scenes;

but he is poorer in thought, and inferior in the mechanism of his dramas.

"Alfieri's conduct is more open than his works to censure. Though born in a monarchy, and living under mild princes, this count concentrated in his heart all the pride, brutality, and violence of the purest aristocracies that ever oppressed Genoa or Venice. Whoever was more or less than noble became the object of his hatred or his contempt. The same pen levelled his Tirannide against princes, and his Antigallican against plebeians. The patriotism which he once put on could never sit easy upon such a mind, nor fall naturally into the forms and postures of common life. In forcing it violently on he rent the unsightly garb, then threw it aside, and let the tyrant go naked.

"This hatred of princes led him to dedicate his Agis to our Charles I. I admit the jurisdiction of posterity over the fame of dead kings. But was it manly, was it humane, to call up the shade of an accomplished prince, a prince fully as unfortunate as he was criminal, on purpose to insult him with a mock dedication? and of all Italians, did this become Alfieri, the reputed husband of that very woman, whose sterility has extinguished the race of Charles?

"His aristocratical pride, working on a splenetic constitution, breaks out into disgusting eccentricities, meets you at his very door, bars up all his approaches, and leaves himself in the solitude of a sultan. How unbecoming a poet was his conduct to General Miollis, the declared friend of all poets living and dead! How often has he descended from his theatrical stateliness to the lowest scurrility! How true is his own description of himself!

"Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite."

The environs of Florence are indebted for the principal features of their beauty to the agricultural industry of their inhabitants.

"The environs of Florence owe their beauty to a race of farmers who are far more industrious, intelligent, and liberal,* than

* "Their liberality is conspicuous in the contributions of their rural fraternities, who come in procession to Florence wit: splendid fuscicche, and leave their donations in the churches. Hence the clergy keep them well disciplined in faith, and, through the terror of bad crops, they begin to extort the abolished tithes.

"On Easter-eve I remarked a crowd of these farmers collected in the cathedral of Florence, to watch the motion of an artificial dove, which, just as the priests began 'Gloria in Excelsis,' burst away from the choir, glided along the nave on a rope, set fire to a combustible car in the street, and then flew whizzing back to its post. The eyes of every peasant were wishfully rivetted on the sacred puppet, and expressed a deep interest in its flight; for all their hopes of a future harvest depended on its safe return to the altar. 'Quando va bene la colombina, va bene il Fiorentino' is an adage as ancient as the dignity of the Fazzi, who still provide the car.

their neighbours born to the same sun and soil. Leopold toiled to make his peasants all comfortable, and the steward takes care that none shall be rich. They pass the year in a vicissitude of hard labour and jollity; they are seldom out of debt, and never insolvent. Negligent of their own dress, they take a pride in the flaring silks and broad earrings of their wives and daughters. These assist them in the field; for the farms, being too small to support servants, are laboured in the patriarchal style by the brothers, sisters, and children of the farmer.

"Few of the proprietors round Florence will grant leases; yet so binding is the force of prescription, so mutual the interest of landlord and tenant, and so close the intertexture of their property, that removals are very rare, and many now occupy the farms which their forefathers tilled during the Florentine republic.

"The stock of these farms belongs half to the landlord, and half to the tenant. This partnership extends even to the poultry and pigeons: the only *peculium* of the farmer is the produce of his hives. Hence the cattle run usually in pairs. One yoke of bullocks is sufficient for a common farm. Their oxen are all dove coloured; even those which are imported from other states change their coat in Tuscany, where they are always fed in the stall, and never go out but to labour. They are guided in the team by reins fixed to rings which are inserted in their nostrils; sometimes two hooks joined like pincers are used, like the postomus of Lucilius, which has teased so many antiquaries.

"Every field in the environs of Florence is ditched round, lined with poplars, and intersected by rows of vines or olive trees. Those rows are so close as to impede the plough; which, though it saves labour, is considered here as less calculated for produce, than the triangular spade, with which the tenant is bound by his landlord to dig or rather to shovel one third of his farm.

"This rich plain of the Val d'Arno yields usually two harvests a year, the first of wheat, the second of some green crop; which last is sometimes ploughed up, and left to rot on the field as manure for the next. This course is interrupted every third or fourth year by a crop of Turkey wheat, sometimes of beans or rye, and more rarely of oats. Barley was unknown here, until the breweries lately established at Florence and Pisa called it into cultivation.

"As you approach the skirts of this narrow plain, you perceive a change in agriculture. The vine and the olive gradually prevail over corn; and each farm brings a variety of arts into action! In addition to our objects of husbandry, the Tuscan has to learn all the complicate processes which produce wine, oil, and silk, the principal exports of the state. Of corn an average crop brings only five returns in the Florentine territory; in the Senese eight or nine; and the aggregate affords but ten months' subsist-

ence to all Tuscany, although the mountaineers live mostly on chesnuts."

"This garden of Tuscany seems to require more manure than it produces. To keep it perpetually in crop, the farmers must resort to the infectious sewers of the city; they send poor men and asses to pick up dung on the roads; and, at certain resting places on the highway, they spread litter for the cattle that pass to stale for their benefit."

Mr. Forsyth enjoyed from the roof of the Franciscan convent a view of the Val d'Arno—it is scarcely fair to anticipate the feelings of our readers, but really we cannot refrain from the expression of that rapturous possession which his brief and exquisite description of that delicious scenery took of our mind and senses:—in the few lines he has given to its delineation, we seemed to behold the living luxury of the landscape, and we pity those who can peruse it with other emotions.

"It would be ungrateful to leave the environs of Florence without mentioning the pleasure which I once enjoyed 'at evening from the top of *Fiesole*.' The weather was then Elysian, the spring in its most beautiful point, and all the world, just released from the privations of Lent, were fresh in their festivity. I sat down on the brow of the hill, and measured with my enraptured eye half the Val d'Arno. Palaces, villas, convents, towns, and farms were seated on the hills, or diffused through the vale, in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them—

"Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina
"Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!
"Valli beate, per cui d'onda in onda
"L'Arno con passo signor il cammina!"

We give his notice of the convent from the top of which he surveyed this enchanting scenery.

"The top of the hill is conical, and its summit usurped by a convent of Franciscans, whose leave you must ask to view the variegated map of country below you. Their corridors command a multiplicity of landscape: every window presented a different scene, and every minute before sunset changed the whole colouring. Leopold once brought his brother Joseph up to show him here the garden of his dominions; and this imperial visit is recorded in a Latin inscription as an event in the history of the convent.

"One half of Tuscany is mountains, which produce nothing but timber, one sixth part consists of hills which are covered with vineyards or olive gardens; the remaining third is plain: the whole is distributed into 80,000 *fattorie*, or stewardships. Each *fattoria* includes on the average seven farms. This property is divided among 40,000 families or corporations. The Riccardi, the Strozzi, the Feroni, and the Benedictines, rank first in the number.

"The season brought a curious succession of insects into view. On the way to Fiesole my ears were deafened with the hoarse croak of the *cigala*, which Homer, I cannot conceive why, compares to the softness of the lily. On my return the lower air was illuminated with myriads of *luciole* or fire flies; and I entered Florence at shutting of the gates,

"Come la mosca cede alla zanzara."

Milton and Ariosto have immortalized the secluded and solemn shades of Vallombrosa:—shall we extract Mr. Forsyth's description of the silent and sacred beauties of that majestic retreat?—our limits forbid us—were we to give all that is interesting in his book, we might extract four-fifths of the volume. *Camaldoli*, however, is less known than the haunted shades of the Vallombrosa—and the singular institution of the *Eremo* will, we trust, awaken the sympathy of our fair readers.

"We now crossed the beautiful vale of Prato Vecchio, rode round the modest arcades of the town, and arrived at the lower convent of *Camaldoli*, just at shutting of the gates. The sun was set, and every object sinking into repose, except the stream which roared among the rocks, and the convent bells which were then ringing the *Angelus*.

"This monastery is secluded from the approach of woman in a deep, narrow, woody dell. Its circuit of dead walls built on the conventual plan, gives it an aspect of confinement and defence; yet this is considered as a privileged retreat, where the rule of the order relaxes its rigour, and no monks can reside but the sick or the superannuated, the dignitary or the steward, the apothecary or the bead-turner. Here we passed the night, and next morning rode up by steep traverses to the Santa Eremo, where Saint Romualdo lived and established.

—"de' tacenti cenobiti il corò,
"L' orcale penitente, ed i digiuni
"Al Camaldoli suo.

"The Eremo is a city of hermits, walled round, and divided into streets of low, detached cells. Each cell consists of two or three naked rooms, built exactly on the plan of the Saint's own tenement, which remains just as Romualdo left it 800 years ago, now too sacred and too damp for a mortal tenant.

"The unfeeling Saint has here established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory. No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men, bound to stand erect chanting at choir for eight hours a day; their faces pale, their heads shaven, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The

sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age."

From Camaldoli Mr. Forsyth proceeded to *La Verna*—a remarkable Franciscan convent overhanging the precipitous steep of a lofty Apennine—of which the architect was the founder of the order to which it appertains.

"Here reigns all the terrible of nature—a rocky mountain, a ruin of the elements, broken, sawn, and piled in sublime confusion—precipices crowned with old, gloomy, visionary woods—black chasms in the rock where curiosity shudders to look down—haunted caverns sanctified by miraculous crosses—long excavated stairs that restore you to day-light. This scenery is now under the pencil of Philip Hackart, a Prussian, brought by a reflux of art from the land of Vandals to charm Italy with his landscapes. On the top of the mountain is a mass of marine testaceous petrifications, where Soldani has collected for his microscopical work, myriads of ammonites and nautili perfect in their forms, yet minute as sand.

"On entering the chapel of the stigmata, we caught the religion of the place; we knelt round the rail, and gazed, with a kind of local devotion, at the holy spot where Saint Francis received the five wounds of Christ. The whole hill is legendary ground. Here the Seraphic father was saluted by two crows, which still haunt the convent; there the devil hurled him down a precipice, yet was not permitted to bruise a bone of him."

The specimens we have laid before our readers of Mr. Forsyth's style, and his eloquent and forceful manner of treating every topic on which he touches are so ample that, with the exception of one or two scattered passages, we cannot afford any farther quotations—and all that we can do with respect to the remainder of the journey, is to follow him with rapid though unequal steps, and, if possible, crop, as we proceed, a few of those exquisite flowers which he has so profusely lavished over his path.

From *La Verna* we pass on to CORTONA, once a rich and flourishing city, and still considered with respect as the metropolis of the ancient Etruria.—Here the Etruscan Academy hold their sittings, and antiquaries meet you at every step. Half-bosomed in vineyards, and seated on the ascent of a steep eminence,—with broad, black, lofty mountains in the back ground—at some distances it looks "like a picture hung upon a wall." The prospect over the adjacent country from Santa Marguerita—the Thrasimene and Clusian lakes spreading beneath you in silvery lustre—dark-browed mountains lowering in the distance—and the extensive and

diversified vale of Chiana, bound in with its glowing fence of vine-mantled hills, and studded with cottages, villas, "and convents of sober gray," extending before you in a sort of lively tranquillity—combines so many features of the magnificent and beautiful, that the whole forms a landscape not exceeded by any in Tuscany, excepting, perhaps, the famous Val d'Arno.—Cortona contains about 4000 inhabitants—yet in this little spot the pretensions of nobility are carried to as absurd and disgusting an excess as in Florence, Rome, or Naples.

We cannot stop to consider Mr. Forsyth's observations upon Sienna, &c. but hasten on with him to the head-quarters of all that is grand and deeply interesting in Italian history and antiquities—of Rome it is hardly possible to form any thing like a correct notion from the innumerable engraved views which crowd the portfolios of the curious, and in which the vanity of the artists has given to its ruins and architectural monuments so many adscititious embellishments, or so enlarged their sites, that "a stranger, arriving here with the expectations raised by those prints, will be infallibly disappointed." The Flaminian Gate is still the principal entrance of Rome. The streets are inconvenient, and the pavement, from its minute reticular construction, peculiarly disagreeable to pedestrians. The only lamps are those suspended before the images of the Virgin—Reflectors (*reverberes*) were once suggested, but the clergy, no doubt for the sake of decorum and morality, were averse to the *innovation*, and the streets of Rome are, at the present moment, involved in as comfortable and convenient darkness as a cardinal or Benedictine monk can desire.

Mr. Forsyth divides the architecture of Rome into four distinct species—the works of the Republic—those of the Empire—those of the Middle ages—and the erection of modern times. Our limits will only permit us to make a few observations on those of the Republic and Empire.

Architectural taste was first introduced among the Romans by the Tarquins, and the few remains of the buildings of that early age are manifestly Etruscan. The blocks of which they are composed are massy, regular, but uncemented. The walls of a prison, and a common sewer, cannot be expected to evince much grandeur or elegance, but the solidity of those useful constructions show that even in the infancy of their greatness, the Romans aspired to the foundation of an "eternal city." With the kings, the

principal object was the gratification of personal ambition—conquest was the aim of the Republic; the grandest monuments of the commonwealth are the Military Ways, and the roads of Appius, Flaccus, Albinus, and Flaminius, &c. worn as they are with the use of more than twenty centuries, still remain to attest the energy and persevering spirit of their constructors. Of the aqueducts of this period, only portions of the Aqua Marcia remain, and Mr. Forsyth seems to be of opinion that the superb arcades which conveyed that water to the Esquiline, are the works of Augustus. The convertibility of the Pagan Temples to the purposes of the Catholic religion has fortunately preserved some of those august edifices from destruction. Of these the Pantheon is the chief. The doors are cased in bronze. The light is admitted through “one large orb” in the centre of the roof, and grand, indeed, in the days of her glory, must have been the interior aspect of the Pantheon, when the splendour of an unclouded meridian sun beamed into its sanctuary, and shed its perpendicular and diffusive radiance on the divine sculptures that seemed to realise the seductive fables of an enchanting mythology. The tombs of the Servilii, Horatii, and Metelli would, at first, appear to belong to the Republic—but the absence of name, epitaph, and indeed, all mark whatever that can assist us in ascertaining the persons or age to which they belong, will not allow us to form any decisive opinion on their antiquity;—they are situated without the Capena gate, and from the aversion entertained in the early times to which they are ascribed, to inhumation within the walls, it has been too arbitrarily decided that they were raised in the times of the Republic—Another sepulchre (the *Cornelian*) which has been classed with them, was, however, at length discovered in the heart of the city, a circumstance that, in our opinion, at least neutralises the point. None of the tombs belonging to the republican era, have the names of the buried inscribed upon them, with the exception of Cæcilia Metella’s, built by Crassus.

Near the tombs on the Appian Way is a small temple ascribed to the Republic, dedicated to the god *Rediculus*. It was built of red and yellow brick, and the remains are so fresh that it appears as if it had been destroyed but a short while after its erection. The adhesion also of the materials is so intimate, that “each of its puny pilasters appear like one piece,” and the sculpturing of the cornice is executed with a delicacy equal to that of the finest

marble. The minute and lavish ornament of this building, the design of which is remarkably poor, induces the author to refer it to a period at least as late as the reign of Severus; and the same reason operates with respect to a temple on a neighbouring hill, said to have been raised to Honour and Virtue.

Under the emperors architecture was patronised, as it had been under the kings, as an art contributing to the personal fame and splendour of the sovereign. Some of the finest works of this period were raised by the vilest characters that ever disgraced humanity. The baths of Caracalla are among the most extensive and sumptuous of the imperial edifices, and those of Diocletian are scarcely inferior in amplitude, or richness of decoration. The Triumphal Arches, of Trajan, Titus, Severus, Constantine, Gallienus, &c. are generally heavy and tasteless in their design, and loaded with meretricious embellishments. The mausolea of Augustus and Hadrian are grand and awful even in their ruins, but the proudest structure is the mighty Coliseum, the united work of Vespasian and Titus. We admire, we are astonished at, the majesty of this stupendous edifice, but we abhor the purposes to which it was devoted, and feel powerfully convinced of the imperfection of human virtue, when we reflect that it was under the administration of two of the best and wisest of her emperors, that Rome beheld the rise and completion of a structure, which, however we may admire it as a specimen of national magnificence, can excite, with respect to the scenes it displayed, and was built to display, no other sentiments than those of horror and disgust. The feelings of Mr. Forsyth on this subject are in such perfect unison with our own, that notwithstanding our resolution to refrain from farther quotation, we cannot resist the temptation of giving his sentiments on the cruel and sanguinary sports to which both sexes and all ranks of the Romans were so passionately addicted.

“Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and, as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says ‘No.’ Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the

butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter, and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arenae* to a luxurious supper.

"Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself:—decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand;—half gray and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray."

The extent to which this article has grown compels us, however unwillingly, to come to a conclusion. Our extracts, ample as they are, afford only a slight notion of the innumerable beauties of thought and expression with which this delightful volume abounds,—the variety of its subject matter—or the union it furnishes of sound judgment with a style almost poetical, and which adapts itself, as it were by instinct, to every change of topic, and at once introduces the reader to a most lively and intimate acquaintance with every thing in Italy that can in any way be interesting to him.

We wish to leave our readers in good humour, and we know no better way of accomplishing so desirable an object, than by the concluding this article with a few of Mr. Forsyth's animated reflections upon Naples.

"To a mere student of nature, to an artist, to a man of pleasure, to any man that can be happy among people who seldom affect virtue, perhaps there is no residence in Europe so tempting as Naples and its environs. What variety of attractions!—a climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land—wines, fruits, provisions, in their highest excellence—a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes—all the wonders of volcanic power spent or in action—antiquities different from all antiquities on earth—a coast which was once the fairy-land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it. This country has subdued all its conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great sexual virtues, guardians of every other virtue,—the courage of men and the modesty of women."

G.

ART. 3. *Observations on the Geology of the United States of America; with some Remarks on the Effects produced on the Nature and Fertility of Soils, by the Decomposition of the Different Classes of Rocks, and an Application to the Fertility of every State of the Union, in reference to the accompanying Geological Map. With two Plates.* By WILLIAM MACLURE. 8vo. pp. 128. Philadelphia. 1817.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Maclure communicated to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, some observations on the geology of the United States; he has now somewhat enlarged and corrected his former memoir, increasing it at the same time with an attempt to apply geology to agriculture, in which he is highly commendable, as we have no doubt that his endeavours will be found practically useful, even by those who do not entertain any high idea of scientific researches. Every science is connected with the wants of mankind; and many sciences are indebted for their origin to those wants, which increase in proportion to civilization and refinement. Agriculture sprung from the inadequacy of nature's spontaneous supplies of food for a large population, and has but lately become a science; medicine sprung from the natural desire of relieving our pains and lengthening our lives; geometry from the necessity of ascertaining the extent and limits of our fields; geography from

the importance of knowing the strength and resources of our own country, and the means and dispositions of our neighbours; astronomy from the exigencies of shepherds and navigators; physics from the need of becoming acquainted with the phenomena which surround us, as well to avail ourselves of their co-operation, as to avert some of the dreadful disasters of which they are sometimes the cause; cosmology from the cravings of nature, which instigate us to learn what animals, plants, or minerals may be made subservient to our use, or afford us food, raiment, weapons, tools, &c.

All the divisions of knowledge to which we have given the names of arts or sciences, have, therefore, a common origin—our wants! a common object—our uses! a common view—our improvement! These selfish motives are those which govern the majority of mankind; but philosophy refines and elevates them. This common origin and object of the sciences has often led to the belief of their identity,

as if they were all concentrated in a universal science. This hypothesis cannot now have many adherents, since the different scientific pursuits have been so well illustrated and distinguished; yet every one must be aware of the intimate connexion which exists between all the sciences. For instance, botany and geometry, which appear so widely distinct, are yet so far connected that botany must borrow part of its language from geometry, and geometry some of its forms from botany.

In a peculiarly improved stage and extended state of the sciences, the necessity of dividing them into minor sciences or branches begins to be felt, and such a division usually takes place shortly afterwards. It is to such a period that we are indebted for the new science of geology, or the knowledge of the solid part of the earth. This science was for a long time blended with natural history, mineralogy, astronomy, cosmogony, mythology, history, to which it is more or less connected, without properly belonging to either; but it has in recent days been raised to the dignified station of a separate science, and can already number among its votaries such men as Cuvier, Werner, Hutton, Patrin, Lametherie, &c. in Europe, while in the United States many enlightened men do not disdain to cultivate it for the benefit of the present generation and of posterity.

Among the latter Mr. Maclure stands conspicuous for zeal, assiduity, perspicuity, liberality, utility, and an early attention to this important subject. It is not by the size of his work that we must judge of its value; but by its intrinsic merit. We believe that in the small number of pages of his volume, more essential facts and useful truths are disclosed than in many thick volumes of yore. We shall endeavour to collect such of them as our limits will allow, and such that a tolerable idea of the value of his observations may be formed; and the few imperfections which we may have occasion to notice, will but slightly invalidate its real merit.

We agree altogether with our worthy author, when he states the fallacy of the numberless presumptive theories of the earth, which have so often been set up. While we have scarcely studied one-fourth part of the *surface of the earth*, and while the interior of our globe is totally unknown, all speculative theories must be considered as the *novels of geology* rather than its history. How many of them have even been founded upon a few local facts, which are belied by so

many different facts elsewhere! Mr. Maclure mentions that those animals whose bones have been found in northern climates, while they (or their congenerous species) are now found only in tropical climates, might have been migratory, as the wild Buffaloe of America is at this time;—he might have added, that most of them being different from the now living species, were probably (as the mammoth of Siberia was to a certainty) covered with a thick fur suitable to the climates they dwelt in. Yet to account for this simple fact, a supposition has been advanced, that the equator was once where the poles are now, and vice versa! If the mutation of the poles could only be supported by this false reasoning, every supposition of the kind would fall to the ground. Fire and water were, till lately, considered as the only agents acting over the earth,—now galvanism is allowed to have also its share; but electricity, magnetism, light, gases, air, frost, compression, and animal and vegetable agency, &c. have certainly also their share; wherefore every theory founded upon a simple or single agent, becomes an erroneous system.

Our author adopts Werner's classification of rocks; but he is not satisfied with his distinctive names of primitive and secondary; he might have added his transition, which denomination is certainly illusive. The fact is, that there are but four formations of rocks and earths, *all of which*, even granite, are stratified; they are the crystallized, the deposited, the volcanic, and the organic formations; the first originates in crystallizations, the second in depositions, the third in emissions, and the last in organic remains; if a fifth formation was to be added, it ought to be the agglomerated formation. The transition formation belongs to all the formations in various instances, and the alluvial to the deposited formations. All these formations often happen to be blended, which destroys altogether the theories of universal separate formations, since suppositions must yield to facts; and strata vary from the thickness of a sheet of paper to the immense thickness of several thousand feet, so far as they have been penetrated or seen.

The uniformity of the formations in the United states, and the regularity of their dispositions, strike every observer who has witnessed the disparity and irregularity which are exhibited in the formations of Europe. Mr. Maclure traces an able parallel between the two continents, and describes next the outlines and limits

of the formations, rocks, mountains and strata of our continent, being the result of nearly thirty different excursions across their nucleus, which runs from northeast to southwest. He describes the whole in general results, disdaining minute investigation of insulated rocks and detached masses: yet if there are some of such, which may throw light upon the approximating formations, why should we neglect them altogether? We shall not follow him through his leading remarks, and his divisions; a single glance at his map will convey a better idea of his principles, the results of which are, that nearly all the New-England states, the northern part of New-York, and a broad stripe as far as Georgia, are primitive; that the alluvial formation extends from Long-Island to Louisiana, from the Atlantic to the granite up the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Ohio; that the limestone, or secondary formation, extends all over the western states, as far as the lakes, including most of New-York, and that it is divided from the primitive by a transition region. A formation of sandstone exists in the primitive, in New-York, Maryland, Connecticut, &c.

Notwithstanding the able researches of our author, we cannot but regard his results, as well as those of Volney, as mere attempts towards the knowledge which he means to convey; we know of several instances in which the limits assigned to some formations are not altogether correct, nor can they ever be completely known, but after a series of long, minute local observations all over the United States; and even then, how are we to know when those limits are absolute or relative? We would advise observers to notice the angle of inclination of the strata at the place of their disappearance, whence a probable calculation may be made of their further depth and extent. A long period must elapse before we can acquire a complete knowledge of the soil we inhabit; we must sink wells and shafts, dig mines and coal-pits to great depths, ere we can assert which is the predominant formation in the strata we tread upon; but we must especially collect and describe all the organic remains of our soil, if we ever want to speculate with the smallest degree of probability, on the formation, respective age, and history of our strata. Mr. Maclure has altogether omitted these accessories or auxiliaries, which have received, with much propriety, the name of *medals of nature*: he says little or nothing of the numberless animal remains, shells, polyps, &c.

found all over our deposited and agglomerated soils, or alluvial, limestone, sandstone regions. He omits the alluvial found in Ohio and New-England, &c. The regions north of the lakes are a blank in his map; they are probably of primitive or granitic formation. The present great lakes of North-America, and those which have to a certainty existed elsewhere in ancient times, have had more influence on some parts of the soil than he is aware of. He has not mentioned any volcanic soils and rocks in the United States; yet there are certainly some, which he has classed, with the Wernerian school, among transition and secondary; but the trap, wake, coal, and clay formations, which are found in many parts, are here, as in Europe, evidently of volcanic, or emitted formation. Volcanoes do not always emit fire and lava, nor heap up mountains and craters; they often vomit water and mud, and, when they are covered by water, their smoke and ashes form, under the water, strata of various substances: such have been the ancient submarine volcanoes of Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Alabama, &c.

The second plate of this work contains five transverse sections of the United States: 1. across lake Champlain and the White Hills; 2. from Plymouth to lake Erie; 3. from Egg-Harbour to Pittsburg; 4. from Cape Henry to Abingdon; 5. from Cape Fear to the Warm Springs. They give a tolerably good idea of the succession of formations; but we hope, that by leading each formation to the level of the sea, it was not meant to imply that they really reach it, else we should ask how was it known to be so?

We now proceed to the second part of this work, or the practical part thereof, wherein the author relates, with much propriety in the preface, how various are the practical results to be derived from the study of geology; it is by such a study that we are safely guided in our search for coal, salt, gypsum, limestone, sandstone, millstones, grindstones, wheelstones, marble, clay, marl, slate, ores, &c. For instance, those who should search for coal in a primitive region, or under granite, would lose their time and money: those who mistake pyrites and mica for ores, find soon their delusion to their cost. It will teach you to pave turnpikes with quartz, which will wear two years, instead of limestone or any soft stone, which will not last three months. When clay contains too much calcarious matter, it cannot make good bricks, and when lime-

stone contains too much argillaceous matter, it cannot make lime.

The theory of the decomposition of rocks is treated with great ability and perspicuity; it is worth while for every enlightened agriculturalist to become acquainted with it: the results are, that the best soils for agricultural purposes are those proceeding from the decomposition of wake, limestone, lava, tuffa, &c. that the worst are those resulting from clay, salt, sand, quartz, &c. that alluvial and transition formations partake of such formations as they have been washed from; that vegetable mould is the common manure of nature, that gypsum is the next, marl and clay, of sand, and vice versa, &c.

In the last chapter Mr. Maclure enters at length into an investigation of the probable effects which the decomposition of rocks may have on the nature and fertility of the soils of the different states of North-America, when such soils are in their pristine state, since, when covered with vegetable and animal manure or mould, their fertility lasts as long as such mould remains. In result it appears that Pennsylvania and New-York possess the greatest quantity of good lands among the Atlantic states, while all the western states enjoy an equal fertility, being all situated in the limestone formation. "All the alluvial region fronting the ocean appears to possess a peculiar character, the soil being almost every where light, dry and sandy, or swampy; this soil, when mixed with marl, which is generally found under it, forms a good cultivable ground. It is probable that cotton, the staple produce of this region south of the Chesapeake, will, at a future period, be found suitable to the whole region, and cultivable as far north as Long-Island, and on those Hempstead plains, now thought almost unfit for cultivation, as were formerly thought the pine barrens of South-Carolina.

Mr. Maclure indulges sometimes in digressions in which some happy thoughts are discernible: his great division of the states, into states east and west of the Alleghany, is quite natural, and the probable consequences of their respective features are truly delineated. Happily the Atlantic states are divided also naturally in three districts; New-England states,

east of the Hudson and lake Champlain; middle states, whose territories extend west of the mountains or natural limit; and southern states, where slavery prevails; while the western states will soon be divided in three natural districts,—north of the Ohio, south of the Ohio, and west of the Mississippi, whose features and interests will also assume their own peculiarities, the presumable result of which will be a happy balance of indivisible interests.

We wish that a hint of Mr. Maclure's might meet the eyes of some of those who direct among us the education of youth. He insinuates that we may reasonably hope that, ere long, some portion of time will be appropriated, in our colleges and universities, to studies of evident utility, and that the knowledge of substances, their properties and their uses, will be permitted, in some degree, to encroach on the study of mere words, or the smattering of dead languages. His hopes begin to be partly realized, and the utility of the study of our soil, our waters, our minerals, our fossils, our plants, our animals, &c. is becoming daily more evident; let us hope that these studies will soon be taught every where, together, at least, with those of a less permanent and general utility. We shall conclude in the words of this author,—“The earth is every day moulding down into a form more capable of producing and increasing vegetable matter, the food of animals, and consequently progressing towards a state of amelioration and accumulation of those materials, of which the moderate and rational enjoyment constitutes great part of our comfort and happiness. On the surface of such an extensive and perpetual progression, let us hope that mankind will not, nay, cannot, remain stationary.”

These remarks bear evidence that our worthy author is gifted with a philanthropic and philosophical mind. The style and the details of his work bear the stamp of the same modest, unassuming, and plain philosophy, and give the author a title to the highest reward of a good citizen, the gratitude of his countrymen; and should his labours be rewarded with the praise that greeted his predecessor Volney, we doubt not he will feel his anticipations fully realized.

C. S. R.

ART. 4. *Cautus, on the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. Published in the New-York Evening Post, and in the Commercial Advertiser, in the year 1817.*

A *Disquisition on Imprisonment for Debt, as the Practice exists in the State of New-York.* By HOWARD. 8vo. pp. 48. New-York. Charles Wiley & Co. 1818.

WHETHER civil society derived its origin from any express compact, or not, its existence is based upon those principles which would have constituted the ground-work of a voluntary and formal confederation. Man is, undoubtedly, gregarious from instinct; and, associations were probably first entered into, upon the mere impulses of nature, without a computation, or even an apprehension, of the advantages to which such associations might tend, and in which, in fact, they have resulted. But though reason was not consulted in the preliminary intercourse, by means of which the human species has been multiplied and perpetuated, and out of which the complicated relations of life have grown;—it requires, nevertheless, the perfection of reason, to provide for the well being of an extended community. To ascertain the rights and duties of the individuals composing the body politic, towards each other and towards the state—and to contrive a mode rigidly to enforce these, and strictly to vindicate those—is at once the most important purpose of morality, and the most arduous effort of intellect. But it is a “consummation,” not more “devoutly to be wished,” than unlikely to be attained. Simply to devise the best means of protecting private interests and of promoting the public good, is in itself a stupendous task—but when, in addition to the intrinsic difficulties of the subject, we take into view the adventitious obstacles, which the ignorance, and prejudice, and jealousy of the many throw in the way of the lawgiver, and the subtlety with which his plainest enactments are evaded, we shall begin to have some notion of the hopelessness of his toil. If even when God, condescended to give written statutes to the Jews, and made his own selection of persons to administer his laws, the current of justice was still liable to be polluted, and its great ends were not unfrequently defeated, we may well despair of witnessing, in this world, a perfect dispensation. Yet though we cannot prevent wrong, we may in some measure, mitigate it—and though we cannot eradicate evil, we can, at least, abstain from augmenting it.

It is a matter of some doubt, whether the attempt to reduce all the transactions and commerce between men to fixed

rules, has not, on the whole, wrought more mischief than it has mended—whether the law has not been oftener used as a buckler to shield the wicked, than as a sword to avenge the injured. The fondness of mankind for system leads them into continual absurdities. The merits of every case rest upon the circumstances of that case. Without knowing these circumstances, the law undertakes to class prospectively, from certain *indicia*, which are, perhaps, purely accidental, cases which may be essentially different. Would it not be as safe to entrust an enlightened tribunal with the power of meting out equity, from its convictions of right, on the investigation of evidence, as to put every thing at risk, upon a jump-in-the-dark of the law? Moral obligation, the law can neither create nor change. It does not pretend to do either. It only essays to apply certain abstract principles to all cases which may occur of a certain description, but which cases, though they may have some quality in common, may still be dissimilar in the most important particulars. Besides a thousand combinations may arise, which the law cannot foresee, and, of course, cannot embrace. But the code of equity not only furnishes the precise remedy for a present grievance, but affords specific redress for every wrong which may be sustained. These speculations are not novel—though, possibly, they deserve more consideration than has been bestowed upon them.

But to come to the subject in hand. The social compact, however formed or ratified, is a beneficial contract:—and *the good of the whole is the gist of the bond of union*. Men consorted together for their mutual advantage. Whether fear or affection incited them, protection in their persons and possessions was an indispensable stipulation in their alliance. Society undertook to afford this protection, and from the earliest records of history, has been continually occupied in endeavouring to fulfil its engagement.

It is the interest of society to conserve the rights of its constituents—it is the interest of individuals to obey the ordinances of society. No matter how prodigate the community, it must recognize truth, and must plight itself to observe justice. A band of robbers can cement itself only by

the ties of virtue—a set of sharpeners must, among themselves, prohibit cheating. We may, therefore, on all general questions, presume a free community to act honestly, according to the best of its understanding. But superiority of natural endowments in the rudest state of society, and the accumulation of wealth at a more advanced period, give to individuals an ascendancy over their fellows. It is always the aim of those who have attained an elevation to retain it, and the influence which their present consideration confers, is employed to give stability to their power. Rule and distinction, in process of time, become hereditary; and inequality of condition gives birth to inequality of rights. A system of aggression thus commenced, is usually pursued, till one part of society is brought into entire subjection to another. If servitude be rendered too galling, the oppressed revolt, and some portion of liberty is redeemed. Having discovered their strength, by preserving a concert in their measures, the governed are able to check and counterbalance the usurpation of their governors; and, ultimately, to repulse their encroachments. In this strife, opposite forces nearly counteract each other, and the machine of society is not drawn widely out of the true line of its direction. But water may be cooled below the freezing point without congealing,—and tyranny may degrade its victims below the dignity of men, without driving them to desperation. There exist governments in which the welfare of the subject is never weighed against the wishes of the sovereign, and where the nation is regarded but as the pediment of the throne. Such governments are supported by force,—and can be supported, even in this way, only over a stupid and ignorant people. But in more enlightened countries, where public opinion is, in some degree, respected and consulted, the rich have still an undue influence over the laws, both in their enactment, and in their administration. It is only in a republic, where every office is elective, and where every citizen possesses the elective franchise, that we can expect to find *the good of the whole* the paramount principle of legislation.

A republican government, however, like every other government, bears hardest upon the lower classes. In a commonwealth, the people are, indeed, the nominal sovereigns, but in most cases, they are incapable of exercising the actual sovereignty. Unfitted or afraid to think for themselves, they act as they are acted upon; and unfortunately, those who commu-

nicate the impulse to the public mind, are not always unbiassed by sinister interests. The multitude is ferocious only when provoked, and formidable only when opposed. Credulous and fond of being caressed, it is ever too ready to become the dupe of the designing; and if, soothed by their meretricious blandishments, it suffers itself to be lulled in the lap of security, it is certain to be shorn of its strength, and to be delivered bound, into the hands of the Philistines.

Happily a wakeful jealousy prevails in this country, among the majority of the people, in regard to any invasion of their imprescriptible rights, which will render abortive every open attempt to infringe them. The citizens of the United States will owe their exemption from the common fate of nations, to their superior moral and intellectual cultivation. They know and they appreciate their immunities, and they will neither barter nor abandon them. They are aware that the essence of freedom consists, not in the pageant of national independence, but in the actual enjoyment of civil liberty—and no arts, and no cajolery, will ever extort from them the surrender of that boon, without which patriotism is but a phantom, and loyalty ceases to be a virtue.

It is a maxim of the English law, that the king can do no wrong. In republics, this royal prerogative may be predicated of the sovereign people. A nation of freemen cannot trammel itself with any bonds inconsistent with freedom. It can revoke; at pleasure, any concession which operates to its detriment. The state is obliged to consult the good of all its subjects, and if it have made a grant to some which prejudices others, it is its duty, as well as its right, to annul it. In any community every privilege or exemption is so much subtracted from the common stock, and is not only directly, but indirectly oppressive to those from whom the grace proceeds—it not only augments their proportion of ordinary burthens, but by creating obnoxious distinctions and contrariant interests, it creates new burthens to be born.

The moral obligations of communities and of individuals are the same. Those rights which individuals could not surrender to the state, the state is not empowered to compromise. No man has a right to dispose of his life or his liberty, for no equivalent can be offered for either. Criminals are amenable, in a state of nature, to the individual who suffers by their crimes, in a state of civilization to the society which is injured in the persons of

its members. Punishments are proportioned to offences; and are intended to reform by infliction, or to deter by example. Some offences are justly punished by imprisonment,—some, possibly, are punishable with death. In the savage state the injured individual avenges his own wrong,—in the social state the magistrates enforce the sanctions of the law against those who contravene it. Life or liberty may, therefore, become forfeited by the commission of crime,—and in this way only. But the essence of crime is its purposed and premeditated malice. Poverty, though an evil, can hardly be imagined to be either malicious or voluntary—since it acts of itself in the nature of a punishment to those who incur it. It is, then, no crime to be poor. Imprisonment, therefore, or any other penance for poverty is unjust.

It may be said, however, that debts are voluntarily assumed, and grow out of benefits conferred—and that if a man undertakes to pay what he is unable to pay, he ought to suffer the consequences of his default. If he be made liable to imprisonment for failure in complying with his contracts, the fear of imprisonment will operate as a salutary stimulus to his exertions;—and to give efficacy to the motive, it must be rigidly enforced in cases of delinquency. Besides it is necessary to the preservation of credit that men should give the greatest security in their power for the performance of their promises,—and if their liberty be what they prize most, let them pledge that, as the surest guaranty of their honesty.

But no one can pledge that of which he has not the controul. Men are not the masters of their lives and liberties, to dispose of them at their option. They are moral agents, and are bound to preserve both the one and the other, as the absolute and unalienable gifts of the Deity, to be devoted to the legitimate ends of rational being. The only gage they can offer, for the return of values received, is, present possessions or prospects, skill in business, and integrity of character. To these alone should the creditor look, as the foundations of his confidence and the sources of his reimbursement. To the property of debtors recourse should be directly had, on the first occasion of delay or denial of payment of just dues,—and fairness of dealing should be compelled by the severest penalties for malversation. Whether the debtor's skill or talent should be held in requisition after the fact of his insolvency is ascertained, or, in other words, whether the future acquisitions of an insolvent, af-

ter his failure and the complete surrender of his property, should be liable for his deficiencies, though not doubtful as a matter of equity, is questionable as a measure of expedience. He who cannot calculate on the enjoyment of his earnings will rarely labour with diligence; and one ever so desirous of redeeming his reputation and his losses, if exposed to be arrested in his career, the moment he acquires a sensible motion, must despair of reaching the goal of his generous ambition.

Temporary coercion of personal liberty, as the only effectual means of constraining the debtor to abide the judgment of the law, in the first instance, and of compelling him to make a disclosure of his property, subsequently, the laws of every civilized community do, indeed, allow. So salutary a restraint, no friend of good morals will wish to remove. We do not perceive that the writers, whose essays we have under consideration, how much soever at variance on other points, differ in their sentiments in this respect. Both admit the necessity of the existence of a power to imprison debtors, whom it or refuse to pay their just debts, till some satisfaction be made—either by payment, or by proof of inability to pay. They dissent as to the proper residence of this power, and as to its mode of application. *Cautus* is in favour of leaving it to be exercised at the discretion of the creditor,—*Howard* would have the propriety of commitment, or of the requisition of bail, to be the subject of judicial inquiry. *Cautus* considers the provision for discharging insolvents, taken in execution after final judgment, from confinement, after a detention of fourteen days, or of three months, on proof of their insolvency, as a seasonable, and an adequate relief,—*Howard* contends that no man should be confined on mesne process, till the justness of the plaintiff's claim be shown. *Cautus* regards the present system of legal proceedings, in the state of New-York, though somewhat defective, as nearly as lenient and fair as legal proceedings can be rendered,—*Howard* considers them most unequal, despotic, and pernicious. The sympathies of *Cautus* are absorbed in the disappointment of the creditor,—the commiseration of *Howard* is awakened only by the sufferings of the incarcerated debtor. The conviction left upon our mind, from the mature consideration of the arguments adduced, in support of the opposite positions of the two disputants, is, that under the prevailing practice of the laws of the state of New-York, the cases of

honest creditors and of honest debtors are nearly equally pitiable.

It is not our intention to go into the detail of the practice of the courts in this state, which would be as disgusting to our readers, as fatiguing to ourselves. The bare statement of the fact, that all the uncouth, arbitrary, and circumlocutory forms of the English law proceedings are, with us, pertinaciously pursued, will convey to the apprehension of every one who has any acquaintance with the subject,—and we envy him who has not,—an appalling idea of the Odyssean wanderings of the suitors of justice. It is not less a subject of regret than of amazement, that amiable men are to be found, who are sane too, and sensible, on every other topic, who yet can admire and applaud a system so revolting to common sense, as the clumsy chicanery which we have adopted from the courts of Westminster-Hall. It is mortifying and astonishing that persons of good feelings and good capacity, can so silence their consciences, and so pervert their understandings, as not merely to be content with, but to approve, the frivolous ambiguities, and contemptible fictions of our judicial processes.

The Common Law had its origin in a state of things so different from that with which we are conversant, that it is in a great degree inapplicable to it;—and the artificial reasons, which are deduced from exploded institutions, are often directly repugnant to the plainest dictates of truth and justice. The capricious decisions of the law, however, unjust as they may be, are trifling evils in comparison with the procrastination of its judgment. A greater damage is often sustained in obtaining justice, than would have been suffered in forbearing to seek it. So complex has the practice of the courts become, and so inevitable the delay in obtaining legal redress, that the boasted concessions of *magna carta*, have been virtually frittered away. *Nullo negabimus, nullo vendemus, aut differemus, justitiam vel rectum*, is the language of this venerable charter; but, alas, it is daily contradicted in every tribunal in our country. No one who has paid the enormous fees on a protracted suit will doubt that justice is both *delayed* and *sold*—and there is many a man, who has been obliged by the failure of his pecuniary means to abandon a good cause, that will be bold enough to assert that it is sometimes *denied*. Shakespeare, who had had some experience of the ills of life, makes “the law’s delay, and insolence of office,” the climax of all the provocatives to suicide. A law-suit is an

affliction with which even the patience of Job was not tried, and against which it might not have been proof.

A radical reform in our jurisprudence is loudly called for. It is vain to attempt to botch all the rents in the threadbare system of the common law, and idle to expect uniformity or coherence in a piece of patchwork. The honour of our country, and the interest of every class of citizens, require an entire new modelling of the civil code of our laws. We have, among us, talents adequate to the task—we only lack boldness to commence the enterprise. It is not our office to devise a new system, nor do we assume to be competent to it. To point out existing inconveniences is, however, in some measure to indicate their remedies. Every one is, now, liable to be arrested at the suit of any one, and held to bail in any amount, or to be committed to prison for not producing satisfactory bail. There is, to be sure, a provision of law that no man shall be required to give bail in an exorbitant sum, and an action may be maintained against any person who commences a vexatious suit;—but in these cases a positive wrong must be suffered in the first place, to give a claim for an eventual and doubtful redress. It should be the object of laws to prevent wrongs, rather than to punish them. At any rate, to punish the accused without an inquiry into their guilt, is a precipitate measure, and one for which no subsequent atonement can make amends. Again, if a man be sued by one to whom he is indebted, for an amount beyond that in which he is indebted, it is so long before a trial can be obtained, and the expenses of litigation are so great, that he is not benefitted by contesting a claim, for which there is any foundation, though he should prove the extent of the claim to be unfounded. Indeed, if a man be sued in the Supreme Court, and be ready to acknowledge his indebtedness, it is doubted whether he would be permitted to confess judgment; and as an appearance must be entered at the first term, nearly a year may elapse before he can make default;—then, before judgment can be entered up, a dilatory process ensues; and after this the creditor has ninety days in which to sue out execution. If, after all, the debtor be taken and committed in execution, a considerable time may transpire before he is allowed to prove his insolvency, and when this fact is proved, and when he has been discharged as an insolvent, his person is still liable to arrest on any other demand, even of the

same creditors. His future property, too, is subject to distraintment on the very judgment under which he has been discharged. Thus far the law seems wholly levelled against debtors. But we shall find that it is hardly less inimical to creditors. A poor debtor may, indeed, be made the victim of oppression, but a rich one cannot be compelled to do justice. Property, whether real or personal, cannot be attached on *mesne* process, and he who has any considerable amount of either, can easily obtain sureties for his appearance at Court, or for his continuance on the jail limits. It is true, that on execution any visible property may be seized in satisfaction of the judgment, but by the delays of the law, a sufficient interval is afforded either to squander *assets*, or to convert them into money or choses in action, which are held not to be attachable. An opulent debtor may thus live at his ease, with a slight sacrifice of his latitude of excursion, and set all his creditors at defiance. Moreover, by a judicious application of his funds, he can easily produce a host of nominal creditors who will *sign off*, and entitle him to a complete release, not only from jail, but from every pecuniary claim that exists against him.

A radical reform in our jurisprudence is the only effectual remedy for the manifold evils with which the land is afflicted under colour of law. It is time that a free and thinking, and educated people, had loosed its understanding from the fetters which were forged, in the days of ignorance, for the thralldom of vassals. It is time that veteran error were stripped of its integuments, that absurdity were dragged from the subterfuge of *legal principle*, and that the cloak of *practice* were lifted from the shoulders of extortion and chicanery. It is time, in short, that the swaddling clothes of the law were laid aside, and that truth were suffered to walk forth, if not in her naked dignity, at least in decent robes. The scant and jagged pattern of the common law has, indeed, been so often pieced and darned by the diligent housewifery of the bench and the legislature, that the original fabric is not always to be detected, but it can never be rendered either convenient or comely for the present stature of society. What a disgrace to the state is the boast, which we have heard from some members of the bar—that to acquire an acquaintance (*knowledge* it does not deserve to be called,) with the practice of the courts, is, in New-York, the most arduous part of the study of the profession;—in other words, that it is less difficult fully to understand

even the legal merits of a cause, than to learn how to bring it under the cognizance of a competent judge. If this be true, what a waste of mind must such a prodigious accumulation of rubbish in the threshold of the temple of justice, annually occasion? and what a gain of time and talent would it be to the community, if any direct and ample avenue could be opened to those portals, which should ever be both unbarred and accessible?

It is worth while to calculate the extent of the pecuniary saving that would result from simplifying our code, and substituting rational method for the idle and arbitrary forms of judicial proceedings. The labour to be performed would be so much diminished, that half the number of judges and lawyers, that are at present engaged in our Courts, would be sufficient for the despatch of business in half the time that is now consumed in the same operation. A portion of those gentlemen of the profession who would be thrown out of employment, by such an abridgement of legal labour, might be usefully occupied in Courts “of the first instance,” whose province it should be to grant writs, on due application, against the person or property of debtors, in certain cases, and to regulate the nature and extent of the security to be given by defendants to abide final judgment in the superior Courts,—and in cases where a debtor should acknowledge the debt, to receive his confession and the surrender of his property for the benefit of all his creditors, and to appoint an assignee to take charge of his effects, and finally, on proper investigation, to grant him, in its discretion, a complete discharge. Thus would every man's person and property be in the custody of the law; and the discretionary power of creditors being taken away, the number of suits would be very much lessened,—by which means, another gain of time to the community would accrue.

It may seem somewhat inconsistent with the eulogium which we have passed upon the spirit and intelligence of our countrymen, that such laws, and such a *practice*, as, we have described, should be tolerated for a moment among us. But it is only of late that the magnitude of the evil has been felt and comprehended,—and already is the attention of the country roused, and even now are its energies in action, to remove present ills, and to avert impending dangers. In more prosperous days, instances of insolvency were comparatively few, and misfortune was more easily retrieved. Banks, too, as yet were not,—those laboratories of ruin had not even

menced the work of destruction; and the relentless rapacity of impersonal corporations was unknown and unapprehended. But, as embarrassments and banks have spread, the true character of our laws has been more clearly developed. It was left for corporations, without soul, without bowels, without any of the yearnings of nature, to evince the atrocity of which the laws are capable. The scales have at length fallen from the eyes of the people,—they have awakened from their sluggishness; and when they shall come correctly to estimate the deleterious influence and tendency of the privileged combinations, to which they have lent their sanction, they will resume the rights with which they have so improvidently parted, and rescind the powers which they have so injudiciously bestowed. They will annihilate, with a breath, the bubbles which their breath has inflated. A bill, which goes far to check enormities, of which we have seen but the beginnings, has just passed one branch of the legislature of this state. It is entitled, “An Act to abolish Imprisonment for Debt, and to prevent Frauds against Creditors.” We have seen the original draught of it, which is susceptible of material amendments. It has, we understand, been considerably amended. We hope that some definite provision may be introduced into it, for the attachment of the shares of the capital stock of any incorporated company, and the dividends due thereon, held by any debtor at the time of the commencement of any suit against him, or transferred to him whilst any judgment against him remains unsatisfied. There are many points in which the draught appears to us to be defective, but as we know not what shape the bill has since taken, nor what improvements it may receive, we shall defer our comments upon it, until its fate is decided. That it will be wholly rejected, we can hardly believe. Cheated creditors and persecuted debtors are equally clamorous for some relief, against the unequal operation of existing laws.

We are fearful that a class of our readers will regard the topic which we have offered to their consideration as a dry and unpromising one,—we shall not tempt their patience by dwelling on it longer. In the

relation either of debtor or creditor, however, almost every individual, of the age of legal discretion, stands,—and to appreciate the responsibilities which such relation involves, is of some importance. Even those who are devoid of personal concern, feel an interest in those things which concern their friends, and which affect the reputation and prosperity of their country. We recommend, to those with whom such reflections have weight, the candid perusal of both the essays, the titles of which are prefixed to this article. They should be read in connexion, as they will serve to temper and to correct each other. We would also recommend to those, who have never fancied to themselves the sufferings of an unfortunate insolvent, torn from his family in the hour of despondence, and incarcerated in the common cell of the wretched and the base, cut off from the exercise of his faculties, and the enjoyment of the poorest bounties of nature, degraded in his own estimation, and disgraced in public opinion—to those who have never entered into the feelings of such a one, we repeat, we would recommend the perusal of another series of essays written under the signature of “Howard” in 1811, in the *New-York Columbian*, and afterwards collected in a pamphlet. In these essays are some pathetic details which will touch the sensibilities even of the most obtuse; and those who would blame the enthusiasm with which the writer is animated, must, at least, acknowledge it to be amiable. A zeal for the liberty of the citizen may, indeed, be carried to excess, but we do not think that this is a frequent fault, though certainly a very venial one. If the habits and dispositions of our people be democratic, they are effectually counteracted by the tendency of institutions which every day is consolidating. We have more cause to dread, that the debasing influence of commercial cupidity will deaden the pulses of national pride and liberal sentiment, than that the insurgency of public opinion will arrest the current of commercial enterprise. We should be sorry to see liberty and property brought into competition,—we should despair of the commonwealth, if an unworthy passion for the latter should ever be suffered to preponderate the love, and the reverence, due to the former. E.

ART. 5. *Essay on the Theory of the Earth*, by M. CUVIER, *Perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, Professor and Administrator of the Museum of Natural History, &c.*—With *Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Geological Discoveries*, by PROFESSOR JAMESON.—To which are now added, *Observations on the Geology of North-America, illustrated by the Description of various Organic Remains, found in that part of the World*, by SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, *Botan. Mineral. et Zoolog. in Univers. Nov. Eborac. Prof. &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 248. New-York. Kirk & Mercein. 1818.

MANY great and learned men have occupied their time, and bestowed much of their attention in investigating the history of the terraqueous globe. They have endeavoured to comprise the results of their inquiries in a *theory of the earth*. Such a theory supposes a system supported by a series of facts relative to the changes and origin of the terraqueous globe. Mineralogy has heretofore almost exclusively furnished data, upon which theories of the earth have been established; but in the one under consideration, similar results have followed from a view of the fossil organic remains, which are so abundantly scattered over the surface of the earth, and imbedded in the solid strata far beneath the surface. The work before us contains an admirable compendium of the labours and researches of an individual, who has been, for many years past, vigorously engaged, unlocking the depositories of nature where the relics of former times are interred. From these, after a scrutinizing examination and mature deliberation, he has established a system, which, for simplicity and elegance of structure, outshines all that have preceded it. Hitherto, in the investigations on the subject of geology, extraneous fossils, or petrifications, have not received the attention which their importance demands. Hence, Cuvier, "as an antiquary of a new order," entices his readers over paths but little explored, and leads them among the tombs to examine the remains of organic beings "hitherto almost uniformly neglected." In systems of mineralogy and geology, petrifications have occupied a very small space, and wherever they have been noticed, they have appeared like an appendix, but partially connected with the subject, and placed there as objects of inexplicable curiosity. So, in cabinets of mineralogy, it was difficult to arrange them in any system, and accordingly they were excluded, or laid by, for future consideration. But now, the light of an extraordinary genius shines in the dark recesses of nature, and gives to extraneous fossils a consideration and rank in the history of the terraqueous globe, to which they have never before

been raised. He takes hold of the subject in a masterly manner, and conducts his readers into a new region of thought, and gently carries them with him along the lapse of ages, without fatigue and without complaint. We shall feel highly gratified, if, in the review we have undertaken of this celebrated work, we can only interest our readers sufficiently to induce them to procure and peruse the book, which we shall proceed more particularly to notice.

The edition before us, as lately issued from the press of Kirk & Mercein, in New-York, contains three parts; and the whole is illustrated by eight plates of engravings of the fossil remains of quadrupeds, and other organic beings, found in various districts of the globe.

The first part contains the essay of M. Cuvier on the theory of the earth, which is introductory to his great work on fossil organic remains. This essay has been translated by professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, from the original French into English, and contains the substance of his work, being the reasoning and deduction, resulting from the consideration of the whole subject matter. This is contained in 183 pages. The second part contains mineralogical notes, and an account of Cuvier's geological discoveries, by professor Robert Jameson, intended to illustrate the text of the essay. These notes occupy 134 pages; and the remaining 111 pages are supplied by Dr. Mitchill. To the translation and edition of professor Jameson, Dr. Mitchill has added (what forms the third part of the work before us) "Observations on the Geology of North America," illustrated by the description of various organic remains found in that part of the world. Thus we have, imbedded in a few octavo pages, the labours of three men, great in the field of science, of different nations and of different languages, but uniting, freely uniting, without envy or jealousy, to explore the dark recesses of nature, and unfold the ways of God to man. Such a union of sentiment and action, in men of extensive acquirements and scientific erudition, is not often to be met with, and where their

labours promote the general welfare, we should not be backward in bestowing that liberal encomium which their works have merited. It must be a great source of satisfaction and pleasure to the philosophic world, to see France, England, and America engaged in extending and illustrating the physical sciences, by the labours of men, who are foremost in these departments in their respective countries. It is with great diffidence that we undertake to examine the merits of their respective works. Their inquiries into the relics of animated beings, which once moved upon the surface of the earth, but are now extinct, lead us to a true and correct history of our globe, as explained in the preliminary observations (p. 27) of Cuvier himself.

"The ancient history of the globe, which is the ultimate object of all these researches, is also, of itself, one of the most curious objects that can engage the attention of enlightened men: and if they take any interest in examining, in the infancy of our species, the almost obliterated traces of so many nations that have become extinct, they will doubtless take a similar interest in collecting, amidst the darkness which covers the infancy of the globe, the traces of those revolutions which took place anterior to the existence of all nations.

"We admire the power by which the human mind has measured the motions of globes, which nature seemed to have concealed for ever from our view. Genius and science have burst the limits of space, and a few observations, explained by just reasoning, have unveiled the mechanism of the universe. *Would it not also be glorious for man to burst the limits of time, and by a few observations, to ascertain the history of this world, and the series of events which preceded the birth of the human race.*"

Cuvier after stating, in the plan of his essay, that he will describe the whole of the results at which the theory of the earth seems to him to have arrived, preceeds, in the third section, to speak of the first appearance of the earth. The inviting prospects of verdant plains and cultivated fields, of gently flowing streams, and fertile valleys, together with cities, towns, and villages, and their attendant population, would lead the superficial observer to imagine that the solid materials of the earth were unchangeable and had so remained from the beginning; but he is soon convinced to the contrary, when he digs beneath the surface, ascends the hills, observes the declivities of mountains, or examines the defiles of descending torrents, where he can see something of the internal structure of the globe. We thus

observe the "first proofs of revolutions" on its surface.

"The lowest and most level parts of the earth, when penetrated to a very great depth, exhibit nothing but horizontal strata, composed of various substances, and containing almost all of them innumerable marine productions. Similar strata, with the same kind of productions, compose the hills even to a great height. Sometimes the shells are so numerous as to constitute the entire body of the stratum. They are almost every where in such a perfect state of preservation, that even the smallest of them retain their most delicate parts, their sharpest ridges, and their finest and tenderest processes. They are found in elevations far above the level of every part of the ocean, and in places to which the sea could not be conveyed by any existing cause. They are not only enclosed in loose sand, but are often incrustated and penetrated on all sides by the hardest stones. Every part of the earth, every hemisphere, every continent, every island of any size, exhibits the same phenomenon. We are therefore forcibly led to believe, not only that the sea has at one period or another covered all our plains, but that it must have remained there for a long time, and in a state of tranquillity; which circumstance was necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part so solid, and containing exuvie so perfectly preserved.

"The time is past for ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus nature*,—productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers. A nice and scrupulous comparison of their forms, of their texture, and frequently even of their composition, cannot detect the slightest difference between these shells and the shells which still inhabit the sea. They have therefore once lived in the sea, and been deposited by it; the sea consequently must have rested in the places where the deposition has taken place. Hence it is evident the basin or reservoir containing the sea has undergone some change, at least, either in extent, or in situation, or in both. Such is the result of the very first search, and of the most superficial examination.

"The traces of revolutions become still more apparent and decisive when we ascend a little higher, and approach nearer to the foot of the great chains of mountains. There are still found many beds of shells; some of these are even larger and more solid; the shells are quite as numerous and as entirely preserved; but they are not of the same species with those which were found in the less elevated regions. The strata which contain them are not so generally horizontal: they have various degrees of inclination, and are sometimes situated vertically. While in the plains and low hills it was necessary to dig deep in order to detect the succession of the strata, here we perceive them by means of the valleys which time or violence has pro-

duced, and which disclose their edges to the eye of the observer. At the bottom of these declivities, huge masses of their *debris* are collected, and form round hills, the height of which is augmented by the operation of every thaw and of every storm.

"These inclined or vertical strata, which form the ridges of the secondary mountains, do not rest on the horizontal strata of the hills which are situated at their base, and serve as their first steps; but, on the contrary, are situated underneath them. The latter are placed upon the declivities of the former. When we dig through the horizontal strata, in the neighbourhood of the inclined strata, the inclined strata are invariably found below. Nay, sometimes, when the inclined strata are not too much elevated, their summit is surmounted by horizontal strata. The inclined strata are therefore more ancient than the horizontal strata. And as they must necessarily have been formed in a horizontal position, they have been subsequently shifted into their inclined or vertical position, and that too before the horizontal strata were placed above them.

"Thus the sea, previous to the formation of the horizontal strata, had formed others, which, by some means, have been broken, lifted up, and overturned in a thousand ways. There had therefore been also at least one change in the basin of that sea which preceded ours: it had also experienced at least one revolution; and as several of these inclined strata which it had formed first, are elevated above the level of the horizontal strata which have succeeded and which surround them, this revolution, while it gave them their present inclination, had also caused them to project above the level of the sea, so as to form islands, or at least rocks and inequalities; and this must have happened whether one of their edges was lifted up above the water, or the depression of the opposite edge caused the water to subside. This is the second result, not less obvious, nor less clearly demonstrated, than the first, to every one who will take the trouble of studying carefully the remains by which it is illustrated and proved."

The proofs of revolutions on the surface of the globe, besides what are here mentioned, are many, and have been observed in various parts of the earth, collected and recorded in the different works on geology. The investigations on this subject have been principally made in Europe and Asia. America has of late presented abundant additional facts in proof of such revolutions. Among the foreigners who have collected them, may be mentioned Volney, Humboldt, and McClure, as the most conspicuous. Many of our own citizens have occasionally written on these subjects, and their essays are to be found in the several periodical journals of the country. The Medical Repository

of New-York,—Dr. Bruce's Mineralogical Journal,—The Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, and others, not now at hand for more particular reference, may be consulted. But the observations added to Jameson's edition of Cuvier, by Dr. Mitchell, afford the most abundant proofs of such revolutions in North America. They are stated by Cuvier, in the 5th and 6th sections of his Essay, to have been numerous and sudden, and the geology of North America is not wanting in proofs on these points; but we reserve our remarks in order that we may be more particular when noticing that part of the work.

The "proofs of the occurrence of revolutions before the existence of living beings," are contained in the seventh section of the essay, in which our author writes as follows.

"As we ascend to higher points of elevation, and advance towards the lofty summits of the mountains, the remains of marine animals, that multitude of shells we have spoken of, begin very soon to grow rare, and at length disappear altogether. We arrive at strata of a different nature, which contain no vestige at all of living creatures. Nevertheless, their crystallization, and even the nature of their strata, show that they also have been formed in a fluid; their inclined position and their slopes show that they also have been moved and overturned; the oblique manner in which they sink under the shelly strata, shows that they have been formed before these; and the height to which their bare and rugged tops are elevated above all the shelly strata, shows that their summits have never again been covered by the sea since they were raised up out of its bosom.

"Such are those primitive or primordial mountains which traverse our continents in various directions, rising above the clouds, separating the basins of the rivers from one another, serving, by means of their eternal snows, as reservoirs for feeding the springs, and forming, in some measure, the skeleton, or, as it were, the rough frame-work of the earth.

"The sharp peaks and rugged indentations which mark their summits, and strike the eye at a great distance, are so many proofs of the violent manner in which they have been elevated. Their appearance in this respect is very different from that of the rounded mountains and the hills with flat surfaces, whose recently formed masses have always remained in the situation in which they were quietly deposited by the sea which last covered them.

"These proofs become more obvious as we approach. The valleys have no longer those gently sloping sides, or those alternately salient and re-entrant angles opposite to one another, which seem to indicate the

beds of ancient streams. They widen and contract without any general rule; their waters sometimes expand into lakes, and sometimes descend in torrents; and here and there the rocks, suddenly approaching from each side, form transverse dikes, over which the waters fall into cataracts. The shattered strata of these valleys expose their edges on one side, and present on the other side large portions of their surface lying obliquely; they do not correspond in height, but those which on one side form the summit of the declivity, often dip so deep on the other as to be altogether concealed."

These proofs also correspond with the opinions entertained by Mr. Kirwan. He states that no masses, or strata, containing shells, or other petrified organic remains, are found higher than 8500 or 9000 feet above the present level of the sea.* Hence the earth, since the creation of animated beings, was covered with water to that level, and consequently the revolutions which appear to have taken place in the higher mountains were produced at a period anterior to the existence of animal life. Cuvier does not go into detail on this subject, but refers for proofs more at large to Pallas, Saussure, Deluc, and others, and concludes the section thus:

"Hence, it is impossible to deny, that the waters of the sea have formerly, and for a long time, covered those masses of matter which now constitute our highest mountains; and farther, that these waters, during a long time, did not support any living bodies. Thus, it has not been only since the commencement of animal life that these numerous changes and revolutions have taken place in the constitution of the external covering of our globe: for the masses formed previous to that event have suffered changes, as well as those which have been formed since; they have also suffered violent changes in their positions, and a part of these assuredly took place while they existed alone, and before they were covered over by the shelly masses. The proof of this lies in the overturnings, the disruptions, and the fissures which are observable in their strata, as well as in those of more recent formation, which are there even in greater number and better defined.

"But these primitive masses have also suffered other revolutions, posterior to the formation of the secondary strata, and have perhaps given rise to, or at least have partaken of, some portion of the revolutions and changes which these latter strata have experienced. There are actually considerable portions of the primitive strata uncovered, although placed in lower situations than many of the secondary strata; and we cannot conceive how it should have so happened, unless the primitive strata, in these places,

had forced themselves into view, after the formation of those which are secondary. In some countries, we find numerous and prodigiously large blocks of primitive substances scattered over the surface of the secondary strata, and separated by deep valleys from the peaks or ridges whence these blocks must have been derived. It is necessary, therefore, either that these blocks must have been thrown into those situations by means of eruptions, or that the valleys, which otherwise must have stopped their course, did not exist at the time of their being transported to their present sites.

"Thus we have a collection of facts, a series of epochs anterior to the present time, and of which the successive steps may be ascertained with perfect certainty, although the periods which intervened cannot be determined with any degree of precision. These epochs form so many fixed points, answering as rules for directing our inquiries respecting this ancient chronology of the earth."

In order to show that "the causes which act at present on the surface of our globe," are incompetent to produce the revolutions above referred to, he next enters into their examination, in which he treats "of slips, or falling down of the materials of mountains;" "of alluvial formations;" "of the formation of Downs;" "of the formation of cliffs or steep shores;" "of depositions formed in water;" "of stalactites;" "of lithophites;" "of incrustations;" and "of volcanoes," from which he draws the following conclusions:

"Thus we shall seek in vain, among the various forces which still operate on the surface of our earth, for causes competent to the production of those revolutions and catastrophes of which its external crust exhibits so many traces: and if we have recourse to the constant external causes with which we have been hitherto acquainted, we shall have no greater success."

He also concludes (p. 56) that astronomical causes could not have produced these revolutions, at least such as have a slow and gradual operation. The mutation of the earth's axis never exceeds 10 or 11 degrees, and this gradually advances to its maximum, and as gradually returns. This, and the subsidence of the waters from the earth, and the changes from heat to cold, or from cold to heat, are all incompetent, since in acting slowly, they could not have produced sudden effects. After these remarks, he observes that naturalists have been led to make many extraordinary suppositions, and to lose themselves in "erroneous and contradictory speculations." Hence he is led to take a view "of former systems of geology," in which he gives a summary of the prin-

* See Kirwan's *Geological Essays*.

cipal theories of the earth, that have been advocated. This we give entire, that our readers may better understand the subject, and be prepared to compare our author's system with those of former geologists. His words are the following:—

"During a long time, two events or epochs only, the Creation and the Deluge, were admitted as comprehending the changes which have occurred upon the globe; and all the efforts of geologists were directed to account for the present actual state of the earth, by arbitrarily ascribing to it a certain primitive state, afterwards changed and modified by the deluge, of which also, as to its causes, its operation, and its effects, every one of them entertained his own theory.

"Thus, in the opinion of *Burnet*, the whole earth at the first consisted of a uniform light crust, which covered over the abyss of the sea, and which, being broken for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments. According to *Woodward*, the deluge was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies; the whole mass of the globe was dissolved, and the soft paste became penetrated by shells. *Scheuchzer* conceived that God raised up the mountains for the purpose of allowing the waters of the deluge to run off, and accordingly selected those portions which contained the greatest abundance of rocks, without which they could not have supported themselves. *Whiston* fancied that the earth was created from the atmosphere of one comet, and that it was deluged by the tail of another. The heat which remained from its first origin, in his opinion, excited the whole antediluvian population, men and animals, to sin, for which they were all drowned in the deluge, excepting the fish, whose passions were apparently less violent.

"It is easy to see, that though naturalists might have a range sufficiently wide within the limits prescribed by the book of Genesis, they very soon found themselves in too narrow bounds: and when they had succeeded in converting the six days employed in the work of creation into so many periods of indefinite length, their systems took a flight proportioned to the periods, which they could then dispose of at pleasure.

"Even the great *Leibnitz*, as well as *Descartes*, amused his imagination by conceiving the world to be an extinguished sun, or vitrified globe: upon which the vapours, condensing in proportion as it cooled, formed the seas, and afterwards deposited calcareous strata.

"By *Demaillet*, the globe was conceived to have been covered with water for many thousand years. He supposed that this water had gradually retired; that all the terrestrial animals were originally inhabitants of the sea; that man himself began his career as a fish: and he asserts, that it is not uncommon, even now, to meet with fishes in the ocean, which are still only half men,

but whose descendants will in time become perfect human beings.

"The system of *Buffon* is merely an extension of that before devised by *Leibnitz*, with the addition only of a comet, which, by a violent blow upon the sun, struck off the mass of our earth in a liquified state, along with the masses of all the other planets of our system at the same instant. From this supposition, he was enabled to assume positive dates or epochs: as, from the actual temperature of the earth, it could be calculated how long time it had taken to cool so far. And as all the other planets had come from the sun at the same time, it could also be calculated how many ages were still required for cooling the greater ones, and how far the smaller ones were already frozen.

"In the present day, men of bolder imaginations than ever, have employed themselves on this great subject. Some writers have revived and greatly extended the ideas of *Demaillet*. They suppose that every thing was originally fluid; that this universal fluid gave existence to animals, which were at first of the simplest kind, such as the monads and other infusory microscopic animalcules; that, in process of time, and by acquiring different habits, the races of these animals became complicated, and assumed that diversity of nature and character in which they now exist. It is by all those races of animals that the waters of the ocean have been gradually converted into calcareous earth; while the vegetables, concerning the origin and metamorphoses of which these authors give us no account, have converted a part of the same water into clay; and these two earths, after being stript of the peculiar characters they had received respectively from animal and vegetable life, are resolved by a final analysis into silex: hence the more ancient mountains are more silicious than the rest. Thus, according to these authors, all the solid particles of our globe owe their existence to animal or vegetable life, and without this our globe would still have continued entirely liquid.

"Other writers have preferred the ideas of *Kepler*, and, like that great astronomer, have considered the globe itself as possessed of living faculties. According to them, it contains a circulating vital fluid. A process of assimilation goes on in it as well as in animated bodies. Every particle of it is alive. It possesses instinct and volition even to the most elementary of its molecules, which attract and repel each other according to sympathies and antipathies. Each kind of mineral substance is capable of converting immense masses of matter into its own peculiar nature, as we convert our aliment into flesh and blood. The mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe, and the schists its organs of secretion. By the latter it decomposes the waters of the sea in order to produce volcanic eruptions. The veins in strata are canies, or abcesses of the mineral kingdom, and the metals are products of rotteness and disease, to which it

is owing that almost all of them have so bad a smell.

"It must, however, be noticed, that these are what may be termed extreme examples, and that all geologists have not permitted themselves to be carried away by such bold or extravagant conceptions as those we have just cited. Yet, among those who have proceeded with more caution, and have not searched for geological causes beyond the established limits of physical and chemical science, there still remain much diversity and contradiction.

"According to one of these writers, every thing has been successively precipitated and deposited, nearly as it exists at present; but the sea, which covered all, has gradually retired.

"Another conceives, that the materials of the mountains are incessantly wasted and floated down by the rivers, and carried to the bottom of the ocean, to be there heated under an enormous pressure, and to form strata which shall be violently lifted up at some future period, by the heat that now consolidates and hardens them.

"A third supposes the fluid materials of the globe to have been divided among a multitude of successive lakes, placed like the benches of an amphitheatre; which, after having deposited our shelly strata, have successively broken their dikes, to descend and fill the basin of the ocean.

"According to a fourth, tides of seven or eight hundred fathoms have carried off from time to time the bottom of the ocean, throwing it up in mountains and hills on the primitive valleys and plains of the continent.

"A fifth conceives the various fragments of which the surface of the earth is composed, to have fallen successively from heaven, in the manner of meteoric stones, and alleges that they still retain the marks of their origin in the unknown species of animals whose exuviae they contain.

"By a sixth, the globe is supposed to be hollow, and to contain in its cavity a nucleus of loadstone, which is dragged from one pole of the earth to the other by the attraction of comets, changing the centre of gravity, and consequently hurrying the great body of the ocean along with it, so as alternately to drown the two hemispheres."

Cuvier bestows much and deserved praise upon Saussure and Werner, and their pupils, for the pains they have taken in investigating the strata of the earth, and ascertaining their respective antiquity, and thus establishing a system of mineral geology as distinguished from his own, or fossil geology. He admits that other authors and naturalists have studied the fossil remains of organized bodies, but "they have almost always neglected to investigate the general laws affecting their position, or the relation of the extraneous fossils with the strata in which they are found." Hence originates his "*Theory*

of the Earth," the substance of which is contained in the 23d and 24th sections of the essay before us. These sections offer proofs of the revolutions heretofore stated to have been numerous and sudden; and as the merits of the subject rest upon this part of the work, we quote at large, to afford a full, entire, and satisfactory view of the theory of our author.

"The study of the mineralogical part of geology, though not less necessary, and even a great deal more useful to the practical arts, is yet much less instructive so far as respects the objects of our present inquiry. We remain in utter ignorance respecting the causes which have given rise to the variety in the mineral substances of which strata are composed. We are ignorant even of the agents which may have held some of these substances in a state of solution; and it is still disputed respecting several of them, whether they have owed their origin to the agency of water or fire. After all, philosophers are only agreed on one point, which is, that the sea has changed its place; and this could never have been certainly known, but for the existence of extraneous fossils. These fossils, then, which have given rise to the theory of the earth, have at the same time furnished its principal illustrations—the only ones, indeed, that have as yet been generally received and acknowledged.

"This is the consideration by which I have been encouraged to investigate the subject of extraneous fossils. But the field is extensive; and it is only a very inconsiderable portion of it that can be cultivated by the labour of a single individual. It was necessary, therefore, to select a particular department, and I very soon made my choice. That class of extraneous fossils, which forms the peculiar subject of this Essay, engaged my attention at the very outset, because it is evidently the most fertile in affording precise results, yet at the same time less known than others, and richer in new objects of research.

"It is obvious that the fossil remains of the bones of quadrupeds must lead to more rigorous conclusions than any other remains of organized bodies, and that for several reasons.

"In the first place, they indicate much more clearly the nature of the revolutions to which they have been subjected. The remains of shells certainly indicate that the sea has once existed in the places where these collections have been formed: but the changes which have taken place in their species, when rigorously inquired into, may possibly have been occasioned by slight changes in the nature of the fluid in which they were formed, or only in its temperature, and may even have arisen from other accidental causes. We can never be perfectly assured that certain species, and even genera, inhabiting the bottom of the sea, and occupying certain fixed spaces for a longer or shorter time, may not have been

driven away from these by other species or genera.

"In regard to quadrupeds, on the contrary, every thing is precise. The appearance of their bones in strata, and still more of their entire carcasses, clearly establishes that the bed in which they are found must have been previously laid dry, or at least that dry land must have existed in its immediate neighbourhood. Their disappearance as certainly announces that this stratum must have been inundated, or that the dry land had ceased to exist in that state. It is from them, therefore, that we learn with perfect certainty the important fact of the repeated irruptions of the sea upon the land, which the extraneous fossils and other productions of marine origin could not of themselves have proved; and, by a careful investigation of them, we may hope to ascertain the number and the epochs of those irruptions of the sea.

"Secondly, the nature of the revolutions which have changed the surface of our earth, must have exerted a more powerful action upon terrestrial quadrupeds than upon marine animals. As these revolutions have consisted chiefly in changes of the bed of the sea, and as the waters must have destroyed all the quadrupeds which they reached, if their irruption over the land was general, they must have destroyed the entire class, or, if confined only to certain continents at one time, they must have destroyed at least all the species inhabiting these continents, without having the same effect upon the marine animals. On the other hand, millions of aquatic animals may have been left quite dry, or buried in newly-formed strata, or thrown violently on the coasts, while their races may have been still preserved in more peaceful parts of the sea, whence they might again propagate and spread after the agitation of the water had ceased.

"Thirdly, this more complete action is also more easily ascertained and demonstrated; because, as the number of terrestrial quadrupeds is limited, and as most of their species, at least the large ones, are well known, we can more easily determine whether fossil bones belong to a species which still exists, or to one that is now lost. As, on the other hand, we are still very far from being acquainted with all the testaceous animals and fishes belonging to the sea, and as we probably still remain ignorant of the greater part of those which live in the extensive deeps of the ocean, it is impossible to know, with any certainty, whether a species found in a fossil state may not still exist somewhere alive."

The doubt with which the above quotation concludes, whether any petrifications of shells are of extinct animals, has also been suggested with respect to the fossil bones of quadrupeds. Nay, we have even been asked the question whether we believed in the reality of organic remains so

frequently met with, belonging to extinct animals. This question as may well be supposed, was not asked by a naturalist, but, as all our readers may not have dipped into this branch of science, it may be well to inform them that the fact is certain, and that it is as clearly and satisfactorily ascertained as any problem in Euclid. This certainty arises from a knowledge of the natural history of the animal creation; and the more perfect we become in this science, the greater is the conviction that there are organic remains which belong to extinct species. And when to this is added the information derived from comparative anatomy, nothing can be more clear. It has been supposed that there are many species of animals yet unknown to naturalists. This is no doubt true respecting the smaller ones, but of the larger animals, particularly quadrupeds, there is little or no probability of many new species to be found. This subject is investigated (sect. 25, p. 74) by an examination of the information which the ancients possessed, and of the voyages and travels of modern times; and also (p. 85) by an "Inquiry respecting the fabulous animals of the ancients;" from which, our author concludes, that none of the bones of the larger quadrupeds, found in a fossil state, belong to present existing species. Although there exists some difficulty in distinguishing the fossil bones of quadrupeds, yet comparative anatomy clearly demonstrates that there is a certain determinate correspondence between the various organs and the different bones of the skeleton of an animal; "Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that the jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense, for discovering it at a distance. Nature also must have endowed the brain of the animal with instincts sufficient for concealing itself, and for laying plans to catch its necessary victims."

"To enable the claws of a carnivorous animal to seize its prey, a considerable degree of mobility is necessary in their paws and toes, and a considerable strength in the claws themselves. From these circumstances, there necessarily result certain determinate forms in all the bones of their paws, and in the distribution of the muscles and tendons by which they are moved. The fore-arm must possess a certain facility of

moving in various directions, and consequently requires certain determinate forms in the bones of which it is composed. As the bones of the fore-arm are articulated with the arm-bone or humerus, no change can take place in the form and structure of the former without occasioning correspondent changes in the form of the latter. The shoulder blade also, or scapula, requires a correspondent degree of strength in all animals destined for catching prey, by which it likewise must necessarily have an appropriate form. The play and action of all these parts require certain proportions in the muscles which set them in motion, and the impressions formed by these muscles, must still farther determine the forms of all these bones.

"After these observations, it will be easily seen that similar conclusions may be drawn with respect to the hinder limbs of carnivorous animals, which require particular conformations to fit them for rapidity of motion in general; and that similar considerations must influence the forms and connexions of the vertebrae and other bones constituting the trunk of the body, to fit them for flexibility and readiness of motion in all directions. The bones also of the nose, of the orbit, and of the ears, require certain forms and structures to fit them for giving perfection to the senses of smell, sight, and hearing, so necessary to animals of prey. In short, the shape and structure of the teeth regulate the forms of the condyle, of the shoulder-blade, and of the claws, in the same manner as the equation of a curve regulates all its other properties; and, as in regard to any particular curve, all its properties may be ascertained by assuming each separate property as the foundation of a particular equation; in the same manner, a claw, a shoulder-blade, a condyle, a leg or arm bone, or any other bone separately considered, enables us to consider the description of teeth to which they have belonged; and so also reciprocally we may determine the forms of the other bones from the teeth. Thus, commencing our investigation by a careful survey of any one bone by itself, a person who is sufficiently master of the laws of organic structure, may, as it were, reconstruct the whole animal to which that bone had belonged.

"This principle is sufficiently evident, in its general acceptance, not to require any more minute demonstration; but when it comes to be applied in practice, there is a great number of cases in which our theoretical knowledge of these relations of forms is not sufficient to guide us, unless assisted by observation and experience.

"For example, we are well aware that all hooved animals must necessarily be herbivorous, because they are possessed of no means of seizing upon prey. It is also evident, having no other use for their fore-legs than to support their bodies, that they have no occasion for a shoulder so vigorously organized as that of carnivorous animals; owing to which, they have no clavicles or acromion pro-

cesses, and their shoulder-blades are proportionally narrow. Having also no occasion to turn their fore-arms, their radius is joined by ossification to the ulna, or is at least articulated by *gynglymus* with the humerus. Their food, being entirely herbaceous, requires teeth with flat surfaces, on purpose to bruise the seeds and plants on which they feed. For this purpose also, these surfaces require to be unequal, and are consequently composed of alternate perpendicular layers of hard enamel and softer bone. Teeth of this structure necessarily require horizontal motions, to enable them to triturate or grind down the herbaceous food; and, accordingly, the condyles of the jaw could not be formed into such confined joints as in the carnivorous animals, but must have a flattened form, correspondent to sockets in the temporal bones, which also are more or less flat for their reception. The hollows likewise of the temporal bones, having smaller muscles to contain, are narrower, and not so deep, &c. All these circumstances are deducible from each other, according to their greater or less generality, and in such manner that some are essentially and exclusively appropriated to hooved quadrupeds, while other circumstances, though equally necessary to that description of animals, are not exclusively so, but may be found in animals of other descriptions, where other conditions permit or require their existence.

"When we proceed to consider the different orders or subdivisions of the class of hooved animals, and examine the modifications to which the general conditions are liable, or rather the particular conditions which are conjoined, according to the respective characters of the several subdivisions, the reasons upon which these particular conditions or rules of conformation are founded become less evident. We can easily conceive, in general, the necessity of a more complicated system of digestive organs in those species which have less perfect masticatory systems; and hence we may presume that these latter animals require especially to be ruminant, which are in want of such or such kinds of teeth; and may also deduce, from the same considerations, the necessity of a certain conformation of the esophagus, and of corresponding forms in the vertebrae of the neck, &c. But I doubt whether it would have been discovered, independently of actual observation, that ruminant animals should all have cloven hoofs, and that they should be the only animals having that particular conformation; that the ruminant animals only should be provided with horns on their foreheads; that those among them which have sharp tusks, or canine teeth, should want horns, &c.

"As all these relative conformations are constant and regular, we may be assured that they depend upon some sufficient cause; and, since we are not acquainted with that cause, we must here supply the defect of theory by observation, and in this way lay down empirical rules on the subject, which

are almost as certain as those deduced from rational principles, especially if established upon careful and repeated observation. Hence, any one who observes merely the print of a cloven hoof, may conclude that it has been left by a ruminant animal, and regard the conclusion as equally certain with any other in physics or in morals. Consequently, this single foot-mark clearly indicates to the observer the forms of the teeth, of the jaws, of the vertebrae, of all the leg-bones, thighs, shoulders, and of the trunk of the body of the animal which left the mark. It is much surer than all the marks of Zadig. Observation alone, independent entirely of general principles of philosophy, is sufficient to show that there certainly are secret reasons for all these relations of which I have been speaking."

By a strict adherence to these rules Cuvier has ascertained and classified the fossil remains of 78 different quadrupeds, forty-nine of which are species heretofore entirely unknown to naturalists. They are not found among living animals, and consequently belong to extinct species. For proofs of these we must refer to Cuvier's great work on fossil organic remains, or to the second part of the publication before us wherein professor Jameson gives an account of Cuvier's geological discoveries. Among the representations of these extinct animals the present essay contains two entire skeletons, one of the *megatherium* (plate 3) dug out of alluvial soil near Buenos-Ayres, in South America,—an animal apparently allied to the sloths, and the *ornithocephalus*, found near Aichstedt, in Germany,—a quadruped of the bat kind, with the head of a bird. If further proofs were wanting, the American mammoth, or *great mastodon*, may be added, the skeleton of which was disinterred in this state and is to be seen in the museum of Philadelphia.

The relation which the species of fossil bones bear to the strata in which they are found, is treated of in the 29th section, p. 111. Here it is stated, that shells alone are found in the oldest floetz, or secondary formations. The next in order are oviparous quadrupeds, as alligators, crocodiles, tortoises, &c. and among them no mammiferous land quadrupeds are to be found. In the basin, around Paris, a formation of chalk, without organic remains, lies above these. But land quadrupeds in abundance succeed in the strata above the chalk. In the upper strata, or alluvial deposits, are the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and mastodon. The bones of existing animals are only found in the latest alluvial depositions.

Among the great number and variety of organic remains hitherto discovered, no

human bones have been found. "Hence it clearly appears that no argument for the antiquity of the human race can be founded upon these fossil bones, or upon the more or less considerable collections of rocks, or earthly materials by which they are covered." All these changes which have taken place on the surface of the globe, must have been anterior to the formation of human beings, and consequently the establishment of our existing societies could not have been very ancient, being less than five thousand years. For proofs of this our readers must consult the 32d section of our author, containing the traditional accounts of a great catastrophe and subsequent renewal of human society.

"I am of opinion, then," says Cuvier in conclusion, "with M. Deluc and M. Dolomieu,—That, if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or six thousand years ago; that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known; that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries at present inhabited; that the small number of individuals of men and other animals that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and consequently, that the human race has only resumed a progressive state of improvement since that epoch, by forming established societies, raising monuments, collecting natural facts, and constructing systems of science and of learning.

"Yet farther,—That the countries which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals; that, consequently, at least one previous revolution had submerged them under the waters; and that, judging from the different orders of animals of which we discover the remains in a fossil state, they had probably experienced two or three irruptions of the sea.

"These alternate revolutions form, in my opinion, the problem in geology that is most important to be solved, or rather to be accurately defined and circumscribed; for, in order to solve it satisfactorily and entirely, it were requisite that we should discover the cause of these events,—an enterprise involving difficulties of a very different nature."

We have thus endeavoured to give an analysis of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, but any further observation on this, or the remaining parts of the present publication must be deferred to our next number.

K.

(To be continued.)

ART. 6. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Supplement to Dr. MITCHELL's "Observations on the Geology of North-America," just published by Messrs. Kirk & Mercein, in the Description of a Fossil Elephant, discovered in Wythe County, southwest of the River Danahova, in Virginia, written by Dr. John Stranger, to lieut. Wm. L. Brownlow, of the U. S. Marine Corps, stationed at N. York, dated Wythe County, March 10, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter has been received some weeks ago, after my return from North-Carolina, which should have been answered before this time, had I not been at a loss to know, what particular information Dr. Mitchell wishes with regard to the teeth and bones found on Mr. Kinsa's land. However, that you may not think your friendly application to me disregarded, I will now comply with your request, as well as I can. The place where the discovery was made, is a small marshy piece of ground, not more than 40 feet square, in a field which has been for more than 20 years in cultivation, and has previous to that time, as I am informed, been used as a lick by horses and cattle, a small spring of mineral taste oozes from the spot. The owner of the field observed repeatedly in the summer season, in dry weather, after a refreshing shower, that the place was covered with a white substance like salt. Under this impression he began to dig in search of salt water. The ground being opened a few feet in depth, he found a few uncommon teeth and small round bones, about 4 inches long and about 1 1-2 inches in diameter, solid and somewhat larger in circumference at each end, like joints of a tail, or toe. The news of this discovery induced several persons to visit the spot: I also went, and being desirous to make a farther search, I obtained permission to make a larger opening, say 12 feet square, and found a number of still larger teeth and bones, belonging, in my opinion, to two different species of animals, larger than any we now have within our states. The bones were so much decayed, that they would generally fall to pieces, when exposed to the air; the teeth I preserved, and some time afterwards put them in the possession of Dr. John Floyd, (a member from Virginia in the present congress) residing in Montgomery county, who probably, sent them to some Museum. The soil was so strongly impregnated with the mineral, that it tasted like copperas itself. The

position in which the teeth and bones were found, was somewhat remarkable. The large teeth, two of which weighed 16lb. each, and several more of less weight and size, were deposited in a manner by themselves, and deeper in the ground, according to their gravity: round about those, some little distance off, were the teeth and bones of the lesser animals, placed in a semicircle; of the latter I found several jaw-bones with their teeth sticking fast; and in one upper-jaw I found besides a tusk, about 20 inches long, shaped like a cow's horn, round, crooked, tapering off to a point, hollow at the base, and pointing forward towards the nose, also a couple of ribs and shoulder blades. The smaller animals I judged to have been of the carnivorous, from the shape of their teeth, which had a double row of high conic processes, three to each row, between 3 and 4 inches from the bottom of the root to the top of the tooth, and each was about 3 inches long. All the teeth of the large animal (I found no bones of this animal) were flat, and ribbed transversely. This remarkable position of the different bones and teeth, made me suppose, that the large animal had died in a conflict with the smaller ones. Or why should I have found several sets of teeth and bones of the one kind, and all in that semicircle, and but one set of teeth of the large animal opposite to them. None of these teeth were deeper than about 6 feet in the ground, when a flat limestone rock commenced, which rock must have been once nearer to the surface, for I found pine-knots, and pieces of rotten wood within two feet above it. This, sir, is all the information I can think of, should Dr. Mitchell be desirous to know any other circumstance relative to this affair, I will cheerfully give it, if in my power.

I am, Sir, respectfully,
Your humble servant,
JOHN STRANGER.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

THE salivating qualities which our pastures seem to possess for these last ten or fifteen years, so distressing to horses and neat-cattle, I have long wished to see philosophically investigated and publicly announced. The farmer, however, is still left to his own vague conjectures, and there is not a species of grass or herb which will grow in pasture land, but has

been accused of producing this deleterious effect. Now, permit me to suggest, (which I can do with much confidence,) that it ought not to be attributed to any vegetable whatever, but to that species of spider which, weaving a thick horizontal web near the surface of the ground, covers, in some pastures, one-tenth of the surface during the greater part of the

summer months. Should this suggestion induce the curious to an investigation of the properties and rapid progress of this insect, and a plain publication of the same, with the best method of counteracting its baneful effects, its object will have been attained, and the suggestor highly gratified.

D. D.

Marcellus, April 2, 1818.

GENTLEMEN,

The following is taken from a Glasgow paper of the 20th of January last; if you deem it worth a place in your useful magazine, you can give it one.

P. H.

"SIR—Allow me to submit to you, a reference to the curious coincidence of the figures 1818, which denote the present year, viz. that the two first are 18, the two last 18, and the sum of all

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 8 \\ 1 \\ 8 \\ \hline 18 \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 8 \\ 1 \\ 8 \end{array}} \right\} \text{also 18,}$$

"And also—

1818	multiplied by	2	give	3636	the sum of which is	18
—	do.	3	-	5454	do.	18
—	do.	4	-	7272	do.	18
—	do.	5	-	9090	do.	18
—	do.	6	-	10,908	do.	18
—	do.	7	-	12,726	do.	18
—	do.	8	-	14,544	do.	18
—	do.	9	-	16,362	do.	18
—	do.	10	-	18,180	do.	18
—	do.	12	-	21,816	do.	18
—	do.	13	-	23,634	do.	18
—	do.	14	-	25,452	do.	18
—	do.	15	-	27,270	do.	18
—	do.	17	-	30,906	do.	18
—	do.	18	-	32,724	do.	18
—	do.	19	-	34,542	do.	18
—	do.	20	-	36,360	do.	18
—	do.	23	-	41,814	do.	18
—	do.	24	-	43,632	do.	18
—	do.	25	-	45,450	do.	18
—	do.	28	-	50,904	do.	18
—	do.	29	-	52,722	do.	18
—	do.	30	-	54,540	do.	18

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The writer of the fifth article in your Magazine for April, assumes to have taken a survey "of ancient and modern times and nations." He does not appear to be exactly qualified for such a task. I do not intend to offer a review of the "Review of Ellis's embassy to China;" I beg leave merely to rectify a few of the mistakes, which occur in that article.

It must be evident to every person of

common sense, and ordinary intelligence, that some of the remarks in that review are reprehensible.

The writer would make us believe that in the *English* "island, more has been accomplished for the glory of our species than in all other regions of the globe!"—This is hyperbolical—it is untrue. No one will deny that England deserves our admiration;—let her possess that meed, but let other countries not be deprived of their

just portion. And, when we speak in general terms of any individual people, or "regions of the globe;" when we presume to make estimates of individual and national character, let that which is exceptional and commendable, equally claim our consideration. As to "achievements in literature, science, and the arts," England, though eminent, is by no means transcendent. Some of the most beneficial inventions and discoveries were introduced into England from other countries. Many indisputable facts might be advanced to prove this assertion. However, for the present, the following may suffice as a reply to the erroneous statements set forth in the review.

"In the year 1769, kine-pox was described (in a weekly paper: *Allgemeine Unterhaltungen, published at Göttingen*), as a well known disease 'here in this country' (Germany) which infects persons who attend the dairies and prevents the infection of small-pox." Dr. Jenner, (an Englishman with a German name) first published his "Inquiry into the causes and effects of Variola Vaccina," &c. in 1798, *twenty-nine years later*.

Some have attributed "the invention of Logarithms" to lord John Napier, a Scotchman. But "there is greater reason to believe that a *German* clergyman, Michael Stiefel was the inventor of Logarithms, in 1599."

"In 1793, Walther, a citizen of Nürnberg, first observed astronomical refraction."

"In 1604, John Kepler, a German, established a theory of refraction."

"In 1609, the same predecessor and pioneer of the immortal Newton, discovered that the courses of the planets are elliptic, &c. &c. He made some calculations of the proportionate motions of the celestial bodies; suspected a power of gravitation and attraction universally and mutually operative among the planets."

"On the 29th of December in the same year, Simeon Marius (Meyer,) at Ansbach, first observed the satellites of Jupiter; and in 1618, Kepler made some further discoveries relative to the revolution of the planets."

"The first account of a *Steam-Engine* is given by Matthesius, a clergyman in Joachimsthal, Bohemia, in the year 1562," a long time before the Marquis of Worcester was born.

Every person acquainted with literature in general, knows very well that on the European continent, there is as bright a constellation of "men of letters, and in the sphere of divinity" as ever shed a

lustre on England. And it would be an easy matter to quote names and works to prove the fallacy of the assertion: "compared with the strain of the British muses, the poetical productions of their continental rivals lose almost the whole of their attraction." K.

Though we do not intend to open the door of discussion, in regard to the correctness of opinions stated in the reviews which appear in this miscellany, yet we have no hesitation in giving place to corrections in regard to statements of facts. The review of Ellis's book is from the pen of a gentleman of talents and learning, whose contributions frequently enrich our pages. Having a just confidence in his abilities, and not imagining that he could make the subject, of which he professed to treat, an occasion of offence, we permitted his sheets to be sent to the press without our inspection. There were many assertions, in that article, besides those complained of by our correspondent, which, had we had an opportunity to revise it, we should have expunged. The extravagant eulogium on British genius was entirely misplaced in an American publication; and some of the literary opinions advanced by the author of that review are opposed to those previously expressed by ourselves. EDITORS.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review.

GENTLEMEN,

One of your correspondents, in the Magazine for last month, communicated remarks on the method I proposed for finding the latitude by altitudes of the sun taken at a distance from the Meridian. For my communication entitled, *Hints on the Methods of determining the Latitude and Longitude of places on the Land*, your readers are referred to the Magazine for December last. Your correspondent from New-Bedford, is entitled to my thanks for the kind remarks he has made upon it, and the friendly manner in which he undertakes to convince me of my supposed error. On a review of the same, it is frankly acknowledged, that the example or case alluded to, was stated, inadvertently, in such a manner as to give a wrong impression of the use I made of it. The altitudes taken Aug. 6, 1817, were intended for the correction of a patent lever watch, not well regulated, and for obtaining the apparent time as nearly as possible for other observations. The mean of these gave the time per watch, 8 h,

8 m. 38.8 sec. the mean altitude corrected $32^{\circ} 24' 3.5''$, and in this instance, the polar distance was reduced to the time per watch. It may not be improper to remark, that having taken the latitude of my school-room and observatory, at No. 331 Broadway, in Sept. 1816, it was found to be $40^{\circ} 42' 58''$ N. In August and September, 1817, great pains were taken to verify or disprove its correctness. To effect this, altitudes were taken near the meridian, and when possible, the meridian altitude. And after I had found to my satisfaction, that all the best observations tended nearly to the same point; several sets of altitudes which had appeared to be very correct, and first taken for obtaining the true time, were now selected to verify the latitude by the method your correspondent alludes to. In the foregoing example, the watch being 7 m. 35 sec. slow, the polar distance was now reduced to the apparent time, and from these elements the latitude came out essentially the same as before. In three or four experiments of the same kind, the variations from $40^{\circ} 43'$ was not more than two or three seconds; hence it was concluded, that the latitude, times, and altitudes, were all very nearly correct. This method, it is believed, will prove an assumed, or supposed latitude, to be true when it is actually so; and if I am not much deceived, will discover whether it is materially incorrect. And, although it is admitted, that the problem as it stands in my former communication, can be of no great value in discovering the true latitude, I cannot agree with your correspondent that it will prove fallacious.

Let us suppose the true latitude, for an example, to be $40^{\circ} 43'$ N. and the longitude $74''$ W. the altitudes truly taken at the time aforesaid, would correspond to this only. And if the observer had supposed it to be $40^{\circ} 40'$, the apparent time deduced from this would differ from the former about 44 seconds, and instead of reproducing the latter, would bring out $40^{\circ} 38'$. Now perceiving that $40'$ is too far to the southward, let him try $41'$, $42'$

and lastly $43'$, he will discover the last to be true, because all the elements, or data, are in harmony with each other. It is confessed, that at the time, I was reasoning in a circle of my own forming, and seemingly had a right thus to reason, having found the centre. But this being done, it ought to have been my care to go out of it, and give the problem its proper limitations. Hoping it is not too late, in some measure to atone for this omission, it is thus stated: *The longitude of a place on the land, and the true time being known, to determine the latitude of the same, by altitude of the sun, taken two or three hours before or after noon, with a sextant and artificial horizon, when the meridian altitude is too great to be measured by those instruments.* Your correspondent will doubtless admit the possibility of obtaining the true time independent of the latitude; and may be informed that there is no necessity of taking the altitudes so near the horizon, as to be very sensibly affected by the difference between the true and mean refraction; and also, that the errors arising from this source, may be so diminished, as to become almost insensible, by the use of the Barometer and Thermometer. It will be seen, from what has already been stated, that I still differ in opinion from your correspondent in several particulars; and I cannot agree with him where he says, "A small error in the altitude, taken at a distance from the meridian, will cause a considerable error in the latitude." I think he will be convinced by a little reflection, that an error of the meridian altitude, will cause an error of the same amount in the latitude; whereas the absolute error in the other case will be less than the small error of the altitude. In matters of science, truth, and not strife, should be the object of its votaries. Under the impression of a similarity of feeling, between him and myself, in this respect, I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

M. NASH.

New-York, April 10, 1818

ART. 7. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A VERY pretty little instrument was invented during the last summer by Dr. Brewster of Edinburgh. He calls it the *Kaleidoscope* ($\kappa\alpha\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, $\alpha\delta\omicron\varsigma$, and $\sigma\kappa\omicron\pi\omicron\varsigma$). It is constructed by placing together two

polished rectangular or triangular plates or mirrors at one of their edges, that their surfaces may form an angle of about 18° more or less. The plates are from 5 to 10 inches long, according to the local distance of the eye, and are placed together in a tube, one end of which is left entirely

open, and the other nearly closed, except a small aperture. The eye is fixed at the latter; the object being then placed at the other extremity is seen in the form of a brilliant, luminous circle, which is divided into as many sectors (each containing a representation of the part of the object seen,) as the number of times the angle of the reflector is contained in 360° . When the object is tinged with different colours, and in motion, more numerous and beautiful forms and colours, all of perfect symmetry, play around this extremity of the reflector, having a most pleasing effect, and more than verifying the projected *ocular harpsichord* of Cuvillion. The instrument may be adapted to take in large objects at a distance, and to vary the figure from that of the circle to a square, &c. It is of great utility to ornamental artists in multiplying their arrangements and combinations of colours, figures, &c. as pattern makers, gilders, jewellers, &c. almost precluding the labour of design.

See *Patent. Repertory of Arts, &c.*
Nov. 1817.

GERMANY.

It is confidently asserted that the University of Berlin is to be located at Wittenberg, that very ancient seat of the sciences; or at Bonn, an ancient German city on the Rhine.

Baron Von Sack intends to make a scientific tour in Egypt. He will be accompanied by Mr. Wilhelm Müller, agent of the Academy of Berlin.

In the month of July, 1817, the turf-diggers near Friedleburg, in the Parish of Etzel, East Friesland, discovered a *human skeleton below the stratum of peat, or turf*, which seemed to have been superinduced subsequent to the interment of the body, which reposed on a stratum of sand. Simultaneous evidences which this discovery presented, warrant the conclusion that the human body, of which the skeleton is still entire, must have lain there upwards of 2000 years!

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Hon. the Board of Regents of the University of New-York, held at Albany, on the 24th of March last, JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of New-York, was also elected to the Professorship of Forensic Medicine in the same Institution, recently made vacant by the death of Professor James S. Stringham.

The Annual Commencement of the

College of Physicians and Surgeons in the University of the State of New-York, was held on the 7th of April last. The degree of Doctor in Medicine was granted to the following *thirty-five* gentlemen who had been students of the University, had undergone the several examinations required by its laws, and publicly defended their respective Inaugural Dissertations. After the candidates had received their academic honours, the venerable and learned President, Samuel Bard, M. D. LL. D. delivered an interesting address to the graduates.

John B. Aycrigg, of New-York, on *Sphacelus*.

Abner Alden, of New-York, on *Phuritis*.

Charles P. Allen, of New-York, on *Diabetes*.

Joseph Baxter, of Massachusetts, on *Cutaneous Perspiration*.

Ezekiel Robins Baudouine, A. B. of New-York, on the *Diseases of Dentition*.

Remi Seraphin Bourdages, of Canada, *Sur l'inflammation aigue du systeme muqueux*.

Frederic Burnham, of New-York, on *Assimilation and Life*.

Joseph Canby, of Ohio, on *Tetanus*.

Stephen C. Farrar, of Virginia, on *Emetics*.

Jeremiah Fickling, of South Carolina, on *Phlegmasia Dolens*.

Thomas Fortier, of Canada, *Sur Les phenomenes de la puberte, chez la Femme*.

David H. Fraser, A. M. of New-York, on the *Medical Police of the Navy*.

John F. Henry, of Kentucky, on *Puerperal Fever*.

Herman L. Hoffman, of New-York, on the *Secale Cornutum*.

Benjamin F. Hickman, of Virginia, on *Typhus Fever*.

Abraham Hopper, of New-Jersey, on *Epilepsy*.

Abraham T. Hunter, of New-York, on the *Plethora of the Aged*.

Jesse Isler, of North Carolina, on the *Epidemic, as it appeared in Tarborough, North Carolina*.

John G. Lance, of South Carolina, on the *Yellow Fever of Charleston*.

Thomas G. Mower, of Massachusetts, on *Gangrene*.

Jacob C. W. McDonald, of South Carolina, on the *Yellow Fever of Charleston*.

Archibald Nicholson, of Georgia, on *Hepatitis*.

Richard B. Owen, of Tennessee, on *Hydrocephalus*.

James M. Pendleton, A. B. of New-York, on *Puerperal Fever*.

David Quackenbush, A. B. of New-York, on *Pneumonia Typhodes*.

Chauncey E. Perkins, of Ohio, on the *late Malignant Epidemic of the United States*.

William Provines, of Ireland, on *Puerperal Fever*.

Moses J. De Rosset, A. B. of North Carolina, on *Cold Bathing*.

Thomas E. Screven, of South Carolina, on *Anthrax*.

Elisha Sheldon, of Vermont, on the *na-*

ture of Arterial Circulation in Typhus Fever.

John Torrey, of New-York, on *Dysentery*.

Daniel H. Trezevant, of South Carolina, on *Cold*.

Adrian Vanderveer, A. B. of New-Jersey, on the *Human Ear*.

John S. Wiley, of New-York, on the *Use of Setons*.

John Q. Wynkoop, of New-York, on *Epilepsy*.

ART. 8. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE second Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY will be held in this city, on the second Thursday of this month, (14th May.)

The Treasurer of the American Bible Society acknowledges the receipt of \$2, 342 during the month of March.

The managers of the American Bible

Society, at their meeting on the 19th day of March, 1818, adopted the following resolution, viz.

"That in ordinary cases occurring within the United States, it is inconsistent with the best interests of this society to distribute the Bible gratuitously, except through the medium of auxiliary societies."

ART. 9. POETRY.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

The following Elegy on the elder Pitt, was presented to me by an esteemed friend, who was formerly in the East-India trade. The copy was presented to him by a British officer, in Canton, who informed him, that it was, he believed, the only one in existence.* There never was but one impression of this poem, it having been suppressed by an order of council. It was occasioned by Mr. Pitt's being created earl of Chatham, in 1766. The poet goes upon the supposition, (which happily was not realized) that his being made a Peer, would make him an apostate, and, therefore, with a peculiar poignancy, accosts him by the name of *Pynsent*, a patriotic baronet, who died some time before, and left him a large sum, as a reward for his strenuous exertions in the cause of freedom and his country. The author had, doubtless, the conduct of Mr. Pulteney in view; and concluded that (as in the physical system, so in the political) a similar cause would be productive of a like effect. He was mistaken. However, this little piece, abstractedly considered, and merely as an effort of genius, in my opinion, possesses great merit. It is impos-

* This is a mistake. We have read this Elegy in some printed collection of poems. But it is rare—and we are obliged to our friendly correspondent for recalling it to our remembrance.

Ed.

VOL. III.—No. 1.

sible to read and not admire it. If you should, on the perusal, think favourably of its merits; by rescuing it from obscurity, and giving it a place in your poetic department, you will probably amuse many of your readers, and confer a particular favour on

Yours, sincerely,

T. ROBINSON.

Binghamton, Broome Co. April 1, 1818.

ELEGY

On the late HON. WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

"*Oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!*"

IF, when the stern relentless hand of Fate,
Has snatch'd some hero in his early bloom;
Or seiz'd unpitying on the good and great,
To swell the sable triumphs of the tomb;

If, when the guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear, in tenderness should start,
Or the keen anguish of a redd'ning eye,
Proclaim the deep affliction of the heart;

How must the feeling bosom bear its strife!
How must the voice of gratitude exclaim!
When some fell hour has seiz'd on more than life,
And wrought the worst of murders on their fame!

When we lament for patriotic fire,
A glorious envy mingles with the tear,
And though we weep, we secretly admire,
And nobly grieve the glory of its loss.

But when some high, some celebrated name,
Flies meanly back from virtue's generous race,
And stains a whole eternity of fame,
To gain a glittering ensign of disgrace;

When some ennobled self-exalted sage,
Superior far to *hecatombs* of kings,
The friend, the sife, the saviour of an age,
Gives up a realm for *cardom* and for *strings*;

Sharp indignation mingles with distress,
Howe'er he once was godlike in our eyes,
And spite of all the pity we possess,
We must retain our justice, and despise.

Fain would the muses for a favourite plead,
Fain would they form some reconciling plan,
To spare the person, yet condemn the deed,
To brand the baseness, yet preserve the man.

But ah! what plea, what language has the power,
Howe'er important, tender, or sublime,
To check the sunbeam's swiftswiftness of an hour,
Or snatch the glass from ever flying time?

Can the fine magic of a melting strain
Invert the well known principle of things,
Remove the sigh from agonizing pain,
Or guard the guilty bosom from its stings?

Allied, alas! for ever to the crime,
No kind attention can the person claim,
But blackens downwards on the lapse of time,
The equal object of eternal shame.

Ah! what avails the wide capacious mind,
With every science accurately fraught,
The keen-eyed fancy, sparkling and refin'd,
The blaze of genius, and the burst of thought?

Ah! what avails the magnitude of soul,
Which, sway'd by sterling sentiment alone,
Taught the big bolt of eloquence to roll,
And thunder'd strong conviction round the throne?

Bade sinking Britons shake away the gloom,
That long had bound her temples in disgrace,
And, like the bold but deathless chief of Rome,
Twined everlasting laurels in their place.

These no blest veil, no mantle ever threw,
To screen a paltry prostitute from morn,
But stripp'd them still more openly to view,
And call'd aloud for aggravated scorn.

When the dull slave, or sycophant confess'd,
Erects, on guile, his coronated car,
Or hides his native turpitude of breast,
Beneath the venal dazzling of a star;

No conscious blush compels the cheek to glow,
The brow no mark of wonder will display,
For fools, we see, are always caught with show,
And ever find that villains will betray.

But when the first in Fame's immortal round,
Charm'd with the gewgaw's fascinating glare,
Exchange intrinsic character for sound,
And basely barter Liberty for air;

Their very worth, contrasted with the fall,
A new disgrace inevitably sheds,
Gives the keen curse, accumulated gall,
And drags down wider vengeance on their heads.

Where then unhappy *Pyssent* canst thou run,
Or strive to hide, oh! elevated slave!
What pitying cowl can screen thee from the sun,
Or kindly yield a temporary grave?

Fly with the lightning's rapidness of haste,
Where dread Ohio's melancholy flood,
Glooms with unusual horror in the waste,
And swells deep crimson'd with Britannia's blood.

Yet rather seek some confine of the earth,
Where British footsteps never have been known,
Where the sweet sunbeam dies before its birth,
Or hapless nature burns beneath the zone;

Beyond where Zembla, with eternal snows,
All cold and shivering, in herself retires,
Or where parch'd Afric vehemently glows,
In all the swartness of Autumnal fires.

Then, while the wond'ring savages applaud,
Retain thy baseness, yet preserve the pride,
As some state minion, infamously awed,
Yet still affect the privilege to guide.

But why should *Pyssent* madly urge his flight,
And poorly serve to a trivial lay,
Explore the bound'ries of perpetual night,
Or seek the realms of ever-scorching day?

Can the mere casual circumstance of pole,
The unmeaning dull variety of clime,
Restore the once known cheerfulness of soul,
Or pour one ray of comfort on his crime?

Must not a kingdom's heart-directed cries,
Like the dread tempest's all destroying sweep,
Overtake the illustrious caiff as he flies,
And sink the recreant vessel in the deep?

Tho' the white cliffs of the deserted shore,
No more should silver on his hated eyes,
Should strike his breast with consciousness no more,
Nor ring his foul dishonour through the skies;

Still, what blest balm from consolation caught,
In distant worlds can *Pyssent* hope to find,
Unless he flies as rapidly from thought,
And leave both sense and memory behind.

Should he beside the swiftest seeds of day,
Or mount on whirlwinds with unnumber'd wings,
Still guilt would seize the dastard on his way,
And conscience dart unutterable stings;

Still would one curst, one execrable word,
Unman his soul, and agonize his frame,
And that detested epithet of LORD,
O'erwhelm the wretch with misery and shame.

Oh! why, when virtue's heaven-descended heat,
Sinks by ambition fatally oppress'd,
Or high-soul'd honour tottering from her seat,
Reigns the spotless empire of the breast,

Why doth not tenfold impudence stand forth
To shield in brass the blush-betraying face,
And when we're dead to sentiment and worth,
Destroy the dread of scandal and disgrace?

Triumphant slaves might then securely reign,
Nor meanly shrink, to look upon the morn;
Behold the power of kingdoms with disdain,
And treat the indignant universe with scorn.

No Pynsent, then, need hesitate an hour,
To prop a sinking villain, or his cause;
Nor seek to screen an avarice for power,
With the poor veil of popular applause.

Quite unappall'd beneath the rage of times,
He then might spring with transport into place,
And lay a sure foundation on his crimes,
To build the future glories of his race.

But Heaven's high will has graciously design'd,
That strong remorse with infamy should dwell,
And placed an awful censor on his mind,
That damps the traitor to an instant hell.

Hence, when from virtue's sacred course we fly,
The blush, in deep'ning crimson will be drest,
The rising gush will deluge all the eye,
And more than adders gnaw along the breast.

And yet, if nought but conscience, with her
snakes,
The slave's base view is able to control,
If no bright spark of honour ever wakes,
The cold dead fibres of the flinty soul;

What greater proofs of tenderness and love,
Can Heaven's high hand beneficently show,
Than dooming those, who dread no Judge above,
To certain shame and wretchedness below?

Yet tell us, Pynsent, is there aught in state,
In errand pomp, or coronated glare,
To sooth the sharp severity of fate,
Or shield the rankling bosom from despair?

Can the poor toy that glitters o'er a crest,
Or all the illustrious baubles of a throne,
Bestow one peaceful honour on a breast
That basely stoops to prostitute its own?

Hast thou, (and tell us generously now)
Since that cursed hour on infamous record,
When the green laurel with'ring on thy brow,
Beheld thee vilely swindling to a lord,

Hast thou (nor dare with conscience in thine eye,
To breathe a thought, or accent insincere)
Once seen the blessed morn without a sigh,
Or met the sable eve without a tear?

Has the drear darkness of the midnight hour,
E'er kindly blest thy pillow with repose,
Or the soft balm of sleep's refreshing power,
Once taught those lids in tenderness to close?

Or say, if sleep once fortunately stole,
When life's low lamp could scarcely shed a gleam,
Did not some demon harrow up thy soul,
And stab the short, the momentary dream?

Did not wide fancy's all-exploring clue,
Bid time's deep womb be accurately show'd,
And raised such baleful images to view,
As soared thy coward consciousness to stone?

O! Pynsent, what had empires to bestow,
That e'er thy worth or character could raise,
Teach wond'ring worlds more gratefully to glow,
Or add a single particle to praise?

Did not whole senates hang upon thy voice,
And suppliant climes solicit thee for laws;
Nay, did not Fame, obedient to thy choice,
Still give the wreath, as thou wouldst give
applause?

Say, could ambition's most exalted fire,
Misguided man, be gratified with more,
Than awe-struck senates, always to admire,
And echoing realms to wonder and adore?

What then, quite withering on the stalk of age,
Diseased, emaciate, sinking to the grave,
Could drag thee now, thus tott'ring on the stage,
To load the wretched skeleton with slave?

Trembling on life's most miserable verge,
Nay, even now just numb'ring with the dead,
Why wouldst thou thus in infamy immerge,
And pluck a kingdom's curses on thy head?

That kingdom too, whose ever grateful eyes,
Thy matchless worth so tenderly could see,
That scarce she breath'd an accent to the skies,
But what was wing'd with benisons for thee.

Oh! hapless Pynsent, when the pitying muse,
Saw thee supremely eminent and good,
In palsied age, relinquish all the views,
For which thro' youth you generously stood;

When the bright guardian of a freeborn land,
In life's last age, sinks utterly deprav'd,
And in some minion's execrated hand,
Destroys those realms, which formerly he sav'd,

Lost in the passions widely raging tide,
An actual type of chaos she appears,
Then throws the pen distractedly aside,
To give an ample fullness to her tears.

ART. 10. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE British Cabinet consists of the following members: lord high chancellor, lord Eldon; lord president of the council, earl of Harrowby; lord of the privy seal, earl of Westmoreland, K. G.; first lord of the treasury, earl of Liverpool, K. G.; master general of the ordnance, earl of Mulgrave; secretary of state for the foreign department, Viscount Castlereagh, K. G.; secretary for the home department, Viscount Sidmouth; first lord of the admiralty, Viscount Mel-

ville; chancellor of the exchequer, right hon. N. Vansittart; president of the board of control, right hon. Geo. Canning; master of the mint, right hon. W. Wellesley Pole; chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, right hon. C. B. Bathurst.

The whole import of Cotton into Great Britain in 1817, is estimated at 479,291 packages of various sizes, weighing by computation 131,951,200 lb. which at an average of 1s. 6d. per. lb. would amount to nearly 10 millions sterling. The greater part of this immense importation has been brought into

Liverpool. This quantity exceeds the imports of 1815 and 1816, severally, by about 110,000 bags, weighing about 41,000,000 lb. or upwards of two millions sterling. The greatest part of this increase has arisen from the opening of the East India trade, which, in extent and importance, it is thought, will soon rival the trade to the W. Indies, as far as respects Liverpool.

The British navy is about to be enlarged by the addition of 5 new first rate ships of the line, and 14 second rate,—38 frigates, and 15 sloops of war.

The American minister, Mr. Rush has been received at the court of St. James in the most amicable manner.

The princess Elizabeth is betrothed to prince Frederick Joseph Louis of Hesse Hombourg. The princess will have a marriage portion of £40,000, and her annual income will be £15,000. Frederick is hereditary prince, and in his 49th year: the reigning duke is 70 years old.

FRANCE.

Notwithstanding the recent proceedings of the Chambers in favour of the liberty of the press, all the copies of the third number of the *Sentinelle de l'Honneur*, have been seized. This political pamphlet is written by M. Joulin de la Salle, cousin to the general Bertrand who is at St. Helena. The duke of Wellington is particularly attacked in it, and is denominated an insolent *Pro-consul*.

Negotiations are in a state of advancement, which will, it is expected, terminate in the removal of the army of occupation from France. Some changes are to take place in the command of divisions; some exiles are to be restored to their country, and among others, Soult, who will be re-instated in his rank of field marshal.

SPAIN.

The most active preparations are said to be making in Cadiz to man the Russian fleet for South-America. It is, however, represented on the other hand, that the ships are likely to be laid up at Cadiz to rot, being badly constructed and of poor materials.

GERMANY.

The proposed basis for the military contingent of Germany, which subject was taken into consideration by the Diet, on the 19th instant, requires a levy of two per cent. on the population of that great country. The gross population of Germany is about 30,000,000, of which 6,000,000 will be nearly the number of males capable of bearing arms. Two in every hundred of these would constitute an army of 120,000 men, the exact amount of force which it was stated the army of the confederation was designed to muster.

SWEDEN.

The old king of Sweden is dead. The day after his demise, Bernadotte was proclaimed king, and the council assembled, before which he took the oath of office, and received their allegiance. Before this event,

prince Oscar, son of Bernadotte, had been authorised to exercise the sovereignty, whenever the king and his father should be both ill, or both absent; thus his right of succession has been indirectly acknowledged.

RUSSIA.

Accounts from Taganrock, upon the Black Sea, indicate a very rapid increase of the commercial importance of that quarter. Though that port is less frequented than Odessa, yet, in 1817, 367 vessels sailed from it, besides coasters to the number of 182. The importations of gold and silver specie amounted to 5,582,249 roubles; in addition to which, the value of the merchandise imported was 2,658,646 roubles; the exports, amounting to 11,979,700 roubles, there remains, in favour of Russian commerce, an excess of 9,321,033 roubles.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The whole country between Madras and Bombay is said to be in a state of insurrection. The earl of Moira has marched against the patriots at the head of 90,000 men, chiefly natives.

AMERICA.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Venezuela.

After a circumstantial report that the royalists under Morillo had met with signal discomfiture, and that Lagura was in the utmost distress and confusion from the apprehended approach of the patriots, it has been since stated that Morillo had gained an important victory over Bolivar and Piar, by which Lagura was restored to tranquillity and Caraccas relieved from the dreaded attack.

Mexico.

The Report of General Mina's death is contradicted. Colonel Melville, of General Mina's staff, has arrived in the United States, on his way to Washington; he states that he left Mina, on the 28th November, at Guanaxuato with 5000 men, and his affairs in a prosperous state.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Canada.

Robert Gourlay, of Upper Canada, has offered to make the following contract for settling the country:—if government will give him the management of the public lands of Upper Canada, for thirty years, he will maintain, during that time, two regiments for his Majesty—repair all the forts—and, for the last twenty years of the term, pay an annual rent to Great Britain of £100,000 sterling.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

Senate.

Wednesday, March 18th. The resolution moved yesterday by Mr. King, that the President be requested to cause to be surveyed certain ports and harbours for the purpose of selecting two stations for armenal ports, the report of the survey to be laid before the Senate during the first week of the next session, &c. was agreed to.

Among other bills, one for defraying the expenses of militia in marching to places of rendezvous, was passed and sent to the House of Representatives for concurrence.

Thursday, March 19th. On motion of Mr. Eppes, it was resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause to be laid before the Senate, an estimate of the sum necessary for the establishment of two docks for the purpose of repairing vessels of the largest size.

On motion of Mr. Ruggles it was resolved, that the committee on public lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of extending the jurisdiction of the territory of Michigan to the eastern boundary of the Illinois territory. The remainder of the sitting was occupied in maturing the details of the bill for adjusting the claims to land, and for establishing land offices in the districts east of the island of New-Orleans.

Friday, March 20th. Mr. Crittenden, from the committee on the judiciary, reported a bill prescribing the manner of deciding controversies between different states.

Mr. Williams, of Ten. from the committee on military affairs, reported a bill to reduce the staff of the army, with additional sections, regulating the distribution of rations to the army.

The President laid before the senate the general account of the treasurer of the United States, for 1817, and the accounts of the war and navy departments, from Oct. 1816 to Oct. 1817, together with the reports thereon.

On motion of Mr. Talbot, resolved, that the committee on roads, &c. be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the subscription, on the part of the United States, for certain shares in the Kentucky and Ohio Canal Company, &c.

Mr. Campbell, from the committee on finance, reported the bill to authorise the state of Tennessee to issue grants, and perfect titles to certain entries and locations of lands, &c. After some further business, adjourned till Monday.

Monday, March 23d. A report was made, declaring it inexpedient to extend the provisions of law prescribing the mode in which public records, &c. in each state, shall be authenticated, to give them effect in another state, &c.

The President communicated the memorial of the legislature of the Alabama territory, praying for power to incorporate companies to build roads, &c. which was read and referred.

The bill regulating the pay of brevet officers, and a resolution to subscribe for 1300 copies of the 11th vol. of Waite's state papers, were passed. Some other business was transacted, and the senate adjourned.

Tuesday, March 24th. Mr. Dickinson reported a resolution, directing medals to be struck, and, together with the thanks of congress, to be presented to Maj. Gen. Harrison and Gov. Shelby.

Mr. Barbour, from the committee of foreign relations, to whom had been referred the representations in behalf of Mr. Meade, made a report of considerable length, taking a full view of the subjects, recognizing the wrongs of Mr. Meade, and declaring, substantially, that if the demand of the executive for his release be not complied with, the offence ought to be visited with severe retribution.

The bill adjusting the claims to lands, and establishing land offices, east of the island of New-Orleans was rejected, 12 to 2.

Wednesday, March 26th. Mr. Troup moved a resolution to inquire into the expediency of appropriating the dividends from the shares held by government in the bank of the United States, to the manufacture of arms, &c. for the militia. The bill concerning the bounty to fishing vessels passed.

The amendment to the bill for reducing the staff, changing the commissariat, was read a third time and passed, 25 to 5. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

The bill authorising Tennessee to issue grants, &c. after being modified, was ordered to be engrossed for the third reading.

After a message from the President, touching the Seminole war, the senate adjourned.

Thursday, March 26th. Mr. Troup's resolution of yesterday was agreed to.

The joint resolution offered by Mr. Barbour, proposing an amendment of the constitution so as to give congress the power of appropriating money to construct roads, &c. was rejected.

The bill to issue grants, &c. and the bill to reduce the staff, &c. was passed and sent to the house.

The senate resumed the consideration of the bill to increase the salaries of the heads of departments, which was so modified as to fix the salaries of the secretaries of state and the treasury at \$6500—secretaries of war and navy, \$6000, post-master general, \$4000—and the attorney general \$3500,—all to commence on the first day of ——— 1818. The bill was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Troup's resolution appropriating the bank dividends was agreed to, and after some other business, the senate adjourned.

Friday, March 27th. The following engrossed bills were severally read a third time, passed, and sent to the other house for concurrence, to wit: a bill to increase the salaries of certain officers of the government; and a bill providing for the election of a Delegate from the Michigan territory. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

Monday, March 30th. The bill for amending the acts for enforcing the neutral relations of the United States was referred to the committee on foreign relations.

A message was received from the President transmitting a list of the pensioners, &c. according to a request of the Senate.

The resolution from the House of Representatives, fixing the day of adjournment of Congress, to the 13th April, was taken up, and amended so as to fix on 20th, and passed.

The bill from the House of Representatives, authorising the election of a delegate from the Michigan Territory, &c. was rejected.

After some other business the Senate adjourned, the Vice President previously informing the Senate that his private affairs would prevent his further attendance in the Senate.

Tuesday, March 31st. The Senate elected Mr. Gaillard president of the Senate, *pro tempore*.

Thursday, April 2d. The principal business of the day was upon local matters.

The bill for increasing the salaries of the judges of the United States' courts, was definitely postponed.

Friday, April 3d. The Senate resumed the navigation bill, which was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

Mr. Tate, from the naval committee, reported

a bill to repeal part of the act to provide for the survey of the coasts of the United States.

The bill concerning the Alabama Territory was ordered to a third reading.

Several other bills were disposed of, when Mr. King called on the secretary of the treasury, by a resolution, for a report concerning the funded debt of the United States.

Saturday, April 4th. Mr. Storrs, from the committee to which was referred the inquiries in regard to appropriating the bank dividends, reported unfavourably.

The resolution submitted yesterday by Mr. King was amended and agreed to.

The navigation bill passed, 31 to 2.

The neutrality bill was recommitted.

The amendment proposed by the House of Representatives to the bill appropriating three-fifths of the net proceeds of sales of public lands in Indiana to the construction of roads and canals in that state, was taken up, and rejected, 22 to 6, and returned to the house. Adjourned to Monday.

Monday, April 6th. After the transaction of some other business, the Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to increase the compensation of the judges of the United States.

On motion of Mr. Fromentin, the salary of the Chief Justice of the U. States, was fixed at 5000 dollars, by years and nays—years 25, nays 4.

The blanks were then filled so as to make the salaries of the other judges of the supreme court 4500 dollars.

The compensations of the judges of the districts of Massachusetts, of the two districts of New-York, the two districts of Pennsylvania, the district of Maryland, of Virginia, of North Carolina, of South Carolina, of Georgia, of Kentucky, and of Tennessee, was fixed at 2000 a year; and that of the judges of the districts of Maine, of New Hampshire, of Rhode Island, of Connecticut, of Vermont, of New Jersey, of Delaware, of Ohio, of Indiana, of Mississippi, and the territorial judges, at 1500 dollars each, all to commence in July next; in which shape the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Campbell reported a bill further to suspend the forfeiture of lands for failure to complete the payment therefor. And the Senate adjourned.

Tuesday, April 7th. The engrossed bill to increase the salaries of the United States' Judges passed, 19 to 14.

The bill concerning the boundary between Mississippi and the Alabama Territory was rejected.

Wednesday, April 8th. The principal business of this day's sitting was the debates upon the bill to prohibit the importation of slaves into the United States, which was postponed to to-morrow; and the adoption of the amendments of the house to the bill regulating the staff of the army.

Thursday, April 9th. The Senate spent some time upon the bill to prohibit the introduction of slaves into the United States, &c. and ordered it to a third reading as amended. Sundry bills were received from the other house, read and referred.

Friday, April 10th. The bill to prohibit the importation of slaves was passed.

Saturday, April 11th. The amendments to the neutrality bill were adopted; and the question on the bill to authorize an assistant Presi-

dent and Cashier to the Bank of the United States, was not taken before the Senate adjourned.

Monday, April 13th. The committee on naval affairs were discharged from a further consideration of the bill, to authorise the establishment of naval depots and dock-yards.

The bill for erecting Illinois into a state was ordered to be read a third time.

Tuesday, April 14th. The bill for admitting Illinois into the Union passed, and was sent to the House of Representatives.

The bill for an additional President and Cashier to the Bank of the United States, passed, and was sent to the House.

Wednesday, April 15th. Mr. Horsey submitted a resolution for inquiring into the actual condition and proceedings of the Bank of the United States.

Thursday, April 16th. Mr. Goldsborough's resolution was agreed to, viz.—That the President of the United States be requested to direct the proper officer to lay before the Senate, at an early period of the next session, a list of such officers of the customs, with the salaries, &c. as were unnecessary or inexpedient, that they might be suppressed.

The bill to provide for the erection of additional buildings for the executive departments passed.

Mr. Lacock moved to strike out of the bill, making appropriations for public buildings, the clause making an appropriation for commencing the centre building of the capitol, but it was negatived, 24 to 6. Mr. Macon then moved to strike out the appropriation of \$20,000 in addition to what had already been expended, for furnishing the President's House, which was also negatived, 22 to 11; and the bill as amended was then ordered to a third reading.

Friday, April 17th. The Senate concurred in the amendments, by the House, of the bill to prohibit the importation of slaves into the United States.

The bill from the House increasing the duties on iron in bars and bolts, and in pigs; on castings, nails, and alum, was amended, by inserting 75 cents of the 1 cwt. instead of \$1, and ordered to a third reading.

Saturday, April 18th. Among various bills from the lower House, read and passed in the Senate, were, the bill to continue in force an act relating to settlers on the lands of the United States,—the bill making the port of Bath a port of entry for East India vessels, and making Belfast a port of entry,—the bill to incorporate the Columbian Institute, &c. and the bill to increase the pay of the militia when in actual service.

The amendment of the lower House, to the bill for increasing the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, among other officers, was rejected. The amendments of the house to the same bill, reducing the salaries proposed for the heads of departments from \$6500 to \$5500, were agreed to with an amendment fixing the pay at \$6000.

Monday, April 20th. On this last day of the session of Congress, a number of bills were lost by the operation of the rule which forbids a bill receiving two readings on the same day, unless by unanimous consent; among which were, a bill for the relief of Gen. John Stark; a bill for the relief of John Anderson; a bill to authorize the payment of certain treasury notes; a bill for the relief of Frederick Brown; a bill to suspend

the sale of certain lands in the state of Louisiana and Mississippi territory, &c. were postponed.

The bill for increasing the salaries of the heads of departments, was lost, by the non-concurrence of the two houses in amendments thereto.

House of Representatives.

Thursday, March 19th. The bill from the Senate extending the time for obtaining military land warrants, passed without amendment. Mr. Taylor submitted a joint resolution, authorising the free transmission by mail, by members of Congress, of the documents communicated by the President on our relations with Spain, which was sent up for concurrence.

The bill in addition to the act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, &c. was brought up in committee of the whole, and after considerable debate was ordered to lie on the table that the amendments might be printed.

Friday, March 20th. Mr. Sergeant, from the committee of ways and means, reported in favour of a drawback on refined sugar exported, and on spirits distilled from foreign materials.

The resolution of the legislature of Maryland on the establishment of a naval depot in that state was referred to a select committee.

The committee on public lands was directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for endorsing, on each patent for bounty land, the surveyor's description of the soil, timber, &c. of the lot conveyed by such patent.

On motion of Mr. Anderson, it was resolved that the committee on so much of the message as relates to roads, &c. be instructed to inquire into the propriety of authorising the secretary of the treasury to subscribe, on behalf of the U. S. for 600 shares in the stock of the Kentucky and Ohio Canal Company.

A message was received from the President on our relations with the Netherlands.

After a long discussion on Mr. Herriek's right to a seat, which was determined in his favour, 77 to 70, the House adjourned.

Saturday, March 21st. The bill from the Senate to remit certain alien duties was committed, without amendment to the committee of the whole.

The annual report of the treasury accounts was laid before the House.

Monday, March 23d. Mr. Taylor's resolution for printing and distributing, at the close of each session, an index of the acts and joint resolutions of such session, was read a third time.

The neutrality bill, after some amendments, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, by yeas and nays, 95 to 51.

Tuesday, March 24th. The resolution for preparing an index of the laws, &c. was read a third time and passed.

The bill for altering the national flag was ordered to a third reading.

In committee of the whole, on the bill for making appropriations for 1818, Mr. Clay moved to insert in the bill a provision for a minister from the U. S. to the Independent Provinces of the River La Plata, in South America, with \$18,000 outfit and one year's salary. Mr. Clay followed his motion with a speech, on the subject of a formal recognition of the independence of the provinces mentioned, which lasted till the House adjourned.

Wednesday, March 25th. The neutrality bill passed and was sent to the Senate, as was the bill for altering the national flag.

Mr. Clay resumed his speech, in committee of the whole, on the recognition of the Independence of the Spanish provinces, and after three hours, was followed and opposed by Mr. Forsyth, for two hours, when the committee rose, reported progress, and had leave to sit again.

The President sent messages on the Seminole war,—on the subject of the Spanish provinces,—and on the subject of the expenditure under the treaty of Ghent; and the House adjourned.

Thursday, March 26th. A message was received from the President concerning Amelia Island, after which the House went into committee of the whole, Mr. Clay's motion to send a minister to Buenos Ayres being under consideration. After an animated debate, the committee rose, with leave to sit again.

Friday, March 27th. Mr. Rich, from the committee of claims, made a report in relation to claims for remuneration of loss, during the war, on the Niagara frontier, which was twice read and committed.

The bill concerning bounty to fishing vessels in certain cases, was read the third time and passed.

A committee of the whole then sat on the South American question, and at a late hour reported progress, and the House adjourned.

Saturday, March 28th. In committee of the whole, on Mr. Clay's motion for a minister to Buenos Ayres, the vote was 115 to 45 against it—so it was lost.

The committee then proceeded to consider the other parts of the appropriation bill; and after some discussion on the subject of the expenditures under the treaty of Ghent, the salaries of the agents were reduced from \$4444 to \$3000; after which the committee reported the bill with amendments, rose, and the House adjourned.

Monday, March 30th. Mr. Lowndes from the committee of ways and means, reported the bill, from the Senate, to increase the salaries of certain officers of government, with some amendments, all which were committed to a committee of the whole.

Mr. Holmes, from the committee to inquire into the conduct of clerks of departments, &c. reported the following resolutions, viz.

1. Resolved—That it is expedient to prohibit the clerks in the several departments, from acting as agents for claimants against the U. S.

2. Resolved—That it is expedient to prohibit the clerks in the several departments from engaging in the business of trade.

3. Resolved—That the several acts relating to the treasury department, should be amended, and certain penalties increased.

4. Resolved—That a committee be appointed to report a bill or bills to carry into effect the above resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to and committed.

Mr. Tucker, from the committee to which was referred that part of the President's message relating to roads, &c. reported two resolutions—the first requiring the secretary of war to report to the House, at the next session of Congress, a plan for the application of such means as are within the power of Congress, to the purpose of opening roads, &c. with a special reference to the military convenience of the nation, together with a statement of the actual works of a similar nature—and the second requiring a similar report from the secretary of the treasury, with a special reference to the convenience of

internal commerce, together with a statement of such works of a similar character as are already completed or begun, and also a statement of the public improvements carried on by states, or by chartered companies, &c.

The Speaker laid before the House the papers concerning our relations with Spain, which were referred to the committee on foreign relations.

The amendments to the appropriation bill were then considered severally, and passed without debate, except that appropriating \$130,000 to pay the damages recovered by Gould Hoyt against Gelston and Schenck, for the seizure of the ship *American Eagle*, which also passed by a majority of one—the vote being 60 to 59. The amendments having been gone through with, Mr. Forsyth moved to annul the specific appropriation of \$30,000 to pay the mission to South America, and add the sum to the contingent fund: the motion was agreed to without opposition. The bill was ordered to a third reading.

The amendment of the Senate, to the joint resolution for adjournment sent up by the house, altering the day from the 13th April to the 20th, was agreed to without opposition.

Tuesday, March 31st. Mr. Seybert, from the committee of commerce and manufactures, made unfavourable reports on the several petitions of the manufacturers of looking-glasses in frames, and carvers and gilders on wood; on the petitions of the merchants, traders, and tailors of Boston and Philadelphia, and on the petition of Wheeler and Cock, which reports were read and severally concurred in.

Mr. Johnson of Kentucky, from the committee on military affairs, reported the bill from the Senate to reduce the staff of the army, without amendment, and the bill was laid on the table.

The bill fixing the time (the 2d of November) for the next meeting of Congress, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The engrossed bill making appropriations for the support of government for the year 1818, was read the third time, passed, and sent to the Senate.

The bill making appropriations, the first of \$52,984, to pay claims now due at the Treasury, and the second of 260,000, to meet the demands that will be made under existing contracts, towards completing the Cumberland road, after debate, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading—ayes 67, noes 62.

Wednesday, April 1st. The engrossed bill for an earlier meeting of Congress than is appointed by the constitution, passed, 87 to 42. The engrossed bill making further appropriations for carrying on the national road, from Cumberland, on the Potomac, to the Ohio, passed, 74 to 56, and both bills were sent up to the Senate for concurrence.

Thursday, April 2d. A petition, presented from Vincente Perez, of Peru, for compensation for property taken possession of by the troops of the United States, at Amelia Island, was referred to the committee of claims.

Mr. Claiborne reported two resolutions requesting the President to cause medals, with suitable devices, to be struck and presented to Maj. Gen. Wm. Carroll, and Brig. Gen. John Coffee, for their gallantry and good conduct on several occasions, and at New-Orleans. Also a similar medal to be given to Gen. Joseph Desha for his good conduct at the river Thames, in

Upper Canada. The resolutions, after much debate, were ordered to lie on the table.

Friday, April 3d. Mr. Scott, from a select committee, reported a bill to authorise the people of Missouri territory to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the Union, on an equal footing with the original states; which was twice read and committed.

Saturday, April 4th. Mr. Sergeant reported on Meade's case, and concluded with a resolution that the House support the executive in all proper measures to procure the release of Mr. Meade.

Mr. Taylor moved a resolution for inquiry into particular expenditures in the navy, which was adopted.

Mr. Slocum moved a resolution requiring the secretary of war to report a plan, at the next session of Congress, providing the abolition of the Indian trading establishments of the U. S. and for opening the Indian trade to individuals.

Mr. Livermore submitted a resolution to amend the constitution, which was rejected. The resolution was as follows—"No person shall be held to service or labour as a slave, nor shall slavery be tolerated, in any state hereafter to be admitted into the Union, or made one of the United States of America."

The resolutions on internal improvement, reported on the 30th ult. were then put to vote and agreed to, 76 to 57.

Monday, April 6th. After the transaction of much business, of no political interest, the report from the naval committee, who were instructed to inquire into the propriety of changing the discipline of the navy, was taken up and agreed to.

The bill providing for the admission of the territory of Illinois into the union, as an equal and sovereign state, and the bill respecting the organization of the army, were read a third time, passed, and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

On motion of Mr. Forsyth, it was resolved that drawback be limited to merchandise re-exported in *American vessels*.

Tuesday, April 7th. The house proceeded to the consideration of the bill to reduce the staff of the army, and to substitute a commissariat instead of the present mode of subsisting the army by contract. The bill, with some amendments, was ordered to a third reading.

The bill making appropriations for the public buildings, &c. and the bill for erecting additional buildings for the executive departments, passed and were sent to the Senate for concurrence.

Wednesday, April 8th. The bill from the Senate to increase the salary of certain judges of the United States was reported to the house and indefinitely postponed.

The bill to regulate the staff of the army, was read a third time, and passed, as amended by this house, and returned to the Senate for concurrence in the amendments.

Mr. Tallmadge submitted a resolution directing the secretary of the navy to lay before the House a report of the actual condition of the navy pension fund, with full details; which was agreed to.

Thursday, April 9th. The bill for increasing the pay of the militia while in actual service, was ordered to a third reading.

The bill on the subject of the Niagara claims was denied a third reading.

Friday, April 10th. The House refused to give the governors of states and territories, the privilege of franking official communications.

In addition to a number of bills for individual claims, were passed, a bill to incorporate the Columbian Institute; and a bill to increase the pay of the militia whilst in actual service.

Saturday, April 11th. The navigation bill from the Senate, after a third reading, passed, and was returned to the Senate.

Monday, April 13th. The House ordered to a third reading the bill from the Senate "regulating the pay and emoluments of brevet rank;" and postponed indefinitely, the bill repealing so much of an act as allows pay and emoluments to brevet rank.

Tuesday, April 14th. The bill to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage; and the bill to increase the duties on iron in bars and bolts, &c. were ordered to a third reading.

Wednesday, April 15th. The consideration of the proposal of Manuel Torres, on the subject of finance, was deferred to the next session of Congress.

The amendments to the bill, from the Senate concerning foreign relations were laid on the table for further consideration.

The bill to authorise the appointment of a vice-president and deputy cashier to the bank of the U. S. was read a second time and referred to the committee on the judiciary.

The bill on the slave trade was ordered to a third reading.

The bill to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage; to provide for the deposit of imported wines or distilled spirits in the public warehouses; to increase the duties on iron in bars, &c. and to disallow the drawback on gun-powder, were severally read a third time, passed, and sent up for concurrence.

The bill from the Senate, to suspend the sale or forfeiture of lands for failure to complete the payments thereon, was read a third time and passed.

The House concurred with the Senate in fixing the time for the next meeting of Congress on the third Monday in November next.

A message was received from the President transmitting the information, in possession of the executive, concerning the confinement of certain American citizens by the Viceroy of Mexico.

The House resolved itself into committee of the whole on the bill to continue in force from and after the 30th June, 1819, to the 30th of June, 1826, the 4th paragraph of the 1st section of the act to regulate the duties on imports and tonnage. The bill was ordered to a third reading, 106 to 34.

Thursday, April 16th. The bill to authorise the recovery of public moneys, was ordered to a third reading.

The Louisiana and Missouri land claims, were referred to the secretary of the treasury, with a request to report a plan for their settlement at the next session of Congress.

Mr. Lewis's resolution for amending the Constitution of the U. S. was twice read and ordered to be printed.

VOL. III.—No. 1.

10

On motion of Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, it was

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to obtain from the Spanish authorities, all the records and official documents appertaining to the government of Louisiana, particularly such as concern grants and titles to land, which may have been taken out of that country at the period of its cession to the United States.

And a committee was appointed to wait on the President of the United States with the resolution.

The bill from the Senate to authorise the appointment of a vice-president, &c. to the bank of the U. S. was rejected, 85 to 50.

The bill from the Senate, in addition to the act to prohibit the introduction of slaves into the United States, was read a third time and passed.

The engrossed bill, to continue in force from June, 1819, to June, 1826, the clause of the act of 1816, laying duties on imported cottons, woollens, &c. was read the third time, passed, and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

Friday, April 17th. Mr. Pleasants submitted a resolution instructing the secretary of the navy to lay before the house, at an early period of the next session, a full statement on the subject of seamen provided for in various Marine Hospitals, at the expense of the U. S. together with an estimate of the cost of erecting a Naval Hospital at Washington, &c.

Mr. Trimble submitted two resolutions, one instructing the secretary of war to report at an early period of the next session, on the subject of reducing the peace establishment; and the other, instructing the same secretary to report a system for the establishment of a commissariat, which resolutions were, with some amendment, adopted.

Various other business was transacted, and the House adjourned.

Saturday, April 18th. The bill from the Senate, concerning discriminating duties, was read a third time, and passed.

The bill for the relief of Gen. Stark, an aged revolutionary officer, was filled for \$60 per month, passed, and was sent to the Senate.

After a variety of other business, the House adjourned to 10 o'clock on Monday.

Monday, April 20th. The amendments of the Senate to amendments of the House, to the bill to increase the salaries of certain officers, were not concurred in; and the House determined to insist on its amendment to increase the salaries of the Supreme Court Judges.

The bill from the Senate to divide the state of Pennsylvania into two judicial districts, after considerable opposition, was read a third time and passed.

A message was received from the Senate announcing its relinquishment of some of its amendments to the salary bill, but its adherence to others, but the House would not concur.

A variety of other business was transacted, and then a committee was appointed to wait on the President, jointly with one from the Senate, to inform him that the two Houses having acted on the business before them were ready to adjourn; and the said committees having respectively reported that the President had no further communications to make, the House adjourned, *sine die*.

ART. 11. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Gen. Brooks has been re-elected governor of Massachusetts by a majority of about 10,000 votes.

The trustees of the Massachusetts Hospital, have appointed Dr. Rufus Wyman of Chelmsford, to be physician and superintendent of the Insane Hospital.

Revolutionary Soldiers.—A Boston paper of the 4th ult. says, that, during the past week, about 220 old revolutionary warriors appeared before Judge Davis, to present their claims to pensions, under the late act of Congress. They seemed to be chiefly common soldiers or inferior officers.

There died in Edgarton, in 1817—Two under 1 year; one under 10; one under 20; one under 40; two under 50; one under 60; two above 70; one 83; one 79.

NEW-YORK.

The bill limiting the number of judges in each county to five, and the number of justices of the peace in each town to four, has passed both houses.

PENNSYLVANIA.

At an adjourned court of Common Pleas, held in Gettysburg, for Adams county, early in March, Miss Catharine Everly, plaintiff, and Mr. John Sell, defendant; the plaintiff obtained a verdict for *two thousand dollars damages, for breach of marriage promise.*

GEORGIA.

The latest account from the southern army is a letter from an officer in the suite of Gen. Gaines, dated camp Apalachicola, East Florida, March 13th. The army entered the Spanish province on the 10th, and proceeded to the Apalachicola for want of supplies. They there found a boat load of provisions from the bay. At the time of the sinking of Gen. Gaines' boat, Maj. Wright, and four men were lost.

"The Upper Creeks have joined the army at Fort Scott with two thousand warriors, all anxious to take the field against their turbulent neighbours. They are under command of McIntosh and Lovett, two of their most distinguished chiefs. The army will consist of from four to five thousand men."

LOUISIANA.

The chief engineer of the U. S. has issued proposals for from 1 to 6 millions of brick, 1 to 2 millions cubic feet of stone, and lime, &c. to be delivered at Mobile, lake Ponchartrain, river Mississippi and lake Barataria—from 50 to 100 carpenters, from 100 to 150 masons, and from 2 to 300 labourers, are also wanted, to proceed to those places, &c.

ILLINOIS TERRITORY.

The bill to admit this territory into the union as a state, has passed. It is estimated to contain 40,000 inhabitants, rapidly increasing, and a surface of 30 millions of land.

ART. 12. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of February, 1818. (Omitted last month.)

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 1; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 2; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 4; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 4; Cynanche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Fauces*), 3; Cynanche Trachealis, (*Hives or Croup*), 1; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 5; Bronchitis, (*Inflammation of the Bronchiæ*), 6; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 26; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 3; Pertussis, (*Whooping-Cough*), 5; Rheumatismus, (*Rheumatism*), 3; Cholera Morbus, 1; Hydrocephalus, (*Dropsy of the Head*), 1; Convulsio, (*Convulsions*), 1; Rubella, (*Measles*), 2; Variola, (*Small-Pox*), 9; Vaccinia, (*Kine-Pock*), 101.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 6; Vertigo, 2; Cephalalgia, (*Head-Ach*), 3; Dyspepsia, (*Indigestion*), 5; Gastrodynia, (*Pain in the Stomach*), 2; Obstipatio, 4; Colica, 1; Paralysis, (*Paralysis*), 1; Catarrhus Chronicus, 2; Bronchitis

Chronica, 7; Asthma et Dyspnœa, 1; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 1; Vomica, 1; Rheumatismus, 6; Pleurodynia, 1; Lumbago, 2; Menorrhagia, 1; Hæmorrhoids, 1; Leucorrhœa, 1; Diarrhœa, 2; Amenorrhœa, 3; Dysuria, (*Difficulty in discharging Urine*), 2; Plethora, 1; Anasarca, (*Dropsy*), 1; Ascites, (*Dropsy of the Abdomen*), 1; Scrophula, (*King's Evil*), 1; Tabes Mesenterica, 1; Vermes, (*Worms*), 3; Fistula, 1; Syphilis, 6; Urethritis Virulenta, 4; Paraphymosis, 1; Catagacta, (*Cataract*), 1; Tumor, 1; Pernio, (*Chilblains*), 3; Contusio, 8; Stremma, (*Sprain*), 2; Fractura, 2; Vulus, (*Wound*), 2; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 9; Abscessus, 2; Erysipelas, 1; Scabies et Prurigo, 11; Porrigo, 2; Psoriasis, 1; Herpes, 1; Aphthæ, 2.

The weather of this month has been, generally speaking, intensely cold, with the wind mostly between the N. W. and S. W. There have been some falls of snow and hail, with a small quantity of rain. The coldest days were the 9th, 10th and 11th, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer ranging between 2 and 10°, and the wind blowing very strong from the N. W. In

Albany and other more northern parts of the United States, an extraordinary severity of cold has prevailed; the mercury in the thermometer having fallen between 27 and 34° below zero, while in this city it was at no time so low as zero. The Barometrical range has extended from 30.19 to 30.68. The highest temperature at eight o'clock in the mornings has been 36°, lowest 2°; highest temperature at sunset 44°, lowest 8°.

The general state of health in the city during this interval has been favourable. The same class of diseases has prevailed as in the former month; but partaking rather more of the inflammatory character, and affecting chiefly the *Bronchiae* and *pulmonary* organs. Some cases of pure Pneumonia have occurred in children; but *Croup*, and, indeed, *Cynanche* under any form, has been less than usual. A few cases of continued and remittent fevers have been under treatment. Rubella and Pertussis have occasionally fallen under notice, the former generally of a mild character. The cases of small-pox have continued to be mostly of an unfavourable description.

In a case of vaccinia, a numerous crop of vesicles of the size of a pea in circumference, accompanied the formation of the pustule, which they surrounded, extending to the distance of between one and two inches.

A case of Peripneumonia in which the lancet was not resorted to, terminated in hydrothorax.

A case of Asthma was accompanied by anasarca, which was relieved by blood-letting, followed by an emetic, and the use of a few purgatives.

The deaths stated in the New-York Bills of Mortality for the four weeks of this month are as follow:

Abscess, 1; Apoplexy, 4; Asthma, 2; Burned, 1; Casualty, 1; Childbed, 2; Colic, 2; Consumption, 44; Convulsions, 25; Cramp in the Stomach, 3; Dropsy, 15; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 9; Drowned, 2; Dysentery, 1; Dyspepsia, 1; Epilepsy, 2; Inflammatory Fever, 1; Typhous Fever, 9; Gravel, 1; Hives, 3; Hooping Cough, 1; Inflammation of the Bowels, 5; Inflammation of the Liver, 1; Insanity, 2; Intemperance, 1; Jaundice, 2; Killed, 1; Measles, 2; Marasmus, 1; Old Age, 11; Palsy, 4; Pneumonia Typhodes, 4; Rheumatism, 2; Scrofula or King's Evil, 2; Small-Pox, 3; Sprue, 3; Spasms, 1; Still-born, 14; Sudden Death, 5; Suicide, 1; Tabes Mesenterica, 1; Teething 2; Unknown, 1; Worms, 1.—Total 221.

Of which number there died 55 of and under the age of 1 year; 13 between 1 and 2 years; 10 between 2 and 5; 5 between 5 and 10; 9 between 10 and 20; 23 between 20 and 30; 32 between 30 and 40; 19 between 40 and 50; 25 between 50 and 60; 15 between 60 and 70; 9 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

New-York, Feb. 28th, 1818.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of March, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

Febris Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 2; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 2; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 7; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 3; Phlegmone, 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 6; Cynanche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils and Fauces*), 8; Cynanche Trachealis, (*Hives or Croup*), 1; Cynanche Parotidea, (*Mumps*), 1; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 10; Bronchitis, (*Inflammation of the Bronchia*), 4; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 24; Pertussis, (*Hooping Cough*), 2; Rheumatismus, 3; Icterus, (*Jaundice*), 1; Hæmoptysis, (*Spitting of Blood*), 1; Erysipelas, (*St. Anthony's Fire*), 2; Rubella, (*Measles*), 4; Variola, (*Small-Pox*), 1; Vaccina, (*Kine-Pock*), [85; Dentitio, 2.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 3; Vertigo, 6; Cephalalgia, (*Head-Ach*), 3; Dyspepsia, 7; Gastrodynia, (*Pain in the Stomach*), 3; Obstipatio, 8; Colica, (*Colic*), 1; Paralysis, (*Palsy*), 1; Ophthalmia Chronica, 1; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 2; Bronchitis Chronica, 5; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 3; Rheumatismus, 12; Pleurodynia, 3; Lumbago, 6; Nephralgia, 2; Lithiasis, (*Gravel*), 1; Cancer Uteri, 1; Hydarthrus, (*White Swelling*), 1; Tumor, 2; Hernia Inguinalis, 1; Hæmoptysis, (*Spitting of Blood*), 1; Menorrhagia, 1; Hæmorrhoids, 3; Dysentery, 1; Amenorrhœa, 6; Dysmenorrhœa, 1; Ischuria, (*Suppression of Urine*), 1; Dysuria, (*Difficulty in discharging Urine*), 2; Plethora, 2; Anasarca, (*Dropsy*), 2; Ascites, (*Dropsy of the Abdomen*), 1; Vermes, (*Worms*), 8; Syphilis, 10; Urethritis Virulenta, 4; Contusio, (*Bruise*), 5; Stremma, (*Sprain*), 3; Luxation, (*Dislocation*), 1; Fractura, 3; Vulnus, (*Wound*), 2; Ustio, (*Burn*), 3; Abscessus, (*Abscess*), 2; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 16; Psoriasis, 1; Herpes, 1; Scabies et Prurigo, 26; Porri-go, (*Scald Head*), 3; Eruptiones Varicæ, 5.

The month of March commenced with rain, and was more or less stormy and unsettled during the first four days; after which the weather became clear and remarkably pleasant, with the wind chiefly between the N. W. and S. for thirteen days in succession. On the 18th the weather became less agreeable, and cold easterly winds, which were accompanied with some overcast and stormy days, prevailed throughout the remainder of the month. The Barometrical range has been from 30.21 to 30.76. The highest temperature of the mornings has been 50° of Fahrenheit, lowest 19°; highest temperature of the afternoons, 60°, lowest 22°; highest temperature at sun-set 68°, lowest 23°.

There is little to remark upon the diseases of the period embraced by this report. Our catalogue presents nearly the same series of

morbid affections as reported for the preceding month. The mortality, however, has somewhat increased, and the cold easterly winds which prevailed in the latter part of this period have multiplied the number of of *Catarrhal* complaints, some of which have been attended with a considerable degree of *pyrexia*, and have required active depletion and a strict adherence to the Antiphlogistic method. Ophthalmia and inflammatory sore throats have been rather prevalent, and fevers of the continued kind, partaking of the typhoid character, have also increased in frequency.

Variola and *Rubeola* have diminished. Cases of *asthenia*, *cephalalgia*, *dyspepsia*, *gastrodynia*, *enterodynia* and *obstipatio*, which always constitute a considerable proportion of the chronic diseases among the lower classes of society, have been more common. The great number of eruptive disorders, particularly of the *apyretic* sort, which occur in Dispensary practice, may, perhaps, excite some surprise; but when we take into consideration the poverty, bad diet, neglect of cleanliness, and consequent distress of the lower orders of people, we have a ready solution of the cause of the frequency of such diseases.

The general Bill of Mortality for March, gives the following account of deaths from different diseases:

Abscess, 1; Apoplexy, 6; Burned, 1; Casualty, 3; Catarrh, 2; Colic, 1; Consumption, 50; Convulsions, 19; Diarrhoea, 2; Dropsy, 6; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 9; Drowned, 2; Dyspepsia, 1; Remittent Fever; 2; Typhous Fever, 11; Gravel, 1; Hæmoptysis, 1; Hæmorrhage, 1; Hives or Croup, 11; Hooping Cough, 4; Inflammation of the Brain, 1; Inflammation of the Chest, 10; Inflammation of the Bowels, 1; Inflammation of the Liver, 1; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 3; Jaundice, 1; Marasmus, 1; Menorrhagia, 1; Mortification, 1; Nervous Disease, 1; Old Age, 7; Palsy, 4; Pneumonia typhodes, 6; Quinsy, 2; Rheumatism, 1; Scrophula or King's Evil, 2; Small-Pox, 3; Still Born, 15; Stranguary, 1; Sudden Death, 2; Suicide, 4; Tabes Mesenterica, Teething, 2; Unknown, 7; Worms, 1.—Total 244.

Of this number, 62 died of and under the age of one year; 18 between 1 and 2 years; 16 between 2 and 5; 7 between 5 and 10; 10 between 10 and 20; 31 between 20 and 30; 30 between 30 and 40; 85 between 40 and 50; 12 between 50 and 60; 9 between 60 and 70; 9 between 70 and 80; 3 between 80 and 90; and 1 of 100.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M. D.
New-York, March 31st. 1818.

ART. 13. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

MADAME DESHOULIERES, THE FRENCH POETESS.

THIS lady was much admired as a poetess by her countrymen, yet, except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her are little interesting; and rather evince strength of mind than harmony of verse, or delicacy of feeling. Indeed they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the following adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulières was invited by the count and countess de Larneville to pass some time at their chateau, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-chambers in the mansion, except one, which, from the strange noises that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted. Madame Deshoulières was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than, to their great surprise and terror, she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The count looked aghast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention, since, however brave

curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her present situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The countess observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high spirited Madame Deshoulières, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you, if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments repeated over and over again, were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstition acting upon weak minds—she entertained no faith in the "fleshy arm" of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulières found it grand and spacious—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of cavernous depth. As soon as Madame was undressed, she

stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in a bracket which stood on a stand near it, and enjoining her *femme de chambre* to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book, according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose—from this she was soon roused by a noise at her door—it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the impostor which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent on penetrating and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but Madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor whom she suspected to be one of the domestics, but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulières was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted—and well did she justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for still retaining her self-possession she exclaimed, “Ah, now I shall ascertain what thou art,” at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unresisting and quiet than the owner of the imprisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position in which she had remained for so many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure,

for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the meantime the count and countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself, grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From this state of *petrification* they were revived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the count, “There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;” for such he had concluded it from having been the last person who had died in the chateau. The count regarded his wife—then the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But Madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irresolution by saying, “No, no, Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. I will complete my task and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes. Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for, Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders and caused all the noises which has annoyed me this night, and he would have taken possession of my bed also if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury.

ANECDOTES OF THE COURT OF PORTUGAL. *John V. King of Portugal, and his Mistress.*

This prince was so much captivated by a young and handsome lady of the court, that, although well informed of her having already bestowed her heart on a lover every way deserving of it, he was determined to endeavour at winning the preference through all those temptations which kings have it in their power to offer. The young lady's sen-

timents and principles were, however, proof against these undue attempts to shake her fidelity to the first possessor of her affections; and to prove her resolution to maintain it unbroken, she retired to the convent D'Oliveira, hoping that she should there be safe from the importunities of her royal admirer. In this she was sadly mistaken: she fled not with more earnestness than the king pursued; and as no retreat, however sacred, could be barred against him, whose power was despotic, she was still obliged to submit to his visits, and trust to time and her own perseverance in virtue for that release which she had vainly sought in a religious retirement. Determined, at all events, to avoid ever being alone with the king, she engaged, as her constant companion, a young lady belonging to the convent, who might at the same time be a restraint on the king's conduct, and a strict witness of her own. This circumspection, from which nothing could for a moment divert her, failed of proving; to the royal lover that her heart was closed against him. John, therefore, persevered in his suit; but suspecting that the little progress he had hitherto made, was attributable to the opportunities his rival still enjoyed of keeping alive his interest in the affections of his mistress, he determined on removing this fancied obstacle to his success, by sending the young man out of the kingdom; and this he did in a manner most calculated to extenuate in some degree the motives which actuated him. He generously conferred on him an honourable and lucrative employment, at a distance from Portugal, and made every branch of his family easy in their circumstances through his munificence. A more summary and a more cruel method of getting rid of a rival, might have been expected from a despotic monarch of a country noted for the most atrocious acts of jealous passion.

All his Majesty's schemes were vain; the object of them maintained the same cold, respectful reserve, which virtue had first dictated as the most dignified mode of checking the unlawful hopes of the king; who now, as a lover's last resource, endeavoured to enlist vanity in his cause—that auxiliary which has so often proved all-powerful where love and ambition have failed. To rouse this passion in his behalf, the king affected to transfer his admiration and attentions to the companion of his mistress; but here again he was fated to meet disappointment—a pure and constant attachment guarded Mademoiselle de S—from that mean species of jealousy which it was intended should effect her downfall. John, however, continued to act the part he had assumed till, unconsciously to himself, he became charmed by the sense, wit, and interesting manners of the person through whom he had hoped to have wounded the vanity of the first object of his admiration. But his majesty was at length convinced that the latter was rejoiced at being relieved from his importunities, and

that she anxiously waited for the moment when she might feel herself wholly emancipated from the painful restraint under which she had for some time suffered. This soon took place: the king's new attachment so rapidly gained strength, that it shortly conquered all remains of his former inclination; and his second mistress, less scrupulous or more interested by the passion of the king, yielded without reserve to the pleasures of a mutual affection. The intercourse to which this led, continued unbroken for many years, and was finally dissolved in a manner honourable to both parties.

This event originated in the following circumstances:—

Lisbon was just recovering from the fatal effects of a disorder resembling the plague, which had carried off a great portion of its inhabitants, when it was again visited by a calamity which severely renewed the affliction and miseries of the survivors. There arose, from the south, so tremendous a storm, that it threatened to involve this ill-fated city and its neighbourhood in irremediable ruin. Seven hundred vessels, which were riding at anchor in the Tagus, were torn from their moorings, and either entirely wrecked or greatly injured by running aground. One English man of war, commanded by Lord Wore, and destined for the secret conveyance of money privately granted by the court of Portugal to that of London, alone weathered unharmed this frightful tempest. The ships of war belonging to his Portuguese majesty shared in the destructive consequences already mentioned. The country in the vicinity of the metropolis exhibited a similar scene of devastation—houses on all sides reduced to a heap of rubbish—the earth strewed with the dismembered branches of the finest trees, and millions of the largest olives torn up by the roots, presented a sad spectacle of a loss which there could be no hope of repairing for many years. When these melancholy and desolating effects of the storm were described to the king, he was so deeply penetrated with grief at the sufferings of his people, that, wholly unable to control his feelings, his tears flowed unchecked in the presence of father Govea. This worthy man was of the order of Capuchins, and an admirable preacher. The holiness of his life, which was exemplary, had impressed the king with the highest veneration for his person, and the most perfect confidence in his disinterestedness, a strong proof of which he had given in having refused both the dignity of patriarch of Lisbon, and cardinal of Rome, which had been pressed upon him. The state of mind in which father Govea now saw the king of Portugal, was too favourable to the accomplishment of a wish he had long cherished at heart, to be suffered to subside without an effort at obtaining it. He had in real charity grieved over the state of adultery in which the king lived, and therefore seized the present auspicious

moment to represent to him, with mild eloquence, that God, when justly irritated by the guilty conduct of princes, frequently suffered the punishment they had incurred, to fall in this world on their less faulty subjects, reserving, it might be fearfully apprehended, a severer one for the greater culprits in the world to come. This edifying reproof of the good father, which was extended beyond what it is here necessary to detail, made a sensible impression on the king, and particularly on the point which had principally instigated him to venture this exhortation. Of this, his majesty gave a solid proof, by instantly resolving to sacrifice to God the object that had so long diverted him from his duties. It required no small degree of manly fortitude to fulfil this laudable determination. His attachment to his mistress continued unabated, and her society was an unfailling source of pleasure and comfort to him after the cares and employments of the day. This he evinced by regularly repairing, at the fall of every evening, to the convent D'Oliveira, where she continued to reside, to pass it in her company. He was now to give up for ever an intercourse, from which he had for years derived his chief delight—an object that was still dear to him—and his majesty was nobly firm in prosecuting this painful reformation, for he did not even allow himself a last interview with his mistress. This lady acted with no less dignity and fortitude. Finding that the king did not visit her the day after the hurricane, she sent a messenger to inquire into the cause, who was at the same time commissioned to present the king with a couple of shirts, which she had made for him with her own hands. By the advice of father Govea, however, this present was not delivered. On the return of the messenger, the lady was fully informed of all that had passed, and the resolution which had in consequence been formed by his majesty respecting his future conduct in regard to her. So far from resenting this desertion, she appeared desirous of following his example, and obliterating, by a life of penance, the guilt she had incurred by their illicit commerce. She readily quitted the magnificent apartments which the king had with boundless generosity built and adorned purposely for her use;—returned all his costly presents—and, with an humble spirit, retired again to the lowly cell which she had occupied in the days of her innocence. The king consoled himself for her loss, by elevating and enriching those of her family whom he knew to be most dear to her. Thus ended this amour.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FEMALE
INTREPIDITY.

From L'Ermite en Province.

I made the journey from Agen to Montauban (says M. Jouy, whose recent essays under the above title have become rather too diffuse for our publication, too political in

their tendency, and not devoted with the same happiness as heretofore to the picture of manners) in company with a handsome young lady, whom I will call Madame D'Ettivale, in order to come near to her name, without naming her: she is a French woman in the whole force, in the whole extent, in the whole grace of the term: the words *charme* and *entrainement* would have been invented for her. I do not think that there exists a heart which beats higher at the ideas of glory, of misfortune, of country; and I venture to affirm, that if there are in France a hundred thousand men like that woman, we may be without uneasiness respecting the future. I do not know what this lady thinks of love, nor how she speaks of it, (it is a question upon which people do not understand each other at the two extremities of life); but I do not hesitate to adduce her as a living refutation of the reproach which Montaigne, La Rochefoucault, and Beaumarchais have cast upon women, that they do not know real friendship between themselves. Madame D'Ettivale has a female friend of her own age, several of whose letters she has shown me. If they should be one day published, I would not answer for their dispossessing Madame de Sevigné of the epistolary sceptre, which she holds by prescriptive admiration; but I am certain that people will find in them sentiments which are just and natural, even in their exaltation; and the expression of an ardent soul, which discharges itself into the bosom of a friend without thinking of the opinions of the great world, for which such letters are not written. The history of these two ladies, which is connected with the principal events of the revolution, would furnish an excellent chapter of manners; but independently of the secrecy which we owe to confidential communications, this narrative would throw me back into the whirlpool of the capital, which I have quitted for a time. I will confine myself to relating the travelling adventure which gave birth to a friendship of which few instances would be found among the men of any age or country.

Madame Eleonore de Moubrey (this is the name of Madame D'Ettivale's friend) had a mere general acquaintance with her when they made a journey together, some years ago, to Bagnères, where they were going to take the waters. Madame D'Ettivale had with her, her daughter, eight years old, whose beauty begins to be talked of in the world. A singular conformity of taste, of opinions, (which at that time were only sentiments) and which the intimacy of a few days developed, had already laid the foundation for an union between these two young ladies, which was soon to be cemented by a horrible event.

A few leagues on the way from Bagnères to Lushon, on seeing a steep road, which made it necessary to put a drag on the wheels of their carriage, Madame de Moubrey proposed to her companion to descend the mountain on foot. The latter fearing the

fatigue more than the danger of the road, entrusted her daughter to the care of a maid servant, and remained alone in the carriage. The road passed, for about a hundred toises, between two precipices, the depth of which was concealed by the hedges and brushwood which covered the edge. The little girl holding the servant by the hand, was walking in a path worn on the side of the road. Madame de Mombrey, who had taken the other side of the road, was a few steps before them: suddenly a piercing shriek is heard—she turns, and sees the servant stretched upon the ground, writhing in convulsions of despair. She runs up—the child is still rolling down a precipice above a hundred feet deep: without hesitating an instant—without reflecting on the dreadful danger which she braves—a young, weak, and delicate woman descends, or rather rushes down, this abyss; directing herself in her descent by the cries of the unfortunate little girl, who is hanging to the branches of an old willow, suspended over the pointed rocks which line the bottom of the abyss. The heroic Eleonore, to whom nature, at this moment, gives a degree of strength which she will perhaps never feel again, disengages the child, seizes with her teeth the collar of her frock, makes her ascend before her, and holding by the briars and thorns, which tear in vain her face and hands, she succeeds, after an hour's supernatural efforts, in restoring the child to her mother, whom the postillion, who held her in his arms, had alone prevented from throwing herself down the precipice. I shall say nothing of the painful and transporting scene which followed the unhoped-for re-union. I was not witness to it; and there are, besides, situations in life, which it is sufficient to indicate in order to describe them.

From the Missouri Emigrant.

EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE.

Dr. Samuel Peters is now waiting at Prairie du Chien, the upper military post and settlement on the Mississippi, for the permission of the proper authorities to hold councils with Indians. His object is to gain their consent for him to settle the track of land at lake Pepin, given by them to the celebrated Capt. Jonathan Carver. Dr. P. is upwards of 81 years of age, he formerly lived at Hebron, Con. and is one of those who retired to England during the American revolutionary struggle, and for his loyalty received several appointments from the king. He was bishop of Connecticut and chaplain to one of the British commissioners at the first treaty of peace with America.

In London he met Capt. Carver, (with whom he was formerly acquainted,) after he had been disappointed in having his grant confirmed, and so frequently deceived by the ministry, that he had spent all his property and means of support in fruitless attendance upon them, and had at last given up his claim in despair. Dr. P. took him

home, and supported him through a long and expensive series of troubles, until by the influence of his friends, he brought the petition before the king in council, who was pleased to grant it. Capt. C. was soon after taken sick and died, but before his death, he assigned to Dr. P. all his rights to the land as a remuneration for his expense and trouble, only requesting the Doctor to remember his children, and do for them as if they were his own. For this purpose, Dr. P. returned to America in 1807, and collected together the heirs of Capt. C. and offered to give them back his right to the land or do any thing else that they might suggest as meeting their wishes, and enable him to fulfil the injunctions of his friend; they concluded that it would be best for him to complete the title, as he was better qualified, &c. and they would be satisfied with a township of the lands afterwards.

Dr. Peters returned to England, and before he was ready to return, war commenced, which kept him in England until the peace. Since this period he has been ardently employed to commence a settlement, and notwithstanding his age and infirmities, the extreme danger and almost insurmountable difficulties of the undertaking, he has undauntedly progressed as far as above stated, and so sanguine is he of ultimate success, that in a letter to the writer of this, for information, &c. he says, "I expect to build next summer, a saw and grist mills, dwelling house, &c. at Mount Lesouille," township of —, county of Munroe and territory of Petrysylvania, near lake Pepin." S.

Corrigenda in the review of Wint's Life of Henry, in our last.

Page 413. For *items of the hero* or *stateman*—read, *items in the hero's* or *stateman's* reputation, &c.

Page 414. For, *we acknowledge* the ample assistance, &c.—read, *he acknowledges*, &c.

Same page. For, the *intensity* of his reputation,—read *extension*, &c.

Same page. For, he would throw himself in all forms,—read *into* all forms.

Page 416. For, with boots—read with *hunting* boots, &c.

Page 417. For, to hide an enormous defect in the treasury,—read an enormous *deficit*.

Page 419. For, *even* remain a matter of opinion,—read, *ever* remain.

Page 423. For, *this* common error,—read, the common error.

Same page. For, *perfect* and *entire* here *means*—read, here *mean*.

Page 424. For, a much longer life than *ever* that, &c.—read, than *even* that. For, proper in the *long* since of the bar,—read, proper in the *language* of the bar.

Page 425. For, was almost death,—read, was almost *instant* death.

Pages 425 and 427. *Exuviae* is incorrectly spelt with the diphthong *ae*.

Page 426. For, *few* such can be found,—read, *few* such *instances* can be found.

* Lesouille is the name of the principal chief of the Sioux, and I suppose the greatest *counsellor* of their nation.

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ART. 1. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF abstract of the remarkable facts, in regard to the power of fascination in serpents, related in the following letters, was made in our Magazine for November last, in the report of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of New-York. But, from the nature of that department, the inferences drawn from those facts, by Mr. Garden, could not be given in detail, and they are so ingenious and interesting that we presume our readers will coincide with us in thinking them worthy of publication.

For the copy of the letters, we are indebted to the politeness of Dr. Francis, of this city.

To Dr. David Ramsay.

DEAR SIR,

Before I read the Essay of Dr. Barton (so strongly recommended by you to my attention) on the Fascinating Power attributed to Serpents, it is my wish to deliver my own sentiments in writing, that I may more explicitly declare my reasons for believing—that it proceeds from a power possessed by the snake, of emitting, at pleasure, from its body, a very subtle effluvium, which, acting on the delicate organs of the smaller animals, deprives them of every power of exertion, and renders them incapable of flight.

Nature has endowed every animal with an instinct, which at once points out the enemy it has cause to dread. The agitation of the mouse on the appearance of a cat, the confusion in a poultry yard if a hawk directs its flight towards it, will

VOL. III.—NO. II.

sufficiently prove this. How then are we to account for it, that the rabbit, squirrel, or wood-rat, which, on the approach of a dog or fox, immediately flies to its lurking place for shelter, should, on the appearance of a serpent, lose every disposition to remove from it, and remain in a state of torpidity till it become its prey. It is my wish to prove the existence of this effluvium, and the power of the snake to communicate it at pleasure to the surrounding atmosphere, so as to extend it to the object it wishes to destroy. From the number of facts related to me, I shall select a few, giving the authority from which I received them.

The late colonel Thompson of Belleville, mentioned to me, many years ago, that riding on his estate in search of game, he came unexpectedly on a snake in coil, of so monstrous a size, that he believed it, in the first instance, a buck of the first magnitude; that, recovering from his surprise, he fired at, and killed the reptile; but, at the same instant, was assailed by an overpowering vapour, that so completely bewildered his senses, that it was not without the greatest difficulty that he could guide his horse and return to his dwelling,—that a deadly sickness at his stomach followed, and a puking more violent than he had ever experienced from the operation of the most powerful emetic.

By Mrs. Daniel Blake, of Newington, I was informed, that an overseer on one of her southern plantations, being missed and sought for by his family, was found

in a state of perfect insensibility, in a field near his dwelling, who, on the recovery of his senses, declared, that waiting the approach of a deer that had been troublesome to his crop, he had heard the rattle of a snake, and that before it was in his power to remove from the threatened danger, he perceived a *sickening effluvia*, which deprived him instantaneously of sense.

From the president of our senate, Mr. John Lloyd, I received the following fact:—A negro working in his field, was seen suddenly to fall, uttering at the same instant a dreadful shriek. On approaching him it was found that he had struck off the head of a very large rattle snake, the body of which was still writhing with agony by his side. When restored to sense, which it took much pains to accomplish, he declared that he shrieked with horror as he struck the snake, and at the same instant fell, overpowered by a *smell* that took away all his senses.

From these instances I think it would appear, that, although at all times possessed of the power of throwing off this effluvia, that it is only *occasionally* used by the snake; had it been otherwise—if *always* perceptible, *Renty*, the overseer of Mrs. B. and the negro of Mr. L. would have been apprised of their danger, and had an opportunity of avoiding it. But of its actual existence I have still stronger proof, since it has been well ascertained that a negro belonging to Mr. Nathaniel Barnwell, of Beaufort, could, from the acuteness of his faculty of smelling, at all times discover the rattle snake, and, with unerring accuracy, trace its movements; and I have heard my friend colonel Edward Barnwell frequently declare, that he had seen him quit his work, telling his companions that he smelt a rattle snake, and at a distance of two *tasks*, (210 feet) point out the animal *fascinating*, and always in the *very act* of seizing its prey. If such be the effects on the senses of *man*, may it not be supposed that the delicate organs of the smaller animals may be operated upon with equal or still greater effect. We know full well that a profusion of odours will not only impair health, but in many instances occasion *death*. Life has been repeatedly destroyed by the confined air of a bed chamber being overcharged by the fragrance of the sweetest flowers; it will not, therefore, be deemed improbable that odours noxious and offensive in themselves, should be productive of as deadly effects.

In page 74 of Vaillant's Travels in Africa, vol. i. part 2, an interesting ac-

count is introduced of a fascinated bird, which died in convulsions in sight of the author, although the distance betwixt it and its enemy was three and a half feet, and upon examination no trace could be found of the slightest wound or external injury. Another instance follows, where a small mouse expired in convulsions, although two yards distant from the snake which caused its destruction. In the same work the following interesting anecdote will be found, as related by a captain in Gordon's regiment, then quartered at the Cape:—"While in garrison at Ceylon, and amusing myself in hunting a marsh, I was suddenly seized with a convulsive and involuntary trembling, different from what I had ever experienced, and at the same time was strongly attracted, and in spite of myself, to a particular spot in the marsh. Directing my eye to the spot, I beheld, with feelings of horror, a serpent of an enormous size, whose look instantly pierced me. Having, however, *not yet lost all power of motion*, I embraced the opportunity before too late, and saluted the reptile with the contents of my fusée. The report was a talisman, and broke the charm—my convulsions ceased—I felt myself able to fly, and the only inconvenience was a cold sweat, which was doubtless the effect of fear, and the violent agitation that my senses had undergone."

It is evident that Vaillant, in the two first cases, believed that death was occasioned by *fright*; yet I cannot subscribe to his opinion, for the removal of the cause would necessarily destroy the effect; and he tells us, "that at his approach the snake glided off, and that it was not till some time afterwards that the mouse expired as he held it in his hand." In the case of the officer, fear could not have had the influence attributed to it, for his convulsions and tremblings took place *before* the serpent was discovered by him, and it would be the height of folly to suppose its existence where no cause appeared to excite it. Allow me then to say, that I consider these instances rather as confirmations of my opinions than militating against them; for as no external injury was received, no wound inflicted, and death the result of the fascinations, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the inhaling of the deadly effluvia, the existence of which I have endeavoured to prove, was the *certain cause of it*. That the officer escaped does not surprise me, for I cannot suppose the power given to every serpent in equal degree, and the quantity of effluvia

emitted, though sufficient to bewilder and stupify, was not in its nature so completely baneful as to produce death.

I shall now read Dr. Barton with attention, and having candidly stated my opinions, without a hesitation give them up, if I find (as you say I shall) his doctrines conclusive on the subject.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
 &c. &c. &c.

ALEX. GARDEN.

To General Charles Colenworth Pinckney.

DEAR SIR,

The opinions expressed in my letter to Dr. Ramsay, on "the existence of an effluvium, which enables the rattle snake, without any extraordinary exertion, to secure its prey," resulted from a candid consideration of the instances therein adduced in support of them. I had never read a line on the subject, nor imagined that similar ideas had been entertained by any other person; it is, therefore, particularly grateful to me, to find, from the perusal of the books you had the politeness to put into my hands, that so distinguished a naturalist as Monsieur La Cèpede cherished such sentiments on the subject as give sanction to my own. He speaks with confidence "of the existence of the fetid effluvium emanating from the rattle snake, and ascribes to it the effect of suffocating or at least stupifying the animal on whose senses it is designed to operate." He even asserts—"that it is so offensive, that it will occasion dizziness and head-ache in persons who continue long in the apartment in which the reptile is confined;" but although he believes it the foundation of all the stories which have been related with regard to the fascination of animals by the snake, he expresses his opinion, "that in most cases the animal which becomes a victim, has been *previously bitten*." I subscribe cheerfully to this opinion—though not *in toto*. Colonel Thompson was not bitten, yet his declaration proves, that his senses were thrown into such a state of confusion, by the effluvium emanating from the snake which he killed, that he was nearly deprived of ability to guide the horse which he rode, while his subsequent sickness evinces its injurious effects on his constitution, and that it *threatened life*, although it was not sufficiently powerful to destroy it. On Renty, Mrs. Blake's overseer, and the negro of Mr. Lloyd, no wound was inflicted, yet both from the effect of the effluvium were deprived of sense; in these instances, the *strength* of the organs on which it operated, may pro-

bably *have saved from destruction*; and as the little bird and mouse mentioned by Vaillant, with organs of more delicate texture, perished in convulsions, though considerably removed from the snake, and never bitten, I think it reasonable to conclude, that death was occasioned by *the noxious quality of the effluvium alone*. Before I touch on the theory of Dr. Barton, permit me to remind you that in my opinion, "the power rests with the serpent to emit at pleasure the effluvium which secures to it its prey; that it is rarely perceptible but when the snake is either anxious to obtain food, or provoked to anger,—and that the free possession of its health and strength is necessary to its being able to use it with effect." "If," says Dr. Barton, "the vapor emanating from the snake, had the effect attributed to it, it would be a kind of *Avernus* which animals would avoid,—but this is not the case, as frogs and birds are frequently found near them uninjured and undestroyed." Now their security in this case, is, in my opinion, owing to the snake's being previously sufficiently supplied with food; for—from its sluggish habits—its inability to make at any time great exertion, it is probable that Providence has caused it to be satisfied with little nourishment, and that it should never endeavour to paralyze where it did not mean to destroy, and I am confirmed in this belief from the perfect recollection of one having been kept alive for upwards of twelve months at Glasgow College, which during that period never took any food whatever. But although Dr. Barton has little or no faith in the existence of the effluvium, yet he says—"My friend Mr. Wm. Bartram assured me, that he had observed horses to be *sensible of, and greatly agitated by it*, showing their abhorrence, by snorting, whinnying, and starting from the road, and endeavouring to throw their riders in order to escape." To prove that the vapor, if it did exist, was not *prejudicial*, he put a snow bird into a cage with a rattlé snake;—the little animal exhibited no signs of fear, but hopped from the floor to the roost, and frequently sat on the back of the snake; it ate seeds which were put into the cage, and by all its acts demonstrated, that its situation was not uneasy. To account for this, it is of consequence to observe, that the rattle snake seldom eats when caged. Monsieur Boec says, "when confined they for the most part suffer themselves to die of hunger;" and it is of still greater import to recollect, that when the experiment was made by Dr. Barton, *the season was not arrived*, when

rattle snakes were accustomed to leave their dens—the state of the reptile was little removed from absolute torpidity; and I am more inclined to believe it from the indifference shown by the bird, which from the never failing power of instinct, might at once perceive the want of ability in its enemy to molest or injure it. If Dr. Barton's opinion was accurate—"That at the season alone, when birds were employed in hatching their eggs, or nourishing their young, the uneasiness observed in them on the approach of the snake was perceptible, and that their cries and agitation, was occasioned by a desire to defend and protect them," I should be doubtful of the accuracy of my own opinions, and join in the belief, that their destruction was frequently occasioned by their exerting themselves beyond discretion, and persisting in their attacks till they became the victims of parental anxiety; but this is by no means the case, and particular inquiry justifies me in saying—"that till the snake makes his retreat to his den, for the winter season, the power is completely his, of securing his prey, and producing all the effects on the animal destroyed, which are perceptible at an earlier season." My friend, capt. Wm. Cattel, at a late period, saw a rabbit so completely bewildered by the power of the effluvium emanating from a large snake which was about to devour it, that after driving the reptile off, he was compelled repeatedly to strike it smartly with his whip before it sufficiently recovered the use of its faculties to move away.—Capt. Fuller and Mr. Miles, very lately, also took up from before a rattle snake, a large rabbit, that was too much bewildered to show the smallest desire to escape. Monsieur Beauvois denies the existence of the effluvium, and declares, in all the experiments made by Mr. Peale of Philadelphia, and himself, neither the one nor the other could ever perceive that any was emitted by the snake subjected to their observations. He also put a bird into a cage with a rattle snake, but found that the reptile remained perfectly tranquil and the bird altogether at ease; nor did the air appear to it, to judge from its behaviour, different from that which is found in an ordinary close cage;—but, as in the case mentioned by Dr. Barton, the snake had been dug from the ground in a torpid state, and still remained without

vigour or activity, in that stupor when it is never known to emit any odour whatever. He had procured in Jersey, eight rattle snakes, which he had shut up in a box as soon as dug out of the earth, and forwarded to Philadelphia. Three weeks after, the box was opened and the snakes taken out, when no odour whatever was perceived, and in my opinion, for this plain reason, that being dug out of the ground when torpid, no disposition to gratify appetite existed in them,—that they were too languid and insensible to be susceptible of anger, and that the power was denied them of emitting the effluvium, which at a more advanced season, and in possession of health and vigour, had undoubtedly been theirs. The opinion of Monsieur Boec, differs widely from that of Dr. Barton: "Nature," says he, "while she refused to the rattle snake activity, to warn man of his danger, has given to the reptile a pestilential effluvium and rattles." But this effluvium, according to his ideas, arises from the putridity of the food contained in the stomach of the reptile, while subject to the operation of digestion. Now, if this position be true, the snake, while gorged with food, would prevent the approach of all other animals by warning them of their danger, for, independent of his will, the pestiferous odour would be emitted, and when the stomach is empty it would emit no odour whatever; whereas, I believe the fact to be diametrically opposite—that the snake, when gorged with food, is quiescent, altogether disinclined to exertion, and in no instance prone unnecessarily to waste the effluvium on which it depends for support; but, on the other hand, when its stomach is empty, impelled by hunger to seek for food, that it freely emits the effluvium, which prevents the escape of the animal it wishes to devour, and by stupifying, causes it to become an easy sacrifice to its rapacious appetite.

I am sensible, sir, that you would have blamed me, had I feigned a conviction of error which I did not feel. The arguments which I now offer in support of my pristine opinions, may prove little satisfactory to you, but will, I hope, have sufficient plausibility to excuse me for subjecting them to your consideration. With grateful recollection of your politeness,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

ALEX. GARDEN.

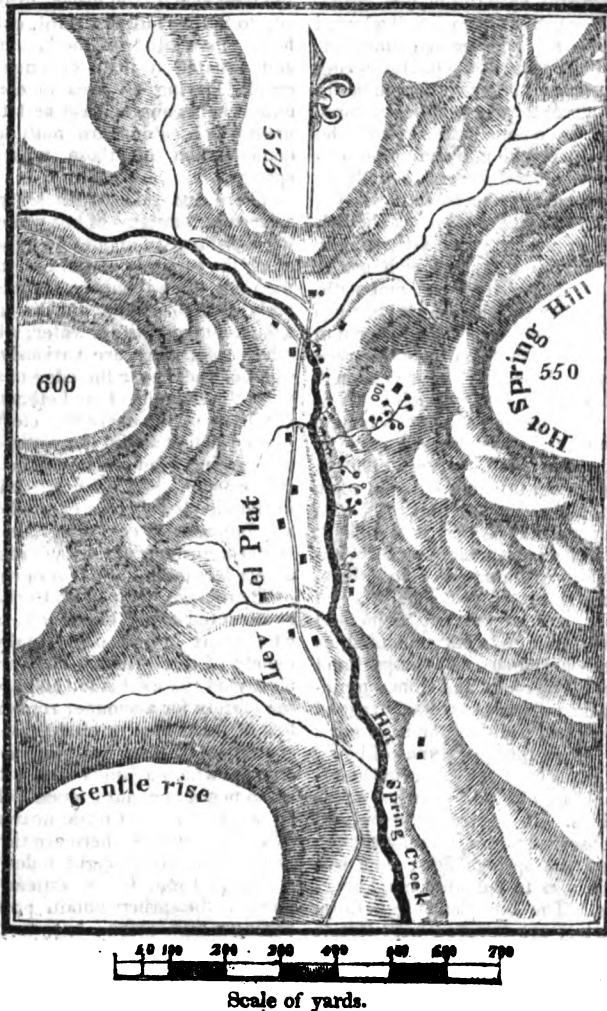
A Description of the Hot Springs, near the river Washitaw, and of the Physical Geography of the adjacent country; in a Communication from Major S. H. Long, of the U. S. corps of Engineers, to the hon. Samuel L. Mitchell, dated St. Louis, Missouri, February 23, 1818. (Read before the Lyceum of Natural History at New-York, 20th April, 1818.)

MY DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of communicating upon a subject which you will no doubt consider somewhat interesting, not only

because it relates to a curiosity of the first magnitude, but because it is connected also with a profession which is greatly indebted to yourself, for its respectability and advancement in this country. The subject alluded to, is the Hot Springs of the Washitaw, which I visited on the first day of January last, on my return from Red river. Together with an unvarnished description of the springs, I herewith present you a rude sketch of the adjacent country, which will enable you to form some idea of their locality.

HOT SPRINGS OF THE WASHITAW.



N. B. The Numbers 550, 575, and 600, represent the probable height of the hills.

These remarkable springs are situated in N. lat. $34^{\circ} 14' 7''$, upon a small creek of the Washitaw, bearing their name, and uniting with that river at the distance of 12 or 14 miles from the springs. The country in which they are situated is extremely hilly and broken, the highlands being divided into numerous ridges and knobs by creeks, runs, &c. The rocky formations, in this neighbourhood, are both various and interesting, exhibiting various orders of concretion, from the softest state to the hardest flint. On the Washitaw, slate of an excellent quality for tiling is found in abundance. Near the springs I observed several varieties of this formation, one of which appeared well adapted for writing slates, and a second, sufficiently hard and fissile for tiles. On Hot Spring creek, and several other water courses in its vicinity, are extensive quarries of stone, resembling, in colour and texture, the Turkey oil stone, which, by numerous experiments, has been proved equally as useful in sharpening tools, &c. On the hills, tuff and other mineral sines abound. The stones in many places are strongly impregnated with iron, and rich ore of this metal is frequently to be met with. Upon the hill from which the Hot Springs issue, the rocky formations are different in many respects, from any I have observed upon the other hills. By the operation of heat, as also of the water which holds in solution a large portion of the carbonate of lime, no where else to be seen upon the surface of the ground, various changes have been wrought upon them. In some instances the works are so incrustated with calcareous concretions, that it is difficult to ascertain their original character without a minute examination. In others, pebbles and stones of various forms and complexions, are so strongly cemented together with iron and calx combined, as to constitute large masses of compact and solid stone. The rocks and stones generally upon the hills, are extremely ragged and favillous, vast bodies of them, in many instances, having the appearance of being composed entirely of the calcareous matter once held in solution by the hot water of the springs. In regard to the natural growth, I observed nothing peculiar to the hill whence the springs flow, that was not common also to the other neighbouring heights. The high lands generally, in this quarter, are covered with forests of yellow or pitch pine, and support an exuberant growth of vines, furze, bramble, &c.

The course of the creek in passing the springs, is nearly south. The quantity of

water running in it, is, at this time, (Jan. 1.) about one thousand gallons per minute. Hot Spring hill, or mountain, (as it is more frequently called,) is situated on the east side of the creek, and is about 550 feet high. The extent of its base along the creek is about six hundred yards. The hill is of a conical form, and has a base not exceeding 1 1-2 miles in diameter. It is completely insulated from the other hills by which it is environed, by creeks, brooks, and ravines. Directly north of it, on the same side of the creek, is another hill somewhat higher, separated from the former by a small brook. On the west side of the creek, directly opposite to Spring hill, is a third, considerably higher than either of the last mentioned, and situated a little distance from the creek, leaving an area of considerable extent between its base and the creek, upon which cabins are built for the accommodation of those who visit the springs.

There are said to be sixty different springs or fountains of hot water, occupying a distance of about four hundred yards along the east side of the creek. On the west side there is but one, situated immediately upon the shore, and discharging but a moderate quantity of water; while on the other side, they are variously situated, some of them near the edge of the creek, upon the same level, and others on different parts of the declivity, elevated from 10 to 150 feet above the water level, and discharging from one to fifteen or twenty gallons each, per minute. Immediately in the vicinity of some of the hot springs, are fountains of cold water, in some instances, gushing out of the ground within a very few feet of the Hot Spring.

There have been 14 or 15 rude cabins constructed along the creek, by persons who resort hither, occasionally, for the benefit of the springs. They are situated mostly on the west side, and are calculated merely for a summer residence, very few of them having chimneys. At present none of them are occupied, except one, in which a family took a temporary residence a few days since. There are no settlements yet made nearer than the Washitaw, where there are three at the distance of about eight miles from the springs. From these settlements, residents at the springs obtain provisions by paying a high price; but, to the credit and generosity of the settlers, it may be said, that they are equally as ready to supply the poor, as the rich, although they run the risk of never receiving payment for their produce. There have been

instances where they have refused to take double their selling price for their corn, but have chosen rather to divide it between the poor and rich, not according to their ability to pay, but in proportion to the necessities of the purchasers, and the quantity of provisions absolutely required for their subsistence.

During my delay at the springs, I made the following observations relative to their respective temperatures, &c. commencing in the creek immediately below the springs, and passing up along its eastern shore as far as they extend. The numbers annexed to the springs are merely accidental, indicating the order in which I examined them.

Temperature of the creek below the springs, 64 deg. Fahrenheit, probable discharge 1100 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 1, being the lowermost on the creek, 122 deg. probable discharge per minute, 4 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 2, a few feet from No. 1, 104 deg. probable discharge per minute, 1 gallon.

Temperature of spring No. 3, about 25 yards above the last, 126 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 4, after uniting with a spring of cold water, 124 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 5, 6, and 7, rising very near each other, the hottest, most elevated, 126, 94, and 92 deg. probable discharge per minute, 8 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 8, elevation 50 feet, after mingling with a cold spring, 128 deg. probable discharge per minute, 10 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 9, elevated 60 feet above the water level, 132 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 10, elevated 40 feet, *bushes growing in the waters edge*, 151 deg. probable discharge per minute, 5 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 11, issuing near the margin of the creek, elevated 3 feet, 148 deg. probable discharge per minute, 14 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 12, 20 yards from the last, having a sweat house upon it, 132 deg. probable discharge per minute, 20 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 13, 14, and 15, all excavations for baths, situated just above No. 12; 124, 119, 108 deg. probable discharge per minute, 6 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 16, an excavation also, near the last, 122 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 17, uppermost on the creek, and has a sweat house and bath, 126 deg. probable discharge per minute, 5 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, all rising near together on a level area, 126, 128, 130, 136, and 140, deg. probable discharge per minute, 9 gallons.

The last mentioned cluster is situated upon a prominent part of the hill, elevated at least one hundred feet above the level of the creek. In the same area are several others,—and what is particularly remarkable, several springs of cold water rise in the same plat, one of them within a very few feet of the hottest spring. In some of these springs, I observed bubbles rising in rapid succession, but could not discover any remarkable scent emitted from them.

Temperature of the creek immediately above the springs, 46 deg. probable discharge per minute, 1000 gallons.

Besides the springs enumerated above, there are many others situated on the same side of the hill, at different elevations above the water level.

The heat of the water in the summer season, is said to be much greater than at present, and the discharge somewhat less. The water is then hot enough to draw tea or coffee, cook eggs, and even meat. In the hottest of the springs, I observed bushes growing, as also an abundance of beautiful moss of a deep green colour, and of a vegetating appearance;—and what is still more wonderful, a kind of water insect, something longer than the wood louse, but resembling it in shape, lives and sports in the heated element.

There is a spring of cold water about 3 miles from the hot springs, in a north-easterly direction, which has obtained some notoriety from the circumstance of its having occasioned the death of a man who had heated himself in pursuing a bear, and drank too freely of its water, and has, therefore, obtained the name of the Poison Spring. From the description given me of this spring, I am inclined to think it a chalybeate, pretty strongly impregnated,—and containing, possibly, some arsenic. Its waters deposit an abundance of ocreous earth, adhering to the stones in the bottom and sides of the channel through which they flow.

Believe me, dear Sir, with sincere regard, your most obliged, humble servant,
S. H. LONG.

Hon. S. L. Mitchill.

ART. 2. *The Corsair. A Melo-Drama, in four Acts, collected and arranged for the Stage, from Lord Byron's Poem. By EDWIN C. HOLLAND, Esq. of Charleston, South-Carolina.* 18mo. pp. 54. Charleston, A. E. Miller.

THE character of this production is truly set forth in the title page. It is nothing more than an attempt to dramatize lord Byron's poem of the Corsair, preserving almost literally the language of his lordship, and strictly adhering to his plot. The poetry of the original has, however, suffered much, in the soldering of it into a new frame,—and though it was little indebted to its rhymes for its effect, it loses much of its force and dignity, in its present denudation into blank verse. Mr. Holland, in a very pretty preface, has avowed his unbounded admiration of lord Byron's genius, and particularly as it is displayed in the poem which he has endeavoured to adapt to the stage. We hardly know how to reconcile the kindred glow of enthusiasm, which seems to have animated Mr. H. in his undertaking, with the humble and servile transcriptions which constitute his greatest merit.

The story of the Corsair is familiar to most of our readers—still it may not be superfluous succinctly to recount it. Conrad, the Corsair, was the chief of a band of pirates, in possession of one of the *Ægean* Isles. He had been driven by the unrelenting persecution of the world to the desperate resort of waging indiscriminate warfare with his species. But still, his heart was not wholly dipped in the Stygian flood;—he had one vulnerable point,—and there love [had] infixed his shaft. He loved Medora—she was almost the only being that he did not hate. Medora was his wife, and loved him, in return, with a tenderness of which our sex is incapable. The poem opens with the arrival of a bark, which brings secret information to Conrad. On the instant, he orders his fleet to be equipped, and sets sail for the neighbouring continent. He enters the bay of Coron unobserved. It was a night of revelling among the Turks, preludatory to their meditated attack on the strong hold of the pirates. Conrad disguises himself—lands—and is introduced, as a dervise, escaped from the enemy, into the banqueting room of the Pacha Seyd. Whilst in conference with the Pacha, his comrades fire the Turkish gallies. The flash of the sudden conflagration arouses the suspicions of the Turk, who proclaims the dervise a traitor and a spy. At this critical moment, Conrad throws off his disguise, unsheaths his sabre, and gives a blast upon his bugle.

His followers rush in on the signal—a combat ensues—the Turks are routed, and Seyd betakes himself to flight. The Corsairs now proceed to fire the town. Conrad perceives that the flames have enveloped the Haram. He rushes to the rescue of its inhabitants, and bears out, in his arms, the favourite queen Gulnare. In the mean time Seyd has rallied his troops, and returns to the attack. The crews of Conrad are overpowered by numbers; and he remains wounded in the hands of the conquerors. Seyd dooms him to impalement, but spares him till he is sufficiently recovered to feel the punishment to which he is sentenced. Gulnare, influenced by sentiments of gratitude, which had ripened into love, visits Conrad in his prison, and soothes him with hope. She essays to persuade Seyd to ransom him, by appealing to his avarice. He peremptorily refuses to listen to the proposition, and intimates his suspicions of the motives which prompted her suggestion,—he even utters a menace against her life. The result of this fruitless endeavour to save the life of Conrad by her powers of persuasion, decides Gulnare as to the course she is to pursue. At midnight, by virtue of the signet ring of the Pacha, she again enters the dungeon of Conrad. She holds in one hand a lamp—in the other a poinard. She prompts him to his revenge and to her vindication. Conrad refuses to murder his enemy in his sleep—but no consideration can withhold Gulnare from the execution of her purpose. She perpetrates the deed herself. The guard is bribed. Conrad is hurried from his cell, and embarks with Gulnare on board a xebec. In a little while a vessel of Conrad's encounters them. It contains his faithful followers hastening to avenge him. They hail their chief with joyful acclamations; and when they learn the mode of his deliverance, are ready to prostrate themselves before Gulnare. Towards her, Conrad had hitherto observed a sullen silence. He felt a horror at the recollection of her crime. But when he saw her relapsed again into the woman—when he saw that in having achieved his deliverance all her wishes were accomplished, and that she had again resigned herself to that gentle and suffering mood, from which nothing but the implacability of a tyrant had excited her—he saw the proper light in which to estimate her conduct, and folded her to his bosom with all the fervor

of grateful sentiment. Conrad and his friends now approached their own fastness. The hopes of all were alive to the reception which awaited them. There were some destined to severe disappointment. After the departure of Conrad on his expedition, Medora had impatiently awaited his return. As the allotted time expired, her solicitude increased. Unable to restrain herself in her apartments, she wandered anxiously on the beach. A boat at last drew nigh. She learned—not indeed her Conrad's death—but that he was left, bound and bleeding, in the hands of the foe. Her fortitude was overcome, and she sunk upon the strand. She was delivered into the care of her female attendants—but she could not survive the shock. When Conrad, with all the ardour which absence can add to affection, hurried to the abode of Medora—he found it dark and silent. A fatal forboding which he would not recognize, struck upon his soul. He knocked—and no one appeared. He knocked again, more faintly—a slave bearing a light presented herself. He rushed past her—he entered the saloon—he saw Medora stretched upon her bier!—and the hand-maids strowing flowers over her. He cast one long, enduring look upon the corpse—he tore himself suddenly away. In the morning it was discovered that a boat had been broken from her fastenings—and Conrad was never heard of more.

How far Mr. Holland has succeeded in transfusing the spirit of lord Byron into his dialogue, will be best made to appear by the comparison of parallel passages.

The poem opens with an ejaculatory burst, from the lips of the Corsair.

“ ‘O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feeble faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Says that it seems even duller than repose:

VOL. III.—No. 15.

12

Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath; and shake his pained head;

Ours—the fresh turf and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,

How had the brave who fell exulted now!"

The play commences with a "Chorus of Pirates."

"Far o'er the Ocean, and free as the breeze
That glides o'er its billows of brightness and foam,
Our Flag is the sceptre that governs the seas,
And fixes the limits that circle our home.

Wide o'er its waters we fearlessly range,
We sweep with the tempest; we rest with its close;
The wave is our empire—we joy in its change,
And triumph tho' dead; if we die with our foes."

Juan pursues—

"Hail to the Ocean! nurse of noble deeds!
Hail to thy waters, tempest-lost or still!
What spirit wakes not with exulting sense,
That pauses in its gaze upon thy wild
And solitary waste!—Thine is the realm,
The charter'd empire of the brave and free!
The barrier, by the God of nature thrown
Between the oppressor and his victim."

A sail is descried, and is hailed with shouts. It is "a home returning bark." Her approach to the shore is thus described in the poem:

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

In the play, Lillo exclaims—

"How gloriously her gallant course she bears!
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
Braving the warfare of the sternest storm,
Of battle-fire and of wreck."

We will adduce the parting scene between Conrad and Medora, as related by the poet, and by the dramatist.

Conrad is approaching the apartment of Medora, when his attention is arrested by a song.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Says when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

'There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

'Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

'My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear:
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love.'

We will let the poet speak—

"He passed the portal—crossed the corridor,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
'My own Medora!—sure thy song is sad'—

'In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhushed—although my lips were mute.

Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the
wind,
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy
sail

The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seemed the low prophetic dirge,
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow.
At length—'twas noon—I hailed and blest the
mast

That met my sight—it near'd—alas! it past!
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou
ne'er,

My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth; and many a
home

As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will!"

'Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been
changed;

Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last;
But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
This hour again—but not for long—we part.'

'This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have sped of rest before they tell anew;

My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and
would'st steel

My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I
guessed

At such as seemed the fairest: thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost dame! shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while;
And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than
dread,

Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

'Again—again—and oft again—my love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet:
List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace;
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,
That downcast drooped in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unlet.
Hark!—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed,
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad
gone?

XV.

'And is he gone?'—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude?

'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now'—without the portal's porch she rushed;
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—'Farewell!'
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes de-
spair

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flowed—and phrenzied seemed to
swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes
dewed

With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.

'He's gone!'—against her heart that hand is
driven,
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to hea-
ven;

She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—
'It is no dream—and I am desolate!'

Our author has copied the two last
verses of the song. He proceeds—

CONRAD.

"Thy song Medora, breath'd a strain so sad,
So wild and melancholy soft, it seem'd
A requiem, such as best might suit
The tomb of love ill-fated!

MEDORA.

Thus must it ever breathe, without the joy
Thy presence sparkles o'er its lay—it must,
It will give utterance to such thoughts as those.
Oh! many a night, upon my couch reclin'd,
When solitude had set its silent seal
Upon the world, the slightest breath that mov'd
The bosom of the deep, seem'd to my fears
The prelude of a storm—Oh! I have gaz'd
Upon thy element of war and strife,
Till every star had sunk within its wave:
And yet thou cam'st not—still upon the main!
Would that these days of tumult were at end—
Sure thou hast wealth enough—yet strange, that
heart

So gentle in its loves, still flies from peace,
To seek the perils of uncertain fate.

CONRAD.

Yes—strange indeed—yet nature made it soft—
Betray'd too early and beguill'd too long,
The world hath warp'd it to the shape it bears—
'Twas crush'd and trampled like a worm in youth,
In manhood, like an adder, 'tis aveng'd.

MEDORA.

Conrad—dearest?

CONRAD.

Nay, look not thus—tho' every hope of heaven
Were startled from its cherub seat of smiles,
I hate mankind too much to feel remorse.
My very love to thee, is hate to them—
I cease to love thee, when I love mankind.
Yet dread not this—the love that hath loved on
Thro' years of tried temptation and distress,
Must love as truly to the latest throb
That wakes existence in the soul—'twill last,
And rising o'er the wreck of life's decay,
Shine with the lustre of a light in heaven,
Still will some momentary cloud of gloom,
Its sky of gladness sometimes overcast—
This hour, Medora, once again, we part—
This hour, tho' not for long.

MEDORA.

This hour?—it cannot, must not be—the bark
Hath hardly anchor'd and her weary crew
Require allotment of sufficient time,
To brace their spirits for a further cruise.
Nay, trifle now no more with my distress;
Thy mirth hath sadness even in its smile.
Be silent dearest—come—our board is spread;
'Tis frugal, but Medora's hands prepar'd it.
Come!—

CONRAD.

Nay, dearest, we must part—the hour of stay
Hath near expir'd—Gonsalvo brings report
Of gathering prowess along our coast, arm'd
By the Pacha Seyd! we must to sea,
And meet the tempest, e'er its thunders burst
Upon our isle. Fear not, my hand are true,
Tried to the dangers of the fiercest fight.
One kiss, and then we part—when next we meet,
Security will make repose more dear.

MEDORA.

Thus wilt thou ever leave me for the main,
In helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart.

CONRAD.

Again—again—adieu! again, my love,
If there be life on earth, or hope in heaven,
I will return—be this thy comfort then!
Fear not, these are no formidable foes—
Here, in thine island home, thou wilt be safe.
A more than wonted guard shall watch its peace,
And hover round its shores.

(The signal gun is fired.)

Hark!—'twas the thunder of the signal gun
That peal'd the hour of departure—Farewell!

MEDORA.

One moment, Conrad!—stay!

(She faints in the arms of Conrad, who bears her
to a couch—he gazes for a moment with strong
agitation.)

CONRAD.

One kiss—one more—oh! adieu!— (Exit.)
(Music soft and plaintive—Medora revives and
throws a hurried glance around the apartment.)

MEDORA.

And is he gone?—'twas but an instant past
And here he stood—Oh! solitude of heart,
It is no dream, and I am desolate!"

The sensations of Conrad, when he
finds himself a captive and incarcerated,
are thus depicted by the poet,—

"'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries, 'I warned thee!' when the deed is o'er,
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writho—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues.
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endangered glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate.
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;

Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unrevealed,
Not cankering less because the more concealed—
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awakes,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
So steeled by pondering o'er his far career,
He halfway meets him should he menace near!"

In the play, Conrad is made to utter the following soliloquy:—

"CONRAD."

A captive! and in chains?—but an hour since
A Chief on land, an Outlaw on the deep,
Free as the breeze that sported on its wave!
'Tis well!—my foe if vanquish'd, had but shar'd
A fate, as dark and terrible as mine!—

(*He pauses thoughtfully.*)

There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convuls'd lie dark
And jarring!—impenitent remorse then
Rushes thro' the thousand avenues of thought,
Sounding the 'larum bell, unheard before—
Vain voice to me!—the weak alone repent!—
E'en in this lonely hour, when most I feel,
Feel to my writhing bosom's inmost core,
Tho' stern reflection doth unsepulchre
Each buried crime, and scan with with'ring look
The blood-stain'd record of my life—e'en now,
I hear its voice as one who heard it not!—
One thought alone, a madd'ning image forms,
One image only in the wild prospect
Which my soul reviews, I cannot, dare not
Meet and gaze upon!—Oh!—Medora! how
Will these tidings greet thy widow'd heart!
To-morrow, and thy dream of hope expires!

(*Conrad veils his face and appears agitated with the deepest emotions.*)

'Tis past!—and now come torture when it will,
I've need of rest to nerve me for the day.

(*He throws himself upon a sofa, apparently exhausted.*)

The last prison interview between Gulnare and Conrad, where she is instigating him to redeem them both by a single blow, is thus rehearsed by Lord Byron:—

"The midnight passed—and to the massy door,
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more:

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded that fair she!
Whate'er her sias, to him a guardian saint,
And beatious still as hermit's hope can paint;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame.
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye
Which spoke before her accents—'thou must die!
Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse.'

'Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same:

Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed.'

'Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blind

To the fond workings of a woman's mind!
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved:

It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—madden'd—loved.

Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain;
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam:
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me.'

'Aye—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!

Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for fight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight!"

'Misdoubting Corsair! I have gained the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wronged—spurned—reviled—and it shall be avenged—

Accused of what till now my heart disdained
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear:
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave un murmuring; he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,

Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would'st save,

If but to show how grateful is a slave.

But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife)
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the
worst.
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st
not start,
Nor fear the fire that lights an eastern heart,
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor
Seyd!"

'Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, withered fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy
breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

'Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle—how evade
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gained—one moment all were
o'er—

Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

In the melo-drama we have it thus:—

"(The door of the apartment cautiously opens.
Enter Gulnare, with a light in her hand, which
she places on the table—she casts a hurried look
around the apartment, and upon perceiving Con-
rad, hastily approaches him.)

GULNARE.
Yes!—thou must die!—there is but one re-
source!

CONRAD.

Lady—I look to none, save that, for which
A spirit like mine own, imprison'd, sighs:
The cold obstruction of the dreamless grave!--
Why should'st thou seek to spare an Outlaw's life,
Or change the sentence of the Seyd's revenge,
Earn'd by the blood of many a lawless deed?--

GULNARE.

Why should I seek?—has misery made thee
blind?

Hath love no impulse?—gratitude no claim?
Thou sav'd'st my life from worse than slav'ry's
lot;

I knew not, felt not, then, how deep the root
From whence compassion for thy fortunes grew--
Despite thy crimes, what first was gratitude,
Soon ripen'd into love!--

CONRAD.

Gulnare!—

GULNARE.

Nay, speak not now--
Thou lov'st another, and I love in vain!--
And yet methinks, were I an Outlaw's spouse,
The busiest scenes of danger and of death,
Should find me still partaker of his fate!--
Corsair, thy doom is fix'd!--time flies apace,
Destruction 'round thee close hath wound his
toils!--

If thou hast courage still to hazard life,
And set it on the casting of a die,
Take this poniard,

(She draws a poniard which she had concealed
in her bosom.)

—on---and follow me!--

CONRAD.

Aye---in my chains?---and these adornments?
Thou hast forgot!--is this a garb for flight,
Or that a weapon for a warrior's arm?--

GULNARE.

A single word of mine removes those chains.
Think'st thou I stand unaided and alone?
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward,
The guard are gain'd, and wait the appointed
hour--

Well since we met hath sped my busy time!
If in aught evil, 'twas for thee I sinn'd--
The hated Tyrant--Conrad, he must die!
I see thee shudder, but I am resolv'd;
Wrong'd, spurn'd, revil'd, and not to be aveng'd?
'Tis more than mock-ey'd mercy can endure!--
He call'd me treacherous, and curst the hour
In which you bore me trembling thro' the flames.
He told me, Conrad, what thou know'st is false:
But for his rescue, I had fled with thee--
Nor was thy respite granted to my pray'r:
'Twas giv'n, that cruelty might best contrive
New torments for thy life and mine?--

CONRAD.

Thy life, Gulnare?--

GULNARE.

Mine too he threatens--but his dotage yet
Would fain preserve me for his tyrant will
'Till weary of these fleeting charms--and then,
There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the
sea!

What?--am I then a toy for dotard's play
To wear so long as does its gilding last?--
Corsair, I saw thee--piti'd--madden'd--lov'd
thee!

To thee my all of life on earth I owe!
This should have sav'd thee, if 'twere but to show
How grateful is the heart of e'en a slave--
Had he not menac'd with such kindling oaths,
The Pacha had been spar'd--I was his slave,
Had borne un murmuring the wasting pangs
That bitter bondage planted in my heart,
And yet he basely trampled it in dust,
And crush'd its last, its sole remaining hope--
Compassion is at end--the thought is past--
Now I am all thine own, prepar'd for all!--
Oh!--could'st thou see this heart in all its truth,
Thou would'st not start, as if with sudden dread,
Or fear the fire that lightens o'er my brow--
Here!--take the poniard!--on---and follow me!
And in the chamber where our path must lead,
Sleeps the Oppressor--he must not wake!

CONRAD.

Gulnare!--Gulnare!--I never felt till now,
My abject fortune and my wither'd fame
So sunk and blasted!--Seyd is mine enemy,
And with a ruthless and avenging hand,
Hath swept my gallant comrades from the earth--

But, 'twas in fair and honourable fight,
In open combat and in noble daring---
The secret knife?---it suits a coward's hand,
And slumber pleads for safety, with a voice
As sacred to this worn and fretted heart,
As did a woman's cry, when flush'd with hope,
And beating warm in battle and in blood,
It paused to rescue thee from death!----Lady!
Let me not know that mercy shown amiss.
Murder in sleep?---Temptation in an hour
The most unguarded of my guilty life,
Had fled a crime like this---'Tis the curst sin,
That finds forgiveness nor in heaven nor earth.
Now, fare thee well, and gentler thoughts attend
The meditations of thy heart---farewell!
Night wears apace!---my last of earthly rest!---

GULNARE.

Rest?---rest?---by sunrise must thy quivering
limbs

Around the stake in torturing anguish writhe---
I heard the order---saw the stake prepared!
If thou wilt die, thou shalt not fall alone!
Corsair, my life---my love---my hate---my all,
Are set upon the hazard of this cast!
'Tis but a blow!---one throb, and all is still;
The wrongs and insults of my wasted years
Avenge'd, and thou, oh God! art free again!---
Yet since thou'st grown fastidious in thy crimes,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
We meet in safety, or we meet no more!"

The final, fatal scene of Conrad in the
death-chamber of Medora, is pathetically
related in the poem.

"He turned not---spoke not---smiled not---fixed his
look,

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed---how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled---thought shrinks from all that lurked
below---

Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charn around her lips---
Yet, yet they seem as they forborne to smile,
And wished repose---but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long---fair---but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These---and the pale pure cheek became the
bier---

But she is nothing---wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He asked no question---all were answered now
By the first glance on that still---marble brow.
It was enough---she died---what recked it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once---and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less;---the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never
soar:

The proud---the wayward---who have fixed below
Their joy---and find this earth enough for wo,

Lose in that one their all---perchance a mite---
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief had little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none,
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And Truth denies all eloquence to Wo.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion preest,
And stupor almost lulled it into rest;
So feeble now---his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears---perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flowed---he dried them to depart,
In helpless---hopeless---brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth---but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh---ne'er to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye---the blindest of the blind!
Which may not---dare not see---but turns aside
To blackest shade---nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

His heart was formed for softness---warped to
wrong;

Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure---as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot, like that that had hardened too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade---it sheltered---saved till
now.

The thunder came---that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell,
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shivered fragments on the barren ground!"

The melo-drama concludes with the
following monologue:

"SCENE 5th.

*Music soft and plaintive---a magnificent apartment
in the interior of the watch tower---Medora ex-
tended in death upon a superb sofa---flowers scat-
tered around her---lamps burning---handmaids
kneeling on each side, weeping---Conrad impa-
tiently enters, starts wildly, and after an instant's
pause, veils his face and kneels beside Medora---
he rises, gazing distractedly upon her.*

CONRAD.

Yes, thou art nothing!--wherefore am I here?---
Thro' weal and woe, thou wert th' unerring light
That shone unwav'ring o'er my path of life---
Earth held not, such another spark of heav'n!--
What recked it how that spark were quenched or
lost?---

The love of youth---the hope of better years---
The soul that spirit'd this mould of clay,
All---all, are reft at once!--God!--it hath wak'd
A feeling until now unfelt!--a tear!--
I knew not that my nature held a drop
So pure and soft as this!--

Dark tho' the gloom

That sav'd and abelter'd it, there grew one flow'r
Beneath the night-shade of this rugged breast!—
That flow'r, hath wither'd in its brightest bloom,
Nipp'd by the blasting of a cruel frost!—
Life is a leafless desert now!—a waste,
With all its burst of feeling unemploy'd!—
Farewell! thou fire-ey'd soul of enterprise,
That canopied beneath my glittering flag,
Turn'd even danger to delight!—Farewell!—
The link that bound me to thy hope, is rent!—

(*Looking passionately on Medora.*)

Farewell!—Farewell!—

Silent and dark I go,
And go alone!— (Exit.)"

We shall leave our readers to pronounce what praise is due to Mr. Holland for his labours. In our opinion, it was injudicious in him, to undertake to alter what he was unable to improve. He seems indeed more closely to have copied the faults, than to have imitated the beauties of his prototype. For instance, Lord Byron has the following prosaic couplet—

Thus with himself communion held he—till
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill.

Mr. Holland did not suffer a fancied felicity of this kind to escape him—though not tempted to the commission of it, even by the exigency of rhyme. Thus we have, in the very first scene—

Where is our Chief? We bring him tidings that
Must make our greetings short—

Immediately afterwards is a reiteration of this happy use of the conjunctive—

On Juan—on—inform our Chieftain, that
We bring him tidings he must quickly hear—

An approximation to the same forcible style of versification may, again, be found in the following lines—

For I am as a fragment shivered from
The rock, that storms have shattered—

We shall dismiss the melo-drama here;—but as we have not, heretofore, had an opportunity of treating of the poem of the *Corsair*, we will devote a few moments to the consideration of the character of Conrad, as delineated by Lord Byron.

We have often objected to his lordship's taste in the selection of his heroes. He has generally endeavoured, and sometimes too successfully, to engage our sympathies in behalf of those who were unworthy of our regard,—not only from the character of the sufferers, but from the nature of their distresses. The miseries on which he has most pathetically expatiated, have, usually, been either the merited rewards of crime, or the inevitable consequences of folly,—and not unfre-

quently the result of a combination of both flagitiousness and imbecility. To attempt to hold up as objects of generous compassion those who have involved themselves, by reprehensible means, in useless disasters—which they have neither the wit to evade, nor the fortitude to bear—is to rob real misfortune of its rights, and to encroach upon the prerogative of virtuous woe. The least we can demand of such, is, that they should summon the manliness to endure that wretchedness, which they have had the audacity to provoke. There is, indeed, a due allowance to be made for human weakness, and it is not requisite that one should be perfectly innocent, nor wholly amiable, to be the subject of the warmest commiseration, when overtaken by calamity. All who have felt the force of temptation, can extenuate the guilt of those who have sunk beneath it;—but to discover a predilection for the base, to court occasions of turpitude, to exhibit ignoble daring, to challenge fate, and to set justice at defiance, is to forfeit every claim to either charity or condolence, in the hour of retribution. Yet we can believe that those who have perpetrated the greatest atrocities, have not always been those who were naturally most prone to vice. On the contrary, malicious dispositions are commonly associated with a mean capacity—and they who are continually imagining evil, are least competent to compass splendid mischiefs. There have, unhappily, been too many great minds that, in the salience of indignation, under the real or fancied injuries of the world, have

Leap'd at the stars, and landed in the mud.

Over the aberrations of these, we sigh;—regret for the perversion of talents, is mingled with mourning for the exasperation which produced it. We even form some inadequate idea of the dreadful conflict, waged by contending emotions, in the bosoms of honourable men, ere wicked counsels triumphed. We see them buffet the torrent of adversity,

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

We see them, at last, borne down by the unremitting vigour of the stream, till they are forced to the precipice, and make the desperate plunge.

Conrad is described as one in whom the milk of human kindness had been curdled by the acerbity of his experience. Disappointment had corroded his better feelings, and oppression and deceit had

driven him to indiscriminate retaliation. The poet portrays his heart and temper at the time we are brought acquainted with him—but pursues,

"Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—
His soul was changed, before his deeds had
driven

Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise, in conduct there a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again.
Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost
her force,

He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and
dreaded too.

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that feared him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake."

Still was not every sentiment of ten-

derness eradicated from the bosom of Conrad. His love for Medora, was ardent, delicate, exclusive. To her he was all gentleness. Before her he stifled every pang that racked his thoughts, and even assumed a cheerfulness foreign to his nature. The intensity of his affection for her, was proportionate to his detestation of the mass of mankind; and such as phlegmatic philanthropists cannot comprehend. It is this single trait—his sensibility to female loveliness, his fidelity, his devotedness, to her whose faith he had received, that redeems him from the vile;—

"He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

Whether one so steeped in guilt, so imbrued in blood, as Conrad, could retain such fervor and purity of passion, conjoined with such scrupulousness of respect and deference for the one object of his devotion, may, indeed, be doubted;—yet if it were so, it cannot be denied that he is, in one regard, entitled to our reverence and admiration. We do not the less esteem the solitary flower that blows on the barren waste, for the sterility that surrounds it,—we probably prize it dearer than if it bloomed in the gaudy *parterre*.
E.

Rafinesque.

ART. 3. *A Sketch of the Botany of South-Carolina and Georgia.* By STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Esq. &c. Charleston. 1817. 5 Numbers, 8vo. each of 100 pages, with some plates; to be continued.

UNDER the above unassuming title, one of the most learned and elaborate works, ever published in the United States, on Natural Sciences, is making its appearance: being at the same time the first botanical work, written in our country, in which, original, accurate and complete descriptions of our indigenous plants, are given in our vernacular language and on scientific principles. The modesty of its author can only be equalled by his talents; and the multiplicity of his discoveries and researches, by the happy manner in which he conveys to us the knowledge of their results. We have not often the opportunity to witness such a worthy association; and we feel proud in this instance to have it in our power to delineate some of its features. We, therefore, avail ourselves of it at an early period, and before the completion of the work, since the parts before us afford a fair specimen of the whole; and we entertain no doubt

that the remainder, which is in forwardness, will appear in a state of improvement rather than otherwise.

We had perceived with pleasure some late attempts to convey the botanical knowledge of our plants, in the English language: in Pursh's *Flora of North America*, and in the translation of the *Flora of Louisiana*, although the generic and specific characters are given in Latin, the old classical language of Botany, yet the occasional descriptions and observations are in English; while in Bigelow's *Flora of Boston*, and in the *Manual of the Botany of the Northern States*, the whole is in that language; but in this last work, short definitions only are given, and in the former, mere short and often imperfect descriptions. The work before us has not only entire and complete English descriptions, but also generic and specific definitions in both languages: uniting, therefore, the advantages derived from

both modes. Local Floras may always be written, with great propriety, in the vernacular language of the country for which they are intended; while general Floras, if written in such languages, ought to have the characters of at least all new genera and species, in both languages, Latin and vernacular, as Mr. Elliott has given them; or have a separate Latin synopsis, after the manner of that for Decandolle's valuable French Flora; although the French language is, next to Latin, a classical one in Europe. These additions are required in order that the works may be read by all the botanists and men of science, of different nations, spreading thereby with rapidity individual discoveries. But if the Latin language may be dispensed with in many instances, it is not so with Latin binarian names, which are the real botanical names, common to all nations of European origin: every work neglecting them must be deemed unclassical and unworthy of notice.

The southern states are richer in vegetable productions than the northern, since they approach nearer to the tropical climates, where are the seats of luxuriant vegetation, and they enjoy a lengthened period of warm temperature, fit for the support of vegetable life. We find, accordingly, that they afford a numberless variety of brilliant flowers and conspicuous plants, which have attracted, at all periods, the notice of botanists and gardeners, most of which are peculiar to their climate, and unknown to the northern states, disappearing gradually as they advance toward the pole. There are two principal nucleus in the botany of the Atlantic states, one exists in the chain of the Alleghany mountains, from which the plants springing therefrom, extend on each side to the northward, while many are confined to the mountains towards the south: the second is to be traced on the Atlantic shore, and possesses features of the most peculiar character. Its range, wider in the south, becomes narrow towards the north, and in the New England states, it is confined to the margin of the sea-shore. An investigation of this subject would perhaps be interesting, but might lead us into remote discussions. It may, however, be safely inferred, that out of 3000 species, growing in Carolina and Georgia, only 1000 are also found north of Maryland, while the remainder are peculiar to those states, except a very few common to Virginia and Maryland. Many genera are peculiar to the southern region, and unknown north of the Poto-

mac; such as, *Zamia*, *Chamærops*, *Dionea*, *Brunnichia*, *Eriogonum*, *Boerhavia*, *Pistia*, *Epidendrum*, *Tillandsia*, *Thalia*, *Elytraria*, *Callicarpa*, *Stillingia*, *Bejaria*, *Gordonia*, &c. and many more.

Notwithstanding the exuberant luxuriance of vegetation, in Carolina, which appeared to invite the attention of European travellers and settlers at an early period, we find that its vegetable treasures have not begun to be collected and investigated, until long after those of the more northern states; which may partly be accounted for, by the later settlement of the country, and the unhealthy state of the climate. Catesby appears to be the first who, nearly a century ago, began to explore that state for natural productions, and he has figured many trees and shrubs, together with some plants, in his great work on the birds and animals of Carolina, &c.; but the imperfect state of natural sciences in his time, render his unmeaning descriptions, obsolete names, and inaccurate figures, of little use at present, except as historical references. Garden and Bartram visited that country after him; but few of their discoveries were published, and a long period elapsed before Walter, who had resided a long time in Carolina, published, in London, his Flora of that state. His work was in Latin, and in the Linnean style, containing a vast number of new plants, most of which were, however, so concisely characterised, that they could hardly be distinguished from their congeners; the existence of many was even doubted; but Mr. Elliott has since had the honour to confirm nearly all Walter's discoveries. Walter had also many new genera which were fully characterised; but for which he had not the ability to frame names! ushering them under the the term of *anonyma*. The consequence has been that they have been named by other botanists, who have reaped all the honour, since the name of the author of a new genus, is only affixed to it, when it is introduced into the nomenclature by receiving a botanical name, and a good one. Michaux resided likewise, at different times, in Carolina, and has published his discoveries in his General Flora of the United States. Many other travellers, such as, Fraser, Lyon, Enslen, Kin, Nuttall, &c. have visited South-Carolina and Georgia, and their discoveries have been partly published by Lamark, Sims, and Pursh. This last author having never visited those states, is very deficient and inaccurate in the enumeration of southern plants, included in his Flora of North America,

which renders still more valuable the additions which Mr. Elliott has been able to make to our knowledge of southern botany. These additions, exclusive of the many restored plants of Walter, amount to more than we could have anticipated, and will certainly claim the best attention of all the botanists, not only at home, but in Europe likewise.

Mr. Elliott appears to have received considerable aid from many gentlemen residing in South-Carolina and Georgia: we were not aware that there existed so many zealous botanists and amateurs in those states; we hail the intelligence with high gratification; and feel a pleasure in the expectation, that this work is likely to extend the taste for the blooming objects of botanical science; a science which is continually unfolding the secret stores of divine wisdom; which nurses the best sentiments of the heart, and is constantly supplying means to increase our comforts and relieve our wants.

Among these generous contributors, we ought to notice particularly Mr. Laconte, one of our ablest botanists, who has visited all the Atlantic states, and whose labours and discoveries will soon be published in a Botanical Synopsis, upon the construction of which he has been engaged for many years: Dr. Baldwin, who has studied with attention the plants of Georgia: the late Drs. Brickell and Macbride, whose extensive acquirements have thrown much light on many natural subjects; (this latter gentleman particularly, has communicated many valuable notices on the medical properties of some plants :) Lewis de Schweinitz of North-Carolina, and many other gentlemen of South-Carolina and Georgia, such as Messrs. Herbemont, Jackson, Oemler, Pinkney, Moulins, Bennet, Green, Habersham, &c. Mr. Elliott had also kept up a regular correspondence with the late R. D. Henry Muhlenberg of Lancaster, and has acquired, by a communication of specimens with him, a perfect knowledge of the results of his unpublished labours, many of which appear now, for the first time, in this work, although they had been enumerated in Muhlenberg's Catalogue, but not described.

We have the first five numbers of this work before us, which include, from the class Monandria to the class Decandria, or about one third part of the whole labour, and contain nearly 1000 species, whereof more than 120 are new species, unnoticed by Pursh, and described for the first time in this work. Several new genera are also introduced here for the first

time, at which rate the whole work will add about 25 new genera and nearly 400 new species, to the actual knowledge of American botany, rather more than were added by the Flora of Pursh, to which this work is superior in almost every point of view. Among the new species described in these five numbers, 14 had been already named by Muhlenberg in his Catalogue; 8 have been discovered by Dr. Baldwin; 4 by Mr. Laconte; some by Dr. Macbride and Mr. Lyon; while nearly 100 have been discovered, determined, described and named by Mr. Elliott himself. These new species belong to the following genera: *Gratiola* 3, *N. Sp.* *Lindernia* 1, *Micranthemum* 1, *Utricularia* 4, *Lycopus* 2, *Salvia* 2, *Collinsonia* 2, *Erianthus* 2, *Xyris* 2, *Rhynchospora* 4, *Cyperus* 4, *Mariscus* 1, *Scirpus* 9, *Dichromena* 1, *Paspalum* 3, *Panicum* 20, *Agrostis* 3, *Poa* 6, *Aristida* 3, *Andropogon* 5, *Aira* 2, *Uniola* 1, *Elemsine* 1, *Houstonia* 1, *Ludwigia* 4, *Villarsia* 1, *Hottonia* 1, *Phlox* 1, *Lysimachia* 1, *Ophiorhiza* 1, *Sabbatia* 2, *Viola* 1, *Asclepias* 3, *Hydrolea* 1, *Eryngium* 2, *Hydrocotyle* 2, *Ammi* 1, *Siun* 2, *Drosera* 1, *Tillandsia* 1, *Pontederia* 1, *Allium* 1, *Juncus* 3, *Rumex* 1, *Tofieldia* 1, *Trillium* 2, *Rhexia* 1, *Polygonum* 1, *Baptisia* 1, *Cassia* 1, *Andromeda* 1.

Besides the above material addition of new species, we find that many genera contain the descriptions of a great number of species, becoming almost complete monographs of said genera; among those we shall mention the following genera: *Panicum*, which contains 45 species! *Gratiola* 8, *Utricularia* 9, *Collinsonia* 7, *Cyperus* 24, *Scirpus* 31, *Paspalum* 11, *Andropogon* 12, *Poa* 19, *Ludwigia* 15, *Phlox* 17, *Asclepias* 18, *Trillium* 9, *Andromeda* 16, &c.

The new genera will deserve our particular attention, since they become the types of the most important collective aggregate of individuals, which derive their name and characteristic features from them. They are scattered in the following order.

Lachnanthes. Mr. Elliott gives this new name to the *Hercliera* of Gmelin and Michaux, or *Dilatris* of Persoon and Pursh, which he proves to be distinct from the last genus, while the former denomination has now changed its object: the *Convivitis* of Pursh, or rather *Lophiola* of Bot. Mag. is quite different from it, by the double number of stamina.

Aulaxanthus. Triandria digynia. Flowers in panicles. Calyx 2 valved, 1 flowered; valves equal furrowed. Corolla bivalve, valves nearly equal. A. N. G.

differing from *Panicum* by the furrowed calyx and absence of an accessory valve. The type of it is the *Phalaris villosa* of Michaux, which Elliott calls *A. ciliatus*, and to which he adds a second species *A. rufus*.

Monocera. Triandria digynia. Flowers lateral. Calyx 3 valved multiflore, valves awned below the summit. Herm. fl. Corolla 2 valved, unequal; the exterior valve awned below the summit. Neut. fl. Corolla 2 valved unawned. This N. G. is intermediate between *Eleusine* and *Chloris*: it is formed upon the *Chloris monostachya* of Lin. but the name is erroneous, there being already a genus of univalve shells called by a similar name by Lamarck, &c. It must, therefore, be changed into *Triatherus*, meaning three bristles, since the calyx or glume has so many: the specific name will be *T. aromaticus*.

Lyonia. Pentandria digynia. Pollen masses 10 smooth pendulous. Staminal crown 5 leaved, the leaves flat erect. Stigma conical 2 cleft. Corolla 1 petal, campanulate. Follicles smooth. This N. G. is formed upon the *Ceropegia palustris* of Pursh, or *Cynanchum angustifolium* of Muhlenberg. The name happens to be as erroneous as the above, upon two evident principles: 1. because it is almost identical in sound with the genus *Allionia*; 2. because a genus was already dedicated to Mr. Lyon, in 1808, by Rafinesque, in the Medical Repository, formed of the *Polygonella* of Michaux, (also erroneous in name) which he has since rendered exact by calling it *Lyonella*. This genus might therefore be dedicated to the late worthy Dr. Macbride, and called *Macbridea*: specific name *M. maritima*.

Acerates. Differing from *Asclepias* by having no appendage in the auricles or crown. A similar name had been given previously by Persoon to a different genus: this, therefore, which ought perhaps to be a mere subgenus of *Asclepias*, must receive the name of *Acerotis*, meaning auricles without horns: the *A. viridiflora* of Rafinesque and Pursh may be united to it.

Podostigma. Corpuscle on a pedicel, pollen masses 10, &c. smooth, pendulous. Staminal crown 5 leaved, leaves compressed. Corolla campanulate, follicles smooth. Formed with the *Asclepias viridis* and *A. pedicellata* of Walter. A good name.

Lepuropetalon. Pentandria trigynia. Calyx 5 parted. Petals 5, resembling scales inserted on the calyx. Capsul free near the summit, 1 celled 3 valved. Next

to *Turnera* and scarcely distinct from it, the ovary is probably free altogether and covered by the base of the calyx at its base. Muhlenberg had united this genus with *Pyzidanthera*, which was wrong, since it has scarcely any affinity with it. The name of *Lepuropetalon* is rather too long, being in the same predicament with *Symphoricarpos*, *Anapodophyllum*, which have been shortened. This might, therefore, be shortened into *Petalopsis*, which has the same meaning.

Monotropis. Schweinitz. Decandria monogynia. Calyx 5 leaved, leaves upright hooded, base unguiculate-gibbose. Corolla monopetal campanulate fleshy quinquefid. Nectary quinquefid. Stamina 10, a pair between each angle of the nectary. Ovary 5 gone, 1 style, stigma 5 valved.—This new genus, which has been discovered in North-Carolina, by Mr. Schweinitz, belongs to the same natural family than the genera *Monotropa* and *Hypoplythis*, notwithstanding the monopetalous corolla, since the stamina are not inserted thereon. The name given by the discoverer being objectionable, Mr. Elliott proposes to substitute therefor the name of *Schweinitzea*, which, we trust, will be acceded to. It contains only one species, *S. odorata*, which has the smell of the violet; the habit of *Monotropa*, aggregated flowers of a whitish red colour, &c.

Mr. Elliott might have established several other new genera, and he has, in some instances, intimated the propriety of it; but a timidity, too general among the botanists of the strict Linnæan school, has prevented him from executing what he considered advisable. The following axiom ought to become a botanical rule: *All the species differing generically from their supposed congeners, must form separate genera*, since it flows from the evident botanical laws, that, *a genus is a collection of consimilar species, and that consimilar objects are to be united, while dissimilar objects are to be divided*. The multiplicity of genera, far from being contrary to the correct principles of the science, as some botanists have wrongly conceived, is conducive to the gradual improvement of it, since it takes place only when new observations of characters prove the necessity of such an increase.

The shape and style of the whole work is strictly Linnæan; but in the synoptical view of the genera belonging to each class, they are deprived of their definitions, which is, perhaps, an oversight, but an objectionable one. The characters of the genera are only synoptical, they are

given in Latin and English, as well as those of the species; a selection of synonymes follows them, next a complete English description is given of all the species which the author has seen, and they are by far the greatest number. Many valuable observations are added, including their native situations and soils; times of blossoming; vulgar names; medical and economical properties, &c. Among these properties several are entitled to notice, some are new, and many have been communicated by Dr. Macbride, &c. We deem worthy of attention those belonging to the following species.

Salvia lyrata,
Tris versicolor,
Spigelia marilandica,
Convolvulus macrorhizon,
Lobelia inflata,
Gonolobus macrophyllus,
Chenopodium anthelminticum,
Acorus calamus, &c.

The classification of this work is also Linnean, without scarcely any variation. We regret exceedingly this general infatuation for the absurd sexual system, which is as yet prevalent in our country; however, it may be considered as an imperfect alphabet, competent for those who are acquainted with its principles and anomalies. No reference to natural affinities is made in this work; but as it is rather a species than a genera plantarum, the deficiency is less remarkable in this instance.

While a servile adherence is shown to the erroneous Linnean systematical classification, notwithstanding its defects were well known to its author, and probably to Mr. Elliott himself, and ought to claim the serious consideration of all botanical writers, many of whom have been led thereby to reject it altogether, and supersede it by the real natural principles of classification and botanical affinities;—while we must blame such a blind compliance with errors long ago detected, our astonishment increases when we observe, that a deviation from the wise and correct Linnean rules of nomenclature, is in some instances adopted. Certainly, if our writers will follow the steps of Linneus, whether right or wrong, as some philosophers of yore used to follow the principles of Aristotle or Zeno, to the exclusion of any other, and sometimes even against the dictates of common sense, let them at least be consistent in their principles, and tread steadily in the footsteps of their adopted school. But to deviate from its correct principles, while they adhere to

those that are evidently erroneous, is certainly absurd. They do not consider that those errors in nomenclature, are generally adopted upon the authority of some eminent botanists, who, convinced of the blunders of the Linnean sexual system, were often led thereby, and somewhat hastily, to condemn even his admirable principles of nomenclature. We hope, that, in future, our botanists will attend to this dilemma, and for the sake of consistency at least, will either adopt or reject altogether the Linnean principles; although we advise them by all means, if they would improve the science, to adopt more correct principles, and exercising a careful discrimination, endeavour to reject errors and adopt truths, whether they originate with Linneus or any body else.

We notice the following deviations from the Linnean rules, in the numbers before us.

The generic name of *Arundinaria* Michaux, formed from the previous genus *Arundo*, is adopted instead of *Misegia*, which was properly substituted by Persoon.

Spartina, which is derived from *Spartium*, is adopted instead of *Linnetis* or *Trachynolia*; this last appears the best.

Centaurella, derived from *Centaurea*, is adopted instead of *Bartonia*, a former and better name.

Polygonatum, derived from *Polygonum*, instead of *Azillaria*.

Smilagina, derived from *Smilax*; instead of *Sigillaria* or *Majanthus*.

Onosmodium, derived from *Onosma*, is adopted instead of *Omodium*.

Catalpa, including *Talpa*, instead of *Caladium*, &c. besides

Monotropis, which, however, is proposed to be superseded by the name of *Schweinitzea*.

The absurd name of *Ammyrine* Pursh, is however rejected for the previous and better name of *Leiophyllum* Persoon: while the posterior name of *Syena* Schreber, is adopted instead of the first name *Mayaca* Aublet; both being equally good, it would appear that the first ought to have claimed the preference.

A variety of specific observations and important synonymes are scattered through the whole; some changes in the nomenclature of species, appear to have been requisite, which are often proper; yet objections might be made to some: we shall notice here a few instances, and add some miscellaneous remarks.

The *Statice caroliniana* of Walter, is quite a peculiar species, which we have seen growing as far north as Long-Island,

it is here blended again with the *St. limonium* of Europe, which is totally different.

The *Salvia verbenaca* of Muhlenberg, &c. is properly introduced as a new species, under the name of *S. claytoni*.

Houstonia cerulea var. *minor*. is made a N. Sp. *H. patens*.

The genus *Pyridanthera* is united with *Diapensia* in imitation of Pursh, &c. but it appears to differ essentially by the insertion of the stamina in the sinus of the corolla, &c.

Hottonia palustris of Pursh, is properly made a N. Sp. under the name of *H. inflata*.

The *Convolvulus tenellus* of Lin. and Elliott, is evidently a peculiar genus, having a 4 celled capsul, 2 cleft style, 2 globose stigmas, and a 10 toothed corolla: we propose to call it *Stylisika*, meaning cleft style. The essential distinction between the genera *Ipomea* and *Convolvulus*, far from residing in the shape of the stigma, which affords quite a secondary character, does consist in the capsul, the *Ipomea* having a three celled one, and the *Convolvulus*, a two celled one.

Atraps physaloides does not belong to that genus, but to the genus *Nicandra*.

Rhamnus minutiflorus of Mich. Pursh and Elliott, belongs probably to the genus *Cassine*.

Ceanothus perennis of Pursh, adopted by Elliott, is the *C. herbaceous* of Rafinesque, a previous name.

Viola clandestina of Pursh, is totally different from the *V. rotundifolia* of Michaux: we have seen both.

Collinsia anisata belongs to the genus *Hypogon* of the *Flora ludoviciana*, having 4 fertile stamina.

Gratiola acuminata Walt. and Ell. must form a new genus, intermediate between *Gratiola* and *Herpestis*, having the corolla of the former and the stamina of the latter: it may be called *Endopogon*, meaning bearded within.

The author of the *Asclepias quadrifolia* is Jacquin, unnoticed by Elliott.

The American *Hydrocotyle vulgaris* of Mich. and Pursh, which we had long ago observed to be different from the European plant bearing the same name, is here named *H. interrupta* with Muhlenberg.

The genus *Sarothra* is correctly introduced again; but all the species of the *G. Hypericum*, with a monolocular capsul must be united to it; the character of the genus laying in the capsul, not in the stamina.

The genus *Baptisia* of Ventenat is adopted for all the North American species of the genus *Podalyria*.

The genus *Elklotia* of Muhlenberg, is adopted and described, being next to *Clethra*, &c. &c.

We have gone through this work with the utmost gratification. We feel proud that our country may now boast of such an enlightened and accurate botanist as Mr. Elliott. His labours entitle him to be ranked with some of the best European writers, and having been directed towards one of the least explored quarters of the U. S. they have greatly benefitted the science which he cultivates. This we venture to assert notwithstanding the systematical school which he follows, and the occasional errors and oversights in which he may be detected, but which are scarcely separable from extensive labours. We shall be happy to see the conclusion of this valuable and classical work, which certainly deserves better the name of *Flora*, than *Walter's*. It shall be our duty to notice the further discoveries which it may convey; and we feel inclined to believe that the remainder will equal if not exceed the former parts, as it is very likely that the author will improve as he proceeds, and the corrections of errors and omissions may probably be thrown together in the shape of a supplement.

C. S. R.

ART. 4. *The Resources of the United States of America.* By JOHN BRISTED, Counsellor at Law, Author of the *Resources of the British Empire.* New-York. James Eastburn & Co. 8vo. pp. 500.

THE author has entered upon a most extensive field, embracing, among other topics, all the great branches of industry in the United States; agriculture, commerce, manufactures, together with the diversified subjects of political economy. In what manner he has performed the task assumed will be shortly seen.

On the subject of manufactures, there

is found a coarseness of remark, a severity of animadversion, united with a reprehensible carelessness of observation, in some respects, which entitle that division of the book to particular notice.

The multiplication of manufactures in the United States, during the late war, to meet the necessary demands of the country and the public service, will be recol-

lected by all. The effect of the peace, the influx of British goods at prices unprecedentedly low, followed by the astonishing rise of the raw material of cotton, produced a state of things as distressing to the American manufacturer, as it was flattering to his foreign rival. High raised hopes were dashed to the ground; ruin came upon many, embarrassment upon all. The prospect of ruin to American manufactures was hailed, in the British parliament, as auspicious to English interests, and as yielding a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice and loss on the sales of goods sent out to America.

In this fallen condition, our manufacturers petitioned congress for relief. In 1816 it was granted; not by a *prohibition of foreign goods*, nor by bounties, nor premiums, but in the form of *protecting duties*; that is to say, by increasing the import duty on such articles as come in competition with the manufactures of the country.

In what manner Mr. Bristed has treated the distresses of our manufacturers, and what terms he has applied to their petitions to congress, will appear from the following extracts from his book. "This society (the American Society for encouraging manufactures) is continually beseeching and besieging congress to *exclude all foreign goods from the United States*, and give them a monopoly of the American market." p. 55.

"Their standing committees and *eternal clamour* about the dignity of patriotism, and the necessity of not depending on foreign nations for articles of use and convenience, are always an overmatch for the yeoman," &c. p. 56.

"Whether or not the general government is to be borne down by this *incessant clamour*, and sacrifice the interests of all the rest of the community to those of a very small portion of that community, remains yet to be seen." p. 57.

Whether this be good or bad writing, all will agree that it is writing very much like an Englishman; something like those agents of English houses, scattered through all our seaports, always true to the interests of British manufacturers, and, occasionally, condescending to enlighten unlettered Americans on the interests of the country and the duty of the government.

But to the point;—are the facts assumed by this writer, and charged upon our manufacturers and the government, true? It will, by and by, be shown, that both the government of the union, and almost all the distinguished statesmen of the United States, have concurred, and

by an unparalleled unanimity of opinion, in the encouragement which has been given to manufactures, by protecting duties. Our manufacturers stand charged by Mr. Bristed with "*besieging congress to exclude all foreign goods from the United States*." The subject, a great branch of national industry; the occasion, writing a book for the information of the public; the serious charge upon a great class of respectable individuals, all conspired to impose on the writer the utmost care and regard to the facts, on which he has bestowed such undistinguishing, such heightened censure.

It is confidently believed, that Mr. Bristed will not be able to discover in the files, or journals of congress, a solitary petition of manufacturers to warrant the above charge. On no occasion is an exemption from the common obligation of speaking the truth, even of an enemy, to be conceded. But some indulgence is due to a zeal, a crusading zeal, in which the writer, losing himself, is insensibly transported beyond knowledge and the ordinary restraint of discretion.

It is true, that manufacturers did ask of congress a prohibition of the importation of India cottons, (which are, mostly, of an unsubstantial fabric, and comparatively, of little value,) but here they stop *as to prohibition*. Had congress followed the example of Great Britain, Holland, and France, the prohibition would have been adopted; but a different course prevailed, and the manufacturers submitted.

When the East India Company poured into Great Britain their cotton goods, about the year 1786, in the manner they have recently done into the United States, the manufacturers of England took the alarm, and resorted to parliament, representing that they could not stand the competition; that the manufactories of the country would be crushed in the contest. A prohibition to sales of India cottons in the country was readily adopted. Congress have not gone so far, but have left the American manufacturer to struggle in the competition with India goods, subject however to an increased duty on the importation; and yet our author finds pretexts to censure the encouragement afforded American manufactures.

It is feared Mr. Bristed will be found, in his zeal, equally unfortunate in his imputation to manufacturers of "*incessant clamours*," to induce congress to *sacrifice the interest of all the rest of the community to that of a very small portion of that community*.

In the leading memorial of manufactur-

ers to Congress, recently published in the *Evening Post*, and several other papers, the following language is holden.

"Before we proceed further, and at the very threshold, we disclaim all legislative patronage, or favor to any particular class or branch of industry, at the expense of the other classes in community. We ask of congress the adoption of no measure for the relief of manufacturers, which is not deemed consistent with sound national policy, and the best interests of the United States at large!"

Had Mr. Bristed's book been written in a distant English factory, and by one who had never seen the United States, it could not have shown greater ignorance of the sentiments and conduct of American manufacturers, or a greater disposition to misrepresent them.

The reader will not fail to witness, in going over Mr. Bristed's tirade, the liberal use of the terms, "*monopoly*," "*bounties*," "*prohibiting duties*," &c. applied to the protection afforded manufactures. If the object be to alarm community, by a bug-bear exhibition, and excite popular prejudice against manufactures, it is believed the good sense and sober judgment of the American yeomanry, will be an evermatch for such an artifice. There is nothing to be found in the acts of congress, for the protection of manufactures, to warrant the application of the above terms, and the same is, in Mr. Bristed, an affronting abuse of language. To make an outcry of *mad-dog*, in order to point hostility and run down the victim of pursuit, is a vulgar artifice, as unbecoming the office assumed by Mr. Bristed, as it is inconsistent with a professed "*brief outline*," to descend to a slanderous attack upon the whole body of manufacturers.

A radical error pervades all the essays against manufacturers, in supposing them a *distinct class*, and this for the purpose of charging them with conspiring against the rest of community. Let it be never lost sight of, that in the United States are to be found no great manufacturing towns, no *separate class* of manufacturers; on the contrary, as it respects the particular subjects of the recent protection, farmers, merchants, professional men vest their surplus income in manufactories, and the workmen are the servants or hired labourers of the company. Such, with few exceptions, will be found to be the actual condition and proprietorship of the recently established manufactories of the United States.

Hence the "*incessant clamour*," (to use the language of our author,) against the

manufacturers of the country, as a distinct class, is seen in a just light, as the offspring of palpable error, or masked hostility, tending to subvert American and subserve foreign interests.

This writer pays a sorry compliment to the enlightened farmers and planters of the United States, composing nine-tenths of the whole population of the country, and their more enlightened representatives in congress, in supposing them in need of the counsels of a meddling foreigner, to detect, and guard them against the conspiracy of their own manufacturers. But who, and where, are the monsters against whom this modern Hercules raises so high his club? Who are these enemies of the public good, who solicit, and who are they who bestow protection on manufactures? It is answered, the society for the protection of American manufactures, whose president and vice-president are among our most distinguished citizens; a society which numbers among its members three, if not four, successive presidents of the United States; two different congresses, who in 1816 and 1818, passed these denounced protecting statutes, by majorities, rarely to be found in their annals, on great national subjects of so much feeling,—by a majority, in the first instance, of between 30 and 40, in the House of Representatives, and in the last, of 106 to 34; and in the Senate, by an almost unanimous vote.

Manufacturers saw, with pride, among other great men, Rufus King, distinguished as the statesman without reproach, the advocate of those bills. Here is enough to teach this writer a lesson of moderation in bestowing censure on the much and long abused manufacturers of the country. The fallen condition of that class, struggling against foreign rivalry, might have been expected to disarm hostility, how strongly soever excited by foreign partialities. A decent respect to the memorable report of secretary Hamilton, so highly eulogised by Mr. Bristed, containing the most conclusive answers to every objection, which ever has been, or probably can be, raised to the protection of manufactures, might also have been expected to restrain the licentiousness of our author's pen. Mr. Bristed is invited to bestow a few hours on that report, and, in the next edition of his book, favour the public with a refutation of the arguments in that report, hitherto deemed unanswerable, or retract his charges against manufactures. For, let it be remembered, that the protection of manufactures has not been carried so far as

that report would warrant. The author, to justify his opinion against yielding protection to manufactures, misapplies a principle in political economy, which would leave the *various branches of industry to their own course, to find their level in the competition for public patronage.* To the well established branches of business, the rule has a qualified application, but to new establishments, requiring improved skill and capital, and having to contend against the rivalry and hostility of old establishments, it has no application. On this point, and the indispensable necessity of encouragement from government in such case, reference is made to the above report, and to sir James Stewart.

British manufactories were reared, at first, against the rivalry of the previous establishments on the continent, by the liberal aid of the government, and they have attained their present exalted ascendancy, under the continued fostering care of government, watching with Argus-eyes, and repressing with the whole weight of its influence, the first efforts at manufacturing elsewhere. The great Chatham, the friend of America, was alive with jealousy to the first attempt of the colonies to manufacture for themselves. (See his Speech on the Address to the Throne, in 1770.) So far did that government, at an early day, carry their protection of domestic industry, as to enact the penalty of burning cloth found not to be wholly of British material and fabric.

The nation, instead of relaxing in this policy, exults in its success. *To manufacture for all, and receive manufactures from none, is a maxim as sacred as Magna Charta.* Mr. B. consoles the country with the prospect of foreign markets for agricultural produce, to pay for imported goods. This hope is delusive. With the exception of the cotton districts, the balance of trade, since the peace, is believed to be greatly against the United States. Our wheat and flour, exported during the last year, which swells to so flattering an amount at the custom-house, were sold at such a loss in England as to involve very many of the shippers in ruin. The custom-house valuation, when the article goes to a bad market, is very fallacious.

The effect of manufactories on the health and morals of those concerned in them, is known to be greatly exaggerated, at least as to those manufactories of cotton and wool, which were the particular objects of protection in the late tariff of duties. The sites of our manufactories are mostly in the country; the buildings are spacious, and whoever visits

them, it is believed, will find the children, (who are nine-tenths of the number employed,) in health and appearance greatly superior to the ordinary poor of the country. In Scotland, and on the continent of Europe, manufactures are carried greatly beyond any thing in the United States, and we are not conscious of any evidence to warrant the opinion, that the health or morals of those concerned have been essentially injured. It is not improbable that the peculiar nature of some manufactures, carried on in the crowded population of great manufacturing towns in England, may prove injurious to health; but the effects, even there, are believed to be exaggerated; and Esplanade's book is said to answer to Cotton's definition of an ambassador, *one sent abroad to do for the good of his country.* The steady object of British politicians, the world over, is to deter others from manufacturing.

Mr. B. sees every thing with a jaundiced eye, American goods are of a very *bad quality.* That, in the infancy of our establishments, some badly manufactured goods should be found, was to be expected, but in many of the woollen, and in all of the cotton establishments, goods are manufactured of superior quality and durability to imported goods of the same kind. American shirtings are known to find a ready market in the Canadas, being preferred to British shirtings. As to price, they are sold in New-York at something less than 20 cents per yard. Can Mr. B. believe that the British artisans, pouring in upon us in a steady current of emigration, cannot spin, dress, and finish cloths as well here, as they did on the other side of the Atlantic? But the author objects that "the wages of labour in the United States are at least one hundred per cent. higher than in England, and quadruple those of France." The misfortune of this argument is, that it proves too much, if it proves any thing. If the United States cannot compete with England, because wages are double here, how can England, possibly, stand in the competition with France, when her wages treble the wages of France. What escape will Mr. B. find? Though wages are higher in the United States, yet this consideration is counterbalanced, in some degree, by the superior cheapness of sites for establishments, water privileges to move machinery, instead of expensive steam engines, and other advantages, which, when the multiplied charges on foreign importations are brought into the scale, leave to the American manufacturer nothing to fear in the ordinary

course of trade. The last three years has been a period of trial and suffering. The manufacturer has had to encounter unprecedented importations, constantly passing under the hammer, and, at times, for a sum less than half the first costs. Our author is of opinion, that the population of the United States is not sufficient to justify the country's embarking in manufactures. Were New-England, whose soil is incapable of subsisting her growing population, to consult Mr. B. on the means of retaining and subsisting that population, at home, which is daily emigrating to the west, what answer would he give? The answer given by the treaties on population, is, *open new channels of industry, new sources of subsistence*; in other words, introduce and extend manufactures. By such a course only can that, and some other districts of the United States, avoid falling into comparative insignificance in the scale of the union.

In this contest, carried on between the friends of American, and the advocates of foreign manufactures, the latter have almost uniformly mistated the question, and the grounds of governmental protection of manufactures. The friends of domestic manufactures are constantly charged with the design of introducing the Chinese system of forcing manufactures, and coercing the country with establishments of all descriptions. This charge has been made, and, in some instances, from the worst of motives, to excite hostility against our own, and continue old, and, with some, invincible attachments, to foreign fabrics. But the petitions of manufacturers, and the very extract given by Mr. Bristed, from the president's speech, refute and put to silence this calumny;—the whole ground of application being limited to *upholding the establishments, which the late war gave rise to, and the extensive capital invested in them*. Mr. Bristed has adopted the above course of warfare.

The friends of American manufactures are truly unfortunate, in being either misrepresented, or misunderstood, as to almost all that has been done on the subject, and especially as to the extent of the

protection, or duty on imported goods. Many will be surprised to find the whole protection to consist in a duty, which is less, with the exception of coarse India cottons, than the duty on many other imported articles, which do not come at all into competition with domestic manufactures, the articles not being produced in the United States. The specific duties are particularly referred to. The original duty on woollen and cottons was particularly light, owing to the state of the country, then, without manufactures of that nature. Hence the raising of the duty to its present amount, though still less than on other articles, has been felt much more than it otherwise would have been. It is believed to be an incontrovertible fact, that the increase of duty has not increased the price of goods, and that goods have continued lower, under the duty, to this day, than at any other period.

We have not leisure, at present, to follow Mr. Bristed over the whole ground which he has pretended to survey. The specimens we have given of his arrogance of assertion and his ignorance of facts, will enable our readers to form a tolerably just idea of the general merit of his work. There are, indeed, some correct opinions expressed on subjects which do not excite the author's national or political prejudices,—but where these come into view, he betrays the veriest bigotry. On the whole, Mr. Bristed's book may be safely read, and possibly with some advantage, by those who know how to estimate the value of his remarks and the force of his reasoning, and who are able, from their own knowledge, to rectify his errors, and to supply his deficiencies;—but it is by no means to be relied on, as an authentic source of information, by those who are unacquainted with the subjects of which it treats. A foreigner will learn, for example, from Mr. Bristed, that *Ohio is a ship-building state*,—but he is not told, by Mr. Bristed, that naval architecture is understood or practised, in New-England, or New-York!

T. R.

ART. 5. *Purity of Heart, or Woman as she should be. An Interesting Tale. By an Old Wife of Twenty Years.* New-York: Kirk & Mercein, James Eastburn & Co. William Gilley, Collins & Co. and Thomas A. Ronalds. 12mo. pp. 189.

IT is no slight objection to this work, that, in itself, it is wholly unintelligible, and that in order to understand its scope, it is requisite to peruse one of the

VOL. III.—No. II.

14

most senseless, insipid, and contemptible productions in our language—the novel of Glenarvon. And it is no little mortification, after having submitted to this pe-

nance, to discover that so much labour has been wasted, and that this satirical effusion is but an abortive attempt to exaggerate absurdity. Lest, however, some of our readers, through a foolish inquisitiveness, should doom themselves to the task which duty imposed upon us, we will imbody, in as few words as possible, our recollections of the nonsensical story, which the volume before us is designed to ridicule.

Lady Calantha Delaval, the heroine of Glenarvon, was the daughter of the duke of Altamonte, and was betrothed, at an early age, to her cousin William Buchanan, son of lady Margaret Buchanan, the duke's sister. Lady Margaret had resided much in Italy, and on her return to Ireland, was accompanied by a number of *Cecibeos*, who were desperately enamoured of this dowager coquette. Among these *inamoratos* was a young man, who passed by the name of the count Viviani. He was almost the only one of lady Margaret's wooers who did not enjoy her favours. She availed herself, nevertheless, of his devotion, to instigate him to destroy the infant son of the duke, her brother, that her own child might be the nearest male heir to the honours of the house of Altamonte. Yet she recompensed this service by no relaxation of her austerity, towards her pining swain. Cheated of his stipulated reward, Viviani vowed vengeance,—but the progress of the tale requires that he should lie for a while, *perdue*. About the time, which had been allotted for the marriage of Calantha and her cousin Buchanan, the earl of Avondale made his appearance at castle Delaval. He was young, gallant, and withal a soldier. Calantha, who was the child of romance, was soon captivated by his beauty and high-bearing. He was not insensible to her charms. After numerous trials, inclination prevailed over policy—and Avondale and Calantha were united. For a few years they resided in the country, absorbed in each other and mutually delighted. A girl and a boy crowned and cemented their affection. Lord Avondale was all indulgence, and Calantha was pleased to be a *pet*.

Lord Avondale and his bride, at last, launched into the dissipations of London. The levity of lady Calantha soon made her the subject of general remark. But though fond of adulation, and gratified with notoriety, she did not so far forget herself as to stoop to actual vice. She passed through the ordeal of a winter in London, with as little detriment to her reputation, as is commonly suffered, and probably,

with less to her virtue than is usually sustained. Lady Calantha and her spouse, in the course of a year or two, revisited castle Delaval. Here were collected many of her ladyship's near relations and several of her fashionable intimates. Lord Avondale's military duties called him to some distance, and his visits to the castle were rare. The whole country was rife with rumours of rebellion. The spirit of insurrection was fomented in the neighbourhood of castle Delaval, by one who assumed the title of lord Glenarvon—but whose ancestor had been attainted. Of this youth the most extraordinary accounts were propagated. He was said to possess a sort of fascination, by which, in despite of a thousand crimes and the most unamiable disposition, he could attach to himself, beyond the power of resistance, any woman on whom he fixed his serpent gaze. The daughters of Sir Everard St. Clare, his brother's widow, and Elmer her lovely child, had all been inveigled by this beauteous monster, and had become the partners of his various guilt. The report of such transcendent powers of seduction, rendered all the female inhabitants of castle Delaval anxious, beyond measure, to obtain a sight of so terrible a young man. Accident first brought him to the view of Calantha, but, unconscious as she was, who was the object that had caught her roving glances, she felt that the impression he had made on her was *indelible*. Political considerations induced the duke of Altamonte to make overtures to the young heir of Glenarvon, and to invite him to his board. This was the commencement of an intimacy, on which Glenarvon knew how to improve. By the most refined coxcombry, he soon wrought Calantha up to the most uncontrollable passion. He practised no common arts. He was continually warning her against her weakness, and as constantly assuring her that she was fated to be his. No one, he told her, could withstand him—yet he had never been faithful to any one. He even boasted to her of his crimes, and gloried in their enormity. Still he assured her, it was her destiny to abandon herself to him, and, ultimately, to attain to the same proud superiority over the trivial precepts of vulgar morality. We cannot dwell upon such despicable and revoking cant. Yet it seems Calantha was won. All the use, however, which Glenarvon made of his triumph over her principles, was to obtain from her a few amatory letters, and to expose them to her female acquaintances. Having led her to the brink of ruin, the

heartless lover leaves her to thank him that his clemency spared her from destruction. He addicts himself to a new intrigue, and writes to her a most brutal *finale*. During the whole course of this platonic amour, the indiscretion of Calantha was a diurnal topic of reprehension at the castle—though no interruption was offered to her hourly private intercourse with a man, who, we should think, could scarcely obtain admission into any reputable family. Avondale is at last informed of Calantha's imprudences, and resolves to separate from her. He does this manfully, and announces to her his determination, without uttering a reproach. Calantha, whose affection for her husband had revived after the shock which her heart had experienced from the infidelity of Glenarven, resolves to follow him wherever he may exile himself. She overtakes Avondale in the night, at an inn. The repulses she receives from the servants of his uncle, in whose company he is travelling, added to her fatigues of mind and body, throw her into convulsions.

Avondale is informed of her situation, and surrenders himself to the impulses of his love. He hurries to her bedside, pronounces her forgiveness,—and is satisfied of her innocence. Calantha blesses him, and dies. Glenarven, who proves in the sequel to be *Viviani*, now wreaks his revenge on lady Margaret, whom he had made, *ad interim*, subservient to his desires. He discloses to the duke of Altamonte the murder she had meditated of his son—restores to him that son, whom he had preserved, by murdering a substitute,—with his own hand, assassinates lady Margaret—embarks on board a frigate, to the command of which he had been appointed—seeks death in battle, which there eludes him—and, finally, persecuted by preternatural visions, dives into the deep, and is ingulphed.

The novel under review is the counterpart of the foregoing. Camilla Walsingham, who is over-so-beautiful and delectable,—is the only daughter of a very wealthy family, and is sought in marriage by lord Ellesmere. Camilla listens to his suit, and returns his love. But she soon finds him violent and capricious. He is supremely selfish, and requires from her an entire relinquishment of self. Short intercourse convinces her that he is not calculated to make her happy. On this consideration, she rejects him, much to his chagrin, notwithstanding his beauty, talents and accomplishments. By the advice of her friends, she marries sir Lu-

signan Delbury, a man possessed of many amiable, but of no great qualities. Soon after her introduction into life, lord Ellesmere becomes acquainted with sir Lusignan, and is introduced into his family. He enjoys, through the listlessness of her husband, every opportunity of making his court to Camilla; he does not succeed, however, in making any undue impression upon her. But sir Lusignan, forgetful of the treasure he possesses in a virtuous and tender wife, forms a connection with a lady Carbury, a fashionable demi-rep, with whom, he shortly after elopes to France. Camilla, leaving her children in the care of her father, pursues her husband to Paris. Lord Ellesmere contrives to fall in with her, on the route, and annoys her with his visits after her arrival in that city. She discovers sir Lusignan's residence in the vicinity, and forces herself into his presence. He listens to her remonstrances and protestations—acknowledges his own fault—but recriminates by charging her with an intimacy with lord Ellesmere. The contempt and obduracy, with which she is treated, by him for whom she has endured and tempted so great sufferings, overcome the fortitude of Camilla. She returns home in a state of derangement. In this condition she is seen by lord Ellesmere, who, touched to the heart by the sight of the misery, which he had been so instrumental in producing, discards his injurious designs, and, in a letter to sir Lusignan, does ample justice to the character of his wife. This letter falls into the hands of lady Carbury, who of course suppresses it. But sir Lusignan is, not long afterwards, attacked by a malignant fever, and the apprehension of infection, together with the advances of a new lover, induces lady Carbury to desert him. She has, however, the good nature to send him lord Ellesmere's letter, and to recommend lady Delbury as a nurse. Camilla has, in the mean time, recovered from her delirium, and hearing of sir Lusignan's malady, sets forth to make another essay to approach him. On arriving at his chateau, she finds it nearly deserted,—no one daring to watch that dissolution which all considered inevitable. She comes, however, in season to avert this calamity—sir Lusignan recovers—and after his experience of his wife's truth and tenderness, becomes a most devoted and exemplary husband. A lady Calantha Limbe flourishes among the characters of the minor plot,—who forsakes her husband and children to follow 'her dear poetical De Lyra,' as she terms him, on a fresh

'pilgrimage' to Palestine. Her ladyship's speeches are transcripts of those of her namesake, lady Calantha Delaval,—and De Lyra is made a sort of epitome of Glenarvon.

So much for the plot.

Though we doubt not that the motive, which prompted the composition and publication of this volume, was pure,—we question much, whether its circulation will tend to purify the minds of those, for whose perusal it is apparently intended. Even if it do not lead to the perusal of the detestable work, which it is meant to parody, it suggests subjects of contemplation, on which it is not salutary to rumi-

nate. Innate modesty is the greatest safeguard of virtue;—and there is no more direct way of impugning this defence, than calling up discussions which involve indelicacy. We condemn, indeed, that squeamishness which takes needless alarm, but there is a boundary which it is indecent to transgress. Whether such conversations, as are recited in this novel, do actually take place amongst chaste matrons, we pretend not to say:—certain we are, however, that if they do occur, it is in the strictest privacy. That language, which it would be improper to hold in the public ear, is unfit for the public eye.

E.

ART. 6. *A Treatise on the Practice of the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.* By D. T. BLAKE, Esq. Gould, Banks & Gould. New-York. 8vo. pp. 600.

LORD BACON declares that "one of the most hurtful devices put in practice in the delivery of knowledge, for the covering and palliating of ignorance, and the gracing and overvaluing of what men utter, is, that they use a few observations, upon any subject, to make a solemn and formal art, by filling it up with discourse, accomodating it with some circumstances and directions to practice, and digesting it into method, whereby men grow satisfied as if no more inquiry were to be made of that matter." Many books which load the shelves of professional men, are, in truth, "hurtful devices," under the head of "directions to practice"—mysterious formularies, conjured up in the "olden" time, and heedfully preserved in imperishable black letter, abridgements, commentaries, institutes, registers, and year books, thumbed by barristers, attorneys, solicitors, justices, judges, and antiquaries, for the last five centuries. No man, with intense application, can read one-fifth of this mass; and even to do that, would be rather an evidence of stupidity than application. To digest such reading is impossible: no man in his senses would attempt it. The mind is distracted with the reading which becomes necessary at the present day, to acquire a mere knowledge of attorneyship, and many students throw up in despair the study of a single book of practice. The vast number of volumes, useless volumes, in which the practice of the courts lies dispersed, require greater expense than many gentlemen can afford. The student who aspires to a high walk in his profession, who hates "the foul fiend" attorney-

ship, occupying the portals of the common law, and who does not intend to article himself for life to John Doe and Richard Roe, must wish for a reform. Every liberal lawyer is ready to renounce all allegiance to the cant and mystery of the profession. Some, indeed, may deem any innovation in this particular little better than sacrilege,—as an attempt to batter down the pillars of the whole system of jurisprudence,—the opinion of such persons, however, is not entitled to much consideration. An obliquity, communicated by professional habit, has rendered their aim untrue. In other matters—untrammelled by precedent—unprejudiced—uninterested, they may seldom miss the mark of practical utility. But in this particular, we deny their impartiality. When they shall be competent to decide fairly, we will be ready to acknowledge the authority of their decision.

The delay, inconvenience, and absurdity, attending the practice of the law in the courts of common law, are comparatively of little moment when we conceive its other evils; it narrows down that gentlemanly courtesy which ought to prevail and be characteristic of the gown,—its direct tendency is to extirpate all ingenueness, and give place to low, contemptible cunning—to introduce superficial knowledge, high pretensions,—in a word, professional quackery. To it may be imputed that pruriency manifested by every presumptuous scrivener for professional employment—the hot-bed of chicanery grows rank under its influence, and shoots forth perennial litigation.—Abolish this artificial system, and an effectual blow

is inflicted upon a tribe of unworthy men, who infest and dishonour the bar. Let the practice volumes of attorneyship be thrown down—they have no charms for genius—they repel the scrutiny of erudition—and baffle the efforts of the legal tyro. Who ever envied the fame of the most expert attorney? What eminent lawyer does not confess his repugnance to the trammels of practice? Unlike other branches of science,—neither reason nor utility recommend the study of the *artemata* of legal tactics. Many men, who never were intended for physicians, are pleased with the study of medicine,—laymen, skilled in polemic divinity, have become so from motives of curiosity or zeal;—but who ever heard of the physician, divine, or private gentleman mustering courage to con the pages of *folios* invented, for the edification of practising attorneys in the courts of king's bench and common pleas? The absurd practice of our courts has created a distinct class of men, who rely wholly for subsistence upon the law's delay—who are grossly ignorant of every principle of jurisprudence, and, indeed, whose mode of professional business seldom requires the application of legal learning. Many have been admitted at the bar, to whom that honour was altogether unexpected at first, and whose original employment had been to run on errands, and keep free from dust the pleadings of their masters,—without talents, education, or manners, they drew largely upon accident and impudence, and having got the knack of indenting a deed and affixing a seal,—all at once they rose buoyant to the sphere of civilians and advocates. Seven years apprenticeship—by immemorial usage, is the term prescribed to acquire the knowledge of any mechanical art. A spruce attorney need serve but little more than half that time to become an adept in his trade. A tin ticket, with burnished letters, on his window,—the Attorney's Manual on his table,—and a good stock of impudence to overbalance his ignorance,—are the only requisites now a days to enable any one to commence the practice of the law. A friendly constable is enlisted to seek for business, and, if necessary, to make it. If a justice can be found who will dare to punish for contempt of court—it is a great debut, if he can be committed for insolence,—as he acquires by that means the reputation of being a smart fellow. Constables, marshals, and their retainers, who dislike such harsh proceedings, cry him up on the instant, and he commences lawyer under their auspices.

He views with complacency the keen tricks of his elder brothers, and by degrees becomes versed in the knotty points of practice. He is ready to effect by "the worst means, the worst." Fools enough are to be found who will be his victims—villains enough will employ him to

"Feed contention in a lingering act."

Is it surprising then, that the *Jobsons* and *Halloways* of the day, should be expert in that branch of the practice which able and fair men do not wish to know, which they learn only upon compulsion, and in their own defence? We admit that under the existing rules of our courts, an inferior class of professional men must be employed, but we object to investing them with the privileges which belong exclusively to able and well educated lawyers.

Two-fifths of the persons admitted to practice as attorneys, subsist upon the mountebank contrivances which are tolerated to the manifest injury of high-minded men. The thousand common sayings in the mouth of the multitude, detracting from the honour of the profession en masse, and which are daily repeated by women and children as gospel truths, owe their currency to the confounding of the tricky trading attorney, with the legitimate lawyer. Unmerited obloquy is thus heaped upon the good men and true of the profession, who have ever proved a ball of fire against oppression,—who, in the darkest times, have vindicated public and private rights, at the hazard of life and fortune. Men in high stations too, have given currency to the charges preferred, by the illiterate and prejudiced, against the whole profession. A grave member of the Senate, in his place, has stated that poverty and ruin denote the presence and mark the ravages of attorneys in every county in the state. That this class of men are accumulating immense wealth wrung from the hard earnings of the yeomanry. This, in many instances, we doubt not is true—but in those flagrant cases, where great distress is brought upon the community—it is when the attorney is the instrument of a combination of men—of some monied aristocracy, whose object can not be accomplished without him. Here it is fair to inquire, why should the attorney, who labours in his vocation without trick or oppression, be branded with crime, and the men who employ him escape imputation? Is it because the hand which wields the dagger is concealed, and because the instrument of wrong alone is palpable to feeling and to sight? We have heard that

the honourable member referred to, is an advocate of banks and connives in their operations—else we should have concluded that he meant his striking picture for bank attorneys. That many of these latter gentlemen have made large sums of money, in the shape of costs—that every village in the state groans under the pressure of their acts, is undeniable;—that monstrous monied aristocracies, working ruin to thousands, subverting public confidence and private morals, employ attorneys, and profitably too—is known to every one;—that these mindless, heartless combinations, “these horse leaches of private oppression, and vultures of public robbery,” under the name of banks, fling their outrageous arrows throughout the land, and that attorneys are their agents, is true;—but why “mince damnation with a phrase,” and throw the burden of bank iniquity upon the shoulders of their attorneys.

Multiplicity of suits—inordinate costs, severest exactions on the part of the plaintiffs, swell the catalogue of wrongs; and deep and loud and awful is the warning voice now heard in this state. The thousands who have been enticed and ruined by banking facilities—and banking deceit, are, and will prove a host against this system. The feelings of the heart—a sense of honour and justice—opposition to oppression—are all arrayed against it. Let the bank debtor tell what appeal can be made to the stockholders of a chartered company—what cry of anguish can reach incorporeal ears? Melting as may be the tears of misfortune, do they not freeze as they fall within the chilling influence of such combinations? So enormous have been the costs received by attorneys prosecuting for banks, in the country particularly, that the legislature has been induced to strike off about one-third of the fees formerly allowed: and, thus, fair

men, who with a respectable private practice can hardly earn a living—must suffer for the enormities perpetrated by banks and their agents.

It is time, however, to speak of a subject more particularly the object of this paper. D. T. Blake, Esq. of the New-York bar, has compiled with considerable labour, the *Chancery Practice* of this State. The forms and rules of the court are stated in the body of the work—and in such a manner as to refer to the principles of equity jurisdiction, and the decisions of the court—which accompany and elucidate each particular proceeding. A book of this description has been long sought for, and must prove a valuable aid to solicitors and counsellors of the court.

The arrangement is so judicious, that what may have appeared obscure, is made clear—and the many forms and rules of the English court, which do not obtain here, and which only embarrass and fatigue the practitioner, are rejected. It has been often remarked, that among the books of practice, published in England, very few have been written by men of liberal or cultivated minds—Mr. Blake is an exception to these remarks. He unites the rare qualifications of patient inquiry and practical knowledge—to good sense, extensive reading, and a well cultivated understanding. From this gentleman we had a right to expect a book, satisfactory and useful on any subject, to which he directed his attention. We have seen a large part of this work in print, although its publication has not yet been announced, and it meets the expectation we had formed. Mr. Blake may be assured that the profession will appreciate his labour, and extend such encouragement as may induce him to continue his literary exertions.

M.

ART. 7. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

Letters from the hon. Horace Walpole, to George Montagu, Esq. from 1736 to 1770.

A NEW collection of the correspondence of a person so celebrated as Horace Walpole, cannot fail to be a great treat to the public. These letters are addressed to the son of general Montagu, and nephew of the second earl of Halifax, who was the representative of Northampton, private secretary to lord North, when chancellor of the exchequer, and the holder of several other official situations. He seems also to have

been a man of refined mind, and elegant literary acquirements; an eminent and suitable friend for lord Orford.

The style, as might be anticipated, is easy and playful, and the epistles full of *piquant* anecdotes. *Ex. gr.*

“I remember a very admired sentence in one of my lord Chesterfield’s speeches, when he was haranguing for this war; (anno 1745.) With a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords, and said with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now!” p. 14.

"Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my lord Baltimore thinks one:—he said to the prince t'other day, 'Sir, your royal highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history.'" *Ibid.*

"Of beauty I can tell you an admirable story:—one Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's-street; some young gentlemen went there t'other night;—Well Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here, that were at your other house in Air-street."—Lord, sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me.—Envied you! Why your house was pulled down about your ears.—Oh dear sir, don't you know how that happened?—No, pray how?—Why, dear sir, it was my lady —, who gave ten guineas to the mob to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for colonel Conway." p. 15.

"I have heard nothing of A—T—s (Augustus Townsend's) will; my lady, who you know hated him, came from the opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, 'My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.'" p. 26.

"Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the *Cuse* (John duke of Montagu.) If you have not heard of his will, I will tell you. . . . There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures, which was a little unnecessary, for lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee; 'What,' says he, 'have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned.'" p. 66.

"I hear your friend, lord N—, is wedded; somebody said, it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh, she was kept in ice three days before.'" p. 78.

"I shall only tell you a bon-mot of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. 'G—d d—n the bishops,' said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon,) 'so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—d I'll *under-bury* them all.'" p. 103.

"My lord D—h is going to marry a fortune, I forget her name; my lord G—s asked him how long the *honey-moon* would last? He replied, 'Don't tell me of the *honey-moon*; it is *harvest-moon* with me.'" p. 103.

"We have had a sort of debate, in the House of Commons, on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges. Charles Townsend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*."

"My lady Coventry showed George Sel-

wyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them: he replied, 'Why, you will be change for a guinea.'" p. 181.

But this may suffice for the present, as a specimen of the Walpoliana. The whole book is full of bon-mots; many of them exceedingly scandalous, and others written in so free a style, that we cannot transcribe them. If ever there was a companion to Bobb Doddington's celebrated Diary, it is in this volume. There is the same license, the same acquaintance with the intrigues, &c. of the higher ranks; and there is infinitely more point and wit. It is to be regretted, that some of the passages, where libertinism is most nakedly exposed, have not been struck out. We say nothing of the way in which the court of king George II. is handled, nor of the unsparing severity with which all are treated, from the king upon his throne, to the lowest courtier. The satire is biting. Many anecdotes are told of the commencement of the reign of our present king, which exhibit his majesty in the most amiable point of view, and are now deeply interesting. Occasional notices of the arts and artists, add to the spirit of the work, and are at once curious and entertaining. These will supply us with matter for future extracts; and in the interim we shall copy a few affecting particulars of the trials and conduct of the Scotch lords, in 1746.

"Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The duke (Cumberland) said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners."

"Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the king last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me, that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more, till —, and then pointing to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the jailer, 'Take care or you will break my spine with this damned axe.'

"I must tell you a bon-mot of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords: he said, 'What a shame it is to turn her

face to the prisoners till they are condemned.

"If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, '*Vraiment cela est auguste.*' 'Oui,' replied the other, '*cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royale.*'

"I am assured, that the old countess of Errol made her son, lord Kilmarnock, go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the Tennis Court protests he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Story's Gate; and, says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner. He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters, she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened too about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch Peers -

August 16. I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, lord Derwentwater, lord Traquair, lord Cromartie and his son, and the lord provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched lords are in dismal towers; and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one that looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach.' Lord Kilmarnock who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified."

We resume our application to this very amusing work, the vivacity and unbounded freedom of which, adds a charm to what would, without these graces, be highly interesting in many literary points of view, as well as in that of a descriptive and characteristic sketch of the higher classes of society and fashionable manners, in the era to which it belongs. Walpole, almost as selfish as Fontenelle, reminds us constantly of that author. He is playful, satirical, humorous; his knowledge of life considerable, his perceptions acute, and his pursuits calculated always to entertain, and often to convey information on subjects of arts, literature, and science. His correspondence forms so complete a melange of politics, anecdote, scandal, intelligence, wit, and criticism, that we could not, if we would, digest it into any thing like a systematic analysis. Perhaps it will be fully as agreeable to follow the rambling course of the letters. The early days of Methodism are thus alluded to, after mentioning that the duke of Cumberland had arrived (1748.)

"Gumley, who you know has grown methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde-park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the duke replied, he hoped it was not by the *new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my lady Huntingdon's at Chelsea: my lord Chesterfield, my lord Bath, my lady Townshend, my lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you lay that next winter he is not run after instead of Garrick?"

Garrick is no favourite with our author, and he rarely misses an opportunity of cutting at him. He is not astonished that he and Colman write badly together, since they write so ill separately. He allows him to be a good actor, but reviles the *stuff* he brings upon the stage, and the alterations he makes in pieces presented to him. The following specimen from Paris, Oct. 16, 1769, shows that there is no novelty in our present practices or severity of criticism.

"There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed, at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As the man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad odes; but then Cibber wrote the *Careless Husband*, and his own life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's Prologues and Epilogues are as bad as his *Pindarics* and *Pantomimes*."

The opinions given of several distinguished writers of the day, are as biting as those touching plays and players: we select a few, without advocating their justice.

"Rigby and Peter Bathurst, t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding: who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper; that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, a w——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had so often seen him come to beg a guinea of sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized."

"Millar, the bookseller, has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him an-

other hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, lord Cobham's West has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff; but, prefixed to it, there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttleton." (May 1749.)

The author of Tom Jones need not, with posterity, dread the aristocratic strictures of lord Orford. But we proceed to other notices.

"Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent to the young lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being mandia!" (May 1750.)

"Mr. Mason has published another drama, called *Caractacus*. There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons, than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, *will cry and roar all night*, without the least provocation." (June 1759.)

Gray is frequently ridiculed for his taciturnity, and want of conversational powers: and it is told of him, that during a party of pleasure, for a whole day he uttered only one short and trivial sentence, in answer to a question. His later productions come also in for a whip of supercilious criticism. Of other celebrated men we have the following:

"The first volume of Voltaire's *Peter the Great* is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the Campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order; but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburg for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric." (Nov. 1760.)

There are yet several other passages respecting literary works and persons, which we cannot refrain from copying. The first relates to Burke.

"I dined with your Secretary yesterday (July 21, 1761.) There were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authoritarian yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days.

"Mr. Glover has published his long-

* An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

VOL. III.—NO. II.

hoarded Medea, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambs, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time." (Oct. 1761.)

"Fingal is come out: I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine." (Dec. 1761.)

"Lady M—y W—y (Mary Wortley) is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her diet, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rage, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horse-man's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *series Virgilianus* for her; we literally drew

'Insanam vatem aspicias.'

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then." (July 1762.)

"Paris, Oct. 1765.—Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest b—dy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour."

The appearance of the New Bath Guide is spoke of in terms of unqualified praise, as containing more wit, humour, fun, poetry, and originality, than ever before appeared together. The same letter (June 26, 1766) says, and reminds us very forcibly of a recent publication,

"There are two new volumes too of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive; fifty of lady Betty Germain; one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend, my lady Suffolk, with all the

spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated every body that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not.—His own journal, sent to Stella, during the last four years of the queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and at the same time how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says, the *arab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, 'There is nothing new under the sun'—'No,' said Selwyn, 'nor under the grandson.' [George II. and III.]

"I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the king of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return, the king asked him what he had been doing in England? 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser'—'des chevaux?' replied the king."

Reserving a curious anecdote of Hogarth, and some other interesting extracts, for hereafter, we may be excused, if, so near the close of such limits as we can conveniently allot to one subject, however various, we follow the example of our author, and say, having got into puns, we will conclude with a few of the witticisms which we find scattered through these pages.

"Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bon mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, bishop W—b—n. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath on behalf of prerogative: Quin said, pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified—aye! said W—b—n, by what law? Quin replied, *By all the laws he had left them*. The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. *I would not advise your lordship, said Quin, to make use of that inference, for if I am not much mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles*. There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply; but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard."

—"Unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for? M. de Choiseul replied, '*apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le Soleil*.'—[A happy compliment to our then youthful king, in 1761.]

"The cry in Ireland has been against lord Hillsborough, supposing him to meditate an union of the two islands; George

Selwyn seeing him set t'other night between my lady H— and my lord B—, said, Who can say that my lord Hillsborough is not an enemy to a union!"

A hit of equal force against another lady of gallantry, is recorded of Charles Townshend:

"My lord said he, has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my lord —'s garter; if he would have been content to ask for my lady —'s garter, I don't know but he would have obtained it!"

The anecdote of Hogarth, which we have mentioned, is contained in a letter of the 6th May, 1761.

"The true frantic Ostrus (says the writer) resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' This truth was uttered in the face of his own *Sigismunda*, which is exactly a maudlin—tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

"H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it to correct; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think no body understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and, indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons, who have studied painting least, were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill, (you know he married sir James's daughter.) I would not have you say any thing against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether sir J. Thornhill would come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry

we should clash. *W.* I believe it is not known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. *H.* Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? *W.* No, it is an antiquarian history of it, in England; I bought Mr. Virtue's MMS. and I believe the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. *H.* Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better. *W.* My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean for wit) in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad."

We cannot, after having given two Numbers to this work, devote our page to the private details of the accession and marriage of our now venerable king. They are interesting, and excite strong emotions, when we contrast the joy and festivity of that hour with the affecting situation of the present. In novelty, however, they must yield to the accounts of the death and funeral of George the 2d, and of the visit of the king of Denmark to their present majesties, in 1768. We select the latter for extract.

"I came to town to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late prince of — to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. . . . He only takes the title of Altesse, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly."

Of George II. whom the author never spares, we are told that he

"Is dead richer than sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as lord Hardwicke. He has left 60,000*l.* between the duke, Emily, and Mary; the duke has given up his share. To lady Yarmouth, a cabinet, with the contents; they call it 11,000*l.* By a German deed, he gives the duke to the value of 180,000*l.* placed on a mortgage, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last executed the revocation on the pretence of the expenses of the war;

but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closter-seven! He gives him besides, all his jewels in England; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee." . . .

"Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying to other night? I had never seen a royal funeral!" . . .

After describing the state, procession to Westminster Abbey, &c:

"The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown Adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend. Think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of N—— (Newcastle.) He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of N—— standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble." . . .

There are several notices of the commencing reign of George III. two of which, as they are short, and from a personal observer, we will here annex.

"The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity, and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions." p. 218.

"For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday (12 Nov. 1760), and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand on one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well." p. 222.

Before descending from these royal memoranda, we shall quote one passage more respecting a queen of former days:

"I must tell you an anecdote that I found

to other day in an old French author, which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, is giving an account of the queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them, which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantouffles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is!"

On looking over our extracts, we are admonished that so many grave ones would afford an ill specimen of the work before us, and reserving a few selections for a concluding Number, we shall close the present with some lighter examples.

"I have by me a love-letter written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my brother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place: they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government*. As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the house-keeper to be deciphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what where the merits of Mr. Vice Crispin; was informed that he had made a suit of clothes for a figure of lord Marr, that was burned after the rebellion!"

"Did I tell you that I had found a text in Deuteronomy to authorise my future battlements? (at Strawberry Hill.) *When thou buildest a new house, then shall thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.*" 1748.

"Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at lady H——d's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning. . . . It is now adjourned to Mrs. F——y's, whose child the town calls *Pam-ela*. . . . The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the king demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear, that comes from puillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my lady L——, who, when her sister, lady D——, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die."

Having already devoted three Numbers to this entertaining quarto, we are compelled, for variety's sake alone, to bid our adieu to it in the present publication. The narra-

tive of the fate of lord Ferrers is very interestingly given in several letters. The first is of the 28th of January, 1760:

"You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of lord Ferrers' murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess, queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain,—was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and at intervals talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, thence to Westminster Hall, and I suppose to Tower-Hill—"

On the 19th April, the trial, which lasted three days, is thus described:

"At first I thought lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the bishop of London for being a methodist; the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged. I believe in the Tower; and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomised, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; lord Foley and lord Jersey attended only on the first day; and lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford, (in compliment to his mother,) as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his peers, for the three persons who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; lord Ravensworth, lord Talbot, and lord Fortescue.

"May 6th. The extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing, he shamed heroes. He bore the so-

lemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriffs and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion: he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him. . . . With all his madness he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him."

There are points, both in the circumstances of this extraordinary case, and the reflections to which it leads, which seem peculiarly applicable to recent murders and suicides. Is it really true that in Britain, madness is a system rather than a disease? We have not room for a curious account of a visit to the Cock-lane ghost, in which Mr. Walpole accompanied the duke of York and several noble ladies as well as lords. Our author had sense enough to laugh at this imposture.

But the portions of this work which strike us as particularly worthy of attention, are those which contain the remarks of this acute and worldly-versed observer on the first indications of that state of society in France, and of that new philosophy, which have been consummated under our eyes in blood and horror.

Mr. Walpole visited France in 1765, and in several letters he thus speaks of what he saw and noticed at that period:

"Instead of laughing (at Harlequin) I sit silently reflecting how every thing loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion, with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

"Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid. The French affect philosophy, literature, and free-thinking: the first

never did, and never will possess me: of the two others I have long been tired. Free-thinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides, one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others, I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it.—I dined to-day with a dozen servants, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer, at my own table in England, if a single footman were present."

And right too, for these servants in France afterwards rewarded their masters, for the corruption of their principles, by cutting their throats, and dragging them to the scaffold. But we continue our extracts.

"Jesuits, methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rosseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest are their objects; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honest, than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture."

The following amusing anecdote is related in the next letter. It is in French, but will bear an English translation:

"The Canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's '*SPIRIT*' (*Esprit*) and Voltaire's '*VIRGIN*' (*Pucelle*) to be seized. The officer of justice, employed by them, came into the council and said, 'Great lords, after every possible research, we can find, in the whole city, only a very few of *Spirit*, and not one *Virgin*!'

Having fallen again into the lighter reading, we proceed to copy some lines by Mr. Walpole, on lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek:

"No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
And thought you Cupid and his Mother
Would unreveng'd their anger smother?
No, no, from heaven they sent the fire
That boasts St. Anthony its sire;
They pour'd it on one peccant part,
Inflam'd your cheek, if not your heart.
In vain—for see the crimson rise,
And dart fresh lustre thro' your eyes;
While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face,
With fruitless pencil, Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier power to please."

"I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which

cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the king's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officer said 'Comment! pour cette Catin la!' She turned to them, and, with the most charming modesty, said, 'Messieurs, puisque votus me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi.'

With this affecting story we take our leave of one of the most amusing volumes we ever perused; and have only to add, that a key to all the blanks has been published since the appearance of the Work.

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

REMARKS ON MEXICO AND THE MEXICAN LANGUAGE.

*By M. Sonneschmid.**

Buffon, in his Natural History, mentioning the Mexican names of quadrupeds, says, "The Mexican language is extremely barbarous." Even great men are liable to error, and the learned Naturalist has, on this occasion, been guilty of one of no mean importance; for the Mexican language, as pronounced by the natives, is sonorous and agreeable, and is distinguished to its advantage among all the Indian languages with which I have become acquainted.

A person whose organs of speech have been rendered pliant by the difficult pronunciation of his own mother-tongue, will pronounce the most difficult words of the Mexican language in a pleasing and correct manner; but by no means attain the extremely fluent, rapid, and agreeable pronunciation of the native and real Mexicans. Thus, for instance, I myself, in the first years after my arrival in that country, pronounced the most difficult Mexican words, after once hearing them, so perfectly, that my Spanish friends living in Mexico were much surprised at it, and were not able to do the same. But after I had lived some years in New Spain, and spoken little or no German, my organs of speech were so spoiled by the easy and soft pronunciation of the Spanish, that I found it difficult and almost impossible to pronounce, with ease and propriety, a Mexican word that was at all difficult; as, for instance, *Xicalquahuil*, (the name of a tree peculiar to the country.)

The same circumstance was the cause that, on my return to my own country, nobody took me for a German, and many affirmed that I was a foreigner, who had but just begun to learn German; though I had never forgotten the German, and still fancied that I pronounced it correctly. However, I suffered very much by it, and when

* For an interesting account of the Mexican Glaciers, by this gentleman, see Nos. 31 and 32 of the Literary Gazette. The present paper affords a view of Mexican manners, so opposite to what we are accustomed to entertain, that from a resident in that country of twelve years standing, it seems at this moment to merit peculiar attention.

I had been speaking German for a considerable time, felt unpleasant sensations, particularly in the jawbones, which are more frequently exercised in speaking our language than in speaking Spanish.

From these remarks I think it clearly appears why the Mexican language should seem barbarous to a Frenchman, who perhaps did not even recollect that, in the Mexican as in the Spanish, X must be pronounced like G, Z like S, &c. I, at least, should be very much surprised if a Frenchman praised this language, which does not please the Spaniards, on account of their organs being spoiled, as I have said, by their own. For my part, I was always very happy when I had an opportunity to put in motion the voluble tongues of the native Mexicans; and in my walks or journeys I seldom let a pretty Mexican woman pass me without inquiring my road, with which I was, however, usually well acquainted. On these occasions, I not only admired the mild, obliging, and yet lively characters of these good people, but took also particular delight in their pleasing and melodious pronunciation of the many *satl*, *olin*, *litale*, *zincatl*, *huil*, *motzin*, *somatli*, *calipatl*, *paliri*, *lotli*, *huatl*, *ostli*, *titlan*, *panitli*, *sintli*, which occur in their language.

As I mention the good Mexicans, ill-informed persons will perhaps pity the fate of this people; and it may, therefore, not be useless to combat this error beforehand. Nothing so incessantly occupied my attention as the condition of the natives of that country. I often visited them in their houses, their huts, and in some caves, in which they live voluntarily and contentedly. On the great canal of Mexico, in the markets, where numbers of them come for the purposes of buying and selling, I frequently mingled with them to observe them, and always found a very urbane, cheerful, and contented people, whom nobody, whether European or Creole, may abuse. They are, happily, protected by the laws. Whoever ill treats a Mexican, is immediately thrown into a prison as a criminal, and severely punished. Such occurrences, however, are certainly very rare; for the Spanish nation is the most humane that I know, and its general characteristic is the greatest abhorrence of oppression of a fellow-creature, whether his complexion be white or black, yellow or brown.*

* Besides my own twelve years experience, I might confirm this assertion by the testimony of many impartial travellers, who have not gone as enemies to Spain and its colonies. I will quote only Langsdorf's Observations on a Voyage round the World, in the years 1803 to 1807, Part II.:—"The rural, unaffected simplicity of these good people (at San Francisco) charmed us so much, that we immediately felt an interest in the acquaintance with the individuals, and took a lively share in the happiness of this amiable family." What is here said of one family, I can certify of the whole Spanish nation in Europe and America.

Respecting what has passed in former times, I can give no testimony, though every thing shows that many circumstances have been exaggerated, and represented in incredibly odious colours. I speak only of a later period of twelve years, and I have great satisfaction in saying, that in my long and repeated visits to the Mexican mines and smelting-houses, I never found a slave in them; and that many owners of mines do not even punish the almost daily embezzlement of rich gold and silver ore, but content themselves with taking back what is stolen, and letting the culprits go, though, when they are caught in the fact, it is allowed to confine them, but by no means to inflict on them corporal punishment.

I even knew an instance in which a Spanish officer of justice, in the actual exercise of his functions, was pelted with stones by some rioters of the lower class of different casts: having obtained assistance, he caused corporal punishment to be inflicted on some of the ringleaders who were taken in the fact: for this he was not only deprived of his office, but sentenced to pay a considerable fine, because he was not authorised to act as he had done without the previous approbation of the royal government of the country (Real Audiencia); and this respectable tribunal never authorises corporal punishment till the affair is inquired into, proved, and found to be a case calling for such remedy.

I shall be happy if these few remarks should contribute to make people judge of nations, their character and relations, more favourably than has sometimes been the case; and intend, at a future time, to communicate farther observations on that country, which deserves, on many accounts, to be called the New World.

SOFERSCHMID.

TIFLIS.

From the journal of a German traveller who has recently visited Tiflis, we extract the following observations on that city, and the part of Russia in which it is situated:

"Our caravan spent eight days in proceeding from Moedak to Tiflis, a distance of about 250 wersts; but if due attention were paid to the state of the roads, the journey might certainly be accomplished in one half the time. Tiflis is accounted one of the finest cities in Asia, yet the streets are so extremely narrow, that it would be impossible to drive a carriage through the best of them. The houses, which have no regular roofs, are built of the clay used for making bricks, mixed with gravel: the windows are small, and distributed without any attention to regularity. As the external walls of the houses are never plastered, the town presents a gloomy and even dirty appearance. The houses are generally two stories high, and earth huts are exceedingly numerous. There are many churches in Tiflis, but they are

neither large nor splendid. The market, or *bazaar*, according to Asiatic custom, is held in one of the principal streets, which is covered over from one end to the other with a wooden roof, intended apparently to protect the shops from the scorching rays of the sun. At the *bazaar*, merchandise of every description is sold; fruit, vegetables, silks, shawls, and wine, are frequently displayed on the same stall. In one corner a smith has established his workshop, from which the sparks issue in every direction in the very faces of the passengers. Tailors, locksmiths, and goldsmiths, pursue their avocations in the open air, except when rainy or windy weather obliges them to take shelter beneath the roof with which the street is covered. It would be unjust to assert that the inhabitants of Tiflis are not inclined to receive the benefits of education, if proper means were adopted for that purpose. It is said that the present chief intends to establish public schools, and that the materials for building them are already provided. The breeding of cattle is likewise to be introduced here, and in furtherance of this design, the chief has purchased upwards of 7000 sheep from some Persian khans subject to the Russian government. I understand that measures have already been taken for drawing up a circumstantial statistical description of the whole country. This work cannot fail to prove interesting. The results of the wisely-directed labours of an active government are every where observable."

On the Identity of Water-Spouts and Whirlwinds.

Even among the scientific and observing, a great diversity of opinion exists on the subject of the Water Spout, while among the majority of men, scarcely any thing accurate is known, either of the forms or the causes of this phenomenon. We have, therefore, extracted, for the benefit of our readers, the following paper on the subject, from that valuable work, the Philosophical Magazine, conducted by Alexander Tilloch.

SIR,

If you think the following remarks relative to whirlwinds, or water spouts, worthy of a place in your Journal, you will oblige me by their insertion; as the opinions of travellers, and also of philosophers, differ greatly concerning this natural phenomenon, and any information afforded, by attentive observation, may therefore be interesting, if not useful.

An old stager, in the last number of the Naval Chronicle, seems to be of the opinion of Theophilus Lindsay, and some other philosophers; viz. that in the phenomenon called the water-spout, the water *descends* in columns from the clouds upon the earth or sea, and does not *ascend* from the sea upward to the clouds, which I believe to be the common opinion.

To corroborate his opinion, this writer gives an extract from a Scotch newspaper, stating, that a water-spout had descended and done considerable damage in a part of that country.

In stormy weather, when the barometer is low, and the atmosphere light, if clouds, which contain much moisture, happen to impinge against any of the hills of an alpine country, they are certainly liable in such case to discharge their contents in *heavy rains*, which, descending rapidly from the summits of the hills, rush with irresistible force down the valleys, carrying every thing before them; and these local discharges of heavy rain are commonly called *water-spouts* by the neighbouring inhabitants. The Hawkesbury river, in New South Wales, is sometimes subject to a rise of from twenty to thirty feet above the natural level, by the sudden rupture of clouds on the summits of the Blue Mountains. About thirteen years ago a phenomenon of this kind happened at St. Helena, when a cloud suddenly broke upon the hill that forms the head of Rupert's valley; and although the bed of this valley is generally dry, the immense body of water that rushed through it at this time, bore down the strong line of stone ramparts, and carried some heavy pieces of artillery into the sea.

I think (although the last number of the Naval Chronicle is not now before me) his correspondent considers the water-spout seen at sea to be a similar, if not the same phenomenon as this last mentioned, except that the white column in the centre of the spout he considers to be a congregated mass, or body of water descending from the clouds to the sea. Now, as many water-spouts are of great diameter, I am decidedly of opinion, that if the central white column were a *body of falling water* upon the surface of the sea, its noise would be heard many miles, if not many leagues, like the falls of Morency and Niagara, and would sink, or destroy any unfortunate ship which happened to come in contact with its vortex; but, my experience compels me to think otherwise, as I never heard the noise of any water-spout until very close to it, and then, the noise resembled that of steam issuing through a small aperture of a boiler, occasioned by the whirlwind's rapid motion in disengaging water in the gaseous form from the surface of the sea: besides, if the central white column were a mass of falling water, its diameter ought to increase by the resistance of the atmosphere in descending, and consequently be greater near the sea than higher up towards the cloud; but this probably never happens, as the diameter of a water-spout, as well as the interior column, is greatest near the impending cloud, and converges towards the sea. That whirlwinds, or water-spouts, may often differ much in formation and appearance, I believe there can be little doubt; but I have certainly, more than once, both by ocular and tangible

observation, been convinced, that a whirlwind and water-spout are sometimes one and the same phenomenon. At one time, when dense clouds, charged with electric matter, approached the ships in Canton river, a regular water-spout was formed by a tube descending from the cloud in the usual manner, and the whirlwind turned one of the ships round at her moorings. As this whirlwind passed over the island, close to the village of Whampoa, it unroofed several thatched houses, and tore the leaves from the trees, which were carried up a considerable way into the atmosphere by the whirlwind, and at this time it had a dense appearance; but as soon as it drifted over the land and came in contact with the water of the river, the white tube became very conspicuous in the centre of the whirlwind, and the water seemed to be torn from the surface of the river and carried upwards, in small particles, by the whirlwind. Had any light terrene bodies been floating in the river at this time, in the path of the whirlwind, they certainly would have been drawn upward like those which came into its vortex when it passed over the land. This was certainly an example of the unity of a whirlwind and water-spout. At another time a regular-formed water-spout was driven along by the wind till its exterior surface nearly touched the quarter of our ship, when I plainly saw the water disengaged from the surface of the sea with a hissing noise, and carried upward in the gaseous form by the ascending whirlwind, while the vacuum, or cavity, in its centre, was very distinct, with heavy drops of rain falling down both from the interior and exterior sides of the ascending spiral, where it was evident the power of the whirlwind was not capable of carrying all the gaseous particles up into the cloud. When we were close to this water-spout the white tube in the centre was not visible, but only a vacant column, as mentioned above; which column, had we been a quarter or half a mile off, would probably, by an optical illusion, have appeared, as usual, like a white column of water.

In the straits of Malacca I have sometimes seen upwards of a dozen water-spouts at the same time, and have been near to several. Once I passed through the vortex of a whirlpool produced by a water-spout beginning to form; it was directly under a dense cloud, from which an inverted conical tube was descending when we passed through the whirlpool in the ship: this was about twenty or twenty-five yards in diameter, and the water was carried round by the force of the whirlwind over it, with a velocity of about from three to four miles an hour, breaking in little waves with a hissing noise, by a portion of those waves being torn away in the form of white vapour. I felt a pleasing sensation at the time, expecting, when passing through the vortex of an incipient water-spout, to be a close observer of it completely formed; but whether the

communicating force was destroyed by the ship passing through the vortex, or from a deficiency of strength in the whirlwind, or from some other cause, a dispersion of the phenomenon soon followed.

It would be needless to adduce more examples to exhibit the affinity of the common water-spout, as observed at sea, and the whirlwind; but I fully agree with the assertion, that there are various kinds of whirlwinds, and, perhaps, also of water-spouts; both the former and the latter, as has been observed, happen sometimes in this country. On the 27th June last, a remarkable case of the affinity of the water-spout, and whirlwind was observed by many persons in the vicinity of London, among whom was the editor of the Monthly Magazine, and a description of this phenomenon is recorded in the Philosophical Magazine, No. 922, vol. 60. When it happened, very dark clouds had collected over the adjoining country, and some stormy rains, accompanied by several strokes of lightning, followed this hurricane of wind.

The correspondent of the Naval Chronicle says, whirlwinds occur very frequently when the clouds are high, the sun shining, and the wind light; but, although whirlwinds do certainly happen at these times, yet they seem more dangerous and terrific in their appearance when accompanied by dense and stormy clouds. I once observed a whirlwind upon the coast of Coromandel during a warm day, when there was little wind and no clouds, which carried up a column of sand a great way into the atmosphere; and if it had passed from the land to the surface of the sea, it no doubt would have carried the water upward in the gaseous form, and probably a cloud would have appeared over it.

Whirlwinds of a minor kind may be perceived almost daily; but these are only eddies of wind produced from obstructions of hills, cliffs, buildings, &c. to its regular course, and similar to whirlpools or eddies in a river or strait, occasioned by the prominent parts of the land.

Another kind of whirlwind like those last mentioned, is sometimes experienced to blow from valleys or over high cliffs, down upon the sea. Although this, as he remarks, may not happen in Gibraltar Bay, or in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, yet in sailing close to high cliffs among the Eastern Islands, I have several times seen whirling gusts of wind descend and rebound from the surface of the sea, carrying the water in their vortex several fathoms upward in the form of spray.

Previous to concluding these remarks, it may not be irrelevant to advert to the opinions of some of those who have written in early times on meteorology. Pliny, in his Natural History, describing a sudden blast of wind or typhon, says, "there riseth also

upon the sea a dark mist resembling a monstrous beast, and this is ever a terrible cloud to sailors. Another likewise called *columna* or *pillar*, when the vapour and water engendered, is so thick and stiff congealed, that it standeth compact of itself. Of the same sort, also, is that cloud which *draveth water* *in it*, as it were into a long pipe."

Aristotle, in his third book on meteors, describes some of the causes of whirlwinds or typhon, and mentions that there are both descending and ascending whirlwinds. Olympiodorus, his commentator, in reference to Aristotle's definition of these words, says, "and thus through continued vibrations, a spiral and involution of the wind is formed, proceeding from the earth as to a cloud, and elevating any body with which it may happen to meet—on the sea, indeed, ships, but on the earth animals or stones, or any thing else which the half blow again suffers to tend downward. This involution Homer calls *thusella*, but Aristotle *typhon*, in consequence of vehemently striking against, as it were, and breaking solid bodies. Sailors, however, call it syphon, because, like a syphon, it *draws upward* the water of the sea."

If, however, it is produced from a cloud, it originates as follows: the cloud being on all sides condensed and inwardly compressed, fuliginous exhalation becoming inwardly multiplied and evolved in a multifarious manner, the cloud, from the violence, is suddenly burst, and the inwardly evolved fuliginous exhalation proceeds out of it, preserving the same form which it had within, viz. the spiral form. Afterwards the spiral thus tends to the earth like hairs that are curled, not from the imbecility of the secreting power, but from the pores being winding through which it proceeds, and from its being fashioned together with them. And these, indeed, are the causes why the spiral of the typhon at one time proceeds *upward from beneath*, and at another *downward from on high*. But the knowledge of these is two-fold; for we know whether the spiral is moved upward from beneath, or downward from on high, and in the first place, indeed, from the sight itself. For since the spiral, viz. the typhon, is evident to the sight from the density of its parts, when we see it at one time proceeding downward, and at another upward, we say that the beginning of the spiral is from beneath; but if it is alone moved downward from on high, then it must be said that the beginning of it is from on high. In the next place, we know this from the bodies which are hurried away and elevated by the spiral. For, if the body is first turned from its proper position, and afterwards is moved obliquely and then elevated, we say that the typhon originates from on high.

Your obedient, &c.

J. H.

October 10, 1817.

The following Narrative of the attempt made by the Confederates, on the night of the 2d of September, 1771, to assassinate the King of Poland, is given by Nathaniel Wrazall.

In the midst of these turbulent and disastrous scenes, the confederates (who ever considered the king as unlawfully elected, and who imputed to his fatal elevation, and direction or approbation, all the various ills under which the kingdom groaned from the Russian oppression) planned and executed one of the most daring enterprises of which modern history makes mention,—I mean the attempt to assassinate the king. It is somewhat remarkable, that in an age so humanised, so free from the enormous and flagitious crimes common in barbarous centuries, so enlightened as is the present, this is the third attempt on a crowned head in my remembrance: Louis XV. Joseph I. of Portugal, and Stanislaus Augustus, all narrowly escaped assassination.* As the attempt on his Polish majesty was perhaps the most atrocious, and his escape certainly the most extraordinary and incredible of the three, I shall be as minute as possible in the enumeration of all the principal circumstances which led to, and which attended this remarkable event.

A Polish nobleman, named Pulaski, a general in the army of the confederates, was the person who planned the atrocious enterprise; and the conspirators who carried it into execution were about forty in number, and were led by three chiefs, named Lukawski, Strawenski, and Kosinski. These three chiefs had been engaged and hired to that purpose by Pulaski, who in the town of Czetschokow, in Great Poland, obliged them to swear in the most solemn manner, by placing their hands between his, either to deliver the king alive into his hands, or, in case that was impossible, to put him to death. The three chiefs chose thirty-seven persons to accompany them. On the 2d of November, about a month after they had quitted Czetschokow, they obtained admission into Warsaw, unsuspected or undiscovered, by the following stratagem:—They disguised themselves as peasants who came to sell hay, and artfully concealed their saddles, arms, and clothes, under the loads of hay which they brought in wagons, the more effectually to escape detection.

On Sunday night, the 3d of September, 1771, a few of these conspirators remained in the skirts of the town; and the others repaired to the place of rendezvous, the street of the Capuchins, where his majesty was expected to pass by about his usual hour of returning to the palace. The king had been to visit his uncle, prince Czartoriski, grand chancellor of Lithuania, and was on his return from thence to the palace, between nine and ten o'clock. He was in a

coach, accompanied by at least fifteen or sixteen attendants, besides an aid-de-camp in the carriage. Scarce was he at the distance of two hundred paces from prince Czartoriski's palace, when he was attacked by the conspirators, who commanded the coachman to stop, on pain of instant death. They fired several shot into the carriage, one of which passed through the body of a beyduc, who endeavoured to defend his master from the violence of the assassins. Almost all the other persons* who preceded and accompanied his majesty were dispersed; the aid-de-camp abandoned him, and attempted to conceal himself by flight. Meanwhile the king had opened the door of his carriage, with the design of effecting his escape under shelter of the night, which was extremely dark. He had even alighted, when the assassins seized him by the hair, exclaiming in Polish, with horrible execrations, "We have thee now; thy hour is come." One of them discharged a pistol at him so very near that he felt the heat of the flash; while another cut him across the head with his sabre, which penetrated to the bone. They then laid hold of his majesty by the collar, and, mounting on horseback, dragged him along the ground between their horses, at full gallop, for near five hundred paces through the streets of Warsaw.†

All was confusion and disorder during this time at the palace, where the attendants, who had deserted their master, had spread the alarm. The footguards ran immediately to the spot from whence the king had been conveyed, but they found only his hat all bloody, and his bag: this increased their apprehensions for his life. The whole city was in an uproar. The assassins profited of the universal confusion, terror, and consternation, to bear away their prize. Finding, however, that he was incapable of fol-

* It is incredible, that such a number of persons as were with his Polish majesty on that memorable night, should all so basely abandon him, except the single beyduc who was killed, and who so bravely defended his master. This man was a protestant; he was not killed on the spot, but expired next morning of his wound. The king allows a pension to his widow and children.

† It is astonishing, that, in the number of balls which passed through the carriage, not one should hurt or wound the king. Several went through his pelisse, or fur great-coat. I have seen this cloak, and the holes made in it by the pistol bullets. Every part of the clothes which his majesty wore on that night is carefully preserved. It is no less wonderful, that when the assassins had seized on the king, they should carry him through such a number of streets without being stopped. A Russian sentinel did hail them; but, as they answered in Russian, he allowed them to pass, imagining them to be a patrol of his nation. This happened at some distance from the place where they had carried off the king. The night was exceedingly dark, and Warsaw has no lamps. All these circumstances contribute to account for this extraordinary event.

* To these may be added George III. who narrowly escaped from the blow of Margaret Nicholson.

lowing them on foot, and that he had almost lost his respiration from the violence with which they had dragged him, they set him on horseback, and then redoubled their speed for fear of being overtaken. When they came to the ditch which surrounds Warsaw, they obliged him to leap his horse over. In the attempt the horse fell twice, and at the second fall broke its leg. They then mounted his majesty upon another, all covered as he was with dirt.

The conspirators had no sooner crossed the ditch, than they began to rifle the king, tearing off the order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, which he wore round his neck, and the diamond cross hanging to it.* He requested them to leave him his handkerchief, which they consented to: his tablets escaped their rapacity. A great number of the assassins retired after having thus plundered him, probably with intent to notify to their respective leaders the success of their enterprise, and the king's arrival as a prisoner. Only seven remained with him, of whom Kosinski was the chief. The night was exceedingly dark; they were absolutely ignorant of the way; and, as the horses could not keep their legs, they obliged his majesty to follow them on foot, with only one shoe, the other being lost in the dirt.

They continued to wander through the open meadows, without following any certain path, and without getting to any distance from Warsaw. They again mounted the king on horseback, two of them holding him on each side by the hand, and a third leading his horse by the bridle. In this manner they were proceeding, when his majesty, finding they had taken the road which lead to a village called Burakow, warned them not to enter it, because there were some Russians stationed in that place, who might probably attempt to rescue him.† Finding himself, however, incapable of accompanying the assassins in the painful posture in which they held him kept down on the saddle, he requested them, since they were determined to oblige him to proceed, at least to give him another horse and a boot. This request they complied with;

* It was Lukawski, one of the three chiefs of the band, who tore off the ribbon of the Black Eagle, which his Prussian majesty had conferred on the king when he was count Poniatowski. One of his motives for doing this, was by showing the order of the Black Eagle to Pulaski and the confederates, to prove to them incontestably that the king was in their hands, and on his way. Lukawski was afterwards executed.

† This intimation, which the king gave to his assassins, may at first sight appear extraordinary and unaccountable, but was really dictated by the greatest address and judgment. He apprehended with reason, that, on the sight of a Russian guard, they would instantly put him to death with their sabres, and fly; whereas, by informing them of the danger they incurred, he in some measure gained their confidence: in effect, this behaviour of the king seemed to soften them a little, and made them believe he did not mean to escape from them.

and continuing their progress through almost impassable lands, without any road, and ignorant of their way, they at length found themselves in the wood of Bielany, only a league distant from Warsaw. From the time they had passed the ditch, they repeatedly demanded of Kosinski, their chief, if it was not yet time to put the king to death; and these demands were reiterated in proportion to the obstacles and difficulties they encountered.*

Meanwhile the confusion and consternation increased at Warsaw. The guards were afraid to pursue the conspirators, lest terror of being overtaken should prompt them in the darkness to massacre the king; and on the other hand, by not pursuing they might give them time to escape with their prize, beyond the possibility of assistance. Several of the first nobility at length mounted on horseback, and following the track of the assassins, arrived at the place where his majesty passed the ditch. They there found his pelisse, which he had lost in the precipitation with which he was hurried away: it was bloody, and pierced with holes made by the balls or sabres. This convinced them that he was no more.

The king was still in the hands of the seven remaining assassins, who advanced with him into the wood of Bielany, when they were suddenly alarmed by a Russian patrol or detachment. Instantly holding council, four of them disappeared, leaving him with the other three, who compelled him to walk on. Scarce a quarter of an hour after, a second Russian guard challenged them anew. Two of the assassins then fled, and the king remained alone with Kosinski, the chief, both on foot. His majesty, exhausted with the fatigue which he had undergone, implored his conductor to stop, and suffer him to take a moment's repose. Kosinski refused it, menacing him with his naked sabre; and at the same time informed him, that beyond the wood they should find a carriage. They continued their walk, till they came to the door of the convent of Bielany. Kosinski appeared lost in thought, and so much agitated by his reflections, that the king perceiving his disorder, and observing that he wandered without knowing the road, said to him, "I see

* The king, in his speech to the diet on the trial of the conspirators, interceded strongly for Kosinski, or John Kutsma, to whom he graciously expresses himself indebted for these favours in the following words:

"As I was in the hands of the assassins, I heard them repeatedly ask John Kutsma, if they should not assassinate me, but he always prevented them. He was the first who persuaded them to behave to me with greater gentleness; and obliged them to confer upon me some services which I then greatly wanted; namely, one to give me a cap, and a second a boot, which at that time were no trifling presents: for the cold air greatly affected the wound in my head; and my foot, which was covered with blood, gave me inexpressible torture, which continued every moment increasing."

you are at a loss which way to proceed. Let me enter the convent of Richany, and do you provide for your own safety." "No," replied Kosinski, "I have sworn."

They proceeded till they came to Mariemont, a small palace belonging to the house of Saxony, not above half a league from Warsaw: here Kosinski betrayed some satisfaction at finding where he was; and the king still demanding an instant's repose, he consented at length. They sat down together on the ground, and the king employed these moments in endeavouring to soften his conductor, and induce him to favour or permit his escape. His majesty represented the atrocity of the crime he had committed, in attempting to murder his sovereign, and the invalidity of an oath taken to perpetrate so heinous an action: Kosinski lent attention to this discourse, and began to betray some marks of remorse. "But," said he, "if I should consent, and re-conduct you to Warsaw, what will be the consequence? I shall be taken and executed."

This reflection plunged him into new uncertainty, and embarrassment. "I give you my word," answered his majesty, "that you shall suffer no harm; but if you doubt my promise, escape while there is yet time. I can find my way to some place of security; and I will certainly direct your pursuers to take the contrary road to that which you have chosen." Kosinski could not any longer contain himself, but, throwing himself at the king's feet, implored forgiveness for the crime he had committed; and swore to protect him against every enemy, relying totally on his generosity for pardon and preservation. His majesty reiterated to him his assurances of safety. Judging, however, that it was prudent to gain some asylum without delay, and recollecting that there was a mill at some considerable distance, he immediately made towards it. Kosinski knocked, but in vain, no answer was given; he then broke a pane of glass in the window, and entreated for shelter to a nobleman who had been plundered by robbers. The miller refused, supposing them to be banditti, and continued for more than half an hour to persist in his denial. At length the king approached, and speaking through the broken pane, endeavoured to persuade him to admit them under his roof, adding, "if we were robbers, as you suppose, it would be very easy for us to break the whole window, instead of one pane of glass." This argument prevailed; they at length opened the door, and admitted his majesty. He immediately wrote a note to general Coccei, colonel of the foot guards. It was literally as follows: "Par une espece de miracle je suis sauve des mains des assassins. Je suis ici au petit moulin de Mariemont. Venez au plutot me tirer d'ici. Je suis blesse, mais pas fort."—"By a kind of miracle I am escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Come as soon as possible, and take me from hence. I am wounded but not

dangerously." It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that the king could persuade any one to carry this note to Warsaw, as the people of the mill, imagining that he was a nobleman who had just been plundered by robbers, were afraid of falling in with the troop. Kosinski then offered to restore every thing he had taken; but his majesty left him all, except the blue ribbon of the White Eagle.

When the messenger arrived with the note, the astonishment and joy was incredible. Coccei instantly rode to the mill, followed by a detachment of the guards. He met Kosinski at the door with his sabre drawn, who admitted him as soon as he knew him. The king had sunk into a sleep, caused by his fatigue, and was stretched on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. Coccei immediately threw himself at his majesty's feet, calling him his sovereign, and kissing his hand. It is not easy to paint or describe the astonishment of the miller and his family, who instantly imitated Coccei's example, by throwing themselves on their knees. The king returned to Warsaw in general Coccei's carriage, and reached the palace about five o'clock in the morning. His wound was found not to be dangerous; and he soon recovered the bruises and injuries which he had suffered during that memorable night.

So extraordinary an escape is scarce to be paralleled in history, and affords ample matter of wonder and surprise. Scarce could the nobility or people at Warsaw credit the evidence of their senses, when they saw him return. Certainly neither the escape of the king of France from Damien, or of the king of Portugal from the conspiracy of the duke d'Aveiro, were equally amazing or improbable, as that of the king of Poland. I have related it very minutely, and from authorities the highest and most incontestable.

It is natural to inquire what is become of Kosinski, the man who saved his majesty's life, and the other conspirators. He was born in the palatinate of Cracow, and of mean extraction; having assumed the name Kosinski (his real name was John Kutsma) which is that of a noble family, to give himself credit. He had been created an officer in the troops of the confederates under Pulaski. It would seem as if Kosinski began to entertain the idea of preserving the king's life from the time when Lukawski and Strawinski abandoned him; yet he had great struggles with himself before he could resolve on this conduct, after the solemn engagements into which he had entered. Even after he had conducted the king back to Warsaw, he expressed more than once his doubts of the propriety of what he had

"I have been at this mill, rendered memorable by so singular an event. It is a wretched Polish hovel, at a distance from any house. The king has rewarded the miller to the extent of his wishes, in building him a mill upon the Vistula, and allowing him a small pension.

done, and to be reimbursed for having deceived his employers.

Lukawski and Strawenski were both taken, and several of the other assassins. At his majesty's peculiar request and entreaty, the diet remitted the capital punishment of the inferior conspirators, and condemned them to work for life on the fortifications of Kamieniec, where they now are. By his intercession likewise with the diet, the horrible punishment and various modes of torture, which the laws of Poland decreed and inflict on regicides, were mitigated; and both Lukawski and Strawenski were only simply beheaded. Kosinski was detained under a very strict confinement, and obliged to give evidence against his two companions. A person of distinction who saw them both die, has assured me, that nothing could be more noble and manly than all Lukawski's conduct previous to his death. When he was carried to the place of execution, although his body was almost exterminated by the severity of his confinement, diet and treatment, his spirit unsubdued, raised him above the terrors of an infamous and public execution. He had not been permitted to shave his beard while in prison, and his dress was squalid to the greatest degree; yet none of these humiliations could depress his mind. With a grandeur of soul worthy of a better cause, but which it was impossible not to admire, he refused to see or embrace the traitor Kosinski. When conducted to the scene of execution, which was about a mile from Warsaw, he betrayed no emotions of terror or unmanly fear. He made a short harangue to the multitude assembled upon the occasion, in which he by no means expressed any sorrow for his past conduct, or contrition for his attempt on the king, which he probably regarded as meritorious and patriotic. His head was severed from his body.

Strawenski was beheaded at the same time, but he neither harangued the people, nor showed any signs of contrition. Pulaski, who commanded one of the many corps of confederate Poles then in arms, and who was the great agent and promoter of the assassination is still alive,* though an outlaw and an exile. He is said, even by the Russians his enemies, to possess military talents of a very superior nature, nor were they ever able to take him prisoner during the civil war.

To return to Kosinski, the man who saved the king's life:—About a week after Lukawski and Strawenski's execution, he was sent by his majesty out of Poland. He now resides at Semigallia, in the papal territories, where he enjoys an annual pension from the king.

* After the conclusion of these troubles, Pulaski escaped from Poland, and repaired to America. He distinguished himself in the American service, and was killed in the attempt to force the British lines at the siege of Savannah, 1779.

A circumstance almost incredible, and which seems to breathe all the sanguinary bigotry of the sixteenth century, I cannot omit. It is that the papal nuncio in Poland, inspired with a furious zeal against the dissidents, whom he believed to be protected by the king, not only approved the scheme for assassinating his majesty, but blessed the weapons of the conspirators at Cieszohow, previous to their setting out on their expedition. This is a fact indisputably true, and scarcely to be exceeded by any thing under the reign of Charles IX. of France, and of his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Col. Mag.

NEW VIEW OF LONDON.

As we make very free in our observations on foreign countries, so do foreigners make very free in their criticisms upon England. The following appeared in a Ghent paper extremely hostile to Great Britain, and, though it may be amusing to read, is so furiously intolerant and unjust, that we cannot, in speaking of it, say even, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

Bruges, Jan. 9, 1818.

SIR,

Curiosity induced me, a short time ago, to visit London, where I remained about a fortnight. Assuredly no one will deny that it is the largest city in Europe, and, without contradiction, it is at present the richest in the world; but I must confess I was not a little astonished to find the noblemen and citizens so wealthy, and their houses so mean and pitiable. Though in England manufactures are carried to the highest point of perfection, yet painting, sculpture, and architecture, are more backward than in any other kingdom in Europe;—but in a country where people of exalted rank abandon themselves to intemperate drinking and dissipation of every kind,—where the grand object of the nobility is to purchase votes to obtain seats in parliament, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences should be neglected.

The best nobleman's residence in London cannot be compared to one of secondary rank in Paris. Except St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the new Waterloo Bridge, there is no public edifice worthy of notice. A small triumphal arch is to be erected in St. James's park, which will doubtless be an excellent specimen of English architecture, for the elegant design of M. ****, of Ghent, was rejected for no other reason than because he was not an English artist. Thousands of Englishmen are at present travelling in all quarters of Europe;—is it not astonishing that none of their men of learning should impart to their native country some of the beautiful models of architecture which they see on the continent? Can they pass through Autun without admiring its triumphal arch? There is a noble design which they might copy. The grand entrance gate of Berlin, which is in

the Doric style, might likewise be worthy of their notice: but they will bestow no attention on the magnificent monuments they meet with, and prefer following their own bad taste; for they have no more notion of architecture than of music. They do not scruple to expend enormous sums on objects, the value of which they are incapable of appreciating. I went to view the new church erected at Marylebone, under the direction of earl Grosvenor. I thought it wretched; built without any regard either to taste or principles: the meanest architect on the continent would have blushed at the very thought of proposing such a design. I likewise saw the new square in Waterloo-Place. It is built of bricks and mortar, and will serve, perhaps, for a few years, to charm the eyes of the prince regent, whose knowledge of architecture is not remarkably extensive.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the beloved and regretted princess Charlotte of Wales. This statue is to be executed by an English Sculptor, instead of being entrusted to the most celebrated statuary in the world (*Canova*), who would have created a model fit for the study of young artists. It is a singular fact, that I never observed, either at Carlton House or the palaces at Windsor or Brighton, a single production of that eminent artist. A new custom-house has recently been erected in the vicinity of London bridge. It is built on an immense scale, and in a style resembling the gloomy gothic monuments of the ages of ignorance.

After having visited the two grand theatres (which are very inconsiderable with regard to size,) and the shops, in which are deposited the rich productions of English commerce, I spent several days in walking about the town, without experiencing any other emotion than that of extreme fatigue. At length, heartily tired of a city in which all is noise, bustle, and confusion, I joyfully embarked on board a packet-boat, and returned to Bruges.

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

BIOGRAPHY.

BARON C. W. DE HUMBOLDT.

We have deferred, till our next Number, the continuation of the review of M. Humboldt's new work, in order to make room for a biographical account of that distinguished traveller, and his brother, the present Prussian ambassador at the court of London.

Baron Charles William de Humboldt, minister of state, and privy-counsellor of the king of Prussia, chief of the department for superintending religion, and director-general of public education, was, in 1810, appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Vienna, and created a knight of the Red Eagle. He had previously been minister from Prussia to the court of Rome. In

February, 1814, baron de Humboldt was one of the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers, who assembled at Chatillon-sur-Seine, to negotiate for peace with France. At the congress of Vienna he was distinguished for talent and extensive knowledge. He was one of the principal authors of the plan for a constitution, the discussion of which continued until the 16th of November, 1814. He was likewise a member of the general committee of the eight powers who signed the peace of Paris, for the questions relative to the abolition of the slave trade. On the 18th of March, 1815, he signed the first declaration of the same powers, concerning Napoleon Bonaparte's return from Elba; and, on the 12th of May following, the second declaration, which may be regarded as the last profession of faith made by the European powers. In the course of the same month, he likewise concluded with Saxony a treaty of peace, by which the king of Saxony renounced, in favour of Prussia, his claims to various provinces and districts. This treaty was signed at Vienna on the 18th of May, and ratified on the 21st. Towards the end of the year 1816, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Vienna; he was, however, recalled in February, 1816, and in the month of July was sent to Frankfurt, to negotiate respecting territorial arrangements, and to be present at the diet of the Germanic confederation. In October he laid before the members of the diet, a memorial respecting the mode of treating the affairs which might be submitted to their discussion. As a reward for his services, the king of Prussia, about this time, created him a member of the council of state, and granted him a donation amounting to the annual value of five thousand crowns. About the commencement of 1817, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador to London, in the room of M. Jacobi Kleist.

Though M. de Humboldt has acquired so brilliant a reputation as a diplomatist, his literary attainments are by no means unimportant. He has produced an excellent translation of Pindar, and a poetical translation of *Æschylus's* tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which appeared in 1816.

If it be matter of surprise that, amidst the important affairs with which this minister has been entrusted, he should have found time to complete a work which required no less erudition than poetic genius, our astonishment is increased two-fold on reading the translation. He has imitated the Greek metre, both in the dialogue and choruses; and the translation is altogether so faithful, that it gives the original not only line for line, but word for word. Finally, it is an effort of which perhaps the German language alone is capable. It is equally remarkable that M. de Humboldt has studied the Basque language to a greater extent than any other literary character. During his travels, he chanced to live in the house of a Biscayan curate. The good pastor spoke of his native

language with so much enthusiasm, that the traveller determined to reside for several weeks in the village in order to acquire it. He read every work that is printed in the Basque language, and all the manuscripts he could procure, and thus enabled himself to communicate to the rest of Europe an original and almost unknown language, which bears no resemblance to any other. *M. de Humboldt* has published a Basque vocabulary consisting of about 6000 words, in the 4th volume of *Adelung's Mittheilungen*, continued by *M. Vater*, Berlin, 1817.

BARON F. H. A. DE HUMBOLDT.

Frederick Henry Alexander, baron de Humboldt, a celebrated traveller, brother to the individual before mentioned, was born at Berlin on the 14th of Sept. 1769. He pursued his studies at Gottingen, at Frankfort on the Oder, and lastly, at the Commercial School at Hamburg, (see *Buch's Universal Biography*.) In 1790 he undertook his first journey through Europe, accompanied by *Forster* and *Geum*. He visited the banks of the Rhine, Holland, and England, and published his *Observations on the Basques of the Rhine*, Brunswick, 1790, 8vo. In 1791, he studied mineralogy and botany, under *Werner*, at Freiberg; and in 1793, printed at Berlin, his *Specimen Floræ Freibergerensis Subterraneæ*. In 1792, he became assessor of the council of mines at Berlin, and afterwards director-general of the mines of the principality of Anspach and Bayreuth, in Franconia. There he founded several magnificent establishments, such as the *School of Steden*, and was likewise one of the first who repeated the five experiments of *Galvani*. Not satisfied with merely observing the muscular and nervous irritability of animals, he had the courage to make very painful experiments on himself, the results of which he published, with remarks by *Blumenbach*, in a work written in German, Berlin, 1796, 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume has been translated into French by *J. F. N. Jussieu*, under the following title: *Expériences sur le Galvanisme, et en general sur l'irritation des Fibres Musculaires et Nerveuses*, 1799, 8vo. In 1796, *M. de Humboldt* travelled to Italy and Switzerland, accompanied by *M. de Friedleben*; and in 1797, he proceeded with his brother to Paris, where he became acquainted with *M. Aimé Bonpland*. At that time he entertained a wish to form part of the expedition of *capt. Baudin*; but the renewal of hostilities with Austria prevented him from embarking. *M. de Humboldt* now turned his thoughts seriously towards executing a plan which he had long since formed, namely, of making a philosophic visit to the east. He anxiously wished to join the expedition which had departed for Egypt, from whence he hoped to penetrate as far as Arabia, and then to the English settlements by crossing the Persian Gulf. He waited two months at Marseilles to obtain his passage on board a Swedish frigate, which was to convey a consul from Sweden to Algiers. At length, supposing

that he might easily find means to proceed from Spain to Barbary, he set out for the former country, carrying with him a considerable collection of physical and astronomical instruments. After remaining several months at Madrid, the Spanish government granted him permission to visit their colonies in the new world. He immediately wrote to Paris, to request that *M. Bonpland* would accompany him, and the two friends embarked at Corunna, on board a Spanish vessel. They arrived at Cumana, in South America, in July 1799. The remainder of the year was spent in visiting the provinces of New Andalusia and Spanish Guyana. They returned to Cumana by the mission of the Caribbees, and in 1800 proceeded to the island of Cuba, where, in the space of three months, *M. de Humboldt* determined the longitude of the Havanna, and assisted the planters in constructing furnaces for the preparation of sugar. In 1801, several false reports were circulated respecting the voyage of *capt. Baudin*, which induced *M. de Humboldt* to form the design of meeting him; but in order to avoid accidents he sent his collections and manuscripts to Europe, and set out himself in the month of March. The unfavourable state of the weather, however, prevented him from pursuing the course he had traced out; and he resolved to visit the superb collection of *Mutis*, a celebrated American naturalist. In September, 1801, *M. de Humboldt* set out for Quito, where he arrived in the month of January, 1802. There he was at length able to repose after his fatigues, and to enjoy the pleasures of hospitality amidst the most beautiful productions of nature. At Quito, *M. de Humboldt*, accompanied by the son of the *Marquess de Selva Alegre*, (who, through an ardent passion for science, had never quitted him since his arrival,) determined on an enterprise, the execution of which cost him incredible labour. Finally, he departed, towards the middle of the summer, for the volcano of Tunguraguo and the Nevado del Chimborazo. They passed through the ruins of Riobamba, and several other villages, destroyed on the 7th of Feb. 1797, by an earthquake, which in one moment swallowed up more than 40,000 individuals, and ultimately, after innumerable difficulties, arrived, on the 23d of June, on the eastern side of Chimborazo, and fixed their instruments on the brink of a porphyry rock, which projected over an immense space covered with an impenetrable bed of snow. A beach, about five hundred feet in width, prevented them from advancing further. The density of the air was one-half reduced; they experienced the bitterest cold; they breathed with difficulty, and the blood flowed from their eyes, lips, and gums. They were then on the most elevated point that had ever been touched by mortal footsteps. They stood at an elevation of 3485 feet higher than that which *Condamine* attained in 1745, and were consequently 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. From this position of extreme height they ascertained, by

means of a trigonometrical operation, that the summit of Chimborazo was 2140 feet higher than the point on which they stood. Having concluded these important observations, *M. de Humboldt* directed his course towards Lima, the capital of Peru. He remained for several months in that city, enchanted with the vivacity and intelligence of its inhabitants. During his residence among the Peruvians, he observed, at the port of Callao, the emersion of the passage of Mercury on the disk of the sun. From Lima he proceeded to New Spain, where he remained for the space of a year; he arrived at Mexico in April, 1803. In the neighbourhood of that city he discovered the trunk of the famous *Cheirostemon Platanoides*, the only tree of that species that is to be seen in New Spain: it has existed since the remotest ages, and is nine yards in circumference. The labours of *M. de Humboldt* were now drawing to a close. He made several excursions during the months of January and February 1804; but they were his last, and he hastened to embark for the Havanna. In July he set sail for Philadelphia, and after having remained for some time in the United States, he crossed the Atlantic and arrived in France, after an absence of six years, marked by labours the most useful and satisfactory, though filled with fatigue, dangers, and distress, of every kind. During his travels, *M. de Humboldt* rectified, by the most exact operations, the errors which had been committed in fixing the geographical positions of most of the points of the New World. He has likewise discovered a very ingenious method, preferable to any description, for demonstrating, under a single point of view, the accumulated results of his topographical and mineralogical observations. He has given profiles of the vertical sections of the countries he visited. The herbal which he brought with him from Mexico, is one of the richest in exotic plants that was ever transported to Europe: it contains 6300 different species. Animated by an ardent desire for making discoveries, and endowed with the means of satisfying this noble ambition, *M. de Humboldt* has extended his researches to every branch of physical and social knowledge. The mass of curious information, which he collected in the New World, surpasses all that has ever resulted from the investigations of any other individual. He has diffused a new light over the history of our species, extended the limits of mathematical geography, and added an infinite number of new objects to the treasures of botany, zoology, and mineralogy. These precious acquisitions, each classed in the order to which they belong, were published in 1806, and several succeeding years, at Paris, Edinburgh, and London, in the following manner:—1. *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, pendant les Annees 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804*: 4 vols. 4to. The first published in 1814—1817, has likewise appeared in 4 vols. 8vo.—2. *Vues des Cordilleres et Montagnes des Peuples indi-*

genes de l'Amerique, 1811; 2 vols. large folio, with plates, 1814, 2 vols. 8vo.—3. *Recueil d'Observations Astronomiques, et de Mesures exécutées dans le Nouveau Continent*, 2 vols. 4to. *M. de Humboldt* has neglected no means of verifying his calculations. He has submitted to the examination of the Bureau de Longitude, a portion of his astronomical observations on lunar distances, and the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. Nearly 500 barometrical heights have, moreover, been calculated by *M. Frony*, according to the formula of *M. La Place*.—4. *Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes, ou Tableau Physique des Regions Equinoxiales, fonde sur des Observations et des mesures faites depuis le 10° degre de latitude australe, jusqu' au 10° degre de latitude boreale*; 4to. with a large plate.—5. *Plantes Equinoxiales, recueillies au Mexique, dans l'Isle de Cuba, dans le Provinces, de Caracas, de Cumana, &c.* 2 vols. folio.—6. *Monographie de Meladomes*; 2 vols. folio.—7. *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*; 3 vols. folio.—8. *Recueil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'Anatomie comparees, faites dans un Voyage aux Tropiques*; 2 vols. 4to.—9. *Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne*; 1811, 2 vols. 4to, with a folio atlas, or 5 vols. 8vo. with plates.—10. *Physique General et Geologie*; 1 vol. 4to, (not yet published).—11. *Ansichten der Natur*; Tubingen, 1808, 8vo.; translated into French by *M. Eyries*, under the superintendence of the author.—12. *De Distributione Geographica, Plantarum secundum Celi temperiem et altitudinem montium prælegomena*; Paris, 1817; 8vo.—13. *Sur l'Elevation des Montagnes de l'Inde*; 8vo. *M. Humboldt* and *M. Bonpland* having shared together all the fatigues and dangers of their journey, agreed that their works should be published under the names of both; the preface of each work explaining to whom such and such a portion is specifically due. *M. de Humboldt* also laboured in common with *M. de Guy-Lussac*. They conjointly verified the theory of *M. Biot*, on the position of the magnetic equator; and ascertained that great chains of mountains, and even burning volcanos, have no sensible influence on the magnetic power, and that this power progressively diminishes in proportion as we depart from the terrestrial equator. The narratives of *M. de Humboldt's* voyages have been published in several different languages; but he has disavowed them by publishing those which we have mentioned in the course of this article. It has been stated in several public journals, that this indefatigable traveller intends visiting the Alps of Thibet, the most elevated point of which is said to be 2700 feet higher than Chimborazo. At one of the sittings of the French Academy, in 1817, *M. de Humboldt* produced his chart of the river Orinoco, which presents the phenomenon of the junction of that immense river with the Amazon, by the intermediate waters of the Rio Negro; a confluence which was supposed to exist by *d'Anville*, but which had hitherto remained a matter of doubt.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

ART. 8. NEW INVENTION.

On the Propulsion of Navigable Bodies.

THE important and increasing benefits this great country experiences from its improvements in nautical mechanism, and the extraordinary magnitude of the vessels actuated by mechanical power, are circumstances that infallibly excite the attention of an European on his arrival in the United States. The Brooklyn steam-ferry-boat was the first moving object that arrested my attention as I entered the port of New-York. The effect, to me who had never witnessed the spontaneous march of the huge fabric, laden with carriages, horses and men, now gliding past our ship, was delightful, and impressed upon my imagination a more elevated idea of the enterprising spirit of the New World, than would the most lofty panegyric, unaccompanied by the test before me.

Thus forcibly impressed, before I had even touched the American shores, an habitual fondness for investigation, has subsequently impelled me to study the progressive history of mechanical navigation, from the obscure hints of the first projectors of the steam-engine, to the more finished works of Fulton. In the course of my pursuits, the latent principles of action were developed, and it became obvious that, notwithstanding the excellence already attained, the machine was still imperfect—imperfect in its original principle, and that there yet remained a wide unlocated field for the introduction of important improvements.

Comparing the magnitude of vessels with the power ordinarily expended in their propulsion, there seemed to be a great disparity, and the fact became indisputable, when I reflected, that, on the canals in England, barges carrying thirty tons, and themselves weighing at least fifteen tons, making a total gravity of forty-five tons, (measured by the displacement of water), are towed, through still water, five miles per hour by one horse. But here the Brooklyn twin ferry-boat, each half being shaped like the English canal barges, displaces only four times the bulk of water, (i. e. 180 tons,) and yet advances but five and a half miles per hour through the water, her engine exerting a power equal to that of twenty-four horses.

Now it is manifest that the power of a steam-engine must be the same, whether exerted on board a vessel or on shore; and, therefore, if a greater power be

spent on board to propel it through water, than would give it an equal velocity if applied from the shore, the necessity for the excess must proceed, not from any imperfection in the engine, but from circumstances connected with the machinery, actuated by it as a "*primum mobile*," and the medium (i. e. water) upon which it operates.

That power is unavoidably lost in the friction of the wheels giving motion to the water-wheel is obvious, and some allowance must be made on that account, but the amount of that loss bears but a small proportion to the total deficiency—the remainder must therefore be attributable to other causes which I will endeavour to point out.

Let us for a moment suppose the two vessels forming the Nassau ferry-boat, to float, connectedly as they now do, but each in a *separate* canal, divided by a firm bank, and that the water-wheel, instead of acting against water, rolled upon solid ground, as quickly as it now turns, (i. e. 20 times per minute,) the result would be an advance of the boat, as rapid as the revolution of the wheel, which, taking its actual measurement of 12.6 diameter, would give a pace of nine miles per hour. But we find by experience, that although the water-wheel of this boat does actually revolve at the rate of nine miles per hour, the boat never advances through the water, more than five and a half miles. Whence this enormous deficiency?

The paddles of water-wheels impinge upon unsolid matter, that yields to the stroke, and one-third of their velocity is spent in agitating the water into which they dip: thus, every three feet of the wheels' motions imparts two to the boat, and one in opposite course to the water. The powers thus expended, in producing these opposite motions, are, as the squares of their velocities, and, therefore, one-fifth of the *primum mobile*, is thus lost to every useful purpose.

To illustrate this position more sensibly, let us again imagine the vessel placed in the double canal, above instanced, but that the dividing bank, upon which the wheel rolls, consists of loose sand, instead of hard ground, the sand will then slip back with the wheel, and inasmuch as it does slip back, so much will the motion of the boat be less than that of the wheel. The effect in water is similar, except that water, consisting of more minute, smooth-

er, and less tenacious particles, gives way more easily than would the sand just instanced, the loss of power would therefore be still greater when the wheel operated in water as at present.

Having now accounted for the loss of one-fifth of the whole power of the *primum mobile*, let us proceed to consider the effect of the obliquity with which the paddles of common water-wheels pass through the water.

The force of an impinging paddle, like all other oblique forces, is resolvable into two forces, one horizontal, the other perpendicular—of these, the horizontal is calculated to propel horizontally, the perpendicular, to operate perpendicularly.—It must be obvious that the horizontal force can alone promote the progress of a boat, the perpendicular exerted upwards and downwards by the opposite paddles of water-wheels, being utterly *indifferent* to horizontal progression.—It will not therefore be correct to say the perpendicular force operates *against*, or in counteraction of the progressive power, because, being at right angles to it, it cannot *oppose* horizontal propulsion.—It should rather be viewed, as in fact it is, a serious burthen constantly balancing, and in effect subtracting a part of the force of the *primum mobile*, without any other result than to keep up a continual agitation of the water, and strain upon the machinery, and that if freed from the resistance thus uselessly sacrificing a portion of its power, the *primum mobile* will immediately be adequate to actuate a wheel of greater dimensions than at present, and carrying paddles of any constructable dimensions.—These enlarged paddles will revolve faster, and be more firmly resisted by the water, and the boat will advance with increased rapidity.

The comparative value of horizontal force propelling the boat, and of the perpendicular effort in any position of a paddle, may be found by dropping a line from the upper edge or from the level of immersion, if it be not wholly under water, and by drawing another line horizontally from the lower edge until it intersects the perpendicular line, thus forming a right angled triangle, of which the paddle's edge is the hypotenuse. The square of the perpendicular line, measured from the upper part of the paddle or level of immersion, as the case may be, to the point of intersection, will represent the horizontal or propulsive force, and the square of the horizontal line, measured from the same point to the extremity of the paddle, the perpendicular force: the squares of

these two lines being equal to that of the paddle's edge, or third side of the triangle, representing the whole force. It results from many wheels thus tested, that the loss of power from this cause alone is never less than one-sixth of the whole *primum mobile*.

It must, however, be understood that this result is obtained on the assumption that the paddle is resisted equably during its *whole* passage through the water, which really is not the fact.—The greater part of its power being expended at the *instant of impact*, and before the *vis-inertia* of the water has been entirely overcome. But, at the instant of impinging, the paddles are inclined in an angle of 45° nearly, where, upon the principle already developed, half their power is lost perpendicularly—any remaining power being scarcely more than sufficient to counteract the perpendicular resistance occasioned by the gravity of the water lifted by the emerging paddles. I therefore estimate the total loss of power, from perpendicular resistance, at one half the *primum mobile*.

But there is another circumstance creating a considerable loss of power, which as it is less obvious, so is it the more necessary to be particular in explaining its nature.

Every person who has travelled in a steam-boat must have noticed that, as each paddle of the water-wheel comes in contact with the water, an universal vibration prevails through the vessel. Let us imagine this effect did not occur, but that it was *desired* to produce it—would it not require a great extra exertion of power? and if it require a great extra exertion of power to produce it, if desired, must not its existence when deprecated, be accompanied with an expense of power that is worse than useless? But in what part of the apparatus does this loss take place?—the water-wheel.—Suppose, for sake of argument, the materials of the water-wheel and other parts moving in conjunction, are constructed to be nearly devoid of weight, they would also be nearly devoid of *vis-inertia*, as each paddle met the water, the wheel's motion would be almost annihilated by the force of the concussion, which would then bear an immense proportion to the *vis-inertia*, as with an oar falling flatwise on water. It would afterward, gradually recover and proceed with accelerated velocity, till another paddle striking impeded it as before, and so on successively, the wheel moving constantly by starts; make the wheel heavier and its *vis-inertia* be:

ing increased, the retardation will be diminished,—add again to its weight, and a farther reduction will take place; thus, as the wheel becomes more ponderous its motion becomes more equable, but yet can never be quite equable, and the retardations of its motion, though not susceptible of ocular demonstration, exist, and require to be constantly compensated by borrowing from the vis-inertiæ of the component materials, a power which it is necessary, as constantly to re-supply by subtracting from the power of the primum mobile. The loss of force thus caused, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to ascertain with precision; but when we reflect that it occurs eight times to every revolution of the wheel, it must be considerable. As it is necessary in the present instance to give it some value, I assume, one-twelfth of the primum mobile; but in case of rapid motion, apprehend it becomes much more considerable.

If then this loss of power be added to that proceeding from perpendicular resistance, and to that already shown to arise from the unsolid nature of the matter upon which the paddles operate, it will appear that at least three-fourths of the whole power expended by the primum mobile, is to every useful end exerted in vain. Let us, therefore, suppose a proportionate subtraction from the power of the engine of the Brooklyn ferry-boat, and the remainder equal to that of six horses, to be applied directly without waste, as in towing from land, the boat will then make the same progress as at present; and that result, making due allowance for the additional velocity of half a mile imparted to the boat, will nearly accord with the effects manifested in the canals in England.

Having shown from what causes arise the losses of power in propelling boats by mechanism, as now applied, let us inquire how far it is possible to remedy these inconveniences.

The loss of power proceeding from perpendicular resistance was, I am informed, a circumstance that seriously weighed upon the mind of Mr. Fulton; but being unacquainted with any feasible contrivances for preventing it, he had recourse to the costly expedient of employing engines of such immense powers as, that after submitting to every loss, the remainder, not exceeding one-fourth of the original force, was still sufficient to produce a satisfactory result.

Can any reasonable person imagine the power of eighty horses, applied from the land, would be necessary to pro-

pel the boat “Chancellor Livingston,” or seventy-five the “Paragon?” But, notwithstanding the enormous sacrifice, Mr. Fulton reduced to its *minimum* the inconvenience of a system *radically defective*.

The obvious loss of power, as above explained, was the first circumstance that excited my attention, and I endeavoured to prevent it by contriving a water-wheel with upright paddles, upon a new and simple construction. On putting this wheel in operation on board the York ferry-boat, with paddles of as great surface as those of the old wheel, her speed was increased about one-tenth, but the engine then made nineteen strokes per minute, being four more than with the old wheel. This circumstance proved that the upright paddles were not so firmly resisted by the water as the oblique, an effect not unexpected, but more considerable than I had anticipated. This, on reflection, I found to proceed from the fact, that after starting, the stream projected behind the wheel was constantly driven horizontally in the direction of that already created, and which, of course, presented an insufficient resistance, while the operation of the common wheel in that part of its journey where the greatest effect is produced, is not attended with that particular inconvenience. This evil may, however, be obviated by making the upright paddles of such *ample* dimensions as to bear against a *very great* section of water, an expedient that may not always be convenient. Thus, excepting that the wheel operated admirably among ice, little was effected where I had expected much, and I began to suspect a fundamental error in the ordinary application of the primum mobile.

Convinced from the facts and reasonings already developed, that the great waste of power was solely connected with the operation upon the water, I resolved to persevere, and made a variety of experiments to ascertain the effects of placing the water-wheel within a *horizontal* trough, open at each end, but enclosed at the sides and bottom, making, occasionally, various apertures therein. The effects were curious, but unattended with profitable result, except that of leading me ultimately to reject the *immediate* use of power, and inducing the contemplation of a negative application, which is astonishing in its effects, and opens a new era in one of the most important arts yet practised by mankind.

It would be impossible for me to detail the successive gradations of idea that led

to the conception of a discovery, great in its consequences. Impeded by mental inertia, it came slowly at first, and with reluctance, but when once in motion, it rushed forward with the accelerated impetus of truth, and carried conviction before it.

Every attempt, not excepting my own, has heretofore been made on a *false basis*, namely, that of operating upon the water with a view to benefit from the resistance of its inertia. The only advantageous method is to *reverse the system*, and to make the water-wheel revolve within a raceway, fitting it closely on each side and beneath, and *rising behind it to the surface of the water*, the forward end closed above so as to convert it into a tube, the whole being made to extend some feet before and behind the wheel.

Now, if this raceway were enclosed at the forward extremity, it would be not unlike a boat. Let it be imagined, for illustration, that by some means (no matter what) a boat be so circumstanced that the water, in which it is immersed, does *not press against the head*, will not the natural pressure of the water astern produce forward motion? Suppose the raceway, above described, to be a boat—the water within it, when all is quiescent, resists the pressure of the external water ahead—put the wheel in motion, and the water contained in the raceway is expelled at an expense of power, equal to the lateral pressure of a column of water, of its own height. The pressure of the water, thus expelled, against the inclined part of the raceway, and of the water-wheel against that water, are equal and opposite, and therefore (the water-wheel and raceway being both fixed to the boat) indifferent to motion. But let us now look to the external water, and we shall perceive that, by the removal of the water within the raceway, the external *resistance* to the raceway has been entirely removed, while the external *pressure*, beneath the inclined plane of the causeway, remains unimpaired, and urges it forward with the lateral pressure of a column of water of its own height, and does actually propel the raceway, and with it the boat. The forward internal water would, however, be disposed from gravity to fall backward under the wheel, when the wheel had removed the water beneath itself, but the forward end of the raceway being converted into a tube, the *vis-inertia* of the included water, at some little distance in advance of the wheel, operates for a moment, in complete counteraction of the *gravity* of that in its immediate contiguity,

because a separation of waters cannot take place without the creation of a vacuum, thus the water is for a moment sustained by atmospheric pressure, and cannot instantly fall under the wheel, as it would, were the raceway open above. But the pressure of the external water, beneath the inclined part of the raceway, is in *perpetual action*, and, before the *vis-inertia*, above mentioned, can be overcome, has propelled the raceway into *other water*, whose *vis-inertia* has also to be overcome, and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the pressure of the external water is *always in action* beneath the inclined end of the causeway, while at the other extremity, its resistance is in *perpetual suspension*. By this arrangement it is obvious that the power gained, is equal to the power spent, both being measured by columns of water of equal altitude, and, consequently, that the effect resulting from force thus exerted on board a vessel to propel it, must be equal to that proceeding from an equal exertion from the land, an object hitherto deemed unattainable.

Under this system, the application of my water-wheel is useful and important; the object *now* is to *remove* the water from within the raceway as *freely* as possible. The common wheel, though not equally advantageous, may, however, be employed with diminished inconvenience, it does not require to be so deeply immersed, as heretofore, in the water to which it is opposed.

From this explanation it is obvious that the machinery is not to be applied to produce the propulsive power, but merely to remove the natural resistance to a natural pressure, already existing, and disposed by nature to be active. The oblique part of the raceway will admit of an almost infinite variety of shapes. The whole may even be included within the bulk of the vessel, provided its *obliquity* be preserved; for the action of the water-wheel will then *reduce* the resistance ahead, while the pressure astern remaining *undiminished*, *motion must ensue*, with a power equal to the difference: and it has been merely from the omission of this obliquity, which would, to *appearance*, obstruct progression, that all who have hitherto attempted to *propel* vessels, by forcing water through tubes from stem to stern, have not succeeded in their endeavours.

I conclude with an explanatory diagram of the discovery, and *when clearly understood*, court public investigation.

C. A. BUSBY,
No. 2 Law Buildings.
New-York, May 20, 1818.

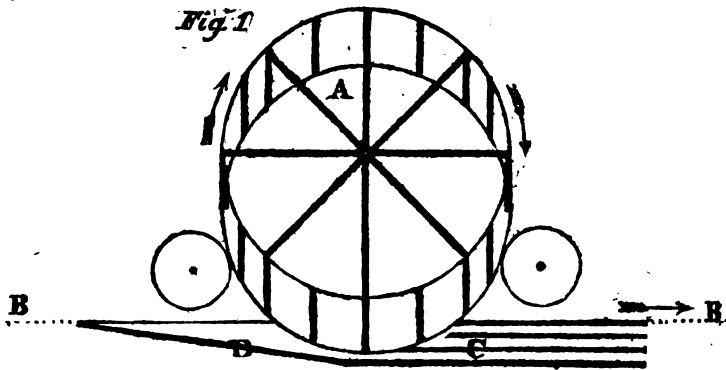


Fig. 2.

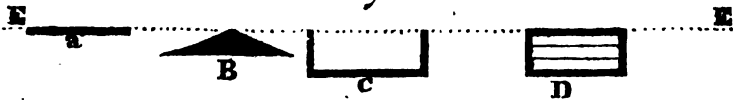


FIG. 1.

- A. The water-wheel with upright paddles, revolving in the direction of the arrows.
 B. Surface of the water. The boat advancing in the direction of the horizontal arrows.
 C. D. The raceway. The forward part, C, open at the extremity; the end, D, inclined upwards towards the surface of the water, by which it is impelled.

FIG. 2.

- a. B. C. D. Transverse sections of the raceway. The horizontal planes intersecting the forward and open extremity, D, are for the purpose of bringing the vis-inertia of the water and pressure of the atmosphere into effectual co-operation.
 E. E. Surface of the water.

Postscript.—A deliberate review of the subject will exhibit the water-wheel of any vessel navigated mechanically, as at present, as an *undershot* wheel is its most disadvantageous position, *reversed in application*, but retaining all its defects; while the new system will appear to be a

negative and *inserted* use of the principle of the *overshot* wheel, and possessing all its advantages.

In the Philosophical Transactions, vol. li. for the year 1759, there is a paper, by the celebrated Mr. Smeaton, with experiments on mills; from these experiments it appears (p. 129) that the effect obtained by the overshot wheel, is frequently four and five times as great as with the undershot wheel, in the same time, and with equal expenditures of power. The great Dr. Franklin was correct when, in his Essay, read before the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, he maintained that wheels, operating as at present, *could not be used to any advantage*. We are also informed by Mr. Fulton, that, in 1806, the late lord Stanhope assured him, in London, that a boat could not be *successfully* constructed on the principles and combinations now in use; for can they be said to be employed successfully or advantageously, when, through their inefficient agency, three-fourths of the *primum mobile* is sacrificed?

C. A. B.

ART. 9. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

IT is announced that Dr. Roes' New Cyclopaedia will be completed within the present year.

KOTZBAUE, the celebrated German dra-

matic writer, has just published a collection of *Tales addressed to his Sons*. They will soon appear both in French and English.

BURKHARD, the traveller, died lately at Cairo. This enterprising gentleman, a native of Germany, offered his services some years ago, to the English Society for promoting discoveries in the interior of Africa. Having learned the languages, and collected all the information necessary for such a journey, he proceeded to Cairo in order to join the caravan which travels every year from Tombuctoo, and to penetrate into that country which has hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans. But the agitations which arose in that part of the world, retarded the arrival of the caravan for the space of a year. With the help of his Mussulman dress and his perfect knowledge of the Arabic and Turkish languages, Mr. Burkhard made various new and important discoveries, an account of which will probably be published by the English Society. At length the caravan arrived,—but before Mr. Burkhard could make the necessary arrangements for his departure, he was attacked with the dysentery, and this disorder proved the cause of his death.

Dr. BREWSTER, of Edinburgh, when examining the optical properties of ice, has found that even large masses, two or three inches thick, formed upon the surface of standing water, are as perfectly crystallized as rock crystal, or calcareous spar, all the axes of the elementary crystals corresponding with the axes of the hexædral prisms, being exactly parallel to each other, and perpendicular to the horizontal surface.

During the process of malting, a sweet matter is generated in grain. No light, (says Dr. Thompson) has hitherto been thrown upon this process, though it is essential towards the theory of brewing and distillation. But КЛАСЕНОВ, (an eminent German chemist,) who discovered the method of converting starch into sugar by means of acids, has lately published an experiment, which constitutes an essential and important step in the theory of fermentation. Barley-meal contains both gluten and starch. If pure starch be infused in hot water, it is not converted into sugar. Neither does gluten become saccharine matter when treated in the same way. But, if a mixture of pure dried pulverized wheat gluten and potato-starch be infused in hot water, the starch is converted into sugar. During the process an acid is evolved, yet the gluten is little altered, and, if the liquid be filtered, most of it remains upon the filter. But it does not answer when employed a second time to convert starch into sugar. It appears, then, that it is the gluten which acts upon the starch, and converts

it into sugar. By melting, the gluten undergoes a change, which enables it to act more powerfully in turning the starch of raw grain into sugar.

From late accounts it appears that Copenhagen contains 100,000 inhabitants: of these 4600 are paupers.

The thirty-second and thirty-third Nos. of the Medico-chirurgical Gazette, edited by Dr. J. N. Ehrhart, at Salisbury, Germany, were lately received in this city. As usual, the numbers are chiefly occupied with notices, and summary reviews of American publications.

Whilst perusing these German pages, our attention was particularly arrested by two remarks, upon which the learned author somewhat expatiates; *The inconsistency of Dr. Pursh's theory of diseases; and—the pertinacity with which the Americans assert, and attempt to prove that the Yellow Fever never originates in America.*

Dr. JUNG STILLING. The death of this extraordinary man is announced in a Swiss Journal, with the following character of the deceased. He was celebrated throughout Germany for his numerous writings and his piety, which, in course of time augmented into *illumination*. In his youth, he followed the trade of a tailor, and afterwards that of a teacher: he then became successively a physician, a moralist, a religious writer, a journalist, a political economist, a visionary, a naturalist, and an excellent oculist. He successfully cured, by surgical operation, two hundred poor people who were afflicted with cataracts. He firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, and wrote a book, in which he seriously explained his doctrine. In his journal, the *Grey man*, he prophesied that the *Anti-christ* would appear within the forty years of the present century. His works have been much read in Germany,* because he wrote with simplicity and interest, and possessed the great art of accommodating his style to all classes of society.

Dr. SCHLICHTEGROLL, of Munich, has undertaken the task of editing a very curious literary monument of the middle ages, TALKHOFFER's *Book of Combats*, belonging to the ducal library of Gotha. It is a collection of 268 pen and ink sketches, made in 1467, representing the different kinds of judicial combat, which was then the most common ordeal. All these drawings have explanatory marginal inscriptions. This work, which will be printed

* His works, some of which have been republished in the United States, are familiar to most American German readers.

at the lithographic press of the public seminary, called *Feyertags-schule* (Holy-day-school), at Munich, will be rendered highly interesting by the information which it will afford respecting many manuscripts very little known in the libraries of Munich, Vienna, Gotha and Wolfenbüttel, illustrative of the laws and manners of the middle ages. It will be printed in French and German, in numbers containing six plates each, and the publication will commence as soon as 150 copies are subscribed for.

The works which have been published in Germany, in consequence of the Tricentenary of the Reformation, by Luther, are almost innumerable. Our German papers teem with announcements and reviews of such publications. The *Maurerische Buch-handlung*—a single house in Berlin—had 95 of them on sale.

BROCKHAUS, a very respectable bookseller in Leipzig, published his *Urania*, a ladies pocket almanac for 1818. Hitherto his annual volume excited unusual interest. However, as he expresses himself relative to the *Taschenbuch*: *nach immer höherer Vollkommenheit desselben strebend*, he offered, in April, 1816, three prizes for a poetical tale, a poetical epistle, and an Idyl. The attempt to enrich the pages of his *Urania* in this way, was successful. Among several very superior productions, presented in the volume for this year, the poetical tale by ERNST SCHULZE is peculiarly fine, and obtained a handsome reward. This beautiful piece is entitled, *Die besauberte Rose*—the enchanted rose. The just commendations of this exquisite specimen of German poetry, contained in a late German journal, are before us; but we waive them, in order to introduce an article upon the same subject from a late number of the London New Monthly Magazine.

"It (the above mentioned poem) is written in the manner of Wieland's *Oberon*, except that the stanzas are more regular; the whole is more delicate, and, as it were, of pure ethereal texture. It combines all the magic tones of melody. The publisher has announced a separate edition of this poem, on which he designs to bestow every possible typographic and chalcographic embellishment. The young poet died at Celle, in the Hanoverian dominions, in his 28th year, a few days after receiving intelligence of the success of his performance, and just as he was preparing to set out for Italy. He contracted the disease which proved fatal, during the siege of Hamburg, in 1813, when he served as a volunteer in the Ja-

gers. We are promised his posthumous works, together with a memoir of his life, by Professor Bouterwech, of Göttingen."

The first two volumes of a highly curious and important work have been published at Cassel, by Mr. U. F. Kopp, with the title of *Tachygraphia Veterum exposita et illustrata*, or the Short-hand Writing of the Ancients explained and illustrated. These volumes contain 12 distinct plates, and about 14,000 other engravings on copper and wood. It is a truly important and classical work, and has this farther peculiarity that a great portion of the mechanical department was executed by the author, who not only made the drawings of all the figures but also engraved them, and composed with his own hands the most difficult parts of the letter-press!

PRESENT STATE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—From the distinguished part which Germany is taking in the pursuits of science and literature in our times, the annexed summary of her learned establishments may be acceptable.—

Germany had, before the year 1802, the following 36 universities:—

Heidelberg founded in 1386, Prague 1348, Vienna 1361, Cologne 1388, Erfurt 1389, Wurtzburg 1403, Leipzig 1409, Ingolstadt, 1410, Rostock 1419, Treves 1451, Greifswalde 1456, Freiburg 1456, Tübingen 1477, Mentz 1477, Wittenberg 1502, Frankfort on the Oder 1506, Marburg 1517, Dillingen 1549, Jena 1557, Helmstadt 1576, Altdorf 1576, Paderborn 1592, Giessen 1607, Rinteln 1619, Salzburg 1622, Munster 1631, Osnaburg 1632, Bamberg 1648, Duisburg 1655, Kiel 1665, Innspruck 1672, Halle 1694, Breslaw 1702, Fulda 1734, Göttingen 1734, Erlangen 1742. Of which there have been dissolved since 1802: Cologne, Erfurt, Ingolstadt, Treves, Mentz, Wittenberg, Frankfort, Dillingen, Helmstadt, Altdorf, Rinteln, Salzburg, Munster, Osnaburg, Bamberg, Duisburg, Innspruck, and Fulda; and in their stead only the following new ones founded: Landsbut, merely a continuation of the Ingolstadt university; Breslaw, as a mixed university, to which the professors from Frankfort on the Oder were removed; Ellwangen, but which since the year 1817 is united with Tübingen; and Berlin, the last founded of the German universities. There exist at present in Germany only 19 universities, viz. in the Austrian-German Hereditary States, 1. Vienna, Catholic, with 957 students; 2. Prague, Catholic, with 880 students. In German-Prussia, 3. Berlin, Evangelical, 1817, with 600 students; 4. Breslaw, for both religions, with 366 students; 5. Halle, Evangelical, 1816,

with 500 students; 6. Griefswalde, Evangelical, with 55 students. Add to these the Catholic university of Paderborn, but which has only two faculties. In Bavaria, 7. Landshut, Catholic, with 640 students; 8. Wurtzburg, Catholic, 1815, with 365 students; 9. Erlangen, Protestant, with 180 students. In Saxony, 10. Leipzig, Protestant, 1816, with 911 students. In Hanover, 11. Gottingen, Protestant, 1816, with 1132 students. Wurtemberg, 12. Tubingen, Protestant, with 290 students, now increased by the addition of Ellwangen, for both religions. In Baden, 13. Heidelberg, Protestant, 1817, with 303 students; 14. Freiburg, Catholic, 1817, with 275 students. In the Electorate of Hesse, 15. Marburg, Protestant, 1812, with 197 students. In the Grand Duchy of Hesse, 16. Giessen, Protestant, 1813, with 241 students. In Holstein, 17. Kiel, Protestants, with 107 students; Weimar, 18. Jena, Protestant, 1817, with 600 students. In Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 19. Rostock, Protestant, 1817, with 159 students. Of these 19 universities, there are therefore 5 Catholic, 2 mixed, and the rest Protestant. In all there are about 8500 students. If we take the population of all Germany at 29½ millions, there will be 288 students for every million.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—The arrangements for the vessels about to explore the Arctic Regions are now nearly completed, and it is expected they will leave the river about the 24th of March. Every precaution has been taken for the general comfort of the crews; fixed bed places are fitted, with sliding doors, for the men to sleep in, housings to form roofs over the ships in the event of being frozen in, a liberal supply of vegetables, and a proportion of six months beef, slightly corned, with some preserved meat, will be supplied.

The *Isabella* and *Alexander* are intended to proceed in a N. W. direction to Davis's Straits, and explore there for a passage through into the great Pacific Ocean, by the American continent.

The *Dorothea* and *Trent*, proceeding to the eastward of Greenland, will take a northerly direction, in the hopes of reaching the Pole, and from thence to Behring's Straits.

The *Isabella* is of 382 tons, and has a complement of 47 men: captain John Ross, commander.

The *Alexander* is of 250 tons, complement 33 men: lieutenant W. Edw. Parry, commander.

The *Dorothea* is of 369 tons, comple-

ment 47 men: captain David Buchan, commander.

The *Trent* is of 250 tons, complement 33 men: lieutenant J. Franklin, commander.

An ample supply of warm clothing will be provided, and three months advance of pay given to the men. The officers will have their pay doubled, and six months in advance.—A compensation will be granted the purser in lieu of balance bills; indeed, the whole arrangements appear on a scale of liberality that will do justice to the projectors of the expedition.

If unsuccessful, it is expected to terminate about September 1819. If it be successful, and the navigators return by the Indian Seas, a reward of 20,000*l.* will be distributed amongst the crews. Notwithstanding this, and an allowance of 3*l.* per month, a difficulty is found in obtaining suitable hands for the voyage, and the vessels are to complete their crews at the Orkneys, the great rendezvous of seamen for the Greenland service.

“If an open navigation should be discovered across the Polar Basin, the passage over the Pole, or close to it, will be one of the most interesting events to science that ever occurred. It will be the first time that the problem was practically solved, with which the learners of geography are sometimes puzzled—that of going the shortest way between two places lying east and west of each other, by taking a direction of north and south. The passage of the Pole will require the undivided attention of the navigator. On approaching this point, from which the northern coasts of Europe, Asia, and America, and every part of them, will bear *south* of him, nothing can possibly assist him in determining his course, and keeping on the right meridian of his destined place, but a correct knowledge of the *time*, and yet no means of ascertaining that time will be afforded him. The only *time* he can have, with any degree of certainty, as long as he remains on or near the Pole, must be that of Greenwich, and this he can know only from good chronometers; for from the general hazy state of the atmosphere, and particularly about the horizon, and the sameness in the altitude of the sun, at every hour in the four and twenty, he must not expect to obtain an approximation even of the apparent time, by observation, and he will have no stars to assist him. All his ideas respecting the heavens, and the reckoning of his time, will be reversed, and the change not gradual, as in proceeding from the east to the west, or the contrary, but instantaneous.

ous. The magnetic needle will point to its unknown magnetic Pole, or fly round from the point of the bowl from which it is suspended, and that which indicated north will now be south; the east will become the west, and the hour of noon will be that of midnight.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—A letter from Sierra Leone mentions the return to that place of the scientific expedition for exploring the interior of Africa. They were completely unsuccessful, having advanced only about 150 miles into the interior, from Rio Nunez. Their progress was there stopped by a chief of the country; and after unavailing endeavours, for the space of four months, to obtain liberty to proceed, they abandoned the enterprise, and returned. Nearly all the animals perished. Several officers died, and what is remarkable, but one private, besides one drowned, of about 200. Capt. Campbell died two days after their return to Rio Nunez, and was buried, with another officer, in the same spot where major Peddie and one of his officers were buried on their advance.

RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.—Captain Krusenstern in a letter to captain Burney, dated Revel, Oct. 1, 1817, informs him that letters had been received a few days before from lieut. Kotzebue. On leaving Kamschatka in July 1816, he sailed through Behring's Straits, and succeeded in ranging the coast of America to latitude 67°, when he discovered a large inlet extending far to the eastward. He was obliged to quit it without exploring the whole, but intends to resume the labour this year. Captain Krusenstern does not himself believe that a communication exists between the North Pacific and the Atlantic, but remarks that the discovery of this inlet does hold out some hope that one may be yet found.

ANIMAL FLOWER.—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern of that isle, near the sea, is a large bason, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, the water of which is very brackish, and the bottom composed of rocks. From these, at all times, proceed certain substances, which present, at first sight, beautiful flowers, of a bright shining colour, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds—only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire, like a snail, out of sight. On examining their substance closely, there appear, in the middle of the disk, four brown

filaments, resembling spiders' legs, which move round a kind of petals with a pretty brisk and spontaneous motion. These legs have pincers to seize their prey; and upon seizing it, the yellow petals immediately close, so that it cannot escape. Under this exterior of a flower is a brown stalk, of the bigness of a raven's quill, and which appears to be the body of some animal. It is probable that this strange creature lives on the spawn of fish, and the marine insects thrown by the sea into the bason.

LITHOVASA.—This name is given to a new but useful article, made of a peculiar kind of stone, in the form of vessels adapted to cool wine, preserve butter, &c. They owe their properties to the power of absorption and evaporation possessed by the stone; and are superior to earthenware articles applied to the same purposes, being entirely free from that clayey smell which belongs to unglazed pottery.

The wine coolers require only to be steeped for ten minutes in cold water, when they are fit to receive a decanter of wine.—The butter preservers steeped in the same manner are ready to receive a vessel containing the butter, and will keep it cool in the hottest weather, and retain their moisture for a day or two.

Elegant stone pyramids for growing excellent anti-scorbutic salads, require only to be saturated with water. The seed equally distributed in the external grooves, the central hole filled with water, (and the waste daily supplied,) will, in eight or ten days, produce a fine green crop of very superior quality, which may be eaten clean and fresh from the pyramids placed on the table.—When the crop is plucked from any number of grooves, and the loose seeds brushed off, new may be sown and successive crops obtained.

A curious and interesting MS. of the celebrated Dr. King, of *St. Marys, Oxford*, has lately been discovered, containing *anecdotes and reminiscences of his own times*.

The fourth and last Canto of Child Harold, is positively announced to appear on the 14th of April.

The Russian poet Shacowsky, who conducts a journal at St. Petersburg, has received from the emperor of Russia, a pension of 4000 roubles for his last work, *the Bard of the Ruins of the Kremlin*.

Madame de Stael's work on the French Revolution will shortly appear; it forms three volumes, and 36,000 francs were paid for the manuscript.

A very fashionable journal has lately

been commenced at Naples, under the title of the *Iris*. It is adorned with lithographic engravings.

Important Surgical Operation.—An operation for Subclavian Aneurism was performed in the New-York Hospital, on the 10th of May, by Dr. Valentine Mott, one of the surgeons of that institution, by tying the *Arteria Innominata*: the patient has reasonable prospects of recovery.—This bold and important operation, which it is believed was never attempted before, not only reflects honour upon the fortunate operator, but is a triumphant step in operative surgery.

Messrs. James Eastburn & Co. of New-York, have published a catalogue of a valuable and extensive collection of standard and rare books, with numerous bibliographical notices, indicating as well the authenticity of the editions as the estimation of the works.

Something useful.—Mr. Anthony Tiemann, of this city, has obtained letters patent for the application of the agency of DOGS as a new power to various useful purposes, such as, for pumping water, irrigating meadows, gardens, &c. grind-

ing paint, corn, bark, and other articles, turning the grindstone, the lathe, carding and spinning machines, washing machines, working churns, assisting rope makers, threshing and cleaning grain, cutting straw, tobacco, shingles, dye-wood, &c. chopping meat, &c. and for a great variety of purposes where the intelligence and activity of the dog will prove highly economical and profitable. The requisite machinery is simple, and constructed with little expense. Able dogs can easily be procured and trained for this object. Those which Mr. Tiemann has employed for some years, have invariably been healthy and robust, and apparently delighted with their employment. It is said that the saving of labour and expense is almost incalculable. By these means a very interesting portion of the animal creation, hitherto more or less prescribed, is made subservient to some of the most useful purposes. Canine agency, applied as before stated, is already in operation in this city and neighbourhood.

Mr. Tiemann intends to apply the same power for propelling boats, for which he has also obtained a patent.

ART. 10. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ASIA.

IT seems that christianity is making great progress in the Sandwich and Society Islands. Idolatry is totally abolished in Otaheite, Eimeo, Tapuamanu, Te-turoa, Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, and

Borabora. The sabbath is regularly observed, and places for public worship are erecting. The kings and chieftains are the most zealous among the converts to the true faith.

ART. 11. POETRY.

A DREAMING ODDITY.

MYSELF AND THE DOCTOR.

MYSELF.

AN awful sound, and strange, such as till now
By me was never heard, afflicts my ears.
I turn my eyes to seek the dreadful cause—
A turtle from the water crawls; ascends
The bank, and seeks the city's widest street.
The street at first is broad enough; his flappers
Annoy passengers on either side,
Who seek the doors at his approach. Ere long
His monstrous bulk increases, and he swims,
Headless of streets. His fins above the clouds
Throw houses, stables, horses, men and women.

From such a spectacle I fly aghast:
And, swift as sight, "smooth sliding without
step,"
Where winds the stream of James the vales
along,

Just o'er the water's surface, seek the sea.
"Twixt Cape May and Cape Charles, from land
afar,
Palpable odours stop my further course:
Palpable odours; such as if, were all
Arabia's fragrance, from the time when first
From Chaos' womb Earth came, each year
distilled,
And kept confined, hermetically sealed,
Till this blest hour, then all at once let loose—
My body seemed all nostrils: all parts prest
Alike by one resistless storm of sweet.
My fingers feel it, and before my face
I cannot ken a yard. What splendour now!
—Tall, not too tall; and slender, but not lean;
"In naked innocence," save that a robe
Of gaudy texture, dyed in gold and azure,
Height'ning the charms of what it would conceal,
Flowed o'er her limbs; and by the soft breeze
fanned,
Far from her flung its folds; with such an eye
Of dignity and virtue, truth and grace,

As only heaven can give—a lady comes,
From wave to wave-top lightly tripping on;
Her looks were love and honour; and with grace
Familiar she approached, and seized my arm.

Gales of tempestuous pleasure from the north
Now bore us sudden, with resistless force
And rapture, forward to more sunny climes;
The tiptop wave now touching, now above.
—Hatteras and the gulfy stream are past—
The trade winds check our passage—locked our
arms,

We seem recumbent on the gentle ocean,
Or on the swell, or sunk in easy vale.
—She's gone! Heaven help me, she has left my
arms,
And sunk—I strive in vain to follow her—
—I weep, I rage—so sudden came we here;
Thus sudden has she fled, I know not where.

I grow at once earth's half in bulk—one foot
I place on Cuba—thousands now of miles
Upward I leap, in fantasy of ire,
Then fall at once, th' Atlantic's length; my sides
Dashing the ocean over Europe's face,
And o'er Columbia's, to the peaceful sea:
My heels in rage against the icy pole
Beating full hard; while to the low south moon
My clinching fists are stretched. From posture
prone

I spring, and with a butcher's cleaver cut
The globe in twain. The parts unite. Enraged
I take a tray and chopping-knife; and soon,
First plucking Luna from her changeable course,
Make fair mincemeat of all—then leaving all,
Tray, cleaver, chopping-knife, and earth and
moon,

I scud away in th' dark: for dark it seems,
Yet seems not long. I lose my pantaloons;
And in my great coat pocket find a pair
Of Holland skates well strapt. Before me lies
The brilliant surface of a cold glass ocean,
Level, outspread t' infinitude all round.
—The earth and moon seemed not; but all the
stars,
The planets and their master spirit Sol,
Are almost in my grasp. With skates equipt
I fly the surface, making distance nought.

What stands before me? 'Tis an aged oak
Full of fresh blossoms. Let me see its fruit.
Ha! tempting full ripe plums, and nasty toads,
With open mouths, each pendant by a leg.
I set me in a chair, and in the shade
I rest. What figures play about the tree?
Heads without bodies. Lo! the chin of this
Touches his eyebrows. There another sits,
Whose ears grow from his shoulders. Round
the trunk
Walks one whose head two ankle necks support,
All face and feet. And there stands one whose
visage
Is horizontal, ever looking up,
Stuck on a neck that never turns, though turns
Constant the head, round, round, and round
again.

Here is a foot race. See the youthful look
Of that, prepared to start: he has six legs,
And his competitor but one, or two made one,
Like two snakes twisted close in lust or rage.
The sexiped is distanced. There's a sheep
With long green wool, how glossy, like the silk
Pendant from earlop of the rip'ning corn.

She drives away the wolves. What fair forms
these?

Ladies of tender looks. Oh! what an eye
Of piercing black: next blue so languishing:
Three, four, five, six, sev'n, eight, nine, ten,
eleven:

"What, will the list stretch out to th' crack of
doom?"

Still they succeed each other; beauteous all;
But none like her who left me on the flood.

At what are yonder horses laughing there?
The horse-laugh's common; but a grinning horse
Till now I never knew. Begone, begone.
There is a Madagascar bat, that bites
One of these laughing steeds—Lord, how he bites.

Deaths here I see, six, eight, a dozen deaths,
A score of deaths with horns: in each right hand
Is a dead infant, in the left a goblet
Full of black wine. Black, broadbrim'd, flap-
ping hats

They wear. See how with glee they dance; how
shake

Their loose and rattling bones. They vanish all,
"Scaring my eye-balls." Now, with lightning
speed

On skates I haste; the same smooth sea before
me;

The planet Venus right ahead. Stop, stop:
Where are my pantaloons? To Venus go
Without them? No. My coat I cannot button
—How the wind blows beside me, urging on, —
In spite of effort to remain, I haste.

I pass a fellow with an empty meal bag
Striving to gather wind. He's out of sight.
I strike on Venus: bushes, brush and trees—
Is this the silv'ry Venus? bush and brush
So like old earth? Dwells no man hereabouts?
—I'll not stay here 'in the woods—I'll straight
away.

But where's the glassy plain? Gone; who knows
where?

I seem to take a nap; and, dozing, dream
Of being on the earth. Am much in doubt:
Whether I dream or not; and whether I
Am here or there. At length I seem to wake;
But, since I've been asleep, where, where is gone
This planet Venus? Sunk, and from me fallen
A million million leagues; a trifling distance
For those who ride on light. Here in midspaco
I swing self-balanced; neither this way moved
Nor that. Mars, Jupiter, the Sun, the Bear,
Saturn, Orion and the Pleiades,
And nameless others, seeming all within
The flight of half an hour; I gaze intense.
Now start I for the globe of Sol. I fly
By mere volition: and, approaching, see
Whence are his spots. The sunmits some vast
tracts

Of new land have been clearing: after burning
The wood and brush, an awful, foul, black smoke
Spreads over many a thousand solar leagues,
Still shifting with the wind. There's such a stench
Far off salutes my nose, I'll not endure it.
—I'm off. And now for Jove. When half way
there

I'm much impeded by a thousand swarms
Of septemdecem locusts. Here a gate
Before me stands; and o'er it leans a sage,
"His head all white, his beard all hoary gray,"
Who me, approaching, with gold headed cane,
Strikes. Stunned, down to the earth I quickly fall;

And when revived, I find myself outstretched
 Upon a green and sloping meadow fair,
 Which, Doctor, I now see as visibly
 As that nose on your face. Now up I rise
 And stretch myself: when lo, the lovely maid,
 Whom couching on the billows I had lost,
 I see advancing, fairer than before.
 How joy my eyes to ken so much of heaven.
 —There with her comes a married youth, who
 leads

His beauteous spouse, at whose side, robed in
 white,
 A child, his right hand round his mother's fingers
 Clinging, runs doubling her maternal steps.

At once a slim tall villain rushes forth,
 Seizes the child, and quite across a stream,
 In width at least a rod, he tosses it
 On the rough stones upon the other side.

I bid the nimble youth the scoundrel seize,
 Who hastes away. He overtakes him. Blows
 Num'rous succeed ere I arrive. "And see,"
 Exclaims the youth, "how he has given me
 An eye the colour of my hat." I seize
 The villain by the collar, raising high
 My left hand. Aiming at my eye he strikes
 My forehead. With my right clenched fist I
 twice

Aim at his lights with all their force my *knuckles*;
 But, *WAKING*, find against the solid wall
 I've warred in vain; while from each knuckle
 joint

Comes the red fluid, (as you, Doctor, see,
 Skin off and blood now dried.) On end I spring,
 Sans intermission laugh near half an hour;
 But laugh in pain: then travel o'er awake
 The paths and scenes which sleeping I'd pur-
 sued.

Strong the impression: for full well the whole
 Distinctly I remember, and can never
 Forget those strange sights. Doctor, now the
 cause?

Dreams mostly I forget; my sleep is sound.
 Then why such incoherent objects wild?
 Or why retain I such remembrance strong
 Of all that I have felt or seen or known?

DOCTOR.

What ate or drank you ere you went to bed?

MYSELF.

Of beef-steak half a pound; half a fine shad
 (A rarity almost the season's first.)
 Well barbecued, with trimmings; coffee too,
 Three cups of strong; and plenteous toast; the
 whole
 Washed down and settled with a pint of beer.

DOCTOR.

Aye, there's the cause: 'twas your intemperance
 Let your bruised knuckles henceforth be a lesson,
 Teaching you ne'er hereafter to offend
 'Gainst nature's sober law of "not too much."

MYSELF.

Why, there was truly pleasure in the feasting,
 And pleasure in the dreaming: for such sights
 Incongruous, rapt'rous, awkward, awful, droll,
 (All which are now as much before my eyes
 As if reality,) gave entertainment.
 Nay, I again would suffer knuckle bruising,
 To feast my eyes on such a miracle
 Of beauty, so unearthly as I saw.

DOCTOR.

Who least remembers what he dreams, gives
 proof
 Of temp'rate living; and may entertain
 Justly strong hopes of reaching to old age

P.

Richmond, April 20th, 1817.

NOTES.

Of all my dreaming, the foregoing is the most
 singularly wild that I can remember. I threw it
 into chit-chat blank verse the forenoon after the
 dream; the image being still as distinctly before
 me as if all had been fact. I have ever thought,
 contrary to the opinion of some, that the think-
 ing power is never wholly suspended. My strong
 argument arises from my own experience: I ne-
 ver wake without some recollection, however
 indistinct, of having dreamed of something.
 Equally confident am I that, almost ever, much
 that has occupied the attention the day and even-
 ing previous, is more or less the subject of wild
 fancy on the pillow. Such was the case in the
 present instance, though there are many scenes
 and images of which a madman would hardly
 entertain an idea.

It has been asserted that no image is presented
 in sleep which was not before known. This may be
 true, though of its truth I am by no means certain.
 That the combinations of images and chain of
 events are often such as never before entered
 the mind, can admit of no doubt.

A turtle from the water crawls, &c. In the
 course of the preceding evening it was observed
 in conversation, that the American snapping,
 or mud turtle, afforded as rich a soup as the
 West-India green turtle.

*And, swift as sight, "smooth sliding without
 step."* Of rapid flights in the air, and Milton's
 "smooth sliding without step," probably every
 reader's dreaming experience has afforded ex-
 amples.

'Twixt Cape May and Cape Charles. We had
 been speaking of a glass-house lately erected,
 and one of the company remarked that the sand,
 of which the glass was mostly made, was brought
 from the shores of the Delaware. This probably
 occasioned the dreaming of a glass ocean, and
 of the place where I seemed to be.

Palpable odours. In going to my lodgings
 after supper, I overtook a female, of what char-
 acter or complexion I know not, whose abun-
 dance of perfumery vexed my nostrils for several
 rods.

The trade winds stop our passage. While at
 supper, some conversation arose respecting the
 course of herring and shad, the passage of the
 herring from Africa to the gulf of Mexico, &c.
 I can assign no particular cause for dreaming of
 the lady who flew with me, other than that the
 ladies had been, as usual, in part the topic of
 conversation, and that beauty is perhaps too of-
 ten the subject of my contemplations. No words
 can describe the holy beauty and expression of
 the *mons divinior* in her imagined countenance.

I grow at once earth's half in bulk. I had ob-
 served to my companions, that I had seen a cal-
 culation, that from one female herring, should
 the offspring all live, in ten years the bulk would
 be many times greater than that of the earth.

What occasioned the wild thought of dividing,
 or making mince-meat of the earth and moon, I
 could not conjecture, till I recollected that we
 had some mince-pie with supper, and one of

the company complained that the chopping-knife had not been sufficiently used.

Before going to sleep I recollect doubting whether I had, or not, seen or heard of a work describing a tour among the planets; and I remembered having read, twenty years ago or more, a whimsical account of a journey with an air balloon, the parachute attached to which was injured by striking against the planet Jupiter.

Figures the most uncouth, and sometimes forms the most beautiful, are familiar to those who have suffered in a high fever, have been taking opium, or have been otherwise indisposed; as are difficulties with respect to one's

clothes, inability to proceed, &c. as well as to dream it is doubtful whether or not we are dreaming.

The married lady appeared to be one with whom I had been intimately acquainted. Not having seen her for two years, I had, the day previous, received a letter from a friend, informing me that she was married, and had lately become a mother. Hence the appearance of the child.

Thus could I trace the causes of part of my dreaming fancies. It was a fact that each knuckle of the fingers and the thumb was sorely bruised, not healing in a fortnight.

ART. 12. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE army supplies for the present year were voted, March 2d, in the House of Commons without a division. The establishment is considerably reduced, the number of the land forces, for the present year, being as follows. For England 25,000; for Ireland, 20,000; for the colonies 33,000; for the territories of the East India Company 17,360; for the British contingent in France 20,126. The estimate of expense is 6,494,290*l.* it being less than the expense of the last year by 188,027*l.* The reduction in all the departments of the military expenditure is 418,000*l.*

The following is an official statement of the quarter's revenue, ending the 5th April 1818, compared with the corresponding quarter of last year.

Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the quarters ending the 5th of April, 1817 and 1818.

	1817.	1818.
Customs	1,912,296	2,003,664
Excise	4,642,055	5,151,805
Stamps	1,492,611	1,588,759
Post Office	342,000	336,000
Assessed Taxes	868,104	917,414
Land Taxes	154,550	178,295
Miscellaneous	98,595	73,270
	£9,510,211	£10,249,207

Arr. of Property Tax 1,623,718, 254,190 From this statement it appears that the quarter just ended is better than the corresponding quarter by the sum of 738,990*l.* If the charge upon the consolidated fund this quarter be estimated at 8,800,000*l.* the surplus this quarter will be 1,449,207*l.* It did not exceed 700,000*l.* in the corresponding quarter. Hence the surplus this quarter is more than double.

The manufacture of broadcloths, milled

during the last year, amounted to 351,122 pieces, or 10,974,473 yards. The narrow cloths, milled 132,607 pieces, or 5,233,616 yards, it being an increase over the manufacture of the preceding year of 2,422,135 yards. In this statement shawls and pelisse cloths are not included.

London, March 31.—Another report has been presented from the select committee on the poor laws. A very valuable appendix is annexed to it.

It gives the assessment for the relief of the poor in 1748, 1749, and 1750, by which it appears that on the average of those three years about 690,000*l.* per annum was applied to the relief of the poor, in the year 1776, the sum of 1,531,000*l.* was expended on account of the poor; in 1783, 4 and 5, the sum of 2,000,000*l.* per annum; in 1803, 1804, 4,266,000*l.* and in 1813, 14 and 15, the average sum of about 6,130,000*l.* per annum, was expended for the maintenance of the poor. But the sums raised by poor rates and any other rate or rates in these years was, in 1813, 8,651,438; in 1814, 8,392,728; in 1815, 7,460,855. The number of paupers relieved in 1813, was 971,913; in 1814, 953,993; in 1815, 895,973.

The appendix closes with some important observations.

The number of persons relieved permanently, both in and out of any workhouse, on the average of the last three years, appears to be 516,963; ditto, occasionally, being parishioners 423,663; total 940,626; exclusively of any children of those permanently relieved out of the house.

Four thousand and ninety-four parishes, or places, maintain the greater part of their poor in workhouses, averaging for the last three years, 93,142 persons.

The population of England and Wales, as taken from the abstract laid before parliament, in the year 1811, appears

to have been 10,150,615; so that the number of persons relieved from the poor rates appears to have been $9\frac{1}{2}$ in each 100 of the population.

The total of the money raised by poor rates, appears to have averaged for the last three years, the sum of 8,168,340*l*. 13*s*. 9*d*. being at the rate of 16*s*. 1*d*. per head on the population, or 3*s*. 1*d*. in the pound of the total amount of the sum of 51,898,423*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. as assessed by the property tax in the year 1815.

The amount of money expended in suits of law, removals, and expenses of parish officers, for purposes of, and for all other purposes, is, independent of the maintenance of the poor, 2,162,799*l*.

The number of persons belonging to friendly societies appears to be, for the last three years, nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ in the 100 of the resident population.

The area of England and Wales, according to the latest authorities, appears to be 57,960 square statute miles, or 37,094,400 statute acres; wherefore, the number of inhabitants in each square mile, containing 640 acres, averages 175 persons.

The greater proportion of the population of England and Wales appears to be employed in trade and manufactures, there being 770,199 families returned employed in agriculture, and 959,632 in trade, manufactures and handicraft; besides 413,316 other families.

The duke of Richmond has been appointed captain general and governor in chief of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c. &c. in place of sir John Sherbrooke, who returns home in consequence of ill health, he having suffered a paralytick stroke. Sir Peregrine Maitland goes out as governor of Upper Canada. He is son-in-law to the duke.

The marriage of her royal highness the princess Elizabeth, (third daughter of their majesties) with Philip Augustus Frederick, the hereditary prince of Hesse Homburg took place at the queen's palace on the 7th instant.

On the 15th April, lord Castlereagh, in consequence of a message from the prince regent, brought forward a proposition in the House of Commons, for some further provision for the dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, on their intended marriage, the former with a princess of Saxe Meiningen, and the latter with a princess of Hesse. A proposition to reduce the amount was carried against ministers by a vote of 193 to 184.

The London papers state, that, about 1 o'clock, on the 8th of April, lieutenant

David Davis, of the 62d regiment of foot, went to the war office, and inquired of lord Palmerston's messenger if his lordship was in the office. The messenger informed him that he was not, that he expected him in every moment; he desired him to walk into the waiting-room and write his name on the list of visitors, as is usual. Lieut. Davis declined doing so, and waited about the lobby, frequently asking if his lordship would soon come.—A little before two, his lordship arrived at the war office, alone, and was going up the stone stairs when the messenger informed lieut. Davis, that "he was lucky, for his lordship was come, and there was no visitor before him." Lieut. Davis immediately followed his lordship up the stairs, and taking a pocket pistol from under his coat, fired it at his lordship. The assassin ran down stairs with the pistol in his hand, saying, "I've done for him." The messenger immediately seized him, and with the assistance of others, secured him until a constable of St. Margaret's Parish, Westminster, arrived, and conveyed him to Queen-square police office. His lordship was taken into the office, his top coat was taken off, and Mr. Astley Cooper being immediately sent for, he very soon arrived, and examined his lordship's wound, from which, we are happy to say, there is not the slightest danger. The pistol was loaded with ball, which lacerated his lordship's right side: the ball did not lodge in the flesh, but passed through it, and fell on the stone stairs. Mr. Cooper attended lord Palmerston to his house, in his carriage. In the mean time lieut. Davis had been conveyed to Queen-square by the constable, assisted by the messenger, where he was examined before Mr. Markland, the magistrate. Crowds of persons collected round the office.

FRANCE.

A report made by the committee of finance to the chamber of deputies, on the 21st of March, estimates that the amount required for the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt for the year 1818 will be *f*. 180,732,600

For the ordinary expenses of government	500,195,600
Extraordinary expenses of do.	312,268,422

Total 993,244,022

A proposed reduction of the expenses of government, will leave the total amount of expenditure for the year 1818. *f*. 974,284,272

The whole amount of revenue which it is estimated will be received this year, is about 753,000,000

Leaving a balance unprovided for of about 221,000,000

The valuation of debts to be liquidated is finished; they amount to 1,700,000,000 francs—equal to \$318,750,000.

The interesting nature of the following extract from the report of M. Beugnot, one of the commission of finance, made to the Chamber of Deputies on the 23d. of March, will excuse its length.

After giving the estimates, and detailing the manner in which the ways and means had been provided, he goes on to say:—"It was at first difficult to procure subscribers to the loan in France, but afterwards persons who had witnessed and were surprised at the speculations of foreigners, were satisfied to purchase at sixty francs that for which six months before they had refused fifty; but, considering the whole of the risks and trouble which the original leaders were put to, to make good their treaty, the profits were not more than 9½ per cent, which could not, under all the circumstances, be considered exorbitant, nor could the cost of the loan be deemed as very heavy on France, when the results of it were taken into consideration. Trade was assisted by it; circulation of money was quickened, and the payments of the government were made with a punctuality beyond all former precedent.—By the treaties for the loan in the last year, 9,999,000 of francs of rentes were sold for the first loan; 8,000,000 for the second; and 9,000,000 for the third. In the present year ministers wanted a credit of 16,000,000 of rentes to make good the deficit of the revenue.

"Henceforth" continued the reporter, "there will be a competition among the contractors. The French capitalists, encouraged by the past, will no longer have occasion for the assistance of foreigners.—This resort to our market from the funds of different nations, will have the most beneficial effects. But at whatever rate of interest the loan is made, it shows our distress, it accuses the present, and threatens the future. Thus your commission has sought, with the most watchful anxiety, the means of ascertaining the limits of such great and deplorable sacrifices.

"Your commission, perfectly persuaded that there is no longer credit, nor, perhaps, existence in France, but by an alleviation of the burden which depresses her, has been anxious at length to ascer-

tain the period of our financial emancipation, as inseparable from our political liberation. It wished to have given you, above all, some positive information with respect to the individual demands of foreigners, demands whose vagueness and uncertainty still fetter our most useful works, arrest the rising wing of credit, and impress on peace itself the character of hostility.

"Your commission have applied to the ministers of the king, in whom they discovered hearts entirely French; but they have not been able completely to satisfy us.

"According to the very terms of the treaty of November the 20th, the enfranchisement of our territory can only be in consequence of a deliberation, which the allied sovereigns have reserved to themselves the right of holding, on the expiration of the first years of occupation. But can this result be doubtful? Those sovereigns will ennoble policy in rendering it subordinate to justice.

"The occupation of our territory could not exceed two years, unless France were a prey to convulsions which endangered Europe. France is calm; she wishes peace: she wishes it as ardently as she waged war.

"There remains to us, gentlemen, a last motive of conviction, but it is a painful one; it is this, that France has now arrived at a degree of exhaustion, in which it would be impossible for her much longer to support the burdens that have pressed her down during the last three years. It becomes our duty to declare this to you, since the inquiry in which we have been engaged for three months past, has forced upon us an intimate persuasion of its truth. Here is the termination of our sacrifices, because here is the termination of our means. We may, therefore, now calculate on the retreat of the foreign troops at the expiration of the present year.

"Fixing the amount of the claims of strangers on France is at present the subject of a negotiation. There is room to hope that you will know the result before the end of the session, and that it will put an end to those exaggerations which have had so unpleasant an influence on our credit. But it is necessary to supply the demand for the present service, without which, all, even hope would be compromised."

France has recognised the accession of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden; he is now acknowledged by every civilized power.

A private letter from Paris, received

in London, states that, "there has been formed at Paris a political club, under the presidency of old general Lafayette. The number of its members at present amounts to 36. It is not a loose association, like that of the *libreux*, Messrs. Lafitte, Perrier, or Davilliers; but a club eminently political, where the highest questions of state are discussed.

"Among the principal members are mentioned, Messrs. Lanjuinais, and the Duc de Broglie, peers of France, the deputies D'Argenson, Bhaudel, Dupont de l'Eure, and Bignon; the men of letters, Benjamin Constant, Jay, Roujoux, and Aignau.

"In one of the last meetings of this club, the members discussed the advantages of a republican government, like that of the United States, and it was unanimously agreed that it was far superior to the highly boasted government of Great Britain. I mention it with regret, but I am forced to confess, that the republican party make considerable progress in France, and especially at Paris."

In the year 1816, there were consumed in Paris 71,115 oxen, 306,967 sheep, 62,400 calves, 4,136 cows. In 1817, 69,626 oxen, 300,422 sheep, 64,327 calves, and 4798 cows. The value of the purchase price of these quantities for the year amounted to 36,359,249 francs—\$7,271,849 50, and for 1817, 36,439,277 f.—\$7,307,855 60.

SPAIN.

It is stated in the London papers of March 26th, that the Spanish government, to enable them to fit out the Russian squadron, had determined to allow the merchants to ship on board two thousand tons of merchandise at low duties, who are made to understand that the force will be so overwhelming, that resistance on the part of the patriots must be vain. The clergy urge the necessity of taking away the heretical character of the ships, by a solemn baptism before the benediction of heaven can be secured.

The finances of Spain are in the most impoverished condition.

A letter of the third of March from Gibraltar, says, "the fleet the Spaniards received from the Russians, is laid up in *dry dock*, and will there rot. They have neither money to fit them out, nor seamen, and no provisions for the seamen; and of course no means to procure any."

PORTUGAL.

It is stated that the differences between Spain and Portugal have taken an unfavourable turn in the European committee sitting at Paris, and appear to threaten

an immediate rupture. The British cabinet is awakened to the subject, and is carrying on an active correspondence with the other great powers to prevent hostilities if possible.

A letter from Gibraltar of the 23d March says, "The treaty between the Portuguese and Tunisians has expired, and as no treaty has been concluded upon, the Portuguese detain all Tunisians; at least they cruise off here and prevent vessels under that flag from going through the Straits. Two Portuguese frigates, and some smaller vessels are here watching the Tunisians. Two sloops of war and a schooner under that flag are here, and afraid to move."

ITALY.

A French paper says, "the sovereign pontiff, according to established custom, gave orders to the congregation of Rituals to proceed in the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Maria Clotilda Adelaide Xaviere of France, queen of Sardinia, and sister of the kings Louis XVI. and XVIII. The discussion took place in the presence of cardinal Mattei, dean of the sacred college, and of cardinal Della Somaglia, vicar of his holiness. The votes were unanimous in the affirmative. Consequently, this virtuous princess will be declared a saint in the next consistory."

Letters from Italy state that the protestant religion is to be tolerated in the estates of the Church and in Naples.

On the 20th of February last, a violent earthquake was felt in Sicily, which occasioned much damage. In Catanea, a great part of the cathedral and of the seminary were shaken down, and many ecclesiastics were crushed under their ruins. In Zaffarana the people were assembled for public worship, when the church fell, and crushed the preacher and fifty persons under its ruins. All the villages on the side of mount Etna were ruined; but as the houses were light buildings few lives were lost.

GERMANY.

Much discussion is excited in this country on the subject of the liberty of the press. A censorship, with some restrictions upon the press, has been established in the grand duchy of Weimar. However, the project of a law respecting the freedom of the press, has been rejected by the second chamber of the States General. One of the orators who had spoken against the project, chiefly grounded his arguments on the diplomatic declaration made by the earl of Liverpool to the minister of Bonaparte, in London,

to wit, that the king of England could not make any concession to a foreign power contrary to the constitutional freedom of his kingdom. Constitutions are arranging throughout Germany, and by degrees the representative system will be organised without trouble or noise. It appears that the diet will establish the basis of this grand edifice, by enacting principles to be common to all the governments respecting individual liberty, the liberty of the press, the equality of men in the eye of the law, and the privilege of not being taxed without their own consent. In the several states, notwithstanding the apparent relaxation of effort for establishing representative constitutions of government, there is much solicitude on the subject.

In Hanover they are occupied in framing a new mode of representative government. The diet is also occupied on financial and political subjects.

In Prussia the labours of the legislative body have been so far matured as to be presented to the council of state. The lines which separate the classes are the principal difficulties.

In Hesse the elector is attached to the ancient institutions; but the diet has resolved to reassemble to accomplish the work of a liberal legislation.

In Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden, the preparations for representative governments are accomplished, and only wait for the co-operation of the other states of Germany.

The liberal constitution established at Saxe Weimar, is in full activity.

In other parts of Saxony and Mecklinburg, they appear tardy.

In Wurtemberg the constitution presented by the king is adhered to.

In Bavaria the subject is yet before the council of state; the apparent purpose is to give the new institutions the form of provincial assemblies, rather than a central and general representation.

In Austria the only intention perceptible, is a new organization of the existing provincial administrations.

SWEDEN.

It will be recollected that the wife of Bernadotte has for a long time been separated from him, and residing at Paris. The cause of this separation was not any domestic difference, but is traced to the disrespect with which she was treated by the wives of the nobility after her husband was made crown prince; the mortification and embarrassment which this treatment occasioned to both herself and her husband, determined her to retire from Sweden.

VOL. III.—No. II.

19

The population of Sweden, according to the computation of 1815, amounted to 2,484,941. There are 1,765,397 peasants, 9,523 nobility, 15,202 of the priesthood, 64,755 citizens represented at the Diet; besides these there are about 60,000 persons not noble in civil and military offices, literati, land and mine holders, with about 500,000 persons in inferior employments. The population of 88 towns amounts to 148,029 of whom there were 36 towns under 1000 persons, 25 of from 1 to 2000, eight, from 2 to 3000, eight, from 3 to 4000, six from 4 to 10,000. Carlsrona, 11,860; Gottenburg, 21,738, and Stockholm, 72,939.

The system of paper money in Sweden has produced much embarrassment; and is said to be fast incurring the odium of the community. Ten persons have failed, in Gottenburg, for \$2,240,000.

It is said the Baltic was open on the 1st of March; a circumstance that has not occurred for two hundred years.

RUSSIA.

The emperor has, by a special decree, abolished the cruel punishment heretofore in general practice of *skitting the nostrils* before transportation to Siberia. The Ukase reprobates the barbarous practice adopted as calculated to increase rather than prevent crimes and never to correct them; since by defacing the victim and fixing an indelible disgrace, there was neither hope nor happiness in prospect to invite repentance; and experience had proved that the punishment had no effect in prohibiting the number of crimes.

The Russian Consul at London; March 25, gave official notice that although the port of Odessa has been some months ago declared a free port, yet the period of the opening of the port has not arrived. The works requisite for forming the moat, and establishing the barriers around the city will necessarily delay the opening of the port until September next; at least, and perhaps longer.

The following is an extract of a letter from Petersburg.—“As paper here is dear and not so good as we could wish, we (the Russian Bible Society) had petitioned his majesty to allow us to import some Holland paper for the current year, and showed him that it would this year save us fifteen thousand rubles. He refused our request for the sake of Russian paper manufactories, but that the society might not lose thereby, presented us with fifteen thousand rubles.”

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The war in India between the British

forces and the natives is very desultory and widely spread, but the important results are generally, thus far, in favour of the former. The Mahratta war, against the Peishwa, was considered as nearly terminated by the dispersion of the forces of the latter; but no very late news have been received from that quarter.

Holkar had taken the field to support the Peishwa, with a large army, and a strong British force under lieutenant-general Hyllop, and major-general Malcolm proceeded against him.—They brought him to action Dec. 21, and completely defeated him. The British loss amounted to 400 or 500 men, and that of the enemy is stated at 3000 men, with all his artillery, amounting to 40 pieces, and baggage.

Two victories had been also obtained over the Rajah of Nagpore who had followed the example of the Peishwa. On the 16th of December, General Doveton defeated the Rajah, dispersed his army, took his whole artillery, and entered Nagpore. Dec. 19. brig. general Hardyman defeated another army of the Nagpore Rajah, near Jubbulpore, and captured 4 pieces of artillery.

No decisive event had occurred in the expedition against the Pindarees. The main force was still employed in this quarter.

It was reported about the 1st of Jan. that an army of Birmahs was preparing to invade the British territory on the Sylhet frontier, and that 15,000 men were assembled. Some precautionary rumours were thought necessary, but it was ascertained that this assembling of men was occasioned by a dispute between two rival Rajahs, and that no hostilities against the British were meditated.

AFRICA.

ALGERIA.

The last accounts confirm the report that the new dey, Ali Hodgia, who has established his sway by the assistance of a considerable number of Moors, sets no limits to his fury and tyrannical deeds; that all the European powers, without distinction, are indignant at his brutality; that the consuls are menaced and kept in awe, by a numerous horde of negroes, which compose his guard; that they are obliged to confine themselves in their habitations, and that even this asylum is no security.

The plague continues to rage, carrying off 50 persons in a day, after an illness of 24 hours—it has spread into the interior. Recent accounts state the savage dey, Ali Hodgia, is dead, and that his former minister, Cogia Cavilla, has succeeded him.

AMERICA.

VENEZUELA.

By official despatches recently received in the United States, it appears that the patriots go on prosperously. Bolivar has published proclamations of amnesty to all who shall retire from the cause of the royalists, and report themselves at any one of his military stations, and also that they shall retain, in the service of the republic, the same rank which they may have held, while in the employment of the Spanish government. In his proclamation, he also states that the armies of Morillo and Boves have been almost entirely cut to pieces, and congratulates the friends of independence upon the auspicious progress of the patriot cause. Admiral Brion has been as successful on the water as Bolivar has been by land; and he represents himself to be well supplied with well-appointed vessels. The following is the report, made to him by Antonio Diaz, commandant of a flotilla, of the vessels captured at St. Fernando.

Return of the public and private vessels captured at St. Fernando, on the Apure.

Gun boat Venganza, 14 pounder, brass, 2 swivels; do. Guyaniga, 18 pounder, brass; do. Dolores, 14 pounder; do. Isabella, 18 pounder, on the bow, 18 pounder, stern, both brass, 8 swivels; do. St. Francisco, 14 pounder; do. St. Carlos, 16 pounder; 3 Flecheras, with 3 swivels each, 14 pounder, iron, 2 do. brass, 70 muskets; found on shore, 4 swivels, 5 sloops, 3 perogues, 70 row boats.

ANTONIO DIAZ.

St. Fernando, 8th Feb. 1818.

BRAZIL.

An extract of a letter from some one of the gentleman attached to the U. S. frigate Congress, speaks to the following effect.

“Buenos Ayres, March 4, 1818.

“The Portuguese are still in possession of Monte Video. They have there four or five thousand men. Artigas, who is in possession of the surrounding country, keeps them cooped up within their lines, which extend about 3 miles from the city. Without these they dare not venture, unless in considerable bodies. The Portuguese and Buenos Ayrean government are on good terms: Artigas is at war with both. The Buenos Ayreans sent lately several hundred men against him: these, it is said, he defeated. He carries on a sort of partizan warfare; his soldiers are little better than savages, generally mounted men, admirable riders, inured to hardship and danger. It is impossible for an army to operate successfully against

them. They make an attack or an incursion, and are off in a moment."

The following compendious history of the present king of Portugal, Brazil, and the Algarves, and of his political condition, will be found interesting: it was first published in the *Boston Weekly Messenger*, as translated from the "*Biographie des Hommes Vivans*."

John VI. (Maria Joseph Lewis) king of Portugal, Brazil, and of the Algarves, born the 13th of May, 1767, son of Doa Peter, king of Portugal, and of Maria-Frances-Elizabeth, daughter of his predecessor; married in 1790, Charlotte Joachim, daughter of Charles IV. king of Spain, and declared himself regent of the kingdom on the 10th of March, 1792, on account of the mental derangement of his mother. He at first took no part in the war of the revolution, and contented himself with putting, in 1793 and 1794, a small corps of auxiliary troops, at the disposal of Spain, for the defence of the Pyrennes. By a pretty common result of this moderation towards France, and this co-operation of good neighbourhood with Spain, the prince regent saw himself, after the treaty of 1797, the object of the enmity of both those powers, forced to submit to a humiliating yoke, which was a little after to render more aggravating the treaties of Badajoz, (the 6th of Jan. 1801,) of Madrid and of London, by which Portugal ceded to Spain Olivenza, with a portion of the province of Alentejo, and received a new arrangement of boundaries in her American provinces. She also added to France a part of Portuguese Guiana. After the breach of the peace of Amiens, which had a little modified the burdensome conditions of the preceding treaties, the prince regent obtained, by great pecuniary sacrifices, a promise of neutrality, which Bonaparte was not slow in violating, under the pretext of succours which he reproached the prince with having furnished to the English fleet, which had departed from the Cape of Good Hope, for the conquest of Buena Ayres and Monte Video. Notwithstanding the considerable advantages which the commerce of Portugal procured to France, for the importation of colonial products, and of materials necessary for its manufactures, Bonaparte also manifested an intention of marching an army upon Lisbon;—a threat, the execution of which, the war with Prussia obliged him to defer till after the peace of Tilsit. At this time, the prince regent was summoned, by a diplomatic instrument, which allowed him a delay of only three weeks—

1st, to shut his ports against England; 2d, to detain all English subjects residing in his kingdom; 3d, to confiscate all English property. In submitting to the first of these requisitions, and rejecting the two others, the court of Lisbon displeased both France and England. The consequence was, an invasion of the Portuguese territory, by a French and Spanish army, and the blockade of Lisbon by an English fleet.

The prince regent, who till this time had given very little attention to preparations for a retreat to Brazil, to which place he had thought of sending his son, the prince of Beira, now took the only determination which could place his person in safety. Seconded by the good dispositions of lord Strangford, minister plenipotentiary from the English government, and of rear-admiral sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the blockading squadron, the prince, by a decree published the 26th of November, 1807, announced his intention of retiring to the city of Rio Janeiro, until the signature of a general peace; and named a regency to administer the affairs of the kingdom during his absence. He set sail with his family on the morning of the 29th of November, with a fleet composed of eight large vessels of the line, four frigates, three brigs, and a schooner, and left the Tagus to perform his voyage. General Junot had so hastened his march, that his advanced guard, already arrived at Lantarem, a little village, two leagues from Lisbon, were able to view from the neighbouring heights, the Portuguese vessels, which with difficulty passed the bar. Had it not been for the difficulties of the country and the season of the year, occasioned to the troops, harrassed with fatigue, that general would have been at hand to watch the gates of Lisbon, and to dispute the retreat of the prince regent. Bonaparte had flattered himself, that he should have in his power the person and the family of the prince regent. He did not believe him capable of so much resolution; but the arrival at Lisbon of a *Monsieur*, in which it was announced, that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," had put an end to his indecision.

The fleet, although assailed by violent winds, arrived safely at Rio Janeiro. By an act of his authority, dated at this city, the 1st of May, 1808, the prince regent declared null and void, all the treaties concluded with the emperor of France, and named those of Badajoz, and of Madrid in 1801, that of neutrality in 1804, adding, that he would never lay down arms, but in concurrence with his friend and

ally the king of Great Britain, and would not consent in any case to a cession of Portugal, which formed the most ancient part of the heritage and rights of the house of Braganza. In the month of August following, in answer to a memoir which was presented to him by the princess his spouse, and the infant Don Redis Carlos of Bourbon and Braganza, who had followed him to Brazil, for the purpose of imploring his protection for the maintenance of their rights to the crown of Spain, usurped by Bonaparte, this prince published a declaration, by which he engaged to co-operate to the extent of his power, for the establishment of these rights, "forgetting," he added, "my just resentment against the conduct of Spain, which granted a passage to the French troops, and joined with France for the invasion of Portugal." We shall not relate here, the various events which have passed in Portugal since the departure of the prince for Brazil. We will only say, that by the convention of Cintra, the French army, commanded by gen. Junot, was forced, by the English army, to evacuate the country; that marshal Massena invaded Portugal, in 1810, but after various success, he was defeated by lord Wellington, aided by the Portuguese troops, who fought with great courage. Since that time the French have entirely abandoned Portugal, and it has always remained under the dominion of the prince of Brazil, who took the title of king, after the death of his mother, which happened in 1816.

In his trans-atlantic government, the prince has neglected nothing for the prosperity of his vast empire, where the comparative feebleness of the population, and the imperfection of the commerce, the manufactures, and the arts and sciences, left him every thing to create. He has proclaimed the principles of religious toleration, he has softened the rigors of the negro slavery, and granted lands, implements, and privileges, to merchants, cultivators, artists and labourers, of every nation, which came from Europe to establish themselves in the cities and uncultivated lands of his kingdom. Towards the end of 1815, the prince regent concluded with the court of Spain, the double marriage of the two princesses his daughters, with Ferdinand VII. and his brother, the Infant Charles Isidore. Notwithstanding these new family ties, the court of Rio Janeiro occupied, by a body of troops, in the month of January, 1817, Monte Video, and a part of the Spanish possessions, after having given assurances

that the king did not pretend to dispute with the court of Madrid any of her rights to the territory of Monte Video, but that he found himself under the necessity of taking military possession, until the contest between the Spanish colonies on the La Plata, and the mother country should be terminated. Spain did not seem satisfied with these declarations; but had the matter referred to the courts of Austria, Russia, France, Prussia, and England, who declared themselves mediators between the two powers, by a note signed by their respective ministers, at Paris, March 26, 1817.

This event was followed by a violent insurrection, which broke out against his authority in Pernambuco, where, after the murder of an officer, the factious, having at their head a man named Martinez, proclaimed a republic. The evil seemed to threaten the city of Bahia, and some other places in Brazil, with which, it was supposed the revolutionists had a good understanding. The king displayed much firmness to destroy the insurrection in the bud. He pressed upon Pernambuco by land and by sea, with such rapidity, that the insurgents having been forced to fly from the place before the royal troops, which came to attack them, the marine profitted by the absence of the chiefs, to seize the city; so that their bands, broken by the first shock, met with death or imprisonment in the same place where they had established a republic. Martinez was taken and shot.

About the same time, another conspiracy was discovered at Lisbon, of which the object seemed to be, as at Pernambuco, the establishment of a republic, on the ruins of the royal authority,—and the means to accomplish it, the murder of the civil and military chiefs, as well English as Portuguese, residing at Lisbon and throughout the kingdom. The same success here signalized the triumph of the king, by the arrest of a great number of conspirators, of whom some belonged to the first families of the nation.

John VI. by his ambassador at Vienna, M. de Marialva, concluded, in the first month of 1817, the marriage of his son the prince of Beira, with one of the daughters of the emperor of Austria, the archduchess Leopoldine, who was espoused at Vienna, in the name of the prince, by the Portuguese Ambassador. She sailed from the port of Leghorn, for Rio Janeiro, in the month of August following. John VI. was crowned king of Portugal and Brazil, at Rio Janeiro, the 6th of April, 1817.

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

Since our last, the important news has been received of the death of Alexander Petion, president of Hayti. He died on Sunday, March 29th, after an illness of only eight days. It is supposed that his malady was brought on by distress of mind, occasioned by an attempt, on the part of a desperate wretch, to assassinate him, which wrought in him an incurable despondency, that left him without a wish to live. He was buried with much pomp, on the 31st. His body was interred under the liberty-tree, opposite to the capital;—his bowels, which had been previously taken out, were deposited in the national fort, and his heart was given as a bequest to his daughter. He is universally deplored. By the people to whom he gave independence, he is styled their Washington. Immediately upon his death, general Boyer was appointed his successor. The decree of the Senate, making the appointment, is as follows:—

Liberty. *Equality.*

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

DECREE OF THE SENATE,

Directing the nomination of the general of division, Boyer, to the office of president of Hayti.

The Senate, considering, that since the foundation of the republic, it has never experienced an event which was so painful, or deplorable as that which has just afflicted unfortunate and stedfast Hayti,

Considering that it would be to expose the republic to evident danger, to defer the election of the citizen who shall henceforth direct the executive power, in the place of the virtuous Alexander Petion, deceased, the same who was the idol of the Haytians, and who, on that account, merited the surname of Father of his Country;

Wherefore, exercising the rights conferred by the 123d article of the Constitution, it decrees as follows:

Article I. Citizen John Peter Boyer, general of division, commanding the guard of the government, and the arrondissement of Port-au-Prince, is named president of Hayti.

Article II. The present decree shall be addressed to the secretary of state, exercising the executive authority, to have his execution to follow it, and to be printed and published throughout the whole extent of the republic.

At the national palace of Port-au-Prince, the 30th March, 1818, 15th year of Independence.

PANAYOTY, President,
LAMOTHE, Secretary.

For the sake of exhibiting to many of our readers the manner in which the business of state is transacted by this government, in addition to the above, we give the following public documents:

IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC.

The secretary of state, provisionally charged with the executive power, having seen the vacancy of the presidency, orders that the above act of the Senate of the republic, be printed, published and executed according to its form and tenor, and that it be invested with the seal of the republic.

Given at the national palace of Port-au-Prince, 31st March, 1818, 15th year of the independence of Hayti.

JN. CMR. IMBERT,

By the chief of the executive power.

The secretary general,
B. INGINAC.

The chief judge,
A. D. SABOURIN.

Liberty.

Equality.

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

John Peter Boyer, president of Hayti.

We cannot, we think, commence the exercise of the power which the nation has delegated to us, better than by imitating the goodness that characterised all the actions of our illustrious predecessor. We have cast our eyes on suffering humanity, on those who, although culpable, have need of a moment of indulgence; wherefore we have thought fit to proceed agreeably to received principle, and not in opposition to the spirit of our laws, by enlarging all prisoners who are not stationed by capital crimes bearing the penalty of death. This favour is extended, for this time, to those under sentence, either on account of an offence against public order, or a fault against military discipline; the prisoners for debt shall also be enlarged, on furnishing security.

We trust, that by this act of clemency every one of those who shall receive the benefit of it, will consider himself bound to conform to the laws, never relapse into his faults, and prevent us for the future from employing a just severity. Declaring that nothing shall ever divert us from the greatest watchfulness over the public order, the respect due to the laws; and that we will always be inflexible against those who dare to contravene them.

Done at the national palace of Port-au-Prince, the 2d of April, 1818, the 15th year of the independence of Hayti.

BOYER.

By the president:

The secretary general,

B. INGINAC.

Boyer is a coloured man, about 40 years old; he was one of the commanders who expelled the French invaders of St. Domingo under Le Clerc and Rochambeau, and although he is not supposed to possess as high talents and as comprehensive views as Petion, yet he is reputed to be a man of great energy and precision in business, and accounted a skilful and intrepid general.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The war with the Seminole Indians has been vigorously prosecuted by gen. Jackson, who appears to have nearly subdued or annihilated them. Gen. J. is said to have demanded permission of the governor of Pensacola to transport to the head of the bay of Escambia, provisions for his troops. A most horrid massacre of friendly Indians, on the Georgia frontier, has been perpetrated by a partizan corps under the command of one Wright, *soi-disant* captain.

Appointments.

Indian Agents, appointed by the president, under the act passed at the late session of congress, and confirmed by the senate.

David B. Mitchell, agent to the Creek nation.

John M'Kee, agent to the Choctaw nation.

R. J. Meigs, agent to the Cherokee nation.

Henry Sherburne, agent to the Chickasaw nation.

Thomas Forsyth, agent to the Missouri territory.

John Johnson, agent to fort Wayne and Pique.

William Prince, agent to Vincennes.

Richard Graham, agent to Illinois territory.

Reuben Lewis, agent to Arkansas.

Nicholas Boilvin, agent to Prairie du Chien.

John Jamieson, agent to Natchitoches.

Charles Jourett, agent to Chicago.

John Bowyer, agent to Green Bay.

Alex. Wolcott, Jun. agent to the lakes.

Jacob Tipton, agent to Michilimackinac.

Superintendent and Factors to the United States' trading houses, appointed as aforesaid.

Thomas L. M'Kenney, superintendent of Indian trade, Georgetown, D. C.

George C. Sibley, factor, Osage trading house, Missouri.

John W. Johnson, factor, Prairie du Chien, N. W. territory.

Isaac Rawlings, Jun. factor, Chickasaw Bluffs, Tennessee.

Matthew Irvin, factor, Green Bay.

Jacob B. Varsum, factor, Chicago.

John Fowler, Sulphur Fork county, of Natchitoches.

Geo. W. Gaines, factor, Choctaw trading house, Mississippi.

Daniel Hughes, factor, fort Mitchell, Georgia.

Appointments by the president, with the concurrence of the senate.

Albion K. Parria, judge of the United States for the District of Maine.

Henry Y. Webb, of North Carolina, judge of the Alabama territory.

Victor Adolphus Sasserno, consul of the United States at Nice, in the kingdom of Sardinia.

John P. Marberry, of Ohio, receiver of public moneys at Marietta.

John C. Wright, attorney of the United States for the district of Ohio.

Augustus Chouteau, commissioner to treat with the Illinois, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, and other tribes of Indians within the Illinois territory.

Robert Walsh, attorney of the United States for the Missouri territory.

George Washington Campbell, of Tennessee, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia.

William Clark and Augustus Chouteau, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Quapaw tribe of Indians.

Jonathan Jennings, Lewis Cass, and Benjamin Park, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Indians in the state of Indiana.

Isaac Shelby and Andrew Jackson, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Chickasaw nation of Indians.

John M'Kee, William Carroll, and Daniel Burnet, commissioners to treat with the Choctaws.

John Brown, of Tennessee, agent for taking the census of the Cherokee Indians on the east side of the Mississippi river.

Wm. Young, of Tennessee, agent for taking the census of the Cherokee Indians on the west side of the Mississippi river.

Henry Hitchcock, secretary for the territory of Alabama.

Samuel Hodges, Jun. of Massachusetts, consul of the United States for the Cape de Verd Islands.

James Schee, of Delaware, consul of the United States for Genoa.

Alexander M'Rae, of Virginia, consul of the United States for Amsterdam.

C. A. Murray, consul of the United States for Gottenburg.

Decius Wadsworth, formerly of Connecticut, register of the land office for the district of Howard county, in the Missouri territory.

ART. 13. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE sea serpent has returned to his old haunts on the coast of this state; and, if we may credit well-attested accounts, has very much increased in bulk since his last visit.

Frederick Tudor, Esq. has obtained from the French government the exclusive privilege of supplying the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique with ice, for ten years, commencing on the first of Jan. 1819. The use of this article has been introduced at hospitals, and it is expected, will have the happy effect of counteracting the fatal diseases of tropical climates.

CONNECTICUT.

Oliver Wolcott has been re-elected governor of this state for the ensuing year.

NEW-YORK.

The ship *Sea-Fox*, under the command of capt. Fanning, has performed a voyage from the port of New-York, to the South Sea and back, in the short period of seven months and twenty-three days, having filled herself from stem to stern with oil and skins. Capt. F. states that an extraordinary change of weather has taken place in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and on the coast of Patagonia during the last summer: the winds, which usually prevailed from the westward, have, in that time, almost uniformly blown from the eastward, with frequent gales.

The snow on the Catskill mountains is stated to have been 18 inches deep on the 17th of April.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In this state are published more than 84 newspapers, of which 15 are printed in the German language.

The following interesting letter was published in a Philadelphia paper.

TO MR. FOULSON.

Having some fine grape vines in my garden which afforded a luxuriant crop of grapes last fall, I was led to ascertain, with a few of the remaining branches, how long I could leave them on the vine, notwithstanding the frosts of the season.—For this purpose, I selected about half a dozen bunches, and pulled them at various dates, from the earliest part of October to the latter part of November.—They continued unaffected by the frosts which, during that time, took place—the only effect produced was a very slight shrivelling, and which might have been anticipated from the advanced season of the year. In taste, I think them equal, if not superior, to those antecedently gathered.

But an extension of the experiment occurred to me, perhaps of more utility than the above, and which may give rise to the preservation of this delightful fruit among ourselves, for winter use, as we preserve apples and other articles of horticultural and agricultural industry. On the 12th of October, I carefully cut off a very fine

bunch, and placed it in an earthen-jar, covering it with dry white sand, and put it away to be opened on Christmas day. On the 29th of the same month, another of the few remaining bunches was cut off and put away in a similar manner, and was intended to be opened on the 1st of February. On Christmas day, about twelve weeks from the time I gathered the first bunch, it was taken from the jar, as firm and as fresh as when first deposited. The other was forgotten until the 22d of February, when it was found quite as sound and perfect as when pulled—from its having been on the vine so much longer than the first, it was, when pulled, rather shrivelled; but this had not increased from its long confinement of nearly three months. As to its taste and excellence it is equal to any before eaten, and infinitely superior to those which, at so much expense and trouble, are brought to us from Spain and Portugal.

JOHN R. COXE.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1818.

DELAWARE.

“Agricultural Society of New Castle County.” Under this title, pursuant to the provisions of a law of the 31st Dec. 1817, there has been a society organized, and a committee of five appointed to draft ordinances, by-laws, and regulations for perpetuating, well ordering and governing the affairs of the society. A resolution was passed on the 4th, adjourning the meeting to the last Saturday of May, inst.—then to meet at the court-house of New-Castle county, to receive the report of the committee, &c.

A letter from the upper part of this state says, the late frosts have entirely destroyed the favourable prospects of a wheat crop.

MARYLAND.

It was estimated that, on the 29th April, in one day, 2,000,000 of herrings, besides great numbers of shad, were taken near Havre de Grace.

VIRGINIA.

A melancholy instance of hydrophobia occurred in Richmond a few weeks ago. A boy of fourteen, who was bit in the hand, was attacked with all the symptoms of the disease about six weeks after the wound was entirely healed. He died in the greatest agony upon the fourth day. The India stone, generally applied in such cases, was placed upon the wound a few hours after the accident happened, and other medical remedies were also given. He appeared to experience no uneasy sensations from the time he was bit until the symptoms of the hydrophobia appeared; but attended school as usual.

This furnishes another proof to many others, of the inefficacy of the India stone, which has frequently sold for several thousand dollars.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The president and directors of the Neuse river navigation company, have entered into a contract with Mr. John D. Delacey, to open and render the river at all times navigable, from judge Stone's mill to Newbern, by boats of seven tons burthen, within six months, and for boats of fourteen tons burthen, within three years. Another contract, it is expected, will be made to bring navigation much nearer to the city.

Died.] In Richmond county, on the 13th day of April, at the seat of colonel T. Pate, Thomas Hathcock, aged 125 years.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Letters from Columbia, in this state, under date of 28th April, say, the weather, during the last week, has been extremely cold for the season; in some parts the coldest since Christmas. The damage done by the frost is incalculable. In the low country, where the cotton had attained a considerable growth, the crops have been entirely cut off; and in the up-country, the small grain has felt its effects, equally severe. Our vegetable and flower gardens have also suffered severely; and all nature bear marks of its destructive ravages. What adds much to the evil, is the great scarcity of cotton-seed for re-planting, not a tenth of which it is feared can be procured.

GEORGIA.

The season has been very cold, and the frost has done great injury to the crops, in this as well as the other southern states.

The capital employed in the steam-boat company of Georgia, is 800,000 dollars, divided into 1600 shares of 500 dollars each.

By a statement, extracted from the custom-house books, and published in the Savannah Museum, it appears that no less than 61,797 bales of cotton, 13,680 tierces of rice, and 1,600 hhds. of tobacco, were exported from Savannah, from the 1st of October to the 31st of March last. The value of these exports is estimated at \$6,264,697.

An association for improving the navigation of Savannah river—another for building a *steam-ship*, to ply as a packet between Savannah and Liverpool, and a third for a building and insurance *bank*, have all been fully subscribed for at Savannah.

ALABAMA TERRITORY.

The inhabitants of Huntsville, (which, by the late division of territory between Mississippi and Alabama, is located in the latter) have subscribed \$7,200 to clear out Indian creek and make it *navigable* to the Tennessee river.

MISSOURI TERRITORY.

The rapidity with which this remote country is populating is astonishing. Distance cannot awe the spirit of American enterprise. Arkansas county contains 10,000 males, and Boone's settlement 8000. The whole population of the territory is now estimated at 60,000. Old col. Boone, (says Mr. Niles,) the first settler of the powerful state of Kentucky, yet living, we believe, who lately seated himself so far up the Missouri as to possess a well grounded hope that a teeming population would not again compel him to seek a new abode, to enjoy unmolested his favourite manner of life, may yet be driven to the rocky mountains, and even there be *disturbed* in 8 or 10 years, if he lives so long.

ART. 16. ANALECTA.

From the Philosophical Magazine.

ON A CASE OF FORMATION OF ICE ON AN ALKALINE SOLUTION. BY MR. GAVIN INGLIS.

To Mr. Tilloch.

DEAR SIR,

A CURIOUS case came under my observation this morning, of a formation of ice on a solution of ashes. It had so much attracted the attention of the servants before I got sight of it, that a number of them were ranged round the boiler in a state of admiration, looking at what they called *the pattern*, alluding to beautiful six-pointed stars of the most regular formation which covered the surface of the liquor, each point bearing a most striking resemblance to the termination of a full-spread fern leaf. The most beautiful and perfect were in the centre, towards the sides the same form of a leaf continued, but they were laid rather like a parcel of stars, previously formed, thrown confusedly over one another. The complete stars measured from the centre to the point of the figure $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The first

glance of this ice struck me as bearing a strong and marked resemblance to the snow observed by Dr. Clarke during his stay in St. Petersburg. I immediately sent for that volume of his Travels, and on the spot compared the figure given in vol. i. p. 12, and found it was impossible to give a more exact representation, than by extending the dimensions of Dr. Clarke's fig. 1. The beautiful radiations of this ice must have proceeded from the component parts of the solution which was made from ashes recovered from waste lees highly carbonated, containing some ammonia and a portion of nitre. The latter is formed in considerable quantity in the lees during the operation of bleaching, particularly when cottons are under operation. The specific gravity of this solution was 1.115. Two other boilers containing a solution of carbonate of potash, the specific gravity 1.057 and 1.073, were covered with a coat of ice, soft and porous, better than an inch in thickness, rather resembling wet snow slightly compressed,

having no regular figure, and little more adhesion than to admit its being taken off in flat pieces: no appearance of lamination whatever, whereas the laminated ice was thin, solid, and shining.

Dr. Clarke, in his *Travels*, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 11, marked on the margin "Extraordinary Phenomenon," says, "the season began to change before we left Petersburg, the cold became daily less intense, and the inhabitants were busied in moving from the Neva large blocks of ice into their cellars. A most interesting and remarkable phenomenon took place the day before our departure; the thermometer of *Fahrenheit* indicating only nine degrees of temperature below the freezing point, and there was no wind. At this time snow, in the most regular and beautiful crystals, fell gently upon our clothes, and upon the sledge as we were driving through the street. All of these crystals possessed exactly the same figure and the same dimensions. Every one of them consisted of a wheel, or star, with six equal rays, bounded by circumferences of equal diameters; having all the same numbers of rays branching from a common centre. The size of each of those little stars was equal to the circle presented by the section of a pea into two equal parts. This appearance continued during three hours, in which time no other snow fell; and as there was sufficient leisure to examine them with the strictest attention, we made the representation given in fig. 1.

"Water in its crystallization seems to consist of radii diverging from a common centre, by observing the usual appearances on the surface of ice:—perhaps therefore it may be possible to obtain the theory and to ascertain the laws from which this structure results."

"Monge, president of the National Institute of Paris, noticed in falling snow, stars with six equal rays descending, during winter, when the atmosphere was calm. *Hauy* records this in his observations on the *muriale of ammonia*."

As all regular crystallization must be governed by, and depend on, some unalterable laws in nature, I have no doubt but the Russian snow observed by Dr. Clarke, and the Parisian stars noticed by M. Monge, and the above radiations on this alkaline solution, were identically from the same cause—the presence of ammonia and nitre in both. The quantity of ammonia produced in large cities must be immense: independent of every other source, what must be formed in the ordinary culinary operations of the kitchen? this must be driven into the atmosphere. From the same source nitrogen *per se* may be supplied in no mean quantity, or liberated by the decomposition of a portion of the ammonia. May not condensation be of use in atmospheric combinations, and nitrates as well as ammoniacal salts formed, and the aqueous vapours impregnated with these saline productions,

VOL. III.—No. II.

20

prior to freezing or forming into snow, and the beautiful regularity of this phenomenon proceed from the habitudes of ammoniacal crystallization as recorded by *Hauy*? May not this also account for the extraordinary quantity of nitre found in some soils where deep vegetable mould predominates? The nitrogen descending with rain or snow, may combine with the potash of decayed vegetables already existing in the soil, and become the parent of this native salt. Or can it be possible that the mere abstraction of caloric has any share in the formation of potash, and hence nitre? It is well known that frost alone produces in potatoes a saccharine matter that renders them sensibly sweet to the taste. It is also known to you, that potatoes once gone into putrefaction by the effects of frosts, contain nitre in such quantity as to answer the purpose of making match paper: before the potato undergoes these changes by the effects of frost and putrefaction, no saccharine matter is perceptible, nor nitre to be found: from whence come they?

I remain, dear sir, yours,

GAVIN INGLIS.

Feb. 6, 1818.

DRY ROT.

The Eden British sloop of war (new), which was lately sunk in Hamoaze, to endeavour to cure her of the dry rot, has been raised, commissioned; and taken into dock. On opening her, she has been found defective in every part, and must undergo a thorough repair. The *Topaz* frigate, also ordered for commission, which was repaired not long since, is found to be in the same state. The *Dartmouth* frigate, built at Dartmouth, three years old, never at sea, is also undergoing a complete repair. Not a ship is taken into dock but is found to be nearly rotten. The very best ships do not average more than twelve years existence. The *San Domingo*, 74, was ripped up (four years old) at Portsmouth. The *Queen Charlotte*, 110, was built at Woolwich, sent round to Plymouth, found rotten, and underwent a thorough repair; she was also several months under the care of Dr. Lukin, an admiralty chemist, who received 5000*l.* for his ineffectual labours to stop the progress of vegetation in the ship. After a short cruise, the *Queen Charlotte* was laid up at Portsmouth, where she remains in a very defective state.

NEW OPINION IN REGARD TO POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

It is, at present, the general belief that the two celebrated cities of Pompeii and Herclaneum were overwhelmed and destroyed by an eruption of *Vesuvius* in the year 79. It is now, however, maintained, that this was not the case. Pompeii is said to be covered by a bed of lapillo, of the same nature as that we observe daily forming by the agency of water on the shore at Naples; while Herclaneum is covered by a series of

strata, altogether forming a mass sixty feet thick, of a tuff having the characters of those tuffs formed by water. From the facts just stated, it is conjectured that the cities were destroyed by a rising of the waters, which deposited over them the stratified rocks, and not by matter thrown from Vesuvius. It is also said, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place in the year 79.

MANUSCRIPTS OF HERCULANEUM.

A letter from Naples says—"Among the manuscripts discovered at Herculanæum, there is a copy of Justin, and one of Aulus Gellius, in such a state of preservation that the persons appointed to decypher these manuscripts are able to read them almost without any difficulty. This discovery is the more valuable, on account of the alterations that are known to have been made in the texts of these two authors; and because the eighth book of the *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius, which was lost, is now recovered.

NEW COMET.

A new comet has been discovered in the constellation of the Swan. It was first observed on the 26th of December last, by M. Blanpain, at Marseilles, who has communicated to the Bureau of Longitude at Paris his observations upon it down to the 18th of January. The astronomers of Paris have been since constantly on the watch; but, in consequence of a very cloudy state of the heavens, they have not yet been able to discern it. The movement of the comet, as described by M. Blanpain, is very slow, its right ascension increasing only seven minutes in twenty-four hours, and its declination, in the same time, not diminishing more than from thirty-three to thirty-five minutes. The observations of M. Blanpain embrace but a very small arc. M. Nicolle has, however, deduced from them a parabolic orbit, which, though only a mere approximation to correctness, may enable observers for some time to trace pretty exactly the course of the comet. According to his calculations it would pass its point nearest to the sun on the 3d of March last, at fifteen minutes past eleven. Its perihelion distance will be equal to 1.12567, that of the earth to the sun being taken for unity.

The inclination of its orbit
to the ecliptic - - - - - = $89^{\circ} 38'$
Longitude of the ascending
node - - - - - = $68^{\circ} 5'$
Longitude of perihelium,
calculated by the orbit - - = $167^{\circ} 32'$
Its heliocentric movement is direct.

As yet, there is nothing very interesting in its physical appearances. In the first days of January it resembled a small nebulous body, not of any determined form, and of a very feeble light. On the 18th it appeared sensibly augmented, both in size and brilliancy.

POLAR ICE.

Professor Parrot, in Dorpat, has written on the freezing of the salt water, in respect to the origin of the polar ice. Though navigators say that the polar ice contains no salt, yet the author thinks and proves that mere tasting cannot decide the problem. If the ice in the polar regions contains no salt, it cannot be frozen sea water, but ice of glaciers, which cover the pole of our earth, and to which our European glaciers are mere mole hills. The unsalt water flowing from the glaciers is lighter than the sea water, and consequently keeps on the surface, makes the latter less salt, and thus more liable to freeze. Therefore, the ice which covers the polar regions must increase, and continue to increase, every year, in height and extent; for this reason the climate of Iceland and Greenland becomes continually more severe, and those countries lose more and more of the inhabitable surface, &c.

COUNT VON KUNHEIM.

The following article is from a German Journal:—

Lieutenant-general count Von Kunheim, an officer in the Prussian service, the last branch of the family of Dr. Martin Luther, died recently at Königsberg, at the advanced age of 88. The general was descended in a direct line from the daughter of Luther, who, in 1556, married George Von Kunheim, lord of Mulhausen, Sasseineu, &c. by whom he had nine children. It is well known that the line of the male descendants of Martin Luther became extinct with Martin Gottlob Luther, an advocate of the regency of Dresden; but there still remain in Prussia several descendants of Margaret Luther, the only daughter of the reformer, from whom general count Von Kunheim descended in a direct line. Margaret Luther was born in 1534, and was twelve years of age at the death of her father. She herself died in 1570.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

The storm of the 23d of February, from the effects of which our shores were exempted, spread its ravages over the greatest part of Europe. At Turin, it was attended with two shocks of an earthquake. Genoa, Savona, Alanco, and San Remo, were thrown into the greatest consternation for two days by repeated concussions, and several houses were partly demolished at Alazas, but happily no lives lost. At Antibes, in Provence, the whole day (the 23d of February) had been very tempestuous.—About four minutes past seven in the evening a most tremendous rush of wind took place, and was followed by an instantaneous calm. A dull subterranean noise was heard, the sea suddenly dashed against the rocks, and in the space of three seconds three oscillations of the earth were felt in a direction from the S. E. to the N. W. The wind then rose again, and all the violence of the storm

revived. At twelve o'clock a fresh concussion was experienced: and at a quarter past eleven the next morning a fourth, which was also preceded by the same deep and solemn rumbling. Before seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th, a fresh phenomenon presented itself: a parheliion was distinctly observed north of the rising sun; but the earliness of its appearance prevented its being generally noticed, and added to the terrors of the people. The shocks were felt throughout all Provence, where no earthquake had been experienced for eleven years.

Letters from the Tyrol announce that the Glacier of Order in the vicinity of Chivenna has increased this winter in a most extraordinary manner, notwithstanding the general mildness of the season. From the depths of the ice, incessant and tremendous roarings are heard. The Suldenbach stream, which formerly issued from this glacier, has been dried up ever since Michaelmas 1817, and great apprehensions are entertained for the neighbouring countries, should the heats of summer re-open a passage to the waters which seem to have collected within the bosom of this immense mass of ice. Similar phenomena have been observed in the glacier of the valley of Nandersberg.

On Saturday the 7th of March, a water-spout burst at Stenbury, near Whitewell, in the Isle of Wight, which did considerable injury. It was preceded by a violently agitated atmosphere, the noise of which, for half an hour, resembled a roar the most dismal and appalling. When the cloud poured forth its contents, it seemed to the inhabitants of Stenbury farm as though the flood-gates of the sea had broken, and their destruction was inevitable; the water rolled down the hill in such irresistible torrents, that it beat down a lofty wall, flooded all the lower apartments of the farm, and set the cattle loose among the streams—the affrighted inhabitants seeking shelter, with their children, in the upper rooms. The terror and painful feelings are indescribable.

COFFEE.

A new enemy of coffee has recently appeared on the medical horizon. Doctor Michel Petoex, of Presburgh, has fulminated a large and erudite volume against the perfumed bean of Arabia.

Fontenelle's bon-mot respecting coffee is well known: and since his time much has been written both for and against a beverage, which some prescribe as salutary, and others declare to be the most pernicious that can possibly exist.

Dr. Petoex maintains his opinion with a degree of confidence which reminds us of the paradox of the advocate *Linguet*, who attempted to prove, with *Hippocrates* in his hands, that bread was neither more nor less than slow poison. He likewise bears some little resemblance to Dr. Hufeland, who, in

his *Macrobiatic*, or *the Art of living to an advanced age*, declaims against the use of cheese, of which he himself eat a prodigious quantity every day of his life.

We may quote from the Austrian Chronicle, a short specimen of the declamation of this new enemy to coffee.

The series of disorders which ordinarily result from poison, become manifest, he says, sooner or later, in those individuals who accustom themselves to drinking coffee: vapours, palpitation of the heart, insomnium, hemorrhoides, hemoptysis, shivering fits, vertigo, and asthenia, are always observable in coffee-drinkers. An infinite list of chronic disorders, such as obstructions, carcinoma, gout, consumption, &c. prove how greatly the use of coffee tends to vitiate the humours in the human body.

According to Dr. Petoex, it is so evident that these disorders are all occasioned by coffee, that should a physician wish to calculate the degree of duty he may have to perform among his patients, he must first ascertain whether they make a practice of drinking coffee; if so, he may be sure that his visits to them will be tolerably frequent.

Why does the plague prove so fatal to the inhabitants of the Levant? Because they drink coffee. The scrupulous observers of the Koran, who abstain from wine, and deny themselves the use of any agreeable drink, and consequently coffee, never suffer from that distemper.

The Arabs are the greatest coffee-drinkers in the universe. Consequently Arabia, though formerly the birth-place of philosophers and celebrated physicians, is now in a state of the profoundest ignorance. The heating properties of coffee have paralyzed the intellectual faculties of the Arab, and withered the flowers of his genius. Finally, coffee is the source of every disorder, and were it not an incontestible fact, that *Pandora* emptied her box before the use of coffee became known, the doctor would probably assert, that that charming mischief-maker needed only to have employed it as the means of producing all human miseries.

All this is excellent, and surely no one will attempt to deny the following convincing reasoning!

"Were I," says the Hungarian physician, "to instance an unfortunate being who grew old in the abuse of coffee, I should point to the bust of Voltaire. Would you wish to know how this poisonous beverage directed his ideas, by means of exalting his imagination? Read his works!!!"

In the kingdom of Naples, in the very centre of Græcia-Magna, there is an Italo-Greek college, in which upwards of a hundred young men of Epirus and Albania are instructed, chiefly *gratis*, in the Greek language and philosophy. There is in Naples a vast number of establishments for promoting Latin and Greek literature.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO PERSIA.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Moritz von Katschue, in the Imperial Russian General's Staff (attached to the Russian Embassy in Persia), to his Father, dated from Sultanie, (the summer residence of the Schach of Persia) the 14th of August, 1817.

Persia, which we had imagined to be so beautiful, is, as far as we know it, a dreary desert, inhabited by famished and unhappy people. The best description of Persia is that given by Chardin, about one hundred and fifty years ago. It does not contain any thing remarkably interesting, but the splendour of the court was at that time unequalled in its kind. Now, an old man who is in every respect superannuated, seeks only to amass treasures in his coffers. The character of the nation seems to us to be rather unamiable. How should it be otherwise, since they not only do not value the women, but even despise them?

On the 17th of April we left Tiflis, in a heat of 25°. The trees were already out of blossom; but after a march of three days, we came near the mountains, where nature was still in her winter's sleep. The highest mountain of this chain forms, with another which lies opposite to it, a kind of gate, which the inhabitants call the *Great Mouth*. But we ourselves made *great eyes* (a Germanism for staring,) when a whirlwind, which is very common in these mountains; seized the whole embassy, and almost obliged them to dance a waltz. It is sometimes so dreadful, that neither men nor horses can stand against it.

On the 25th we passed a cavern close to the road, which is large enough to afford shelter to some hundred cattle. Not far from this frightful cavern stands a simple white tomb-stone on an eminence; which is surrounded by several other graves. Here rests a brave soldier, colonel Montresor, who was in our service eighteen years ago, when Prince Sirianoff blockaded Eriwan. Provisions became scarce among the blockading troops, and the next magazine was in Karaklis, one hundred and sixty wersts distant. The way was very mountainous and intersected, and swarming with enemies. Meantime it was necessary to send a detachment thither, and the prince appointed, for this purpose, colonel Montresor, with 200 grenadiers and a cannon. Amidst incessant skirmishes, the little troop approached the above-mentioned cavern within ten wersts of Karaklis, reduced to one half of its original number, and with but one shot left in the gun of each soldier, which was reserved for the last necessity. Unluckily there was a Tartar among the troops, who escaped during the night, and betrayed Montresor's desperate situation to the Persians. They attacked him at day-break with the more boldness, and sustained the single fire, and after a desperate resistance the Russians were all cut to pieces just as relief came from Karaklis, (where the firing had given

notice of their approach,) but alas! only to bury those that had fallen. I have been made acquainted with several examples of incredible bravery, of which Georgia was the theatre; but the distance is so great, the European papers have made no mention of them. In order to obtain glory, much depends upon the place where glorious actions are performed.

On the 29th we reached the Persian frontiers, and for the first time saw mount Ararat. Here we were received by Asker Chan, (formerly ambassador at Paris) at the head of some thousand men on horseback, who introduced himself to the ambassador as our Mamepdar, that is, as our purveyor, during our stay in Persia. This, however, costs the government nothing, because all the villages on the road must furnish us gratis with what we want; if they fail, the peasants get beat, or have their ears cut off. We had till now slept in our kibitki (carriages); we now received handsome tents.

A day's journey from Eriwan, we put up at a splendid and extremely rich Armenian convent, where the patriarch resides. The convent must pay dear to the government for its protection; it is squeezed and pressed on every occasion, and sighs for its deliverance. It is said, that on this spot Noah planted his first vine. We were magnificently entertained, and it must be confessed that the wine we drank does honour to Noah's memory. On the 3d of May, we went in state to Eriwan. About half-way 4000 cavalry met us, and manoeuvred before us. Some thousand infantry, with cannon, paraded near the city, in spite of violent rain, by which we were here surprised.

The governor of the province (Serdar) received us at the gate. This man is accused of various *peccadillos*: for example, that a short time before our arrival, he had a merchant hung up by the legs, in order to obtain possession of his money and wife, (a beautiful Armenian.) Such things are said to happen daily. I cannot vouch for them; only so much I know, that he not only is lodged very well, drinks well, and is richly dressed, but, to my astonishment, that he sleeps very well. Our quarters were the best in the town, yet wretched. We dined with the Serdar, where every thing was in abundance; but I sought in vain for the celebrated Asiatic magnificence. Three little tumblers danced themselves out of breath, and performed various feats to amuse us. On the second day we entertained each other in a newly erected summer house, where our music, our punch, our tea, and our liquors, illuminated the Persian heads. The doctor of the governor had chosen a little corner for himself where he enjoyed himself at his ease. The Serdar is said to be in secret a great friend to Bacchus; at least, he asked the ambassador for eight bottles of liquors, which he most likely emptied in the company of his sixty wives and twenty-four " * * * * "

After we left Eriwan, the heat increased considerably, but the nights were insupportably cold, and occasioned every kind of sickness. On the 13th of May, we passed the celebrated river Araxes, which is now remarkable for nothing, except that, as they say, the plague never extends beyond it.

On the 15th we arrived at Meranda, where it is said that Noah's mother is buried. The good old lady, I fear, does not enjoy much rest in her grave, for there is a public school built upon it. On the 19th we arrived at Tauris, the residence of Abbas Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia. A mile from the town we were received by 1000 troops, besides artillery. It is well known that Persia, *with the help of the English*, has lately introduced regular troops. It is scarcely possible to refrain from laughing, on seeing the long-bearded awkward Persians, in half English costume, presenting arms, while "God save the king" is played. Some English officers followed our suite at a distance; among them was major Lindsey, a kind of war minister to Abbas Mirza. Fainting with the sultry heat, and suffocated by the dust, we arrived at Tauris, where the first minister had given up his house for our abode.

After the visits of ceremony, the Crown Prince gave a display of fire-works, in honour of the embassy, and also reviewed several thousand cavalry. One afternoon we drank tea in a newly-erected summer-house, when he pointed out to us a small habitation, which projected into the garden, and disfigured it very much, but which the possessor would not sell on any terms, and Abbas Mirza would not take it from him by force. This indeed does him great honour. He is in general highly spoken of, for the good qualities both of his mind and heart, and it is to be hoped that he will one day make Persia happy.

Though we were allowed to walk freely about the city, yet the importunities of the beggars on one hand, and insults on the other, caused us to refrain from such indulgences. When, indeed, a fellow who had insulted us was taken, he was half beat to death; but this gave us no pleasure, and we therefore rather remained at home. We received from Teheran the unpleasant intelligence, that in consequence of the fast (of Ramazan), the Schach could not receive us till the expiration of two months; on the other hand, he would welcome us in Sultanie, which lies ten marches nearer to Tauris. As we longed for the fresh air, being, as it were, shut up in Tauris, Abbas Mirza offered us his own country house, for which we joyfully departed on the 26th, and took possession of our new habitation on the 29th.

Persia is altogether dreary and mountainous, and one rejoices like a child at seeing some green trees. It very seldom rains, but constant winds fill the air with clouds of dust. The villages and towns have a

melancholy appearance; the mode of building is miserable; the low houses are made of kneaded clay, and some chopped straw mixed up with the clay, that they may not fall to pieces in the first rain, or the wind blow away a whole village. After every rain, there is a general patching of houses throughout Persia. The country seat of Abbas Mirza is an exception, owing to its being built with the help of the English. The whole is very pretty, only the trees are yet small, and in this month the winds still too cold to inhabit it with pleasure. We however remained there till the 5th of June, and then went two marches farther, to the village of Sengilabat, where water fit for drinking, and shady trees, are found. Here, to our great joy, there arrived a convoy from Tiflis, which brought our own wine; for it is very difficult to get wine here, and yet it is indispensable, on account of the bad water. In Persia, a place which has good water, is famed far and wide.

The surrounding villages were soon cleared of provisions. We left Sengilabat on the 20th, made several short days journeys, and passed the town of Miana on the 24th, which is celebrated for its bugs, the bite of which proves mortal in a few hours, but is said not to affect the inhabitants. They only show themselves by night, are of an ash colour, quite flat, and have eight feet. They are not mentioned in any natural history. We have taken some of them with us in spirits. We quickly passed through this town of bugs, and did not stop till we reached a large and beautiful bridge, built by Schach Abbas, 5 wersts further.

The following day we passed over the Caplantic mountains, and enjoyed the beautiful prospects, among which I particularly remarked the Virgin's Castle, which was built by Artaxerxes, and is said to have received this name from a beautiful but haughty virgin, who was here imprisoned. Beyond the mountains we met with another handsome bridge over the river Kosilusan. Every thing worth seeing in respect to architecture, is from the time of Schach Abbas the Great. His successors have ruined much, but built nothing.

The country now became more desolate, the heat greater, and we thanked God when we arrived on the 30th in the town of Sanggan, where Abdul Mirza, another son of the Schach's, governs. The people here seemed less shy than those in Tauris. We saw many women, though wrapt up in veils; yet they knew how to throw them aside on occasion. But they would have done better to have let it alone, for then we should still have fancied them beautiful: we thought their large black eyes handsome, although they have more of a savage than a feeling expression. Their dress, especially their pantaloon, spoils their figure. Our habitation was close to that of the prince, whose women appeared every evening on a tower, to hear our evening music; but the tower was

so high, that we could see nothing but painted eye-brows.

On the 6th of July, we left Sangan, and encamped five miles further on, near the ruins of a village, where we had good water, and cool breezes. We were now ten wersts distant from Sultanie, and the ambassador determined to wait here for the Schach. The second minister came to compliment us. During our stay here, I took a ride to Sultanie, and found the palace miserable, the neighbourhood dreary and desolate, but covered with most magnificent ruins, such as are no where else to be found, except at Persepolis. I have myself counted the trees round the country seat: there are no more than fifteen.

On the 19th of July, the Schach came with 10,000 men, and two Englishmen, (Wilok* and Campbell.) On the 26th we repaired to a great camp, half a werst from the palace. On the 31st we had the first audience, when the ambassador received an honour, which it is said was never before conferred in Persia, namely, a chair was placed for him, and we all appeared in boots. [Here the writer gives an account of the audience, in substance the same as that which has already appeared in the newspapers.]

The scene was in a great tent at the bottom of the mountain on which the palace stands: round about was an open space surrounded with curtains, on which were painted some thousand of Persian soldiers. From hence to the tent stood the persons of distinction, in two rows, broiled by a sun in 28° of heat. At the entrance of the tent stood a long-bearded fellow, with a thick silver staff. The form of the throne resembles our old arm chairs. At the right side of the Schach stood one of his sons, a child, by whose appearance it might be judged that his elegant dress was too heavy for him. Seventeen older sons had nothing particular in their physiognomy.

When the ambassador was personally presented to the Schach, he paid us all the compliment of saying, that we were now as good as in his service, as eternal friendship was made with our monarch. To young count Samoiloff, he said, he was a handsome boy; and to our doctor, that he should now be his doctor. He always spoke in the third person; and to me he said, when he heard that I had sailed round the world, "The Schach congratulates you, now you have seen every thing." He then mentioned, that as our emperor was a friend to travelling, he should expect him in Persia. "I will even go and meet him!" cried he repeatedly, very loud.

Among the presents, a large toilet glass pleased him so much, that he said, "If any body was to offer the Schach his choice between 500,000 (most likely pieces of gold,) and this looking-glass, he would choose the latter."

* Evidently misspelt. Ed.

A great saloon is to be built at Teheran, purposely for this glass, and the first who brings the welcome news of its safe arrival is to have a reward of 1000 Tuman, (2500 ducats.) But on the contrary, who ever breaks any of the presents, is to have his ears cut off. It is not yet settled when we shall return home. The Schach goes daily a hunting, and very often sends us game, which he has shot with his own royal hand. We made the whole journey on horseback, and have suffered very much from the heat. I endured the most from the astronomical watches, which I have in my care, and which will absolutely not bear the horse to go more than a walking pace.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

Although the following extract may not convey any novelty to a number of our readers, yet as it embraces, within a short compass, information of an useful kind for others, less conversant with such matters, we take the liberty of quoting, from the Bishop of Landaff's work, an account of the chief tenets of the Greek Church. It is contained in a letter to an English lady, whose conscience was tender, whatever her heart might be, on receiving a proposition of marriage from a Russian prince.

"The Russian Greek Church does not use in its public service what is commonly called the *Apostles' Creed*; nor what is improperly called the *Athanasian Creed*; but simply that which we use in our communion service, which is usually denominated the *Nicene Creed*; though it is not, in every point, precisely that which was composed at the Council of Nice, in Bithynia, in the year 325. I do not presume to blame the Russian Church for the exclusive use of the *Nicene Creed* in its public service, especially as it does not prohibit the private use of the other two. Nor do I blame it for differing from the Romish Church in one article of this creed, respecting the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father alone; though all the reformed churches agree with the Church of Rome in maintaining the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, notwithstanding its being well known that the words—*And the Son*, were only added by a pope in the tenth century, without the authority of a council. The doctrine may be true; but not being a part of what was established at the Council of Nice,* it is not admitted by the Greek Church.

"The Russian Church differs from the Romish Church, in not acknowledging a purgatory; in not denying the sacramental cup to the laity; in allowing their priests to marry; in explaining transubstantiation in a mystical manner; in not invoking saints

* The decision of the same Council, in regard to the reckoning of time, is also still adhered to in Russia, which has not adopted even the Gregorian approximation to accuracy.

and the Virgin Mary as mediators; acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only mediator; and in many other points. In these, and in other particulars, the Greek Church seems to have a leaning to the principles of protestantism rather than of popery."

On these grounds the Bishop sees no impediment to the marriage.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable but not improbable account. "A merchant not only heard the name of Bonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of this tyrant in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking."

FRENCH TRANSLATION.

The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence, has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says: "People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo." Upon this the translator makes the following note: "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it is the Opossum; but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History"!—This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A gentleman saw a person poring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" "I don't know (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this *curled Lilliput* any where"!!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Several officers of the Prussian general staff have begun to publish an interesting

military Journal, in the first number of which there is a day-book of General Lauriston, which was found on the field of battle of the Katzebach, with several other papers. Though it is only a fragment, the rain having destroyed several leaves, it is still perfect enough to lead to some interesting observations.

The accounts of count Schulenberg, of his campaign in Poland and Saxony, in the years 1703—1706, acquire a particular literary value, from several inedited letters of Voltaire. Among other things, he writes to the count, "Have you never thought, marshal, how detestable, though it may be necessary, your profession is? I have been assured, for example, that general Renschild, after the battle of Fraustadt, had from 12 to 1800 Russians massacred in cold blood, who six hours after the battle begged for quarter on their knees. The historian Adlerfeld affirms, that there were only 600, and that they were killed immediately after the action. From you I expect to hear the truth, which is as dear to me as your glory." But Schulenberg did not answer.

There is at present published in the French language, at St. Petersburg, a periodical work entitled, *Les Ephemerides Russes, Politiques et Literaires*, by M. Spada. M. Paul Swinni edits *Le Description de Petersbourg, et de ses Environs*, in Russian and French. There is, besides, another periodical French work published in that capital, entitled *La Lanterne Magique*.

Italy has lost her most celebrated professor of agriculture and botany, count M. Filippo Re, who died lately at Modena. Among the vast number of works which he has bequeathed to posterity, we may distinguish his *Elementi di Agricoltura*, the only Italian production in which the most solid principles of chemistry are applied methodically and clearly to practical agriculture.

A continental journal states, that a fisherman of Philipsberg, has found in the Rhine, the fore-foot and shoulder-blade of a mammoth, which have been deposited in the Cabinet of Nat. Hist. at Carlsruhe.

ART. 15. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of April, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 2; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 7; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 2; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 4; Phlegmone, 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 5; Otitis, (*Inflammation of the Ear*), 1; Cynanche Ton-

sillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*), 3; Cynanche Trachealis, (*Hives or Croup*), 2; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 5; Bronchitis, (*Inflammation of the Bronchiæ*), 4; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 32; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 4; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 2; Gastritis, (*Inflammation of the Stomach*), 1; Enteritis, (*Inflammation of the Intestines*), 2; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 2; Rheumatismus, (*Rheumatism*), 3; Hæmoptysis, (*Spit-*

king of Blood,) 2; Cholera, 1; Rubella, (Measles,) 1; Erysipelas, (St. Anthony's Fire,) 2; Variola, (Small-Pox,) 1; Vaccinia, (Kine-Pock,) 70; Convulsio, (Convulsions,) 1; Dentitio, (Teething,) 2.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthénia, (Debility,) 3; Vertigo, 2; Dyspepsia, (Indigestion,) 6; Obstipatio, 3; Colica, (Colic,) 1; Hysteria, (Hysterics,) 1; Epilepsia, (Epilepsy,) 1; Mania, (Madness,) 1; Ophthalmia Chronica, 3; Catarrhus Chronicus, 2; Bronchitis Chronica, 3; Asthma, 1; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (Pulmonary Consumption,) 3; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 10; Pleurodyné, 2; Lumbago, 6; Hæmorrhoids, 1; Menorrhagia, 2; Diarrhœa, 4; Amenorrhœa, 5; Anasarca, (Dropsy,) 1; Vermes, (Worms,) 8; Syphilis, 10; Urethritis Virulenta, 5; Hernia, 2; Contusio, (Contusion,) 17; Stremma, (Sprain,) 2; Luxatio, (Dislocation,) 2; Fractura, (Fracture,) 5; Vulus, 3; Ustio, (Burn,) 4; Abscessus, (Abscess,) 2; Ulcus, (Ulcer,) 5; Scabies et Prurigo, 14; Porrigo, 3; Herpes, 1; Psoriasis, 1; Eruptiones Varicæ, 2.

The weather during this interval has been almost uniformly unpleasant; frequently cloudy or rainy, accompanied with sheets of hail or snow, and generally with a coldness or chilliness in the atmosphere unusual at this season of the year; wind blowing the greater part of the time from the north-west, north, and northeast—giving a character to this month resembling March.

From the frequent frosts, and the want of genial warmth, there is little appearance of vegetation. Cold unseasonable weather appears to have prevailed throughout the United States. At Buffaloe, in the state of New-York, snow fell on the 17th and 18th of the month, measuring six or eight inches on a level; and in South-Carolina and other southern situations, much injury is said to have been done to vegetation, particularly to the cotton crops, by a heavy frost on the night of the 19th. The thermometrical range in this city has been considerable. The highest temperature at sunrise in any morning has been 45°, lowest 29°; highest temperature in any afternoon, 65°, lowest 39°; highest temperature at sunset of any day 48°, lowest 34°; greatest diurnal variation 25°. Barometrical range from 30.12 to 30.86.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, this period has not been unusually productive of diseases. The classes of morbid affections have continued much the same as in the preceding month; but there has been a marked increase of pneumonic inflammations and of fevers of the typhoid form. The deaths from pneumonia, which, according to the bills of mortality, amounted in January to sixteen, in February to fifteen, and in March to no more than ten, have, during this month, increased to twenty-six, and those from typhous fever to

twenty-one in number. The cases of typhous fever have been of the kind denominated by writers the *typhus mitis*; and in some instances the disease was accompanied with pulmonic irritation, being attended with cough, or with symptoms of pneumonic inflammation or local congestion. A disposition to run into typhous was apparent in many cases of pneumonia, which showed early signs of debility that forbid the free and repeated use of the lancet, which experience has demonstrated to be, in general, so indispensably necessary in pneumonic affections in this climate. Some cases of well marked *pneumonia typhodes* have been under treatment. In a disease of this mixed character, which sometimes makes a rapid progress through its stages, it has perhaps been too common a practice, in order to obviate the symptoms of putrescency, which ultimately take place, to resort to the stimulating or cordial plan of cure too early, and thus eventually to accelerate the progress of the very symptoms which it was intended to retard. It is in some of these critical cases that the most cautious practice is required; and it is only by a nice estimation of the forces of the system that we can determine how far the antiphlogistic treatment may be called for, or when it may be necessary to resort to the opposite plan.

The New-York Bills of Mortality for April give the following account of deaths from different diseases:

Abscess, 2; Apoplexy, 5; Asthma, 1; Burned, 1; Colic, 1; Consumption, 44; Convulsions, 12; Contusion, 1; Cramp in the Stomach, 1; Debility, 2; Diarrhœa, 2; Dropsy, 13; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 8; Drowned, 2; Fever, Fætic, 2; Fever, Intermittent, 2; Fever, Inflammatory, 3; Fever, Remittent, 3; Fever, Typhous, 21; Gravel, 1; Hæmoptysis, 1; Hives, 13; Herpes, 1; Hooping Cough, 6; Inflammation of the Chest, 26; Inflammation of the Bowels, 3; Inflammation of the Liver, 3; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 2; Measles, 1; Mortification, 1; Old Age, 9; Palsy, 6; Pneumonia Typhodes, 2; Rheumatism, 1; Salt Rheum, 1; Scirrhus of the Liver, 1; Scrophula, 1; Sore Throat, 2; Spasms, 3; Still-born, 16; Stranguary, 1; Suicide, 5; Syphilis, 2; Tabes Mesenterica, 13; Teething, 3; Ulcer, 2; Unknown, 4; Worms, 1.—Total 239.

Of this number there died 67 of and under the age of 1 year; 24 between 1 and 2 years; 12 between 2 and 5; 7 between 5 and 10; 9 between 10 and 20; 23 between 20 and 30; 32 between 30 and 40; 40 between 40 and 50; 17 between 50 and 60; 11 between 60 and 70; 8 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90; 1 between 90 and 100; and 1 of upwards of 103 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

New-York, April 30th, 1818.

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No. III..... Vol. III.

JULY, 1818.

ART. 1. *Discourse, delivered at the Consecration of the Synagogue of קק ישראל in the City of New-York, on Friday, the 10th of Nisan, 5578, corresponding with the 17th of April, 1818. BY MORDECAI M. NOAH. 8vo. pp. 47. New-York. C. S. Van Winkle.*

IT is to the liberal and patriotic mind a source of proud satisfaction, to behold the benign effects of the universal religious toleration guaranteed to the people of the United States, by the Federal Constitution,—to see all sects of Christians living, if not in harmony, at least in peace, and Jews and Gentiles openly worshipping God after the dictates of their own hearts, without fear, and almost without reproach—to see all the avenues to wealth, to fame, and to power, equally open to every candidate who will court them by honourable means, without the nugatory requisition of a religious test; and all the talents and energies of the nation brought into unrestricted exercise and generous competition. Nor are the results of this beneficent system less a subject of gratulation to the enlightened disciple of Jesus, than to the calculating statesman. The interests of true religion, and the true interests of the commonwealth, are, indeed, closely conjoined,—but nothing can be more baneful to both, than the boasted coalition of church and state. Under the auspices of such a combination, government becomes a burthen, and religion a scourge. The exclusion of any rational being, of correct morals, from any station for which his Creator has fitted him, on the ground of his inadequate comprehension of that Being, of whom the wisest of us has but an imperfect understanding, is an act of injustice,—and as

Vol. III.—No. III.

what is commenced in wrong can only be supported by violence, a union of the kind we refer to has a direct tendency to the establishment of a sort of secular hierarchy, in which the priesthood pander for the sovereign and the sovereign pimps for the priesthood, whilst the unhappy subject, whom it is alike the duty of both to protect, is mutually abandoned as a prey to their common rapacity. Ages of mournful experience attest this truth; and the blood of martyrs cries from the ground against such unhallowed alliances. The salutary influence of a complete severance of religious from political concerns, is happily exemplified among us. It is conspicuously shown in the very occasion which has given rise to these remarks. One cannot but perceive, in reading the Discourse of Mr. Noah, which gives title to this article, the advantages which he, in common with his fellow worshippers, has derived from a free and equal intercourse with Christians,—not only is the rancour of their religious hatred done away, but they have even imbibed some of the distinguishing doctrines of our holy faith. From the catholic tone of this address, and from the enlarged charity which it inculcates and claims, we should hardly imagine it to proceed from those, who still arrogate to themselves the title of “God’s chosen people,”—and who preserved their isolation by the sternest inhospitality and most brutal intolerance

towards all other nations, till they became at last a scorn and a by-word, and, in a reverse of circumstances, were refused the comity which they had denied—from those, whose ancestors, in taking possession of the “land of promise,” exercised an exterminating vengeance, so horrible in its execution against the miserable inhabitants whom they came to drive out, throwing some into furnaces and sawing others asunder, that could the Deity re-arrange word he might well have revoked his bounty—from those—but we will not call up against them the persecutions of the early Christians. The later Christians we believe have amply retaliated upon them, not only their own injuries, but those of all those of the world. Nor do we intend any scandal by bringing to recollection what we rejoice lives only in memory. We do not know that Christianity would derive any advantage from a comparison with Judaism, of the atrocities which have been committed, by the professors of each, under the sanction of its name. We certainly do not desire to institute any—though it must be admitted to the honour of Christians, that it was in the plenitude of their power they bowed to the meek precepts of their religion, and learnt “forgiveness of enemies,” whilst it was after the lessons of adversity, and with the benefit of Christian example, that the Jews first brought themselves to act upon this divine injunction. And this is all the inference we would draw. We should show ourselves wanting in that spirit which we wish to cherish, were we to go farther.

But if Mr. Noah has benefitted by his opportunities of acquiring just views of religion, afforded by his residence in a Christian land, he has richly repaid the obligation. In the Discourse before us, there are many axioms which cannot be too widely disseminated, and which we cannot but regret are not more generally received. There are ministers of the gospel, not only incapable of writing as he has written, but of feeling that authentic piety which he has manifested,—who, in attempting to eradicate the depravity of their nature, have extirpated every natural grace which God had implanted in them, and, in pulling out the tares, have plucked up the wheat also.

Mr. Noah has taken a cursory review of the Jewish history, and a survey of the present condition of his countrymen. The latter, which is condensed, as well as interesting, we will lay before our readers.

“Great Britain, by an act of parliament, passed in the year 1763, granted to the Jews

the rights of citizens; the clamours of the people, and, indeed, the discontent of a large portion of the Jews themselves, caused this honourable law to be revoked; and from the organization of the government, there exists no hope at present of its revival. This cannot be sufficiently deplored; a difference of religion, and a disparity in forms of worship, should not separate men, nor weaken the civil bonds that unite them. It is by mutual confidence that errors may be ascertained and checked, and good actions known and rewarded. We are not apt to look for superstition or prejudice in a country where intelligence and morality flourish. The English civil code is pure and wholesome in its foundation, wise and independent in its execution: they have the most splendid seminaries of learning, and illustrious institutions of charity. Their religious disqualifications arise from political events, connected with the supposed existence and integrity of the government, not springing from the feelings or wishes of the people. Although the Jews in Great Britain are deprived of the essential rights of citizens, it must, nevertheless, be conceded, that every municipal protection is extended to them in common with other subjects, that every encouragement is given to their industry and commercial views, and that a tolerant disposition, commensurate with their character, is afforded them. There are many possessing respectability and wealth; many who boast of cultivated talents; they are attached to their country, and are always ready to support it. This is a commendable spirit; for that country whose justice and humanity allows the Israelite to repose in peace in his dwelling, secure in his person, in his property, and his religious rights, is ever worthy of his best efforts in its defence and preservation.

“In France the Jews suffered much from persecution; and, until this day, their condition would have been but partially ameliorated, had not the veil of error been rent by a powerful effort; had not the progress of learning and the dissemination of science taught a people naturally liberal and humane, that to be true to themselves they should be just to others. Trampling on the fetters of prejudice, and disdaining to nourish the superstition and bigotry of the darker ages, they announced a toleration in religious opinions, and gave freedom to the conscience. Not content alone with the commencement of a good work, they completed it: they declared the Jews of their country to be citizens; and, with this declaration, gave them every essential right. This was to have been expected from a great nation, which had acquired a reputation in arts, in arms, and in science, that no reverse of fortune can impair.

“Part of Italy contains many respectable and enlightened Jews, who receive every protection from government in the prosecution of their temporal and religious concerns.

"The Austrian and Russian empires, and their dependencies, the States in Germany, the kingdoms of Holland, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, are peopled with a vast number of Jews; many of them possessing wealth and learning—many inheriting poverty and ignorance; their privileges are controlled and circumscribed, and prejudices yet exist, though milder measures are adopted towards them in the present times. It unfortunately has been the case, that, hitherto, the governments of Europe, generally, have directed their attention more to the punishment of crimes than the rewarding of virtue. The failings of the Jews have been the theme of incessant reproach and rigorous severity; their good actions have been unaccredited and unrewarded! If the Jews in Europe have been indifferent to public opinion, it is because that opinion invariably operated to their prejudice; their minds were cramped, and their pursuits were low, because they were deprived of every source of ambition and emulation. Attempts to reform them have failed, because severe and restrictive laws, harsh and oppressive punishments, have been substituted for mild ordinances and temperate regulations. This course has ever been unwise and injudicious. While they are considered as a people, on whom oppression and persecution may be exercised with impunity—while they are deemed fit objects for scorn and contempt—they will never cease to evidence towards their oppressors feelings wounded and lacerated, and sentiments of repugnance and irritation. They should be treated with a degree of lenity and mildness, to which their long sufferings justly entitle them. They must be made sensible of the necessity and importance of industry, wisdom, and tolerance, by precept and example.

"Society throughout Europe, (and wherever our people are scattered they are objects of our solicitation,) without doubt, will be greatly benefitted by the amelioration of the Jews; and the countries which they inhabit be greatly strengthened by giving them the essential rights of citizens. Their moral and physical character will be improved; their integrity and industry will be strengthened, and their attachment to the governments which protect them will be firm and sincere. They will progressively acquire a love for science, and a taste for the arts; they will increase in wealth; and, in proportion to their liberty, they will encourage learning and promote civilization; and from a participation of equal privileges, they will attain a degree of perfection and happiness which our unfortunate people have never yet enjoyed. But I shall be asked, is there no country in Europe from whence the Jews have been banished, where persecution, with an iron hand, weighed them to the earth, and where torture and flames have afforded them a passage to the grave? Ay, Spain and Portugal—lands of

darkness and bigotry; they persecuted, and finally banished the Jews; and, with them, banished their prosperity and national strength. Look at them: centuries behind their cotemporaries in civilization; the people fettered by ignorance; the arm of government unnerved by disaffection; their resources destroyed; their colonies conquered; and their energies impaired: they are left to the sway and influence of more liberal and powerful nations. Spain and Portugal, from their bigotry and intolerance, their flames and inquisitions, their pride and their ignorance, have been cut off from every hope of solid independence, and deprived of the sympathy and respect of other nations. Let other nations take warning from their example. The patriot ruler and sovereign sacrifices private interest and private affection for the welfare of his subjects; he cements them together in the bonds of harmony, unanimity, and affection. The monarch, who builds his hopes of safety, like those of Spain and Portugal, on the ignorance of his people; who shuts the door to learning and civilization, and perpetuates a state of vassalage, is false to his God and his country: sooner or later, peril and calamity will menace the welfare, and even the existence of his inheritance."

The candour which he has displayed towards foreign nations, gives weight to the eulogium which he passes on our own country;

"Let us turn, then, from Europe and her errors of opinion on points of faith, to contemplate a more noble prospect. Our country, the bright example of universal tolerance, of liberality, true religion, and good faith. In the formation and arrangement of our civil code, the sages and patriots whose collected wisdom adopted them, closed the doors upon that great evil which has shaken the old world to its centre. They proclaimed freedom of conscience, and left the errors of the heart to be judged at that tribunal whose rights should never have been usurped. Here, no inequality of privileges—no asperity of opinion—no invidious distinctions exist; dignity is blended with equality; justice administered impartially: merit alone has a fixed value; and each man is stimulated by the same laudable ambition—an ambition of doing his duty, and meriting the good will of his fellow citizens. Until the Jews can recover their ancient rights and dominions, and take their rank among the governments of the earth, this is their chosen country; here they can rest with the persecuted from every clime, secure in person and property, protected from tyranny and oppression, and participating of equal rights and immunities. Forty years of experience have tested the wisdom of our institutions, and they only will be surrendered with the existence of the nation."

In the foregoing extracts, many impor-

tant religious, as well as political truths, will be recognized. The following passage breathes a spirit worthy of a Christian pastor, and contains an acknowledgment which must encourage him, and advice by which he may profit.

"Let it not, however, be said, that because there are no laws which fetter the conscience, or religion incorporated in the government, that the people are insensible to the obligations of religious worship. I have been in many parts of the globe, and I may safely aver, that this is the only country where religion flows in one pure, broad, rapid stream, supported by the intelligence of the people, and the liberality and toleration which are always the effect of moral and enlightened habits. We have only to fear the effects of too great a zeal, which, in mistaking the salutary principles of religion, may render crooked the fair and noble path of toleration. It is incumbent on us who enjoy blessings in this country which are denied to many of our brethren throughout the world, to render ourselves worthy of equal rights by duly estimating their importance, and enlightening the mind, so as to be fully sensible of the nature and value of those privileges. The means are within our reach. It is a system of sound education, alone, which tends to strengthen the faculties, improve the morals, and unfold the intellectual powers of man. To rescue our fellow creature from a state of ignorance—to enlighten his understanding—to render him sensible of the benefactions of God—to excite that laudable ambition—that spirit of emulation—that noble and elevated disposition which the cultivated and accomplished mind is capable of attaining, are the most pleasing, the most rational efforts of a benevolent heart."

Let us not, however, by the commendations we bestow upon this Discourse, where its language is coincident with that of Christianity, lay ourselves open to the suspicion of being ready to compromise any doctrine of Christian faith. We must still regard the Jews, however they may have approximated to us in some particulars, as wanderers from the fold. God in his own good time will gather them in. It becomes us, in the interval, not to obstruct his gracious purposes.

Mr. Noah indulges some speculations in regard to the return of the Jews to Palestine, which probably have not occurred to most of our readers. It is singular that the Jews as well as Christians calculate on this event, though their belief in it is placed on different grounds, and they anticipate diametrically opposite consequences from it.

"Never were prospects for the restoration of the Jewish nation to their ancient rights

and dominion more brilliant than they are at present. There are upwards of seven millions of Jews known to be in existence throughout the world, a number greater than at any period of our history, and possessing more wealth, activity, influence, and talents, than any body of people of their number on earth. The signal for breaking the Turkish sceptre in Europe will be their emancipation; they will deliver the north of Africa from its oppressors; they will assist to establish civilization in European Turkey, and may revive commerce and the arts in Greece; they will march in triumphant numbers, and possess themselves once more of Syria, and take their rank among the governments of the earth. This is not fancy. I have been too much among them in Europe and Africa—I am too well acquainted with their views and sentiments in Asia, to doubt their intentions. They hold the purse strings, and can wield the sword; they can bring 100,000 men into the field. Let us then hope that the day is not far distant when, from the operation of liberal and enlightened measures, we may look towards that country where our people have established a mild, just, and honourable government, accredited by the world, and admired by all good men. Let us not seek the errors of other faiths, but calmly and peaceably pursue our own, in which there are no errors. Let us respect and assist all religions which acknowledge God, and whose principles are justice and mercy. We, of all others, can hold out the hand of toleration: the time will come when the wanderer who has been led astray in search of other gods, will acknowledge the unity and omnipotence of the God of Israel, when persecution shall cease, and the groan of oppression be heard no more. Between two good men professing different faiths, no difference exists; both are born equal—both have a right to worship the Almighty in his own way; the road to honour should be open to both, for both must pursue the same path to immortality."

We thought it proper to give this extract at full length, as, whilst it shows the nature of the expectation which the Jews indulge, it discovers a latitude of charity which has not often been allowed them.

As a composition, this performance is highly creditable to Mr. Noah. The style is perspicuous and energetic, and the language chaste. There are a few grammatical errors in it, which are, however, evidently attributable to an inadvertence, which is pardonable in one who has superadded a production of this nature, to the labours of an editor of a daily paper. Our own experience of editorial distraction will incline us to compound for similar lenity,—

Hanc veniam damus, petimusque vicissim

E.

ART. 2. *The Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions of* SAMUEL WOODWORTH, *Author of "The Champions of Freedom," &c.* 12mo. pp. 288. New-York. Abraham Astén and Matthias Lopez.

TWO motives are assigned by the publishers for giving this volume to the world, "a desire to rescue from oblivion the fugitive productions of a native poet,"—and, "a desire to relieve their unfortunate author from those pecuniary embarrassments, which have been created principally by the benevolence of his disposition; embarrassments which are the more painful to the sufferer, inasmuch as they tend to oppose the genuine ebullitions of a heart governed by honour, integrity, and every virtuous principle."

The statement of these motives is creditable, neither to the discernment, nor the generosity of the public; and affords another instance of the applicability of the often quoted remark of Juvenal:—

*Head facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

From the biographical sketch, given by the publishers, it appears that Mr. Woodworth has hitherto been the favorite of disappointment and misfortune. He was born in the town of Scituate, Mass. 1785. While yet almost a child, he began to "lisp in numbers." With the clergyman of his native town, some time was spent in acquiring a partial knowledge of English and Latin grammar; and he had once the joyful expectation of being indulged with a collegiate education; but the poverty of his parents, and the cold prudence of the wealthy, rendered this expectation vain. Frustrated in his wishes, he served an apprenticeship with a printer, in Boston; subsequently laboured as a journeyman; and has since been an author, and an editor and proprietor of several periodical publications; struggling with poverty and debts, and strenuously contending for competence and fame. Love too, (for, excepting one of the Wartons, what poet has not been a lover?) contributed to delight, distract, and impoverish him. In the volume before us, we see so many *disiecta membra poetae*, that the short relation of the bard's buffetings, prefixed to the work, has not been read without sympathy and sorrow; nor without the ineffectual regret that the benevolence of fortune is so frequently extended to the undeserving; while genius and merit are consigned to indigence and obscurity.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar!"

Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war,
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!"

That every man is *sua fortune faber*, the architect of his own fortune, we utterly deny. To the mechanic and day-labourer, the remark may be applied. If a dollar be daily earned, and but half of that sum daily spent, arithmetic may teach the consequence: in a given time so many hundred dollars may be amassed. Genius seldom makes such calculations; if at all in life, rarely in early life. Genius usually needs a guardian long after the term of legal infancy; yet, before and after, is too headstrong to submit to the control of another. Of all men of talents the poet of indigence is probably least inclined, especially in youth, to listen to prudence. Indeed, he then knows what is prudence only by her name. Airy castles are to him certainties. He can without difficulty, almost without effort, establish his fame; be caressed by the great, and beloved by the fair. After frequent refusals, an ode is admitted into the corner of a newspaper. When it first meets his eyes, his heart throbs with pleasure. Now comes the inquiry, "Who wrote it?" The author feels immortality in every vein. A few, unfit to judge, highly extol it. And of those who are capable of correct decision, how few would wake the young bard from his golden dream? The certainty of his celebrity is now established. He lays a thousand plans; and follows now one, and then another; till after many years of constant poverty and occasional hope, he either throws himself away in despondency, or, never expecting to reach the eminence once fondly anticipated, and cursing the unhappy hour when he first blundered on a rhyme, he wisely weighs the solidity of substantial fare, with the emptiness of niggardly praise; and betakes himself with assiduity to some occupation which shall ensure the former.

Of how many in Europe, of how many in this country, is such the short history; equally the history of such as deserve,

and such as never could deserve, the poetic laurel. Some, conscious of their intellectual powers, through every opposition pass unappalled, till they triumphantly grasp the object of their long pursuit. Of the poetic exaltation of others, some fortunate contingency may be the principal cause. But of the hundreds, if not thousands, of those, who have rhymed in their boyhood, within the last forty years, how few are known, or will ever be known, to the reading world! Of such, how melancholy would be the faithful history,—how mournful the tale of their soul-blasting disappointments—the relation of their struggles and sorrows; these closing existence with the repeated glass; those under the consumings of lacerated sensibility; some in the unwholesomeness and shame of incarceration, and others indignantly by the steel, the bullet, or the mortal opiate!

We are perhaps straying. The short account, prefixed to this volume, of the author's sad changes and mishaps of life, have led us aside from what, perhaps, more strictly belongs to this article. One or two remarks further, and we shall attend to the work before us.

As an apology for the want of patronage in this country, it has been said that we are yet a young country; that there are among us no men of overgrown estates, like those of the opulent noblemen of Europe; and that it is not to be expected that individuals should patronise, or pension genius, whether in the pursuit of science, or literature, or the arts; but that the public should be the sole patron. Alas! the public is too slow to discern; or rather, it is impossible it should, in most cases, be able to discern merit in obscurity. A Homer, a Shakespeare, or a *Zeuxis*, might here starve, ere the public would know of his existence. When a man's name has become celebrated, and it is fashionable to extol him, public patronage is often immense. Let a Scott write the feeblest commonplace, or a Byron indite nothing but extravagance, he will have his half a crown per line; while an unknown Milton might offer a *Cornus* or a *L'Allegro*, an *Il Penseroso* or a *Lycidas*, and, in great likelihood, no bookseller would risk publication; or, the publication risked, it would be quite uncertain if a dozen copies could be sold.

What author receives a pension in the United States? We have never heard of more than one instance. Several years ago, a number of gentlemen, in Boston, subscribed a certain sum each, to be paid to Hannah Adams during life. The names

of these gentlemen ought to be known as the first, who have set a liberal, a noble example; an example which should be imitated; and which would, if imitated, be followed by results, never injurious, often most honourable to the literary reputation of the country. Suppose a young man should be discovered, in indigent circumstances, but unquestionably endowed with extraordinary talents for poetry, or for painting; how many individuals are there, in any of our principal cities, whose annual incomes, counted by thousands, would not feel a contribution sufficient to enable him, unembarrassed, to pursue his studies till such excellence should be attained, as would not only bring gratification and honour to his patrons, but hasten the upward progress of our country's character to an elevation equal to that of any of the proud monarchies of Europe? We know a geologist, skilled in his favourite science, and ardent in its pursuit, who has examined, with great labour and ability, the different strata of rock from Catskill mountains to Boston, and has published a profile of the country—the first of the kind in America—who laments the want of pecuniary means, perhaps a hundred dollars, to enable him to pursue his researches to the White Hills. We know not that a small pension would make him a *Werner*; but we know how backward we are in the knowledge of geology and mineralogy, compared with other countries; and this instance is, probably, only one, among very many, of the impossibility of duly attending to studies which might lead to discoveries most useful to the country, simply for the want of such small supplies as the wealthy might furnish without an effort, and with the utmost convenience.

Of Mr. Woodworth we know little, excepting what appears in the volume before us. Confident, however, we are, that, were his mind at ease, and were he to devote a few years to the accomplishment of some poetic work of magnitude, there would be found in it much more to admire than to censure;—that its predominant qualities would be excellence. The want of a classical education, frequently seen in this volume, would be in a great degree remedied by time and study.—We sincerely wish he could be indulged with leisure, and quiet, and time, for the creation and polishing of something more worthy his genius than the publication of these inconsiderable and hastily written pieces: most of them doubtless proper for the occasion that gave them birth, but few of them doing more than showing

how much more might be done. This wish is also applicable to many a one at present, as Dryden says of himself, "in the rudiments of poetry, without name or reputation in the world."

Most of the pieces are short. "The Quarter Day," and "New-Haven," are of the greatest length. To the citizens of New-York, who annually witness the bustle of this day, the perusal of "The Quarter Day," will be an acceptable treat. Among the small pieces, we first select for insertion "The Wreath of Love;" not because it is superior to many others, but because it will, at least as much as any other, give the reader a correct idea of the author's manner.

"THE WREATH OF LOVE."

Let Fame her wreath for others twine,
The fragrant Wreath of Love be mine,
With balm-distilling blossoms wove;
Let the shrill trumpet's hoarse alarms
Bid laurels grace the victor's arms,
Where Havoc's blood-stain'd banners move:
Be mine to wake the softer notes,
Where Acidalia's banner floats,
And wear the gentler Wreath of Love.

The balmy rose let stoics scorn;
Let squeamish mortals dread the thorn,
And fear the pleasing pain to prove;
I'll fearless bind it to my heart;
While ev'ry pang its thorns impart,
The flowret's balsam shall remove:
For, sweeten'd by the nectar'd kiss,
'Tis pain that gives a zest to bliss,
And freshens still the Wreath of Love.

Give me contentment, peace, and health,
A moderate share of worldly wealth,
And friends, such blessings to improve;
A heart to give when mis'ry pleads,
To heal each rankling wound that bleeds
And ev'ry mental pain remove:
But with these give—else all deny—
The fair, for whom I breathe the sigh;
And wedlock be a Wreath of Love.

Connubial bliss unknown to strife,
A faithful friend, a virtuous wife,
Be mine for many years to prove:
Our wishes one, within each breast
The dove of peace shall make her nest,
Nor ever from the ark remove;
Till call'd to heav'n; through ages there,
Be ours the blissful lot to wear
A never fading Wreath of Love."

Several trifling errors may be here discovered; (the wound that *rankles* has generally ceased to *bleed*;) but the lines possess merit, and plainly indicate of what the poet would be capable, "under the shelter of academic bowers," released from "inconvenience and distraction."

The following stanzas, without hesitation, we pronounce beautiful. In reading them we think of Montgomery.

"THE TOMB OF HENRY."

Where Hudson's murmur'ing billows
Kiss Jersey's verdant shore,
Beneath those spreading willows
Sleeps Henry of the moor.
The pride of all the plain
Was Anna's chosen swain;
But Anna weeps,
For Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow-tree.

They lov'd with pure affection:
Their artless souls were true:
The promising connexion
Their friends with rapture view;
And name the morn of May
Their happy wedding day.
But Anna weeps,
For Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow-tree.

They hail the rising morrow
Which dawns to see them blest:
But, ah! ere eve, what sorrow
Fills Anna's lovely breast:
She sees the Hudson's wave
Become her Henry's grave:
And Anna weeps,
For Henry sleeps,
Beneath the weeping willow-tree.

She tears her flowing tresses;
Invokes his parted breath;
And with her wild carresses
Invites him back from death:
But, ah! her lips' warm kiss
Imparts no glow to his:
And Anna weeps,
For Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow-tree.

She sees beneath the willow
Her lover laid to rest;
The earth his nuptial pillow,
And not her virgin breast.
Around his verdant tomb
The early daisies bloom:
There Anna weeps,
There Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow-tree."

Few stanzas are written with more felicity than the last of the above! Campbell would not have been displeased had it been attributed to him.

From the specimens we have given, we doubt not the reader is disposed to think favourably, if not highly, of the poetical abilities of Mr. Woodworth.

It is not our intention to critically examine the merits of the different pieces, nor to enter into a minute specification of such errors as a careful scrutiny might doubtless detect; and we conclude with the expression of our sincerest wishes that the author of this volume may yet, in trite language, see better days; when, though he has bid a poetical farewell to the muse, he will feel the pleasure and see the propriety of remembering the adage, that a bad promise is better broken than kept.

P.

ART. 3. *The Fudge Family in Paris: in a series of Letters, from Phil. Fudge, Esq. Master Bobby Fudge, and Miss Biddy Fudge. Edited by THOMAS BROWN, the Younger, Author of the Two-penny Postbag.* 18mo. pp. 126. New-York. W. B. Gilley.

IF a book is to be accounted a good one which answers the end that the author proposed to himself in writing it, we must needs speak favourably of this;—for as its main object appears to be the exhibition of the ridiculous, so its almost infallible effect must be to provoke risibility. We will freely confess that we enjoyed a very hearty laugh over it, and we are content that any one who has read it and preserved the composure of his muscles, shall reprove us for our levity. The praise, however, to which a production is entitled from its correspondence with the intent of the author, is qualified by the nature of that intent. To have succeeded in a reprehensible design, is an unenviable commendation; and merely to have excited merriment, hardly amounts to fame. We do not, indeed, consider this work to have originated in any higher motive than that to which we have already ascribed it, though it betrays a degree of political animosity which exempts it from the negative character of harmless satire, without, perhaps, acquiring it a more laudatory denomination. We are inclined to believe that the degrading personal allusions which abound in these poetic epistles, are introduced rather for pungency of effect than from malevolence of purpose. But this kind of mischievous waggery, is a dangerous propensity to encourage. A wicked wit, in his merciless warfare, spares neither friend, nor foe, nor age, nor sex. No one is safe from his attacks;—the loudest laughter to-day, is liable to be made the laughing-stock of to-morrow. Nor is merit any security against the shafts of the satirist. The eye of malice will discover some vulnerable spot in the veriest Achilles, some crevice in the most perfect panoply, where the marksman may infix his envenomed dart. In truth, men of splendid talents and virtues, as they are most calculated to excite envy, are most exposed to its assaults. The Athenian, who avowed that he voted for the ostracism of Aristides because he hated to hear him called *The Just*, only acted upon the same principle which governs thousands who have not the candour to acknowledge it. The faults and foibles of those in elevated stations are, besides, more open to view, and the vulgar delight in exaggerating them. Junius, in admitting one good act to have been performed

by the duke of Bedford, in the course of a long life, observes, that “it is not the less conspicuous for standing alone.” The same may be said, with equal truth, of a solitary stain on the reputation of a great and good man. Whilst, then, we would

Put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,

let us be cautious how we compel the virtuous, or the unfortunate, to run the gauntlet.

That any of the political crimination in this volume is unjust, we shall not undertake to say, though we are yet to learn that all of it is deserved;—but the taunts at qualities of mind and body, both unavoidable and inoffensive, deserve reprobation, and the light mention of female names is base and unmanly. Our ignorance of many of the individuals alluded to, disqualifies us, to be sure, from judging of the propriety, as well as of the point, of many of the poet's innuendos. Our remarks, therefore, are general in their application.

To bring our readers at once acquainted with the Fudge family, (or, at least, with one branch of it,) and with the objects of their tour, we will take an extract from Miss Biddy Fudge's first letter, under date of Amiens, which informs us of all these things, with that precision which we usually find, on similar topics, in the correspondence of young ladies of eighteen, just let loose from a boarding-school. The letter is addressed to Miss Dorothy —, of Clonskilty, in Ireland. After relating their adventures, from the time of their landing, Miss Biddy runs on—

“ Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CORNOR and BOB.
You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kil-randy,
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
In short, dear, “a Dandy” describes what I mean,
And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names—think, how quick! he already knows pat,

A la braise, petits pôtés, and—what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maître d'hôtel*—
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd

yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

"As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind, its all *entre nous*,

But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—

Why, he's writing a book—what, a tale? a romance?

No, ye gods, would it were!—but his *Travels in France*;

At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my lord C—st—r—gh,

Who said, 'My dear Fudge —,' I forget th' exact words,

And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my lord's;

But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,

To expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,

Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy Alliance,

And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,

Their freedom a joke, (which it is, you know, Dolly.)

'There's none,' said his lordship, 'if I may be judge,

Half so fit for this great undertaking as Fudge!'

"The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to the Row,
(The first stage your tourists now usually go.)

Settles all for his quarto—advertisements praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—

French phrases—

'Scott's Visit,' of course—in short, ev'ry thing he has

An author can want, except words and ideas:
And lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,

Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a quarto, my dear!

"But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better

Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*,

Which Bobby would have, and is hard at it yet.
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,

Young Connor: they say he's so like Bonaparte,

His nose and his chin—which Pa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads

That resemble old Nap's, and who knows but their honours

May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor Connor's?

Au reste, as we say, the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;

Vol. III.—No. III.

A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job,
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma.)

And for charity made private tutor to Bob—
Entre nous, too, a papist—how lib'ral of Pa!

"This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;

But Bob's *déjeuner's* done, and papa's in a fuss."

We have next a letter from Phil. Fudge, Esq. the father of Miss Biddy and Master Bob, to lord viscount Castlereagh, but as this is not so forceful, nor so characteristic, as some others from the same pen, we shall pass it by.

The third letter is from Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard —, Esq. and as Bob seems to be "a lad of spirit," and a *savoir vivre* we will transcribe, for the benefit of those who are ambitious to excel in *dandyism* and *gourmandise*, his original and *edifying* epistle in *extenso*.

"From Mr. Bob Fudge to Richard —, Esq.

"Oh Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,

Your logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;

And this is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of

Prog!
Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I

swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the carts* at old Vêry's;

And as for your juries—who would not set o'er 'em

A jury of tasters,† with woodcocks before 'em?
Give Cartwright his parliaments, fresh every

year—
But those friends of *short commons* would never

do here;
And, let Romilly speak as he will on the ques-

tion,
No Digest of Law's like the law of digestion!

By the by, Dick, I fatten—but a'tempts for that,
'Tis the mode—your legitimates always get fat.

There's the R—g—t, there's Louis—and Boney

tried too,
But, though somewhat imperial in paunch,

'twouldn't do.—
He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when

he wed,
But he ne'er grew right royally fat in the head.

"Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris! but stay

As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a day,

As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough bred *Gnostics*, who know what is

what.

* "The bill of Fare.—Vêry, a well known Restaurateur.

† "Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury *Dégustateur*, which used to

assemble at the hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus

has given an account in his *Almanach des Gourmands*, cinquième année, p. 78.

"After dreaming some hours of the land of Co-
caine."

That Elysium of all that is *friend* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bow-bons*, and claret
for rain,

And the skaters in winter show off on *cream-*
ice;

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver com-
plaint!†

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can
be—

For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's
no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as some lads who *go out of it*.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that
'hold up

The mirror to nature'—so bright you could
sup

Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that
draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feed-
er,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the fields at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like
your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and
toast;

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye
roves about,

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence sin-
gles out

One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with
champagne!

Then, some glasses of *Beaujeu*, to dilute—or,
mayhap,

Chambertin,‡ which you know's the pet tippie of
Nap,

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate
stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so particu-
lar.

Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and
then, Dick, §

The coffee's ne'er failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend
on't,

I'd swallow e'en W—tk—ns', for sake of the
end on't;)

* "The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*;
'Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites,
et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent
toutes roties.' Du Latin, coquere. — *Duchat*.

† "The process by which the liver of the unfor-
tunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce
that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which
such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg
and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours*
Gastronomique:—'On déplume l'estomac des
oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux che-
nets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le
feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces
volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler
leur foie.' p. 206.

‡ "The favourite wine of Napoleon.

A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet* up'd over one's lips!
This repeat being ended, and paid for—(how
odd!

Till a man's us'd to paying, there's some-
thing so queer in't!)

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to
appear in't,

We loange up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick,
the phizzes,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quiz-
zes!

Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old
soul!

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr—e, who nor reason nor
fun dreads,

Inflicts, without e'en a court-martial, on hun-
dreds.†

Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by;)

And there an old *démouille*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the
Fronde.

There goes a French dandy—ah, Dick! unlike
some ones

We've seen about White's—the Monseers are
but rum ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs.
Draper

To cut neater weather-boards out of brown
paper;

And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress
'em,

They'd club for old B—m—I, from Calais, to
dress 'em!

The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-
lopping nation,

To leave there behind them a snag little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!

In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and
friseurs,

Some mummers by trade, and the rest ama-
teurs—

What with captains in new jockey-boots and
silk breeches,

Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,

There never was seen such a race of Jack
Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as
I'm a sinner,

The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner;
So no more at present—short time for adorn-
ing—

My day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old Beauvilliers'‡ larder, my boy!

And, once there, if the Goddess of Beauty and
Joy

Were to write 'Come and kiss me, dear Bob!'
I'd not budge—

Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is
R. FUDGE."

* "Velours en bouteille.

† "It was said by Wicquefort, more than a
hundred years ago, 'Le Roi d'Angleterre fait
seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois
de la Chrétienté ensemble.'—What would he
say now?

‡ "A celebrated Restaurateur.

Mr. Phelim Connor next draws his quill, and gives us something in quite another style. He has already been mentioned as an Irishman and a Catholic, but, without this advice, we should not long have remained in ignorance of his character. We have room only for an extract from his indignant and expostulatory ebullition.

"Oh, E*****! could such poor revenge atone For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;

Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate, To hear his curses on such barbarous sway Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way!— Could this content him, every lip he meets Seems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;

Were this his luxury, never is thy name Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame; Hears maledictions ring from every side Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride, Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights be-

side; That low and desperate envy, which to blast A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—

That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd, Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;— That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need, Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed, Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd, Back to his masters, ready gag'd and chain'd! Worthy associate of that band of kings, That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood, And fan her into dreams of promis'd good, Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood! If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss That vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this—

That was an Irish head, an Irish heart, Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art; That, as the Centaur gave th' infected vest, In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast, We sent thee C——gh:—as heaps of dead Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread, So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim, Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—

Her worst infections all condens'd in him!"

Hinc illa lachryma! We have here, perhaps, the clue to our author's rancorous resentments towards lord Castlereagh.

The sprightly Miss Biddy now trips again upon the *tapis*, and "lisps in numbers" about gowns and dresses, and laces and ribbons, and above all about her bonnet—

—————"so beautiful!—high up and poking, Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking."

* "Membra et Herculeos toros Urit lues Nessæ."
Mle, ille victor vincitur.
Senec. Herc. Œ.

She then attempts to give her friend some idea of the delightful things she daily sees and hears.

"Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears! Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one;—

'This *must* be the music,' said he, 'of the *opera*, For I'm curs'd if each note of it doesn't run through one!'

Pa says (and you know, love, his book's to make out

'Twas the Jacobin's brought every mischief about)

That this passion for roaring has come in of late, Since the rabble all tried for a voice in the state.— What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm Had a voice like old Laïs,* and chose to make use of it!

No—never was known in this riotous sphere Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.

So bad too, you'd swear that the god of both arts,

Of music and physic, had taken a frolic For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts, And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!"

She is quite ravished, nevertheless, with the dancing, but we cannot give place to her ecstasies. We cannot refrain, however, from copying her description of the play-house and entertainments.

"The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin;†

Quite charming—and very religious—what folly To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,

When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly, The Testament turn'd into melo-dramas nightly; And doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts, They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts. Here Daniel, in pantomime,† bids bold defiance To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions, While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,

In very thin clothing, and but little of it;—

* "The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

† "The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, 'couleur de feu d'Opéra!'—*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

‡ "A piece very popular last year, called 'Daniel, au La Posse aux Lions.' The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. 'Scene 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Eternel.'

Here Bégrend," who shines in this scriptural path
As the lovely Susanna, without e'en a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Ee-an-
getic!*"

Various pithy adventures of course befall Miss Biddy,—such as going to the *beaujon*,—where a rapid descent of very considerable extent is made in a car, on an inclined plane, which moves at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, by its own gravity, and which is afterwards drawn up by a windlass. She partakes of this charming amusement with a stranger, who speaks to her in French, and whom she describes as—

"A fine fallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!"

This stranger the Fudges take to be no less than the king of Prussia, then in Paris, incog., as the count Ruppín. But he gives them his card, on which is written Calicot, and as well as they can read, colonel. They go with him to Montmorency, and Miss Biddy listens to a deal of sentiment about Jean Jaques Rousseau, and Julie, and all that, and is *struck* to a degree. She finds out, however, too soon, to her inexpressible mortification, that her gallant col. Calicot, is only a linen-draper! On this she is in absolute despair,—but recovers, and goes to the play the same evening. This is all we learn of this interesting damsel.

The sixth letter is from Phil. Fudge, Esq. to his brother Tim. in which, after some account of his own affairs, full of political sarcasm, he enters into some particulars relating to the Fudge family.

"And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,

Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We, Fudges, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There's Jack, the doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.

"Madame Bégrend, a finely formed woman, who acts in 'Susanna and the Elders.' 'L'A-mour et la Folie,' &c. &c.

And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fob'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget the old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
'Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!'

"Your dowagers too, every one,
So gen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoever your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
Your head-ach is a *hemis-cranium*—
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them—put them in again!
In short, there's nothing now like Jack—
Take all your doctors great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear doctor Fudge is worth them all.

"So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor Tim! to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
Th' immortal name of Fudge than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer;—
Like one, who, by the way he acts
Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim!—
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on—
Thy patient, prime, morality,—
Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel;—
'God knows, I, from my soul, profess
To hate all bigots and benighters!
God knows, I love, to e'en excess,
The sacred freedom of the Press,
My only aim's to—crush the writers.'
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the bench at last

I blush to see this letter's length,—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—d—h and of C—g—h,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges!

"Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely."

The seventh letter, which is from Phelim Connor, is so much in the strain of the former from which we have given an extract, that we shall excuse ourselves from quoting from it. It is a mere political diatribe, and, however correct its sentiments may be, it contains nothing very new, or very striking.

Mr. Bob Fudge, having cracked his staves, as he anticipated, avails himself of the respite while they are repairing, to pursue the recital of his occupations for a day. He re-commences—

—"at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its fountains, and old counts sipping beer in the
sun:

With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by
degrees

To the Pure Hotentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast
or dinner it,

Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.

Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly
knows whether

'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!

And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothesmen, like shepherds, reclin'd under
trees;

Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the
barber's,

Enjoying their news and *grosseille** in those arbours,

While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are
curling,

And fountains of red currant-juice† round them are
purling."

After some cockney reflections, and a high panegyric upon the talents of the French for cooking, averring that they have no less than six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs, he continues,—

"From the Boulevards we saunter through
many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very
neat—

* "*Lemonade* and *eau-de-grosseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

† "These gay, portable fountains, from which the *grosseille* water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

Leave the Signs of the Times to political sops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the
Shops;—

Here, a Louis Dix huit—there, a Martinian
goose,

(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out
of use)—

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of gods a great
many,

But saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. Tony, who us'd all temptations to spurn,

Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his
turn;

While there St. Venecia* sits hemming and frilling
her

Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
Saint Austin's the 'outward and visible sign

Of an inward cheap dinner, and pint of small
wine;

While St. Denys hangs out o'er some batter of
ton,

And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
Takes an int'rest in dandies, who've got—neat
to none!"

But we must leave "Master Bobby," to make way for his "dad." The ninth letter is from Phil. Fudge, Esq. to lord Castle-reagh, and as it is the cream of the correspondence, we shall give a very considerable portion of it.

"My lord, th' instructions, brought to-day,

'I shall in all my best obey.'

Your lordship talks and writes so sensibly!

And—whatsoever some wags may say—

Oh! not at all incomprehensibly.

"I feel th' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering;

Thank ye, my French, though somewhat heavier,
Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering:—

Nothing, of course, that can compare

With his who made the congress stare,

(A certain lord we need not name)

Who, e'en in French, would have his tropes,

And talk of '*batir un système*

'*Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe*!'

Sweet metaphor!—and then th' Epistle,

Which bid the Saxon king go whistle,

That tender letter to 'Mon Prince;†

Which shou'd alike thy French and sense;—

Oh no, my lord—there's none can do

Or say *un-English* things like you;

And, if the schemes that fill thy breast

Could but a vent congenial seek,

And use the tongue that suits them best,

What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!

* "*Veronica*, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also under the name of *Venissio* or *Venecia*, the tutelary saint of milliners.

† "St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—*Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

‡ "The celebrated letter to prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his lordship, professing to see 'no moral or political objection' to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate king as 'not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals.'

But as for me, a Frenchless grub,
At congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my lord, to snub
Fall'n monarchs, out of Chambaud's gram-
mar—

Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go ;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha !
They'll take you all through France with ease.

" Your lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps
For lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech— ' what pretty things
One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages !'
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

" Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approv'd of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
As Biddy round the caps *would* pin them ;
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumped, for—there's nothing in them.

" *Extract from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed
to lord C.*

" Aug. 10.

" Went to the mad-house—saw the man,
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotined ;—
But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restor'd again,
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong* one.
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly ;
And always runs, poor dev'l about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly !
While to his case a tear I dropt,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye gods !
How many heads might thus be swopp'd
And, after all, not make much odds !
For instance, there's V—s—t—t's head—
(*' Tam carum'* it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders :
Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A zig-zag way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

" Good viscount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lip out ' What is trumps ?—

" This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in
the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge
states it, that when the heads of those who had
been guillotined were restored, he by mistake
got some other person's instead of his own.

† " Tam cari capita.—HORAT.

‡ " A celebrated pickpocket.

The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on :
And, *vice versa*, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so !

" 'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my lord ;
And, e'en at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snor'd,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf !
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em !
And slept, and dreamt that I was—Bottom !

Aug. 23.

" Read at a stall, (for oft one pops
On Something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter ;
And once in every year, at least,
He's weighed—to see if he gets fatter :—
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increas'd, *there's* quite a jubilee !
Suppose, my lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—g—t's weight
Were made thus an affair of state ;
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the nation's revenue
Loses so many pounds a year,
The P—e, God bless him ! *gains* a few.

" With bales of maulin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their kings ;—
But, for the R—g—t, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier* things :
For instance ———'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them ;
Dominie St—dd—t's daily columns,
'Prodigious'—in, of course, we'd clapp them—
Letters that C—rw—t's pen indites,
In which with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
And never comes to a *Conclusion* :—
Lord S—m—rs, pamphlet—or his head,
(*Ah that* were worth its weight in lead !)

" " The 3d day of the feast the king causeth
himself to be weighed with great care.—F.
Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.

† " I remember," says Bernier, " that all the
Omrahs expressed great joy that the king weigh-
ed two pounds more now than the year preced-
ing." Another author tells us that, ' Fairness,
as well as a very large head, is considered,
throughout India, as one of the most precious
gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolute-
ly revered, and the happy owner is looked up to
as a superior being. To a prince a joulter head
is invaluable.'—*Oriental Field Sports*..

Along with which we in may whip, sly,
 The speeches of sir John C—x H—pp—sly;
 That baronet of many words,
 Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
 To whisper bishops—and so high
 Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
 That you may always know him by
 A patch of powder on his nose!—
 If this won't do, we in must cram
 The 'Reasons' of lord B—ck—gh—m;
 (A book his lordship means to write,
 Entitled 'Reasons for my Ratting';)
 Or, should these prove too small and light,
 His —'s a host—we'll bundle that in!
 And, still should all these masses fail
 To stir the R—g—nt's ponderous scale,
 Why then, my lord, in Heaven's name,
 Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
 The whole of R—gl—y's beauteous dame—
 If that won't raise him, devils' in't!"

The entry of Aug. 31, mentions that he had been looking into Murphy's Tacitus, and this leads him to run a parallel between Tiberius and lord Sidmouth, and of the same with lord Melville; he hints, too, to lord Castlereagh, that there are some points of resemblance between his lordship and the Roman emperor—but

— "mum—
 This parallel we need not follow;

Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some,
 Your lordship beats Tiberius hollow;
 Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
 For me to mention or discuss;
 Whene'er your lordship acts Tiberius,
 Phil. Fudge's part is Tacitus!"

We have not room for more. In fact our readers are pretty well possessed, by this time, not only of the scope, but of the contents of the book. The author is evidently a man of extensive reading and a scholar. His style was meant to be negligent, and certainly is so. That he has humour no one will deny, and though he has too often stooped to puns, and sometimes made indifferent ones, yet they are generally so happy as to require no extenuation, whilst his failures are amply redeemed by his numerous strokes of genuine wit.

The assumed name of *Thomas Brown, the younger*, every reader will, of course, understand to be fictitious. There are many indications that the satire is the production of an Irishman, and, in England, it is confidently ascribed to Thomas Moore.

E.

* *Rafinesque.*

ART. 4. *An Index to the Geology of the Northern States, with a transverse Section from the Catskill Mountains to the Atlantic. Prepared for the Geological Classes at William's College, Massachusetts.* By AMOS EATON, A. M. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 52. Leicester. 1818.

THE modern science of geology has already acquired teachers and students in our own country; it is deemed an essential branch of physical knowledge in Germany, France, Italy, Great Britain, &c. and within a short period, a desire appears to prevail with us to keep pace with them, at least in the knowledge of our own soil. Since the general views of Volney and Maclure were published, many local labours have appeared, among which those of Dr. S. L. Mitchill and Dr. Drake, deserve an exalted station; and now, we have, in the attempt of Mr. Eaton to elucidate the geology of Massachusetts, &c. the results of more than 1000 miles of travels on foot, the real way to observe with attention, and survey minutely. We were acquainted with Mr. E. already as a competent botanist, and he now introduces himself before the public as an attentive geologist. We shall follow him with pleasure in his new capacity, being thoroughly convinced that it is merely by such accurate observations and zealous exertions, that the science of practical geology can be suc-

cessfully cultivated, and attain all the certainty of which it is capable. When accurate observers will spread themselves all over our states, and communicate the result of their researches, the practical benefits likely to arise therefrom, will be more generally felt; then, and only then, general geologists will become enabled to draw true conclusions, and frame lucid theories.

This remark is enforced upon us by the tract which we have undertaken to examine, and which somewhat invalidates the preposterous conclusions of Mr. Maclure, when he asserted that all the New-England states were of primitive formation. Mr. E. has been enabled to ascertain that nearly 18 different varieties of formations exist between Boston and the Catskill mountains, including nearly all the classes of formations. If Mr. Maclure meant to tell us that the primitive formation of granite, gneiss, slate, soapstone, &c. were prevalent in those states, at the surface or at a certain depth, he might perhaps be correct in his assertion, although we might ask him if he doubts

that such a formation exists almost every where at a particular depth?

The successive formations through Massachusetts, &c. appear to underlay each other in the following order of strata, beginning from the surface; 1. Alluvial; 2. Basalt; 3. Rocksalt; 4. Gypsum; 5. Compact limestone; 6. Breccia; 7. Red sandstone; 8. Rubblestone; 9. Graywacke slate; 10. Argillaceous and silicious slate; 11. Metalliferous limestone; 12. Sienite; 13. Calcareous and granular quartz; 14. Soapstone; 15. Micasslate; 16. Gneiss; 17. Granular limestone and quartz; 18. Granite. But they are not always superincumbent on each other, although they never deviate from this numeric alternative stratification, even when many stratas are missing; the granite appears on the surface of the soil near Hinsdale, Chesterfield and Spencer, while it is covered with one or more of the above stratifications every where else. Mr. Eaton has come at this result, by an attentive observation of the successive appearance, and nature of the immediate strata under the soil, in an alternating progress. When, for instance, he has found several successive stratas in the eastern part of the valley of the Connecticut, and then finds them again in an opposite order, west of the river in the same valley, he is led to believe, with the greatest degree of probability, that they extend under the river in a proportionate succession and depth. But we regret that, led too far by the happy result of this discovery, he is induced to suppose, that the strata found east of the Hudson, are carried under it, and under the *Catskill mountains*, although he has not observed their re-appearance beyond them. This amounts, at the most, to a plausible hypothesis, but not even to a probable theory, if we consider that this supposition requires that those strata should extend under our whole continent, as far, perhaps, as the stony mountains in the west; while those fronting the Atlantic, ought to sink under the ocean, and appear again in Europe in the same order, which is not the fact.

This proves the danger of systematising and speculating on insulated facts, what is true in the valley of the Connecticut and near Worcester, must not be extended on either side to Europe and Asia; it is very possible, and even very probable, that many strata belong to local or limited formations, wherefore they may disappear when we should the least expect it. No formation ought to be considered as universal and continued, except the

granitic; and some doubts may be entertained as to the truth of this supposition, notwithstanding the observations that are deemed conclusive.

The value of this pamphlet, does not, however, depend upon the occasional theories assumed, but upon the multitude of local facts, and the attentive study of the soil, in a progression from east to west. The observations of the author deserve to be read and considered by all those who deem a knowledge of our soil important, and they throw much light upon the whole geology of New-England, and even New-York. It appears that nearly one-third of the surface of this section, is composed of an alluvial soil, part of which is river alluvial.

We consider the whole as a good attempt towards the requisite knowledge of the surface of the soil, in the region observed, certainly a better one than Mr. Maclure's in its local capacity; but we presume that many other perambulations and excursions, and much research, are yet requisite, before a complete idea of the soil of New-England can be formed. A section of a base from New-York to Cape Cod, and another across the White Mountains, would be particularly desirable.

According to the remark of our author, a geological section of a country must always be rather a caricature of it, than a correct delineation: if we were to consider in that light his geological section, we should call it a very clever hypothetical caricature: it is, however, preferable to Mr. Maclure's sections of the United States, although both are defective in a different light; this last by carrying the formations perpendicular, as if they radiated from the centre of the earth; while Mr. Eaton's section shows the undulations and progressions of the strata, but often makes them reach a depth to which they are perhaps unknown, or gives them an extension, to which we have no proof that they reach. He divides the different strata, of which the soil of New-England is composed, into five classes, primitive, transition, secondary, superincumbent, and alluvial. We shall say a few words on the second and fourth of his classes. The transition formation, which is borrowed from Werner, is totally illusive in name and application: when transition rocks are crystallized in mass, they belong to the primitive or crystallized formation; when they are deposited in thin layers, or thick continued strata, they belong to the secondary, or deposited formation; when they are composed of

agglomerated fragments, they belong to a subdivision of the same formation which may bear the name of agglomerated. The name of superincumbent rocks is given to the basalt, greenstone, trap and amygdaloid rocks, which belong to the volcanic or emitted formation. We must observe that he is mistaken, when he gives the following definition of volcanic productions, viz. "minerals upon which changes have been wrought by volcanic fires." Since the luminous discoveries of Patrin and Davy on volcanic productions, they must be termed, *minerals chemically emitted and combined*. The emission of water, mud, &c. by igneous volcanoes, the aerial volcanoes or volcanic springs, existing every where, and emitting air, clay, sulphur, hydrogen, &c. with or without heat and fire, the numberless submarine volcanoes, yet existing under the sea, and forming there, when compressed by a great weight of water, stratas of basalt, trap, coal, &c. by means of their smoke, ashes and fluids, are evident proofs of the emitted or volcanic origin of many of the secondary formations; and it would be difficult to prove that all those secondary substances which cannot be held in dissolution in air or water, or formed chemically in the sea and the atmosphere, do not belong to the same volcanic formation.

We shall not attempt to confute the absurd supposition that the strata, now constituting the Catskill Mountains, and the western parts of New-York, once extended to the Atlantic ocean. This speculative hypothesis, ought at least, to be supported by very strong proofs before it is advanced, and we are unacquainted with the power that could remove this chain of mountains, without disturbing the regularity of stratification, upon which this hypothesis is built; while we know very well that similar local causes may produce here and there, detached masses of consimilar substances.

The chain of mountains which divide the waters of the Hudson from those of the Connecticut, are called the *Peru Mountains* by Mr. Eaton; we thought hitherto, that their name was the *Taconic Mountains*, while the *Peru Mountains* are a chain in the state of New-York, west of lake Champlain, where the Hudson takes its rise; we refer those, who may have any doubt on the subject, to Spafford's Gazetteer of New-York, and beg leave to ask who is in the wrong, Mr. Spafford or Mr. Eaton?

We regret that the premature geological speculations of Mr. Eaton, should have

induced him to add to his valuable details of facts, an appendix under the title of *Conjectures respecting the Formation of the Earth*. It is in reality the common, but deplorable propensity of all geological writers, to deduce and assume some theoretical hypothesis, as soon as they have observed or collected a few facts, changing thereby geology into geogony, which are two different sciences altogether. The former describes the earth as it is, and no one will venture to deny its conclusions, since they arise from facts and existing causes, while geogony describes the earth as it was, or rather as it is supposed to have been, at different periods, or attempting still more, ventures to assert what it may yet become; when the speculations of geogony are deduced from history, records, data, remains, analogies, and phenomena, they become a sort of geological history; but all those which emanate from suppositions, conjectures, fictions, presumptions, probabilities and plausible causes, are at best but ingenious dreams, particularly when they attempt to embrace the origin and the end of our globe. Such are in part, the features of the conjectures before us: being not even modelled from the actual knowledge of the various parts of the globe, neglecting more or less the enlarged views, which late discoveries have revealed, the immense strata and mountains of organic formation scattered every where, and even under other formations, the various volcanic formations covering one third of the known soil, the numberless anomalies through the strata, their different succession, arrangement and configuration in different parts, and a variety of other important considerations; and they speak, instead of a primordial chaotic mortar, of an internal heat of the earth lifting up the granite, of an antediluvian continent, which has sunk and disappeared, &c. mere conjectures indeed, since they may be so easily denominated, when we attend to the actual phenomena and formations going on before our eyes. In the present improved state of chemical knowledge, from which our age has received the appellation of the age of chemical philosophy, every former conjectural theory must shrink before the chemical theory of the formation of the earth, until another improvement of philosophical knowledge, or till new discoveries shall compel us to lay it aside, for something apparently better, or nearer to truth, according as our perceptions shall permit us to conceive it.

However, when Mr. E. states physical

or historical data, such as the deviation of the pendulum, the progressive succession of organized beings, the late comparative period of human existence, &c. we find him in the true line of logical geogony. When he attempts to show that the geogony of Moses and his account of the flood, do not in the least contradict the facts which experience has revealed, when he proves that the days of the creation have been periods of time, as many learned divines have asserted, and every geogonist believes; we find him engaged in a desirable act of conciliation between science and religion;

which, those who may happen to be acquainted with the late radical Hebrew translation of the first chapters of Genesis, by the learned Olivet, may improve into a demonstration, against those who hold the doctrine of their literal translation and explanation. The prejudices which ignorance or sectarian tenets, had thrown over geological studies, as soon as they became involved or blended with geogony, may thereby, we trust, subside entirely; their removal is certainly desirable, and cannot fail to become acceptable to all the friends of mental union and peace.

C. S. R.

ART. 5. *Women; or, Pour et Contre. A Tale. By the Author of "Bertram,"*
 &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 492. New-York. Kirk & Mercein.

WITH our opinion of the former writings of the Rev. Mr. Maturin, our readers are already acquainted. It was with no little satisfaction that we read the preface to these volumes, in which the author acknowledges the mistaken taste which prompted his previous prose productions, and professes his willingness to rest the merits of this tale, which, he admonishes us, contains few characters and incidents, upon the comparative probability of these, and the closer resemblance to real life of those. Encouraged by so candid an avowal of past errors, and such fair promise of amendment, we ventured upon the perusal of this novel—and much we regret to say, that we have found it one of the most extravagant absurdities, which the teeming imagination of the reverend author has given birth to. We speak of it as a whole—for in the midst of a mass of folly, there are irresistible evidences of genius,—bursts of eloquence—images highly impressive and poetical—and able and lucid arguments; and some of the minor characters are drawn with fidelity from nice and discriminating observation. But the story—we hardly know how to tell it with gravity, melancholy as it is. We will, however, make the effort.

The hero, Charles De Courcy, an orphan, and heir to a large fortune, is introduced to us, at the age of *seventeen*, on his way to Dublin, to enter himself at the university. Just before he reached the city, the stage-coach broke down. It was evening, but he resolved to walk the few miles which yet remained of his journey. He was alone, and as he crossed the canal bridge, he heard the cries of a female in distress. At this moment a

post-chaise drove past him. He imagined the shrieks to proceed from it, and instantly set off in pursuit, on foot. The stumbling of one of the horses enabled him to overtake it. He found his conjecture right, and attempted to rescue the damsel, but was repulsed by the outriders. The driver phied his horses effectually with the lash; and the equipage was soon out of sight. Nevertheless, De Courcy followed, and by inquiry traced it to a lone hut. The coach had disappeared—but he boldly entered the cabin, where he found no one but a strange figure of a woman, as mad and as ominous as Meg Merilies. Convinced that this was not the object of his search, he penetrated into an interior apartment, where he saw stretched on a pallet, a delicate female form, apparently lifeless. He immediately raised her in his arms, and *maugre* the maledictions and resistance of the maniac, bore her off in triumph; and after running some mile or two, with the lovely burthen, gained a place of safety—and sent to Dublin for a chaise. Mr. Wentworth, the uncle of the redeemed fair one, who had now recovered her recollection, met De Courcy's messenger—brought him back, and took De Courcy and his niece to town. He was a very solemn, formal personage, and hardly condescended to thank our hero for his prowess, much less did he invite him to his house. De Courcy's wonderful exertions very naturally brought on a fever, and fever superinduced delirium, and delirium obliterated from his mind every remembrance of the occurrences of this eventful evening, save a vague impression of the beauteous unknown. Whilst convalescent, however, he accompanied

Montgomery, the friend who had watched over him in his illness, to a Presbyterian church, where his pallid appearance attracted the attention of a pious lady, who kindly gave him a seat in her pew. This lady proved to be Mrs. Wentworth, and in a sweet little girl of about fourteen, he discovered his *inamorata*. On this recognition, he was invited to Mr. Wentworth's house. Here he ever found assembled professors of evangelical religion, in the mysteries of which, Mr. Wentworth was profoundly versed, and on which he was delighted to descant. Disputation and prayer, alternately occupied the host and his guests, and poor De Courcy had no enjoyment, but in looking wishfully at Eva, with rarely an opportunity of addressing to her the most indifferent discourse. This tantalizing intercourse he could not long endure. He had imparted his secret attachment to no one—but it preyed upon his health. He fell into another fever, and again became delirious. In his ravings, he betrayed the latent cause of his malady. The watchful Montgomery communicated it to his guardian, who, touched with the condition of his ward, made immediate overtures, in his behalf, to Mr. Wentworth. The unregenerate state of De Courcy, formed in the minds of Mr. Wentworth, and his amiable wife, an almost insuperable objection to his proposals—but the eligibility of the match, in a worldly point of view, weighed with the former, and the attachment of the parties with the latter, to induce them to allow De Courcy's visits as the acknowledged suitor of Eva. Mr. Wentworth indulged, too, a hope of converting him by his logical powers—at any rate he would have a pretext for exercising them. But De Courcy proved a refractory pupil, and far from improving by the godly conversation of Mr. Wentworth, became daily more disgusted, with what he deemed, the cant of orthodoxy. He was dissatisfied too, that he could not elicit from Eva, demonstrations of the same wild passion which consumed him. Her placid and equable manner, seemed to him frigid; and though he was occasionally refreshed with a smile, he could not content himself with so infrequent and so unsubstantial a condescension. Whilst he was thus lingering out his period of probation, a Madame Dalmatiani was announced to make her appearance on the Dublin boards. This lady was an absolute prodigy. Her personal beauty was dazzling, her talents were transcendent, her vocal powers unrivalled,—her *pathos*

was irresistible—in short, she was a second Corinne. All the fashionables of Dublin were emulous of the intimacy of Madame Dalmatiani, whose income enabled her to maintain a style, equal to that of the proudest of the nobility. De Courcy was overcome by her charms, and sought and obtained admission to her society. At her house, all the literati of the metropolis were assiduous in their attendance, and vied with each other in deference to her superiority. Her knowledge was not confined to a perfect acquaintance with the modern languages and modern philosophy, she had possessed herself of all the hoards of classic lore. At the first *conversations*, at which our hero was present, we find her drawing a comparison between “the Orestes in the Eumenides of Eschylus, and Shakespeare's Hamlet.” To cap the climax, De Courcy begins to quote Schlegel on the drama, and adds “the remark of an English critic, that the characters of Electra and Hamlet, bear a closer resemblance to each other than any that the ancient and modern drama furnish.” De Courcy spoke in French too, and by the purity of his language, and propriety of his pronunciation, drew the attention of the wonderful Italian,—whom we must henceforth designate by the name of Zaira. His beauty and talents made not a less vivid impression upon her, than had her's on him. We cannot describe minutely all the gradations and fluctuations of sentiment, through which the lovers passed—suffice it to say, that De Courcy abandoned Eva, and followed Zaira to the continent. But Zaira had not sufficient confidence in the stability of his affection, to yield to his wishes, and unite her fate with his. They met in Paris, and visited in the same societies. Her caution was not superfluous. No sooner was De Courcy seen in the Parisian circles, than he was admired; and vanity soon stifled every tender sentiment in his bosom. He became tired of his situation. The charms of Zaira's conversation no longer rivetted him. His attention was caught by every lure that was thrown out by rival *belles*, to ensnare him. In this state of vacillation and listlessness, he learns from Montgomery, who happens opportunely to arrive in Paris, that his barbarity has driven Eva to the verge of the grave. The compunctious visitings of conscience, bring on another fever and a new fit of insanity. He recovers, deserts Zaira, and returns to Ireland. Zaira grows delirious, and determines on suicide,—but at last, in obe-

dience to a supernatural impulse, follows the footsteps of De Courcy. On his arrival, our hero learns that the condition of Eva is desperate indeed. He writes her a penitent letter, which she receives, and which revives in her feelings she had hoped for ever to have laid at rest. She had essayed to devote her heart to God, and she shrinks from the idea of admitting an unworthy mortal to share in her affections. She resolutely declines seeing him; and he is brought into a state as hopeless as her own. We had forgotten to mention that the old hag, in whose hut De Courcy had first found Eva, had frequently afterwards crossed his path, and uttered her malisons upon him and Zaira. After her return, Zaira kept herself secluded, but secretly indulged herself with the distant view of De Courcy, as he rambled through the streets of Dublin. Retracing her way to her villa, one evening, a shower forced her to take refuge in a hovel by the road side. In a corner of this miserable habitation, she descried the maniac who had so often persecuted her. The poor creature was dying; and in this hour, her reason revisited her. She disclosed herself to Zaira, as her mother. Zaira was the illegitimate child of a man of fortune, in Ireland, who had educated her with the greatest pains, and designed her to inherit his fortune. But he was an infidel, and had discarded the mother of his child, on account of her bigotry. Having failed to impress Zaira with any sound principles, she yielded to her inclinations, and secretly married Fioretti, her instructor in music. Circumstances at last compelled a disclosure of the connexion. Her father banished her from his presence. Fioretti showed himself a base and mercenary wretch. On the birth of Zaira's child, he took it from her, and she could never learn its fate. Fioretti carried his wife to Italy, and resolved to turn her accomplishments to account, brought her forward on the stage. He soon died, but Zaira pursued her profession till she had acquired a fortune. She now learned from the lips of her dying mother, that her child lived—and was Eva Wentworth! Zaira only waited to close her parent's eyes, and hurried to Mr. Wentworth's. She came too late—Eva had just breathed her last. She reproached herself as her daughter's murderer. Zaira and De Courcy attended the funeral of Eva, as the principal mourners—but without an interchange of recognition. On the evening of the next day, Montgomery delivered to De Courcy the ring which was his first present to

Eva, and which she had bequeathed to him as a token of reconciliation.

"De Courcy took the ring, and pressed it to his pale lips. Encouraged by the permission to speak to him, Montgomery pressed him to recline on the sofa, and try to get some rest. De Courcy lay down—slept—and awoke no more. As Montgomery beheld the calmness of his exquisite features, he 'trusted his soul had gotten grace.' He was interested near Eva, for Montgomery knew the wish of his heart, though death had prevented his uttering it. On his gravestone was this simple line:—

CHARLES DE COURCY.

Obiit Mense Novembris, anno Domini, 1814.

Ætatis sue 19."

Eva was not sixteen when she died.

Zaira we are told still lives, a monument of misery.

Comment on such a tale, seems superfluous. It is too tragi-farcical for deliberate criticism.

That our readers may be enabled to judge as well of Mr. Maturin's powers of description, as of the perfections of his heroines and hero, we will select a portrait of each of them.

It will be recollected that De Courcy accidentally recognized Eva at church.

"As he leaned near her, the young female, with that liberty which seems to inspire confidence, but not to express it, offered him her hymn-book, and pointing with her white finger to the page, pursued her sacred song with as little emotion as if her sister held the other leaf. De Courcy bent over the book, which was so small that their hands almost touched each other; his eyes, fixed on the white fairy fingers so near, wandered over the lines without distinguishing them;—that thrilling voice so close to him, those tones that seemed to turn the very air into music, gave him sensations of delight, such as Milton felt, when he said, '*Intremuit lato fœcra terra sono.*' He did not wish for some moments to catch a glimpse of her face—he felt as if the present moments were to last forever—as if the sounds which he then heard were never to cease. It was only at the conclusion of the hymn (when the lady attempted to withdraw the book, which he still held unconsciously, looked up with a slight expression of surprise) that he beheld a countenance which gleamed on him like a vision of the past. The ringlets of pale gold, curling like the untutored locks of childhood, falling over her cheek, like the shade of brilliant foliage over a bed of blossoms; the eyes of heaven's own blue, in which every feeling of the pure heart was written, and not a feeling that might not be avowed to men and angels; the lips, over whose young

roses no breath but of devotion had ever sighed; her whole aspect reflecting the mild glory of that holy harmony, whose last notes trembled on her half-open lips, and her glance so suddenly raised, so suddenly withdrawn,—he recognised all—it was herself—the very female he had saved—she evidently did not know him,—he was much altered by his illness, and this was the first time he thought or felt he was. He still continued to gaze on her, as we watch the sleep of a beautiful infant, delighted with its calm unconscious beauty, and feeling that when it awakes it will turn to us with looks of love."

He first saw Madame Dalmatiani, or Zaira, as she chose to be called, at the theatre.

"The performance on this night was a succession of scenes from the most distinguished Italian operas. The house was crowded, and the overture just over as they entered. A brilliant audience, lights, music, and the murmur of delighted expectation, prepared Charles for a far different object from Eva. What a contrast in the very introduction, between the dark habits, pale lights, solemn music, and awful language of a conventicle, and the gayety and splendour of a theatre! He felt already disposed to look with delight on one who was so brightly harbingered, though it was amid a scene so different his first impressions of passion had been received and felt. The curtain rose, and a few moments after Madame Dalmatiani entered: she rushed so rapidly on the stage, and burst with such an overwhelming cataract of sound on the ear, in a bevure that seemed composed apparently not to task, but to defy the human voice, that all eyes were dazzled, and all ears stunned; and several minutes elapsed before a thunder of applause testified the astonishment from which the audience appeared scarcely then to respire. She was in the character of a princess, alternately reproaching and supplicating a tyrant for the fate of her lover; and such was her perfect self-possession, or rather the force with which she entered into the character, that she no more noticed the applauses that thundered round her, than if she had been the individual she represented; and such was the illusion of her figure, her costume, her voice, and her attitudes, that in a few moments the inspiration with which she was agitated was communicated to every spectator. The sublime and sculpture-like perfection of her form, the classical, yet unstudied undulation of her attitudes, almost conveying the idea of a sybil, or a prophetess, under the force of ancient inspiration, the resplendent and almost overpowering lustre of her beauty, her sun-like eyes, her snowy arms, her drapery blazing with diamonds, yet falling round her figure in folds as light as if the sephyras had flung it there, and delighted to sport among its wavings; her imperial loveliness, at once at-

tractive and commanding, and her voice developing all that nature could give, or art could teach, maddening the ignorant with the discovery of a new sense, and daring the scientific beyond the bounds of expectation or of experience, mocking their amazement, and leaving the ear breathless. All these burst at once on Charles, whose heart, and senses, and mind, reeled in intoxication, and felt pleasure annihilated by its own excess."

Now for a picture of the *nonpareil* De Courcy—this Adonis, Apollo, and Hercules of *eighteen*. We have it in a letter from M. de Viosmenil to Madame St. Maure, the bosom friend and *confidante* of Zaira.

"Well—my beloved Delphine, I have seen your friends; your friend rather I should say, for you have not seen M. De Courcy. I have seen him, and have half forgiven Zaira. I have studied him, and trembled for her. He is the most perfect human form I ever beheld; nothing like him has ever trod the earth; and the gentleness of his manners makes a contrast almost ludicrous with his gigantic stature and commanding presence. His manners are singular, a mixture of diffidence and enthusiasm altogether incredible, totally *un-Parisian*—destitute of *our inimitable ease*, and borrowing their chiefest charm from that destitution. This stranger enslaves us, by fighting with weapons unknown to us before. He blushes like a girl, frolics like a boy, talks like a man, and looks like a hero. He is a man, in the language of that inimitable poet you taught me to read—

'Who could win woman's heart, ruin and leave her.'

"Believe me, it is this class of men, so seductive from their softness, who are the destruction of women; that very gentleness and flexibility that lends its dangerous charm to their manners, extends its influence to their character, and the idol of yesterday is trod into dust, while they rush to offer their worship to the deity of to-morrow over their fragments."

We have not patience to copy any more of this ridiculous stuff.

But laying aside the plot, and the principal personages in the piece, we may find some amusement in the by-play. Mr. Maturin has exercised his wit chiefly at the expense of that class of religious people, who in Ireland assume the exclusive title of *Evangelical*. We have already mentioned that Mr. Wentworth's house was a great resort of this sort of people, Mr. W. being a man of wealth, keeping a hospitable board, and withal having a strong *penchant* for theological controversy,—which he justified himself in, by what he deemed a very apposite quotation from

scripture; *Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.* The following is an account given of De Courcy's first visit in this family.

"The next day he dined at Dominick-street, and found that Mrs. Wentworth's qualifying manner was not without a meaning, for he was introduced to a class of society whom he had never before met with. A large evangelical party dined at the house, (for the evangelical people remunerate themselves for renouncing the mixed assemblies of the world by frequent meetings among themselves,) and the men and women were unlike any men and women De Courcy had ever encountered before. The women all dressed with the utmost simplicity, with absolute plainness, arms covered to the wrists, and necks to the ears: no distinction of appearance between maid and matron, except that the former wore their hair very simply arranged; and the latter, however young, had their heads invariably covered. The men—they neither paid the general attention to women that is usual in mixed companies, nor separated in groups to talk of politics; they sat apart 'on their chairs sublime, in thought more elevate, and reasoned high.' De Courcy heard terms used by them, some of which he did not understand, and others which he did, he thought quite unfit for loose and general discussion. He felt himself quite disconsolate; and approaching a gentleman who stood leaning against one of the windows, he ventured a few observations on the position of the allied armies, then sufficiently interesting and critical, for it was in the close of the eventful year 1813.

"'Very true sir,' said the gentleman, with a contraction of countenance that appeared to De Courcy quite pantomimic, 'very true; you are speaking of the downfall of the power of Buonaparte, but have you ever thought of the means of overthrowing the power of satan, and extending the kingdom of Christ?'

"Dinner was announced at the end of this triumphant sentence—the party mixed—the dinner was excellent, but without parade; the first course contained the substance of two or three more splendid but less substantial. De Courcy remarked particularly the man who had rebutted him just as they went down to dinner. He was tall, but very ungraceful; a strange consciousness of importance mingled itself most unaccountably with his coarse figure and awkward manners; his hair was red; his eye small, but keen and piercing; his voice powerful, but not melodious; most repulsively softened when he addressed females, to whom, however, he paid obvious attention. He never spoke but on one subject; and on that his eloquence was overpowering, and his information profound, but it was only on one side: he was a sturdy orthodox Calvinist, skilful in argument, vehement in decla-

mation, and amply equipped with weapons from the old armoury of Geneva, well furnished by modern artists, which he wielded with equal force and dexterity. But his manners, his habits of disputation, and even his pulpit oratory, powerful as it was, were strongly tinged with the original vulgarity of his origin and nature.

"He was the son of a poor labourer, the tenant of a wealthy gentleman in Cork, whose wife was evangelical; she instructed the children of her husband's tenants in her own system; her husband gave her no disturbance; he followed his fox-hounds all day, and damned his wife's methodism over his claret all night. The good lady went her own way, and discovering in this bad, maugre his fierce red hair and bare broad feet, evident marks of his being 'a growlag and gracious character;' and astonished at the fluency and eloquence with which he repeated his acquired creed, and gave the word of exhortation to his ragged family, wandering round the mud-walls of his native cabin, and exhorted the old women, (who, gossiping, squabbling, and even drinking forty yards distant from the chapel door, fell on their knees in the mire at the tinkling of the bell which announced the elevation of the Host,) to turn from the error of their ways, and seek the Lord. She proposed a subscription among her friends to enable him to enter the university, and be qualified 'to minister at the altar.

"The subscription went on zealously, and young Macowen entered college; but when once there, his *vices*, as they were called, expanded so rapidly, that no church Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, had the good fortune precisely to suit his sentiments in orthodoxy of system, or purity of discipline. Thus he moved a splendid and erratick meteor, shedding his light on the churches as he passed, but defying them all to calculate his orbit, or ascertain his direction. In the mean time, it had been suggested to him that many evangelical females, of large fortune, would not be unwilling to share his fate. This hint, often repeated and readily believed, threw a most odious suavity into his manner; his overblown vulgar courtesy was like the flowers of the poppy, all glare and stench. Under these circumstances, he had become the intimate of the Wentworth family; and from the moment he beheld Eva, his feelings were what he could not describe, and would not account for even to himself, but what he was determined implicitly to follow. His system took part with his inclinations, and in a short time he believed it a duty to impress her with the conviction that her salvation must depend on her being united with him. When a perverted conscience is in league with the passions, their joint influence is irresistible.

"There is, among the evangelical people, an establishment something like the Court of Wards, abolished under James the

first; a determination to dispose of wealthy unmarried females to distinguished professors or preachers, who are not equally favoured by fortune, and the families of the former conceive themselves not only honoured, but benefitted by the exchange. Thus the evangelical system is rapidly assuming the aspect of the papal, and, by the union of intellectual influence with actual wealth, bids fair to rival it in power as well as in pretensions. On this Macowen relied much, and, strange to say, on his personal advantages still more.

"The dinner went on; the men and women, seated alternately, spoke of their popular preachers, and of popular works of evangelical divinity, and of eloquent speeches made at the meetings of the Bible Society, and of the diffusion of the gospel throughout Ireland; and they uttered sundry strictures on the parochial clergy, who opposed the circulation of evangelical tracts, with many a by-blow at the contrast between the Calvinistic articles of the church of England, and the Arminian creed of her modern sons.

"Such was the conversation: and when the women retired, it was not a whit more enlarged. One man talked incessantly of the 'election of grace;' his mind literally seemed not to have room for another idea; every sentence, if it did not begin, ended with the same phrase, and every subject only furnished matter for its introduction. Dr. Thorpe's last sermon at Bethesda was spoken of in terms of high and merited panegyric.

"Very true," said he; "but a—a—Did you think there was enough of election in it?"

"A late work of the same author (his clever pamphlet on the Catholic petition) was mentioned.

"But does he say any thing of election in it?"

"There was no opportunity," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Then he should have made one—Ah, I would give very little for a book that did not assert the election of grace!"

"Once seated in his election-saddle, he posted on with alarming speed, and ended with declaring, that Elisha Coles, on God's Sovereignty, was worth all the divinity that ever was written. 'I have a large collection of the works of godly writers,' said he, turning to De Courcy, 'but not one work that ever was, would I resign for that of Elisha Coles.'

"Won't you except the Bible?" said De Courcy, smiling.

"Oh, yes—the Bible—ay, to be sure, the Bible," said the discomfited champion of election; "but still you know"—and he continued to mutter something about Elisha Coles, on God's Sovereignty.

"Another, who never stopped talking, appeared to De Courcy a complete evangeli-

cal time-keeper;—the same ceaseless ticking sound;—the same vacillating motion of the head and body; and his whole conversation turning on the various lengths of the sermons he had heard, of which, it appeared, he was in the habit of listening to four every Sunday.

"Mr. Matthias preached exactly forty-eight minutes. I was at Mr. Cooper's exhortation at Plunket-street in the evening, and it was precisely fifty-three minutes."

"And how many seconds?" said Mrs. Wentworth smiling, for she felt the ridicule of this.

"Close to De Courcy were two very young men, who were comparing the respective progress they had made in the conversion of some of their relations. They spoke on this subject with a familiarity that certainly made De Courcy start.

"My aunt is almost entirely converted," said one. "She never goes to church now, though she never missed early prayers at St. Thomas's for forty years before. Now," with a strange tone of triumph, "now is your sister converted as much as that?"

"Yes—yes—she is," answered the other, eagerly; "for she burned her week's preparation yesterday, and my mother's too along with it."

After De Courcy was admitted on a more familiar footing, and for the avowed purpose of paying his court to Eva, he still experienced what he considered vexatious interruptions.

"Every morning, though a constant visitor, he felt like a stranger to himself and those around him; the house was filled with religious persons of various denominations; all met for the purpose of controversy or devotion, or both; and, after the protracted and luxurious breakfast, the signal for battle was generally given by some spiritual leader. Predestination or Perseverance sounded their tocsin in the ear of some jealous and startled Arminian, the conflict commenced, and they would talk,—Good gods, how they would talk!—till their minds, inflamed with the fiercest passion, and their tongues on fire with the most terrible anathemas, and scarce hiding their abhorrence of persons under a denunciation of principles, almost dooming each other to eternal torment, while they affected to supplicate the Divine Mercy on the professors of imputed error; on another signal given, they would sink on their knees together, but still continue the warfare under the shelter of an address to the Deity, by appealing to him for the defence of his own truth, and imploring him with that kind of charitable malignity peculiar to religious people, to turn their erring brethren from darkness to light, to give them the 'heart of flesh for the heart of stone,' &c. &c. &c. Such was the morning, and such was the evening too; and the evening and the morn-

ing that made the first day, made every other also."

After the commencement of his acquaintance with Zaira, De Courcy had for some days forsaken the Wentworths. Montgomery, in the anxiety of friendship, contrived one morning, to drag him away from the fascinating actress, to visit the gentle, unrepining Eva.

"They arrived at Wentworth's: now it seemed to be Eva's fate, that, just at this period, her uncle's house, society, every light under which she could be beheld, every association connected with her image, should be particularly and pre-eminently repulsive. Macowen was there every day, and all day long, defining, disputing, dogmatizing, hair-splitting, and excommunicating—the absolute pope of the parlour-conclave. His hearers, dazzled by his oratory, stunned by his volubility, proud of his reputation, afraid of his virulence, would hardly have denied that a crust was a shoulder of mutton, if it had so pleased lord Peter to call it. It was ludicrous to hear these people, the moment they were allowed to speak, (and that was not often,) break out into exclamations against those who suffered themselves to be led by worldly teachers; or, as Macowen expressed it, suffered themselves to be harnessed to the old lumbering state-coach of the hierarchy, that they might drag it over rough and smooth, under the lash of tithe-men and proctors, bedizened with the faded trappings of lifeless ordinances and beggarly elements.

"This day, however, he was resolved that more than admirers should witness his triumph; he announced that he had lately been engaged in the conversion of one who had nearly been brought to *see the error of his way*, and whom he had invited to meet him at Mr. Wentworth's, that he might 'produce his strong reasons' before the godly friends who were assembled there. Mr. Wentworth was just expressing his satisfaction, that his house was chosen for the assembling of the saints, and, with twinkling eyes, erect figure, fluttered handkerchief, prelusive hems, and oscillating motion in his chair, was speaking, as plain as attitudes could speak, his agitation of delight at the expected controversy, when a loud rap was heard at the door. The party sat hushed in grim repose. 'He is but a babe in grace,' said Macowen, with a preparatory leer of conciliation at the company, 'he is but a babe, and must be fed with milk.'

"The door was thrown open—enter the babe—a man turned of fifty, six feet two inches high, broad, and bulky in proportion, with an atrabilious complexion, a voice of thunder, and a tread that shook the room. The contrast was unspeakably ridiculous. 'Babe!' murmured De Courcy; 'Babe!' echoed Montgomery, and both had some difficulty in subduing their rebellious mus-

cles to the placid stagnation that overspread the faces around them. But the calm was of short continuance. This Quinbus Flestrin, this man-mountain of a catechumen, came not to sit with lowly docility at the feet of his teachers, but to prove that he was able to teach them. If he was a babe, as De Courcy said, 'techy and wayward was his infancy;' no ill-nursed, ill-tempered, captious, squalling brat, was ever a greater terror and torment in the nursery. He resisted, he retorted, he evaded, he parried, he contradicted, carped, and 'cavilled on the ninth part of a hair.'

"Macowen lost his ground; then he lost his breath; then he lost his temper; scintillating eyes, quivering lips, and streaks of stormy red marking their brown cheeks, gave signal of fierce debate. All the weapons of fleshly warfare were soon drawn in the combat, and certain words that would have led to a different termination of the dispute among men of this world, passed quick and high between them. Struck with shame, they paused—a dreary pause of sullen anger and reluctant shame. 'Now, shan't we have a word of prayer,' said Mr. Wentworth, who had been watching them with as much deliberate enjoyment as an ancient Roman would a spectacle of gladiators."

On another similar occasion, circumstances were equally inauspicious to Montgomery's benevolent intentions.

"They called in Sackville-street, and then went on to Wentworth's. The fates seemed to have picked out the society that morning with *malice prepense*. Breakfast was half over, but Wentworth, Macowen, and the Babe, were all steeped in controversy to the very lips. The muffins had been swallowed wholesale, the eggs scarcely tasted, (though Macowen was a very good judge of eggs,) and the tea drank scalding hot, in the rage of debate, and still it raged. Mrs. Wentworth sat at her knitting, at safe distance from the field of battle, and Eva poured out cup after cup in silence. Macowen had been pressing the new convert for a test of his faith; for he had no idea of a man's having any religion unless he could specify it under a particular denomination, and signify his creed by a kind of free-masonic sign, technical and decisive. This the convert refused, it seems; and as the young men came in, he was bellowing, with a cup of tea in his hand, which he was spilling in the trepidation of his rage,—'No, sir—no, sir—never, never. I will neither be Catholic or Protestant, Arminian or Calvinist.'

"*'Don't put Arminian first,'* said Mr. Wentworth.

"He went on.—Neither Trinitarian or Arian—neither Universalist or Particularist. No sir—sir, I will be a Christian.—Yes, I will be a Christian, (foaming with passion,) I will—I will be a Christian.' And his voice was

ally a roar, and he thumped the table in fury of his vociferation, and the easiness of his orthodoxy."

the second volume we have a long comment on the existence of a deity, in which the advocate of atheism is permitted to triumph over the feeble reasoning of Zaira, who was equally ignorant of the sciences of religion, and of the power of faith. We have no room for an extract from so unprofitable a discussion. There is, however, a moral to be deduced from it, for it was the miserable sophistry of Cardonnean, that drove Zaira to the desperate resolution of committing self-murder.

After all the jeers at evangelical religion, we are hardly prepared for so edifying a scene, as is exhibited by Eva on her death bed. There is, however, even in this, an occasional gird at the orthodox.

"Her dissolution was now obviously near; she rose no more from her bed, but her countenance became gradually more celestial; a faint but lovely tinge overspread the cheek it had long deserted; her eyes had a light beyond the brightness of mortality, they did 'comfort and not burn.' Her evangelical friends were much in her apartment; this is customary, and, when practicable, from the state and habits of the invalid, is undoubtedly a solemn and edifying spectacle. But it had somewhat too much publicity for Eva. One night, after there had been prayers and hymn-singing in her room, and each, departing, had solemnly wished her peace, she said to Mrs. Wentworth, 'When I am dying, do not let the preachers be about me: let me die in private; death is too solemn a thing for witnesses. They might, perhaps, press me on some points, which I could not then answer clearly; and the failure of my intellects, the natural decline of strength, might be mistaken for 'unsoundness in the faith.' They are fond of proposing tests at such a time; it is no time to answer nice questions; one must enjoy their religion then, not define it. If my testimony could be offered up, I would offer it in the presence of the assembled world; but God needs no such witness to his truth. The curtains of a death-bed should be closed—let mine be so, my dearest aunt. Shall I confess the truth to you? I think there is something too public in the printed accounts of the deaths of evangelical persons. I do not wish to be surrounded by preachers and persons calling on me to witness the truth, when I have no longer a breath to heave in witness of it. Oh, no, there is something too theatrical in that—and I," said Eva, wiping the drops from her streaming forehead, and forcing a ghastly smile—"I have suffered too much by the theatre."

"At these words, Wentworth, who was in
VOL. III.—No. III.

24

the room, came forward. He could not bear that a *niece of his*, brought up in the very strictest sect of evangelical religion, should thus depart without leaving a memorable article for the obituary of an Evangelical Magazine. He had expected this, at least, from her. He had (unconsciously in his own mind) dramatized her whole dying scene, and made a valuable addition to the testimony of those who die in all the orthodoxy of genuine Calvinism.

"My dear Eva," said he, approaching her bed, and softening his voice to its softest tones, "I trust that I am not to discover in your last words a failure from the faith, for which the saints are desired to contend earnestly, and to resist even unto blood. I trust that your approach to the valley of the shadow of death does not darken your view of the *five points*, those immutable foundations on which the gospel rests, namely,—and Wentworth began reckoning on his fingers—Mrs. Wentworth in vain made signs to him—he went on as far as *Persistence*, when Eva, lifting her wasted hand, he became involuntarily silent.

"My dear uncle," said the dying Christian; "the language of man is as 'the dust of the balance' to me now. Reality, reality is dealing with me. I am on the verge of the grave, and all the wretched distinctions that have kept men at war for centuries seem to me as nothing. I know that 'salvation is of grace through faith,' and, knowing that, I am satisfied. Oh, my dear uncle, I am fast approaching that place where there is neither 'Jew or Greek, Barbarian or Scythian, bondman or free, but Christ is all, and in all.' Speak no more of points, which I cannot understand; but feel with me that the religion of Christ is a religion of the soul—that its various denominations (which I have heard so often discussed, and with so little profit,) are of light avail, compared with its vital predominance over our hearts and lives. I call," said she, collecting her hollow voice to utter the words strongly.—"I call two awful witnesses to my appeal—the hour of death and the day of judgment—they are witnesses against all the souls that live. Oh, my dear, dear uncle, how will you stand their testimony? You have heard much of the language of religion, but I fear you have yet to learn its power." She paused; for dim as her eyes were hourly growing, she could see the tears running fast down Wentworth's rugged cheeks. His wife led him from the room. The mercy of God visited him even at the seventh hour, and we are rejoiced to relate that the labourer is (though called so late) in expectation of receiving the same reward as those who bore the burden and heat of the day. Mrs. Wentworth returned, to pass the night beside the bed of death. Eva said to her at intervals that night, "Do not let the weakness of my dying frame, or even the wandering of my intellect, (if I should wander) induce you to think that God has deserted

me, that I have not an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. The body may fail, the workings of the soul are invisible, but I feel that the everlasting arms are under me, though I may not always be able to express my feeling. Remember this, when I am no longer able to utter it; and let the thought that this was my declaration, while yet the power of speech remained, be your consolation.' At another she said, 'Death is a very different thing from what we read of in Evangelical Magazines. I have read of many who departed in triumph, who exclaimed continually, 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?' whose spirits were almost glorified while yet in the flesh. I feel none of this—no ecstasy, no enthusiasm. Death is an awful thing: how awful, none but the dying can tell—I tremble, but I hope; triumph becomes not a dying sinner, who casts herself with fearful confidence on the mercy of God. The waters of Jordan are cold to the foot of the passenger, but God will be with me there, and the waters shall be a wall on the right hand and on the left.' Towards morning she slept, and Mrs. Wentworth approached nearer the bed, to watch her countenance; she wished to accustom herself to the change produced by sleep so closely resembling that which must soon be produced by death. When she awoke, a female friend who had sat up along with Mrs. Wentworth inquired how she found herself? She answered, 'Perfectly calm.'

"It was explained, that the question referred to her bodily feelings; her answer was given with more than usual strength of tone. 'I am so little accustomed to think of my bodily feelings that when I hear the inqui-

ries of a friend, I can only conceive that they mean, 'how my soul is faring?' A few moments after, she said to Mrs. Wentworth, 'I die a monument of the power of religion. What could the whole world do for me as I lie this moment? could it restore my withered youth, or heal my broken heart? could it suggest a single hope to brighten the dark road I am about to travel? Oh what a difference between the powers of this world, and the powers of the world to come! Men might pity me, but never could imagine that they are objects of pity to me. My feet stand on the threshold of the house of many mansions, and worlds could not bribe me to look back for a moment; and this the religion of Christ has done for me. Oh how little consolation could I derive at a moment like this from 'gay religions, full of pomp and gold'—from a religion that promised nothing but temporal power or splendour to its professors—from any religion but that of the heart and of grief? Amid the darkness of my earthly prospects, the cross brightens by the contrast. I lie here a helpless dying wretch; the world views me, and passes by on the other side; but he, the divine Samaritan, had pity on me, and the wounds of my spirit are healed."

The scene is protracted to such a length, that we must be excused from going through with it. In fact, we are very glad to take our leave, here, of a book, which hardly deserves the consideration we have bestowed upon it. It is some consolation to be assured by Mr. Maturin, that this is the last time, that he will trespass, in this way, on the public. E.

ART. 6. *Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff. Written by himself, at different intervals, and Revised in 1814. Published by his Son, RICHARD WATSON, L.L.B. Prebendary of Landaff and Wells. 8vo. pp. 456. Philadelphia. Abraham Small. New-York. Kirk & Mercein.*

THE Christian world has not yet ceased to deplore its recent loss in the death of Dr. Watson, the celebrated Bishop of Landaff,—whose talents and piety have acquired for him a more honourable distinction, than the possession of any mitre could confer. The memory of this patriarch prelate is so generally and justly revered, as well in this country as in England, that any authentic sketch of his life could hardly have failed to be well received by those who have long been accustomed to venerate his learning and his virtues. Happily the task of compiling his biography was not left to incompetent hands. Less than two years before his death, Bishop Watson revised and completed the memoir before us, which has been published under the in-

spection of his son. To say that we have been pleased and edified by the perusal of this volume, would be but a feeble expression of the rare gratification which we have derived from it. The amiable views of life which it discloses, are calculated to conciliate the most morose, and the elevating and cheering prospects of religion which it unfolds, to invigorate the most despondent. To all who can procure the work we earnestly recommend, not merely the reading, but the study of it. For the benefit of those who may not enjoy that opportunity, we shall give a brief outline of the history of its author, and shall introduce ample extracts from his narrative and correspondence.

Bishop Watson informs us that, from an early age, he was in the habit of writ-

ing down the events of his life, with an account of the feelings and motives which actuated him in relation to them. "This habit," he adds, "has been both pleasant and useful to me; I have had great pleasure in *præteritæ*, as it were, my identity, by reviewing the circumstances which, under the good providence of God, have contributed to place me in my present situation; and a frequent examination of my principles of action has contributed to establish in me a consistency of conduct, and to confirm me, I trust, in that probity of manners in my seventy-fifth year, with which I entered into the world at the age of seventeen." To this habit, we may attribute the precision with which he is able to speak of his conduct, in all the transactions in which he was engaged, in that interval. His father was, for nearly forty years, headmaster of Heversham school, in the county of Westmoreland. He died in 1753. The subject of this memoir was born in 1737. He received his elementary education in Heversham school, though, before his birth, his father had resigned the charge of it. In 1754, he was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Cambridge. On the 2d of May, 1757, he offered himself for a scholarship, a year before the usual time of the sizers' sitting, and succeeded.

"I had," says he, "at the time of being elected a scholar, been resident in college for two years and seven months, without having gone out of it for a single day. During that period I had acquired some knowledge of Hebrew; greatly improved myself in Greek and Latin; made considerable proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy; and studied with much attention Locke's works, King's book on the Origin of Evil, Puffendorf's *Treatise de Officio Hominis et Civis*, and some other books on similar subjects; I thought myself therefore entitled to a little relaxation: under this persuasion I set forward, May 30th, 1757, to pay my elder and only brother a visit at Kendal. He was the first curate of the new chapel there, to the structure of which he had subscribed liberally. He was a man of lively parts, but being thrown into a situation where there was no great room for the display of his talents, and much temptation to convivial festivity, he spent his fortune, injured his constitution, and died when I was about the age of thirty-three; leaving a considerable debt, all of which I paid immediately, though it took almost my all to do it."

Of the course of his collegiate life, he says—

"Whilst I was an under graduate, I kept a great deal of *what is called* the best company—that is of idle fellow-commoners,

and other persons of fortune—but their manners never subdued my prudence; I had strong ambition to be distinguished, and was sensible that, though wealth might plead some excuse for idleness, extravagance, and folly in others, the want of wealth could plead none for me.

"When I used to be returning to my room at one or two in the morning, after spending a jolly evening, I often observed a light in the chamber of one of the same standing with myself; this never failed to excite my jealousy, and the next day was always a day of hard study. I have gone without my dinner a hundred times on such occasions. I thought I never entirely understood a proposition in any part of mathematics or natural philosophy, till I was able in a solitary walk, *obstipo capite atque exporrecto labello*, to draw the scheme in my head, and go through every step of the demonstration without book or pen and paper. I found this was a very difficult task, especially in some of the perplexed schemes, and long demonstrations of the Twelfth Book of *Euclid*, and in *L'Hospital's* Conic Sections, and in *Newton's Principia*. My walks for this purpose were so frequent, that my tutor, not knowing what I was about, once reproached me for being a loungeur. I never gave up a difficult point in a demonstration till I had made it out *proprio Marte*; I have been stopped at a single step for three days. This perseverance in accomplishing whatever I undertook, was, during the whole of my active life, a striking feature in my character."

In the tenor of his studies there is nothing remarkable, save an early predilection for metaphysical speculations. In 1759, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was the second wrangler of his year, and but for the partiality of the moderator towards a student of his own college, and one of his private pupils, would have been the first.

Mr. Watson was afterwards moderator himself, and to prevent similar acts of injustice, instituted the practice of examining the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in classes formed according to the abilities of the pupils in the schools. To illustrate the advantage of this method, he adduces a case.

"The first year I was moderator, Mr. Paley (afterwards known to the world by many excellent productions, though there are some ethical and some political principles in his philosophy which I by no means approve,) and Mr. Frere, a gentleman of Norfolk, were examined together. A report prevailed, that Mr. Frere's grandfather would give him a thousand pounds, if he were senior wrangler: the other moderator agreed with me in thinking, that Mr. Paley was his superior, and we made him senior wrangler. Mr. Frere, much to his honour,

on an imputation of partiality being thrown on my colleague and myself, publicly acknowledged, that he deserved only the second place; a declaration which could never have been made, had they not been examined in the presence of each other."

Of Dr. Paley he further says—

"Paley, I remember, had brought me, for one of the questions he meant for his act, *Æternitas panarum contradicit Divinis attributis*. I had accepted it; and indeed I never refused a question either as moderator or as professor of divinity. A few days afterwards, he came to me in a great fright, saying, that the master of his College (Dr. Thomas, Dean of Ely,) had sent to him, and insisted on his not keeping on such a question. I readily permitted him to change it, and told him, that if it would lessen his master's apprehensions, he might put in *non*, before *contradicit*, and he did so. Dr. Thomas, I had little doubt, was afraid of being looked upon as an heretic at Lambeth, for suffering a member of his college to dispute on such a question, notwithstanding what Tillotson had published on the subject many years before.

"It is, however, a subject of great difficulty. It is allowed on all hands that the happiness of the righteous will be, strictly speaking, everlasting; and I cannot see the justness of that criticism which would interpret the same word in the same verse in different senses. 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life.' Mat. xxv. 46. On the other hand, reason is shocked at the idea of God being considered as a relentless tyrant, inflicting everlasting punishment, which answers no benevolent end. But how is it proved that the everlasting punishment of the wicked may not answer a benevolent end, may not be the means of keeping the righteous in everlasting holiness and obedience? How is it proved that it may not answer, in some other way unknown to us, a benevolent end in promoting God's moral government of the universe?"

In October, 1760, Mr. Watson was chosen Fellow of Trinity College, over the heads of two of his seniors of the same year. In 1762 he took the degree of Master of Arts, and in the ensuing October was made Moderator for Trinity College. He speaks of this office, as one of the most important and arduous offices in the University. In 1763, he was appointed Moderator for St. John's College; and in 1764 for Christ's College. In the year 1764, he evinced the warmth of his heart and the sincerity of his friendship towards his college friend Mr. Luther, who, as will be seen in the sequel, generously repaid the obligation.

"On the 12th of February, 1764, I received a letter informing me that a separation

had taken place between my friend Mr. Luther, then one of the members for Essex and his wife, and that he was gone has abroad. My heart was ever warm in friendship, and it ordered me, on this occasion follow my friend. I saw he was desirous and unhappy, and I flew to give him possible, some consolation. I set off for Cambridge on the same day I had received the account. I could read, but I could not speak a word of French; I had no servitor nor any money; I presently borrowed fifty pounds, and bought a French and English Dictionary, and thus equipped, I went post to Dover, without so much as knowing whether my friend was gone to France, and from thence, almost without sleeping, I got to Paris and enquired him out.—The meeting was such as might have been expected. I did not stay above twelve hours in Paris, but immediately returned to England, and, after a variety of accidents and great fatigue, for I crossed the channel four times, and travelled twelve hundred miles, in very bad weather, in a fortnight, I brought my friend back to his country and his family. His appearance in the House of Commons instantly quashed all the injurious reports which, from his hasty manner of leaving the country, scandal had raised to his disadvantage. He was a thorough honest man, and one of the friends I ever loved with the greatest affection. His temper was warm, and his wife (a very deserving woman) had been over-persuaded to marry him,—had she loved him as he loved her, she would have borne with his infirmity of temper. Great are the public evils, and little the private comforts attending interested marriages; when they become general, they not only portend but bring on a nation's ruin."

On the 19th of November, 1764, Mr. Watson was unanimously elected, Professor of Chemistry, on the death of Dr. Hadley. Of this subject, at that time, he was utterly ignorant. He sent, however, for an operator from Paris, and buried himself for a while in his laboratory. In the course of fourteen months from his election he was able to read a course of chemical lectures, "to a very full audience, consisting of persons of all ages and degrees in the University."

"There was no stipend annexed to the Professorship of Chemistry, nor any thing furnished to the Professor by the University, except a room to read lectures in. I was told that the Professors of Chemistry in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm, &c. were supported by their respective monarchs; and I knew that the reading a course of lectures would every year be attended with a great expense; and being very hearty in the design of recommending chemistry to the attention of the youth of the University and of the country, I thought myself justified in applying to the minister for a stipend from

the crown. Lord Rockingham was then minister (1766), and Mr. Luther, who had lately spent above twenty thousand pounds in establishing the whig interest in Essex, undertook to ask for it. Though an hundred a year, given for the encouragement of science, is but as a drop in the ocean, when compared with the enormous sums lavished in unmerited pensions, lucrative sinecures, places, and scandalous jobs, by every minister on his flatterers and dependents, in order to secure his majorities in Parliament, yet I obtained this drop with difficulty, and, unless the voice of a member of Parliament had seconded my petition, I doubt whether I should have succeeded. I sent up to the duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University, a testimonial from the Vice-Chancellor, that I had read with credit a course of chemical lectures; and that a chemical establishment would be highly useful to the University; together with this testimonial, I sent my petition to lord Rockingham, requesting the duke to present it to him.

"The petition was presented in March, but I heard nothing about it till the July following; when, waiting upon the duke of Newcastle, he asked if my business was done? I answered, *No*, and that I thought it never would be done. I own I had been so much vexed at the delay, that I was very indifferent whether it ever was done or not, and therefore answered with more firmness than the old man had been used to. He then asked why it had not been done. My answer was, 'Because lord Rockingham says your grace ought to speak to the king, as Chancellor of the University; and your grace says, that lord Rockingham ought to speak to the king, as minister.' He stared at me with astonishment; and, calling for paper, he instantly wrote a letter, and sealing it with his own seal, ordered me to go with it immediately to lord Rockingham, who had a levee that day. I did so (and it was the only time in my life that I ever attended a minister's levee,) and sent in my letter, before the levee began. I understood it was whispered, that lord Rockingham and the whigs were to go out of administration; and it was so: for their dismissal was settled that day. Lord Rockingham, however, undertook to ask the king; and, apologizing for not having done it sooner, offered in a very polite manner to have the stipend (I asked only for 100*l.* a year,) settled upon me for life. This I refused, and desired to have it only whilst I continued Professor of Chemistry; and discharged the duty of the office.

"The ice being thus broken by me, similar stipends have been since procured from the crown, for the Professors of Anatomy and Botany, and for the recent established Professor of Common Law."

In 1767, he was chosen one of the head tutors in Trinity College. In 1768, he composed and printed his *Institutiones*

Metallurgicæ; and in the same year was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1771, on the death of Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Watson was chosen Regius Professor of Divinity.

"This professorship, as being one of the most arduous and honourable offices in the University, had long been the object of my ambition; I had for years determined in my own mind to endeavour to succeed Dr. Rutherford, provided he lived till I was of a proper age, and fully qualified for the undertaking. His premature and unexpected death quite disheartened me. I knew as much of divinity as could reasonably be expected from a man whose course of studies had been directed to, and whose time had been fully occupied in other pursuits; but, with this *curta supellex* in theology, to take possession of the first professional chair in Europe, seemed too daring an attempt even for my intrepidity."

It was, however, the general expectation that he would offer himself as a candidate for the vacant chair—and he publicly announced himself as such. But there was still a difficulty to be overcome.

"I was not, when Dr. Rutherford died, either Bachelor or Doctor in Divinity, and without being one of them I could not become a candidate for a professorship. This puzzled me for a moment; I had only seven days to transact the business in; but by hard travelling and some adroitness I accomplished my purpose, obtained the king's mandate for a doctor's degree, and was created a doctor on the day previous to that appointed for the examination of the candidates."

"Thus did I," he continues, "by hard and incessant labour for seventeen years, attain, at the age of thirty-four, the first office for honour in the University; and, exclusive of the Mastership of Trinity College, I have made it the first for profit. I found the professorship not worth quite 330*l.* a year, and it is now worth 1000*l.* at the least."

Of his conduct in the theological professorship, Dr. Watson gives the following candid account.

"I reduced the study of divinity into as narrow a compass as I could, for I determined to study nothing but my Bible, being much unconcerned about the opinions of councils, fathers, churches, bishops, and other men, as little inspired as myself. This mode of proceeding being opposite to the general one, and especially to that of the Master of Peterhouse, who was a great reader, he used to call me *autodidactus*, the self-taught divine.—The Professor of Divinity had been nick-named *Malleus Hæreticorum*; it was thought to be his duty to demolish every opinion which militated against what is called the orthodoxy of the Church of England. Now, my mind was wholly unbiassed; I had no prejudice

against, no predilection for the Church of England; but a sincere regard for the Church of Christ, and an insuperable objection to every degree of dogmatical intolerance. I never troubled myself with answering any arguments which the opponents in the divinity schools brought against the articles of the church, nor ever admitted their authority as decisive of a difficulty; but I used on such occasions to say to them, holding the New Testament in my hand, *En sacrum codicem!* Here is the fountain of truth, why do you follow the streams derived from it by the sophistry, or polluted by the passions of man? If you can bring proofs against any thing delivered in this book, I shall think it my duty to reply to you; articles of churches are not of divine authority; have done with them; for they may be true, they may be false; and appeal to the book itself. This mode of disputing gained me no credit with the hierarchy, but I thought it an honest one, and it produced a liberal spirit in the University."

In 1772, Dr. Watson published two short letters to the members of the House of Commons, under the feigned name of a "Christian Whig,"—and in 1773 a tract entitled, "A brief State of the Principles of Church Authority." He was opposed to requiring a subscription "to any human confession of faith further than a declaration of belief in the Scriptures, as containing a revelation of the will of God."

In 1773, Dr. Watson married. He thus notices this change in his situation.

"My constitution was ill fitted for celibacy, and as soon, therefore, as I had any means for maintaining a family I married. My wife was the eldest daughter of Edward Wilson, Esq. of Dallum Tower in Westmoreland. We were married at Lancaster on the 21st of December, 1773. During a cohabitation of above forty years, she has been every thing I wished her to be; and I trust I have lived with her, and provided for her, as a man, not unconscious of her worth, ought to have done."

Through the kind intervention of the duke of Grafton, he now obtained a sinecure living of the Bishop of St. Asaph, which he afterwards exchanged for a prebend in the church of Ely. To this nobleman Dr. Watson was sincerely attached, till his death, in 1810. The calumnies of Junius have made the name of the duke of Grafton familiar to most of our readers. It is pleasing to see him exhibited in these memoirs in a very different light from that in which a partisan has attempted to place him. On his secession from the administration in 1775, Dr. Watson, who was a zealous opposer of the American war, addressed an

anonymous letter to his grace, complimenting him on the firmness and integrity of his character and conduct.

"At the time I published this letter," he says, "I knew very little of the duke of Grafton as an acquaintance; I had afterwards more intimacy with him, and I was for many years, indeed as long as he lived, happy in his friendship. It appears from some hundreds of his letters which he had ordered at his death to be returned unread to me, that we had not always agreed either in our political or religious opinions; but we had both of us too much sense to suffer a diversity of sentiment to deaden the activity of personal attachment. I never attempted either to encourage or discourage his profession of Unitarian principles, for I was happy to see a person of his rank, professing with intelligence and with sincerity Christian principles. If any one thinks that an Unitarian is not a Christian, I plainly say, without being myself an Unitarian, that I think otherwise."

The Marquis of Granby had been one of Dr. Watson's pupils,—and to all who had been under his particular care, he in the after periods of life continued his paternal friendship. In a letter to this nobleman, in 1775, he thus expresses himself:—

"Persevere, I beg of you, in the resolution of doing something for yourself; your ancestors have left you rank and fortune; these will procure you that respect from the world, which other men with difficulty obtain, by personal merit. But if to these you add your own endeavours to become good, and wise, and great, then will you deserve the approbation of men of sense."

"General reading is the most useful for men of the world, but few men of the world have leisure for it; and those who have courage to abridge their pleasures for the improvement of their minds, would do well to consider that different books ought to be read with very different degrees of attention: or, as lord Bacon quaintly enough expresses it, some books are to be tasted or read in part only; some to be swallowed or read wholly, but not cursorily; and some to be digested, or read with great diligence, and well considered. Of this last kind are the works of lord Bacon himself. Nature has been very sparing in the production of such men as Bacon; they are a kind of superior beings; and the rest of mankind are usefully employed for whole centuries in picking up what they poured forth at once. Lord Bacon opened the avenues of all science, and had such a comprehensive way of thinking upon every subject, that a familiarity with his writings cannot fail of being extensively useful to you as an orator; and there are so many shrewd observations concerning human nature dispersed through his works, that you will be much the wiser for them as a private man."

"I would observe the same of Mr. Locke's writings, all of which, without exception (even his letters to the Bishop of Worcester will teach you acuteness in detecting sophistry in debate,) may be read over and over again with infinite advantage. His reasoning is every where profound, and his language masculine. I hate the flimsy womanish eloquence of novel readers, I mean of such as read nothing else, and wish you, therefore, to acquire both justness of sentiment and strength of expression, from the perusal of works of great men. Make Bacon, then, and Locke, and why should I not add that sweet child of nature, *Shakespeare*, your chief companions through life, let them be ever upon your table, and when you have an hour to spare from business or pleasure, spend it with them, and I will answer for their giving you entertainment and instruction as long as you live.

"You can no more have an intimacy with all books than with all men, and one should take the best of both kinds for one's peculiar friends; for the human mind is ductile to a degree, and insensibly conforms itself to what it is most accustomed to. Thus with books as with men, a few friends stand us in better stead than a multitude of folks we know little of."

We wish we could afford room for the whole letter, which is replete with wholesome instruction.

In 1776, Dr. Watson preached the Restoration and Accession Sermons before the University—both of which he published. The first, which was entitled "*The Principles of the Revolution Vindicated*," gave great offence at court, and ever afterwards constituted an obstacle to the author's preferment.

Notwithstanding Dr. Watson's distaste for religious controversy, he did not hesitate to enter the lists with Mr. Gibbon, when that gentleman assailed the outposts of Christianity. He conducted the discussion, however, with a temper as admirable as singular in such disputes. He gives us the following account of the publication of his *Apology for Christianity*, and his intercourse with Mr. Gibbon in regard to it.

"In the summer of 1776, I published my *Apology for Christianity*. I was induced to look into Mr. Gibbon's History, by a friend, (Sir Robert Graham,) who told me, that the attack upon Christianity, contained in two of his chapters, could not be repelled. My answer had a great run, and is still sought after, though it was only a month's work in the long vacation. But if I had been longer about it, though I might have stuffed it with more learning, and made it more bulky, I am not certain that I should have made it better. The manner in which I had treated Mr. Gibbon displeased some of the doughty

polemics of the time; they were angry with me for not having bespattered him with a portion of that theological dirt, which Warburton had so liberally thrown at his antagonists. One of that gentleman's greatest admirers, (Bishop Hurd,) was even so uncandid, as to entertain, from the gentleness of my language, a suspicion of my sincerity; saying, of the *Apology*, 'it was well enough, if I was in earnest.'

"I sent a copy, before it was published, to Mr. Gibbon, from whom I received the following note.

"Mr. GIBBON takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson; and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments on a very important point of history are now submitted to the public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they can possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is therefore determined to resist the temptation of justifying, in a professed reply, any passages of his history, which it might perhaps be easy to clear from censure and misapprehension. But he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting, in a future edition, some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself fortunate in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.

"Bentick-street, Nov. 2d, 1776."

"Answer to Mr. Gibbon's Note.

"DR. WATSON accepts with pleasure Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a personal acquaintance, and, if he comes to town this winter, will certainly have the honour of waiting upon him; begs at the same time to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of showing him every civility, if curiosity or other motives should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty, in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having of late been in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality, for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it, and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world, to wish him to conceal any explanation which might tend to exalt its beauties.

"Cambridge, Nov. 4th, 1776."

"In the beginning of the year (1779,) Mr. Gibbon published an answer to his various antagonists, who had animadverted on his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. This answer was distinguished by great severity towards other men, but by great courtesy towards myself. I thought

myself called upon to write to Mr. Gibbon, and sent him the subjoined letter.

"SIR,

"It will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon; I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppose.

"*I have no hope of a future existence except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity; I wish not to be deprived of this hope:* but I should be an apostate from the mild principles of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me, upon this, of all others the most important subject. I beg your pardon, for this declaration of my belief, but my temper is naturally open, and it ought, assuredly, to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but a friend.

"I am, &c.

"R. WATSON."

"This letter was published in Mr. Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works and Life*, in 1796, and no sooner published than noticed by the king, who spoke to me of it at his levee, calling it an *odd* letter. I did not immediately recollect the purport of it; but on his majesty's repeating his observation, it occurred to me, and I instantly said to him that I had frequently met with respectable men, who cherished an expectation of a *future state*, though they rejected christianity as an imposture, and that I thought my publicly declaring that I was of a contrary opinion might perhaps induce Mr. Gibbon, and other such men, to make a deeper investigation into the truth of religion than they had hitherto done. His Majesty expressed himself perfectly satisfied, both with my opinion and with my motive for mentioning it to Mr. Gibbon."

In 1782, under the administration of lord Shelburne, and through the influence of the dukes of Grafton and Rutland, Dr. Watson was promoted to the See of Landaff. That political independence and inflexibility which had so long retarded his advancement, when it came to be more conspicuously displayed in the House of Lords, proved an effectual barrier to his further preferment. Allying himself with no party, he had the support of no party, but to a certain degree the hostility of all parties. Yet was he assiduous in his endeavours to promote the public weal, and ever evinced his loyalty to the king as well as his attachment to the constitution. We have not time to follow him through his political career, which appears to have been equally honourable to his consistency and foresight.

He was strenuously opposed to the revolutionary, and the late war, with this country,—he was also opposed to making war upon France, to control the municipal acts of the French people. When France, however, had stained herself with the blood of her princes, and her whole force was directed to the subversion of the liberties of other states, he exerted his eloquence to encourage the British people to stand firmly by the constitution and the crown. Of a reform of the representation of the people, the Bishop of Landaff was ever an advocate, and on all occasions he stood forth to resist the extension of the royal prerogative and of the royal influence. He was equally sedulous to preserve unimpaired the legitimate power of the king. This volume contains extracts from several able speeches delivered by him in Parliament,—but we must forbear to insert even a specimen of them.

In 1784, Gilbert Wakefield published his "*Enquiry into the Opinions of the Christian Writers of the three first Centuries, concerning the Person of Jesus Christ*," and dedicated it to the Bishop of Landaff. This civility the Bishop acknowledged in the following letter.

"SIR,

"A variety of business has prevented me for some time from reading your book, or I would sooner have thanked you for the honour you have done me, by inscribing your *Enquiry* to me. I admire and approve the spirit and erudition with which it is written; and though I think the pre-existence of Christ to be the doctrine of the New Testament, yet I am far from wishing the contrary opinion to be stifled, or the supporters of it to be branded as enemies to the Christian system.

"Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, seems to me to be more in love with his own opinion, than with truth. I shall be glad to see you either in Cambridge or in London, that I may become personally known to you. That the Spirit of God may guide you in all your researches, is the sincere prayer of

"Your much obliged servant,

"R. LANDAFF."

In March, 1785, Bishop Watson published a *Collection of Theological Tracts*, in six volumes, closely printed, principally intended for the benefit of young men who had not money to purchase books on divinity. This collection he informs us was well received by the world, and sold rapidly; but was very ill received by the bishops, on account of his having printed some tracts originally written by dissen-

ters. He exclaims that he could not have believed such bigotry was to be found upon the bench. This impartiality brought him, among other grateful and approbatory letters, one from Dr. Harwood, a dissenting minister, some of whose works he had mentioned with commendation. We must omit this letter—but the Bishop makes the following mention of the man :

“ Doctor Harwood was a learned and respectable man ; he died in 1794, and about a year before his death he published a letter in a valuable miscellany (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Nov. 1793, p. 904.) which he concludes in the following very remarkable manner :—After expending a great deal of time in discussing, I am neither an Athanasian, Arian, nor a Socinian, but die fully confirmed in the great doctrine of the New Testament, a resurrection, and a future state of eternal blessedness to all sincere penitents and good Christians.”

On this the Bishop observes,

“ The most undecided men on doubtful points are those, often, who have bestowed most time in the investigation of them, whether the points respect divinity, jurisprudence, or policy. He who examines only one side of a question, and gives his judgment, gives it improperly, though he may be on the right side. But he who examines both sides, and after examination gives his assent to neither, may surely be pardoned this suspension of judgment, for it is safer to continue in doubt than to decide amiss.”

In 1786, Mr. Luther, of whom we have already spoken, died, and left Bishop Watson his executor, with a bequest of twenty thousand pounds sterling.

“ I have managed,” says he, “ as I ought to have done this legacy. It has enabled me to preserve my independence, and to provide for my family. I have a thousand times thought, that had I been a mean spirited, time-serving bishop, I might perhaps have escaped that marked and unmerited neglect of the court, which I have for so many years experienced, but that I should certainly have forfeited the affection of my friend ; his upright and honourable principles would never have suffered him to distinguish such a character with that eminent token of his regard which he bequeathed to me.”

Ill health, which he had suffered under many years, but which a new attack had aggravated, compelled Bishop Watson to appoint a deputy, to officiate in the professorship of divinity, which he still retained. He selected Dr. Kipling for this situation.

In the year 1783, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, established by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, elected Bishop Watson a Fellow of their Society. “ I have never had an oppor-

tunity,” he observes, “ of thanking the Academy for this unexpected honour, but I hereby assure them of my gratitude, and of my ardent wishes, that (in conformity with the motto of their seal) *Sub libertate in aeternum floreat Academia.*”

In the same year he was applied to by several gentlemen of Calcutta to aid, by his influence, the establishment of a protestant mission in India. He suggested the subject to the consideration of Mr. Pitt, then *premier*, but no steps were then taken towards it. The Bishop thus speaks of the proposal, and of missions in general.

“ I do not, indeed, expect much success in propagating christianity by missionaries from any part of Christendom, but I expect much from the extension of science and of commerce. The empire of Russia is emerging from its barbarism, and when it has acquired a stability and strength answering to its extent, it will enlarge its borders ; and, casting an ambitious eye on Thibet, Japan, and China, may introduce, with its commerce, christianity into those countries. India will be christianized by the government of Great Britain. Thus Christian monarchs, who aim at nothing but an increase of their temporal kingdoms, may become, by the providence of God, unconscious instruments in propagating the spiritual kingdom of his Son. It will not be easy for missionaries of any nation to make much impression on the Pagans of any country, because missionaries in general, instead of teaching a simple system of christianity, have perplexed their hearers with unintelligible doctrines not expressly delivered in Scripture, but fabricated from the conceits and passions and prejudices of men. Christianity is a rational religion ; the Romans, the Athenians, the Corinthians and others, were highly civilized, far advanced in the rational use of their intellectual faculties, and they all, at length, exchanged paganism for christianity ; the same change will take place in other countries, as they become enlightened by the progress of European literature, and become capable of justly estimating the weight of historical evidence, on which the truth of christianity must, as to them, depend.”

In 1789, in consequence of the mental derangement of the king, a resolution was brought forward in Parliament to invest the prince of Wales with powers to administer the government as regent—the Bishop of Landaff supported the proposition. The king soon afterwards recovered, and the Bishop was brought into additional disgrace at court.

“ It was the artifice of the minister to represent all those who had opposed his measures, as enemies to the king ; and the queen lost, in the opinion of many, the character which she had hitherto maintain-

ed in the country, by falling in with the designs of the minister. She imprudently distinguished, by different degrees of courtesy on the one hand, and by meditated affronts on the other, those who had voted with, and those who had voted against the minister, inasmuch that the duke of Northumberland one day said to me, "So, my lord, you and I also are become traitors."

"She received me at the drawing-room, which was held on the king's recovery, with a degree of coldness, which would have appeared to herself ridiculous and ill placed could she have imagined how little a mind such as mine regarded, in its honourable proceedings, the displeasure of a woman, though that woman happened to be a queen.

"The prince of Wales, who was standing near her, then asked me to dine with him, and on my making some objection to dining at Carlton House, he turned to Sir Thomas Dundas, and desired him to give us a dinner, at his house, on the following Saturday. Before we sat down to dinner on that day, the prince took me aside, explained to me the principle on which he had acted during the whole of the king's illness, and spoke to me, with an afflicted feeling, of the manner in which the queen had treated himself. I must do him the justice to say, that he spoke, in this conference, in as sensible a manner as could possibly have been expected from an heir apparent to the throne, and from a son of the best principles towards both his parents. I advised him to persevere dutifully, bearing with his mother's ill humour, till time and her own good sense should disentangle her from the web which ministerial cunning had thrown around her.

"Having thought well of the queen, I was willing to attribute her conduct, during the agitation of the regency question, to her apprehensions of the king's safety; to the misrepresentations of the king's minister, to any thing rather than to a fondness for power.

"Before we rose from the table at Sir Thomas Dundas's, where the duke of York and a large company were assembled, the conversation turning on parties, I happened to say that I was sick of parties, and should retire from all public concerns—"No," said the prince, "and mind who it is that tells you so, you shall never retire; a man of your talents shall never be lost to the public."—I have now lived many years in retirement, and, in my seventy-fifth year, I feel no wish to live otherwise."

"On the occasion of the duel between the duke of York and colonel Lenox, I find that I wrote the following note to lord Rawdon, who had been the duke's second, and of whose high honour and eminent talents I always entertained the best opinion:—

"Cambridge, May 28, 1789.

"My dear Lord,—I know you will forgive the liberty I take in requesting you to

present, in the most respectful manner, to the duke of York, my warmest congratulations on a late event.

"As a Christian bishop, I cannot approve of any man's exposing his life on such an occasion. As a citizen I must think that the life of one so near to the crown ought not to be hazarded like the life of an ordinary man; but as a friend to the house of Brunswick, I cannot but rejoice in the personal safety, and personal gallantry too, of so distinguished a branch of it.

"I am, &c.

"R. LANDAFF."

Of his occupations at this time he gives us the following account:

"I pursued my intention of retiring, in a great measure, from public life, and laid, in the summer of 1789, the foundation of my house on the banks of the Winandermere. I have now spent above twenty years in this delightful country; but my time has not been spent in field-diversions, in idle visitings, in county bickerings, in indolence or intemperance: no, it has been spent, partly in supporting the religion and constitution of the country by seasonable publications: and principally in building farm houses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, in making bad land good, in planting larches, and in planting in the hearts of my children principles of piety, of benevolence, and self-government. By such occupations I have much recovered my health, entirely preserved my independence, set an example of a spirited husbandry to the county, and honourably provided for my family."

The duke of Grafton published, in 1789, an anonymous pamphlet, recommending a revival of the Liturgy of the Church of England. The Bishop of Landaff coincided in his grace's views.

He says,—

"I had, at the time, some conversation with the duke of Grafton on the propriety of commencing a reform, by the introduction of a bill into the House of Lords, for expunging the Athanasian Creed from our liturgy; and we had, in a manner, settled to do it: but the strange turn which the French revolution took about that period, and the general abhorrence of all innovations, which its atrocities excited, induced us to postpone our design, and no fit opportunity has yet offered for resuming it, nor probably will offer itself, in my time."

He thinks the king would not have been averse to an alteration of this kind. In support of this opinion he mentions an anecdote, which he had from Dr. Heberden.

"The clergyman at Windsor, on a day when the Athanasian Creed was to be read, began with *Whosoever will be saved*, &c. the king, who usually responded with a loud voice, was silent; the minister repeated in

an higher tone, his *Whosoever*; the king continued silent; at length the Apostle's Creed was repeated by the minister, and the king followed him throughout with a distinct and audible voice."

He adds—

"I certainly dislike the imposition of all creeds formed by human authority; though I do not dislike them, as useful summaries of what *their compilers believe* to be true, either in natural or revealed religion.

"As to natural religion, the creeds of the the most distinguished philosophers, from *Plato and Cicero to Leibnitz and Clarke*, are extremely various, with respect to the origin of things—the existence and attributes natural and moral, of the Supreme Being—the natural mortality and immortality of the human soul—the liberty and necessity of human actions—the principle of virtue, and other important points. And, as to revealed religion, though all its doctrines are expressed in one book, yet such a diversity of interpretations has been given to the same passages of Scripture, that not only individuals, but whole churches, have formed to themselves different creeds, and introduced them into their forms of worship. The Greek church admits not into its ritual either the Apostle's Creed, or the Athanasian, but merely the Nicene. The Episcopal church in America admits the Nicene and the Apostle's Creed, but rejects the Athanasian. The church of England admits the whole three into its liturgy; and some of the foreign Protestant churches admit none but the Apostle's. These, and other creeds which might be mentioned, are all of human fabrication; they oblige conscience, as far as they are conformable to Scripture, and of that conformity every man must judge for himself. This liberty of private judgment is recognised by our church (notwithstanding subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles) when, in the service for the ordering of priests, it proposes this question:—"Are you determined, out of the said Scriptures, to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach nothing, as required of necessity to eternal salvation, but that which *you shall be persuaded* may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures?"

In a letter to the duke of Grafton, in 1791, the Bishop thus explicitly declares his religious and political opinions.

"In England we want not a fundamental revolution, but we certainly want a reform both in the civil and ecclesiastical part of our constitution; men's minds, however, I think, are not yet generally prepared for admitting its necessity. A reformer of Luther's temper and talents would, in five years, persuade the people to compel the parliament to abolish tithes, to extinguish pluralities, to enforce residence, to confine episcopacy to the overseeing of dioceses, to expunge the Athanasian Creed from our liturgy, to free

dissenters from test acts, and the ministers of the establishment from subscription to human articles of faith.—These, and other matters respecting the church, ought to be done. I want not courage to attempt doing what I think ought to be done, and I am not held back by considerations of personal interest; but my temper is peaceable, I dislike contention, and trust that the still voice of reason will at length be heard."

In regard to the Test Act, he thus expresses himself, again:—

"There appear to me but two reasons for excluding any honest man from eligibility to public office,—want of capacity to serve the office, and want of attachment to the civil constitution of the country. That the dissenters want capacity, will not be asserted; that they want attachment to the civil constitution of the country, is asserted by many but proved by none. On this point the whole question turns. If the dissenters have secret views of undermining the civil constitution, of introducing a republican form of government in the place of that which, notwithstanding its defects, we at present so happily enjoy, the Test Act ought not to be repealed; and if they have no such views, its continuance is an oppression. Whether they have or have not such views cannot be known from the affirmation of their enemies on the one hand, or from the denial of their friends on the other: on both sides it may be said, *Quiescat lingua, interroga vitam*. Now the history of the conduct of the dissenters since the revolution, nay at and since the restoration, proves (to me at least it proves) that they have no such views."

In a letter to an intimate friend, he more fully develops his religious sentiments,—sentiments not idly professed, but exhibited in practice.

"My religion is not founded, I hope, in presumption, but in piety. I cannot look upon the Author of my existence in any other light than as the most commiserating parent; not extreme to mark what is done amiss, not implacable, not revengeful, not disposed to punish past offences when the heart abhors them, but ready, with the utmost benignity, to receive into his favour every repentant sinner.

"By the constitution of nature, which may properly be considered as indicating the will of God, all excess in sensual indulgences tends to the deprivation of the mind, and to the debilitation of the body, and may, on that account, be esteemed repugnant to the will of God. This repugnancy is made more apparent by the gospel. Now all our happiness in this world, and in the next, depending ultimately on the will of God, every one may see a moral necessity of conforming his actions to that will. But, as the will of God has no degree of selfishness in it, is not excited on any occasion to gratify the resentment or any other passion

of the Supreme Being (as often happens in the will of man.) I cannot but believe, that a change of temper, accompanied by a change of conduct is all that God requires of us in order to be restored, after our greatest transgressions, to his perfect acceptance.

"We know not in what the felicity of the next world will consist, but we do know that it will not consist in the gratification of our present senses; yet God is not a harsh Master, for he hath furnished us with abundant means of present enjoyment; and had every enjoyment of sense been sinful, he certainly would neither have given us senses nor objects adapted to them; he hath done both; and he requires from us such a moderation in the use of them, as may preserve our minds from being so addicted to them, as to prevent us from having any relish for the duties of benevolence and holiness, in the exercise of which it is not improbable that our future happiness may consist.

"Every denunciation of God against intemperance in the pleasures of sense, against injustice in our intercourse with mankind, against impiety towards himself, seems to proceed from his extreme affection for us, by which he warns us from a course of conduct, the final issue of which we cannot, in this state, comprehend.

"The love of God casteth out fear; let us once bottom our principle of action on the desire of obeying him, and though we may be impelled by our passions to occasional deviations from what is right, yet this obliquity of conduct will not continue long; the hope of living under his fatherly kindness and protection will bring us to a rational sense of duty, to a just confidence of acceptance with him.

"There is much mechanism in our constitution; our thoughts are influenced by the state of the body to a degree, and in a manner, which no philosophy can explain. A bodily infirmity produces in the minds of some men a dejection of spirits, a despondency of sentiment, which other men, with equal or superior cause for dejection and despondency, and under apparently equal bodily infirmities, feel not at all. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for beings such as we are, to account for this difference, but we may be persuaded of this, that God who made us knows this diversity of temper, and will make a kind and fatherly allowance for it, and not impute more than is just to him whose mind is oppressed by unreasonable apprehensions, originating in corporal imbecility."

In 1795, Bishop Watson published two Sermons, one of them entitled, "Atheism and Infidelity refuted from reason and Scripture;" the other, "The Christian Religion no Imposture." In 1796, he published his "Apology for the Bible," being, as he says, "a defence of that Holy Book against the scurrilous abuse of Thomas Paine." For this work he

was thanked, among others, by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of Connecticut.

The following extract is from a letter, written in 1801, to the duke of Grafton:—

"Both reason and revelation instruct us to believe that the Creator of the universe wills the happiness of his creatures, not for his own sake but for theirs. It would be impious to suppose that our vices could disturb his peace, or our virtues augment his felicity; this would be to make a God with the passions of a man, to render the infinite perfection of the Creator dependent on the imperfection of the creature. When, therefore, we read of the punishment denounced in the gospel against all manner of wickedness, we may properly consider the threatening as the gracious warning of a wise and affectionate Father, rather than as the tyrannical declaration of a cruel and vindictive God. Vice, and consequent misery arising from loss of health, of character, of fortune, of self-government, and other sources, are generally, if not universally, connected together in this world, and we may from reason analogically infer that, if there is another world, they will be so connected there also. Now it hath pleased God, through Jesus Christ, to assure us that there is another world, and to confirm this analogical inference by a positive declaration, that the connexion which we observe here between vice and misery will remain here after. This declaration is made to us as if it were the arbitrary appointment of God, that punishment should follow sin rather than a certain consequence springing from the nature of things, that misery should follow vice; but the conclusion rests on the same foundation in whatever way we consider the matter; for what is the nature of things, what the constitution of this world and of the next, but the positive appointment of God himself? Transgress and die is a positive law, be vicious and be miserable is a natural law, they are equally the means of God's moral government of free agents; the latter is intimated to us by reason, the former is promulgated in the gospel, and they are, like their Author, both of them immutable. But these are not the only laws of God's moral government; there is another intimated to us by reason, and clearly made known to us by the gospel, and it is a law which mitigates the severity of the others, which administers consolation to our fears, and strength to our inability, it is this—Repent and be forgiven,—turn away from wickedness, do that which is lawful and right, and though you have sinned you shall save your soul alive; this is the voice of Revelation; and reason says, Cease from vice, and you will lessen if not wholly annihilate the misery attendant on it.

"Repentance is a change of mind accompanied by a change of conduct; this change of mind is then most perfect when it pro-

seeds from the fear of God, from fear grounded on our love to him, and regulated by filial reverence and humble confidence in his mercy; and it is then most sincere and certain when it is followed by a change of conduct, from viciousness to sobriety of manners, from habitual sinfulness to habitual righteousness of life. A man may be actuated by fear of punishment, and change his conduct from vice to virtue, but this does not, strictly speaking, imply such a change of mind as is essential to true repentance. When a man abstains from murder, theft, robbery, merely because he fears the gallows; when he conceals his intemperance, pride, envy, malignity, and evil propensities of any kind, merely to preserve his character from censure, and to exhibit a fair outside to the world, his heart is not right, his mind is not changed, his old man is not put off, his repentance is nothing. But when a man might commit sin with secrecy, and as to all human tribunals with impunity; when he might indulge his sensuality, gratify his revenge, satiate his envy, feed his malignity, without danger to his health, fame, or fortune; when he might do these things and yet abstains from doing them, because God has forbidden him to do them, and because he is persuaded that God loves him and forbids him nothing but with a gracious design to preserve him from misery here and hereafter, then is his repentance sincere, his obedience is a reasonable service, his heart is in a proper state of resignation, humility, love, trust, and gratitude, toward the Author of all good."

In a letter to Doctor Falconer of Bath, in the year 1804, we meet with a political prediction, which seems to be in the progress of fulfilment.

"The death of a single prince in any part of Europe, remarkable either for wisdom or folly, renders political conjectures of future contingencies so extremely uncertain, that I seldom indulge myself in forming them; yet it seems to me probable, that Europe will soon be divided among three powers, France, Austria, and Russia; and in half a century between two, France and Russia; and that America will become the greatest naval power on the globe, and be replenished by migrations of oppressed and discontented people from every part of Europe."

Mr. Tyrwhitt of Jesus College, Cambridge, had published a Sermon, in which he had undertaken to prove that the baptismal form (Mat. xxviii. 19.) contains no doctrine in support of the Trinity. In writing to him, Bishop Watson says:—

"I am disposed to accede to your remark, that whatever doctrine is not contained in the form prescribed by Christ for receiving disciples by baptism into his church, cannot be necessary to be believed by Christians; and you have excited a reasonable doubt,

whether the doctrine of the Trinity be positively contained in the baptismal form. Yet I must own, that it sticks with me, that as the *Father* and the *Son* are *persons*, how the *Holy Ghost* can be otherwise conceived than as a *person*, in that form.

"Were I at Cambridge, I should be happy to discuss this, and some other points of your judicious discourse, in charming conference with yourself. I am certain, that whether we agreed or not in opinion on every point, we should agree in thinking, that free discussion was the best mean of investigating truth.

"I rejoice in your quotation from Locke. That great man has done more for the enlargement of the human faculties, and for the establishment of pure Christianity, than any author I am acquainted with."

Notwithstanding the number and length of the quotations we have made, we cannot resist our inclination to give place to a letter elicited, by an interesting occasion, on a very important point.

"My daughter Elizabeth wrote to me in March, 1806, at the request of Miss Dutton, who wished to consult me on a point of some delicacy. The Russian prince, Bariatski, was paying his addresses to her: she had some scruples, and her mother, lady Sherborne, had more, respecting the propriety of her entering into a matrimonial connexion with a person of the Greek Church. I had no knowledge of either Miss Dutton or of her parents; but being thus called upon, I sent the following letter to my daughter to be communicated to the young lady.

"Calgarth Park, March 27, 1806.

"My dear Elizabeth,—In answering Miss Dutton's inquiry, I shall certainly do it with sincerity, but my opinions on any subject though sincere are not infallible: I must act in conformity to them myself, but I am far from wishing any person to rely on them.

"The Christian religion is wholly comprised in the New Testament, but men have interpreted that book in various ways, and hence have sprung up a great variety of Christian churches. I scruple not giving the name of Christian churches to assemblies of men uniting together for public worship, though they may differ somewhat from each other in doctrine and discipline, whilst they all agree in the fundamental principle of the Christian religion—that Jesus is the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

"In this the Greek, the Latin, and all the reformed churches have one and the same faith. They all believe, too, that Christ rose from the dead—that there will be a resurrection of all men—that there will be a future state, in which all men will be rewarded or punished according to their works done in this. These are some of the chief points in which all churches agree; they disagree in matters of less importance; and each church esteeming itself the true church,

is apt to impute not merely error, but crime to every other. This imputation I think extremely wrong—it is judging another man's servant—it is assuming dominion over another man's faith—it is having too high an opinion of our own wisdom—it is presuming that we are rendering God service, when it may be that we are merely supporting our own prejudices, flattering our own self-sufficiency, and paying homage to intellectual pride.

“I do not indeed agree with those who esteem it a matter of indifference what religion a man adopts provided his life be good; yet I must think that this indifference is less exceptionable than that want of charity for those who dissent from our particular faith, which too frequently occupies the minds of well-meaning zealots in every church.

“The doctrines of every church are best known from its public creed, because that is supposed to be a compendium of articles of faith adapted to general use.

“The Russian Greek church does not use in its public service what is commonly called the *Apostle's Creed*; nor what is improperly called the *Atanasian Creed*; but simply that which we use in our communion service, which is usually denominated the *Nicene Creed*; though it is not, in every point, precisely that which was composed at the Council of Nice, in Bithynia, in the year 325. I do not presume to blame the Russian Church for the exclusive use of the Nicene Creed in its public service, especially as it does not prohibit the private use of the other two. Nor do I blame it for differing from the Romish Church in one article of this creed, respecting the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father alone; though all the reformed churches agree with the Church of Rome in maintaining the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, notwithstanding its being well known that the words—*And the Son*, were only added by a pope in the tenth century, without the authority of a council. The doctrine may be true, but not being a part of what was established at the Council of Nice, it is not admitted by the Greek Church.

“The Russian Church differs from the Romish Church, in not acknowledging a purgatory; in not denying the sacramental cup to the laity; in allowing their priests to marry; in explaining transubstantiation in a mystical manner; in not invoking saints and the Virgin Mary as mediators; acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only Mediator; and in many other points. In those, and in other particulars, the Greek Church seems to have a leaning to the principles of Protestantism rather than of Popery.

“On no occasion ought we to act in opposition to our conscience, but it does not follow, that in obeying the dictates of conscience we always act rightly; for there is such a thing as an erroneous conscience, and we may not be able to detect the error. I knew a gentleman who had been brought up

at Eton and at Cambridge, who from being a Protestant became a Roman Catholic. This gentleman examined the foundation of both religions, and finally settled on that of the Church of Rome. He acted properly in following the impulse of his judgment. I think he formed an erroneous judgment, but that is only my opinion, in opposition to his opinion; and even admitting my opinion to be right, it would be uncharitable in me to condemn him, for God only knows whether, with his talents and constitutional turn of mind, he could have escaped the error into which he had fallen. With a similar degree of moderation, therefore, I think of the different sects of Christians. Every sect believes itself to be right, but it does not become any of them to say,—I am more righteous than my neighbour, or to think that the gates of heaven are shut against all others.

“Miss Dutton, I think, will easily collect, from what I have written, my opinion; that if, in every other respect, the match meets with her approbation and that of her parents, it need not be declined from any apprehension of the children's salvation being risked by being educated in the Greek Church; especially as, when they arrive at mature age, they will be at liberty to examine and judge for themselves which, of all the Christian churches, is most suitable to the gospel of Christ.

“I received your letter only yesterday evening, but as you wished for a speedy answer, I have hastened to oblige you,

“And am ever, your most affectionate father,

“R. LANDAFF.”

Mr. Buchanan in 1805, sent to the Bishop, his Memoirs on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for India. In relation to it his lordship thus replies—

“Twenty years and more have now elapsed, since in my sermon before the House of Lords, I hinted to the then government, the propriety of paying regard to the propagation of christianity in India; and I have since then, as fit occasions offered, privately but unsuccessfully pressed the matter on the consideration of those in power. If my voice or opinion can in future be of any weight with the king's ministers, I shall be most ready to exert myself in forwarding any prudent measure for promoting a liberal ecclesiastical establishment in British India. It is not without consideration that I say a *liberal* establishment, because I heartily wish that every Christian should be at liberty to worship God according to his conscience, and be assisted therein by a teacher of his own persuasion, at the public expense.

“God in his providence hath so ordered things, that America, which three hundred years ago was wholly peopled by Pagans, has now many millions of Christians in it; and will not probably, three hundred years hence, have a single Pagan in it: but be in-

habited by more Christians, and by more enlightened Christians, than now exist in Europe.

"Africa is not worse fitted for the reception of christianity, than America was when it was first visited by Europeans, and Asia is much better fitted for it, inasmuch as Asia enjoys a considerable degree of civilisation, and some degree of it is necessary to the successful introduction of christianity. The commerce and the colonisation of Christian states have civilised America, and they will in time civilise and christianise the whole earth.

"Whether it be a Christian duty to attempt by *lenient* methods, to propagate the Christian religion among Pagans and Mahometans can be doubted I think by few; but whether any attempt will be attended with much success till christianity is purified from its corruptions, and the lives of Christians are rendered correspondent to their Christian profession, may be doubted by many; but there certainly never was a more promising opportunity for trying the experiment of subverting paganism in British India, than what has for some years been offered to the government of Great Britain.

"The morality of our holy religion is so salutary to civil society; its promise of a future state so consolatory to individuals; its precepts are so suited to the deductions of the most enlightened reason, that it must finally prevail throughout the world. Some have thought christianity is losing ground in Christendom; I am of a different opinion. Some adscititious doctrines of christianity derived from Rome and Geneva are losing ground; some unchristian practices springing from bigotry, intolerance, self-sufficiency of opinion, and uncharitableness of judgment are losing ground; but a belief in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, as the author of eternal life to all who obey his gospel, is more and more confirmed every day in the minds of men of eminence and condition, not only in this but in every other Christian country."

In the years 1805 and 1806, we find the Bishop busily engaged in his agricultural pursuits. He states that he planted in these two years, "three hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred larches, on two high and barren mountains, called Beekfell and Gomershow, situated near the foot of Winandermere." He also reclaimed, during the same period, more than a hundred and fifty acres of land, which had been covered with heath.

In 1806, Bishop Watson was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The letter from the late Dr. Elliot of Boston, announcing this honour, was handed to his lordship by the late Rev. Mr. Buckminster of Boston, on the 16th of June, 1806, and is acknowledged in a letter to Dr. Elliot dated the 18th of the same month.

The liberal and intrepid spirit of the Bishop is no where more finely exhibited than in the following passage; it would have been worthy of Martin Luther—worth of any man influenced by no fear, but that fear which "is the beginning of wisdom."

"Being appointed to preach at the Chapel-Royal on the 15th of February, 1807," says his lordship, "I went to London in the beginning of that month, and published the sermon I then preached, together with another which I had preached in the same place eight years before, under the title of 'A second Defence of revealed religion.' I had not written either of these sermons with an intention of publishing them, but being told that the Bishop of London had manifested his disapprobation of some parts of the latter by a significant shake of the head whilst I was preaching, I determined to let him see that I had no fear of submitting my sentiments on abstruse theological points to public animadversion, notwithstanding their not being quite so orthodox as his own; and I was the more disposed to do this, from having been informed, on the very best authority, that an imputed want of orthodoxy had been objected to me when the archbishopric of Armagh was given to Stuart.

"What is this thing called Orthodoxy, which mars the fortunes of honest men, misleads the judgment of princes, and occasionally endangers the stability of thrones? In the true meaning of the term, it is a sacred thing to which every denomination of Christians lays an arrogant and exclusive claim, but to which no man, no assembly of men, since the apostolic age, can prove a title. It is frequently amongst individuals of the same sect nothing better than self-sufficiency of opinion, and pharisaical pride, by which each man esteems himself more righteous than his neighbours. It may, perhaps, be useful in cementing what is called the *alliance* between church and state; but if such an alliance obstructs candid discussions, if it invades the right of private judgment, if it generates bigotry in churchmen or intolerance in statesmen, it not only becomes inconsistent with the general principles of Protestantism, but it impedes the progress of the kingdom of Christ, which we all know is not of this world."

We must be excused for making one more extract, on a religious point of the highest moment.

"Extract of a letter to the duke of Grafton, dated Calverth, July, 1807, who had sent me a despairing account of himself."

"On my return to this place, I met with your obliging letter, and am sincerely sorry to find, that my apprehensions respecting your health were not unfounded.

"Your body cannot be in better hands than in those of your physician, nor your mind in better than in your own. Were your body in perfect health, your mind, I think,

would not be disturbed by anxiety; for which, I trust, there is no reasonable ground. Divines, with the best intentions, have said more than the Scriptures have said concerning repentance, and have thereby precipitated men into despair, and consequent impenitence and hardness of heart. The state of a man, who having left off sinful habits returns to them again, is certainly dangerous, because it shows the strength of habit to be superior to his resolution; but I do not know that it is any where represented in Scripture as desperate, and a return to virtue as impossible; for neither Heb. x. 38., nor 2 Peter ii. 20, 21., though referred to by Tillotson on this point, will bear out the conclusion.

"I dislike extremely that gloomy theology, which would make the Supreme Being more inexorable than a man: the whole tenour of Scripture speaks a contrary language; and we know nothing from reason of his divine attributes, except from their bearing some analogy to our own. Now, what father of a family would say to a repentant son, 'Your repentance comes too late, and I will never forgive you.' The father may suspect the sincerity of his son's repentance, and from that suspicion may withhold his forgiveness; but God cannot suspect, for he knows our repentance to be sincere or otherwise; and if sincere, I trust he will, of his fatherly clemency, accept our repentance, though we may have swerved from the rectitude of former resolutions.

"Repentance is a change of principle, accompanied by a change of conduct; we may be snatched away, and have no opportunity of proving the sincerity of our principle by our practice; but God, who knows things that would be, as if they were, will judge of the sincerity or insincerity of our principle, by what would happen; and if our *passions* be, at any time of life, even after repeated lapses, in his judgment, sincere, I see no ground in reason or Scripture for despairing of his forgiveness.

"In thinking of our heavenly Father, we ought to bear in mind the answer which our Saviour made to Peter's question: 'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?' The answer, though it gives no encouragement to presumptuous sinners, gives great comfort to such a creature as man, whose life is spent in sinning, and in being sorry for his sin.

"I am, &c. "R. LANDAFF."

In a letter to lord Carysfort, in September 1809, the Bishop of Landaff thus expresses his opinion of the British ministry in annulling the arrangement concluded with this country, by Mr. Erskine.

"I pretend not to judge of military arrangements, but I do pretend to judge of the conduct of government towards America. What! when we have not an ally, not a friend who wishes us well in all Europe, are we so *demented*, so fitted for destruction, as to make an enemy of America also?

Supposing (but not admitting) Mr. Erskine to have exceeded his commission, what an opportunity would that circumstance have afforded us of saying to America,—We wish to live on terms of amity with you, and we will give you this pledge of our sincerity, we will ratify the stipulations made by Mr. Erskine, notwithstanding his having in some particulars, exceeded his instructions. We are united by nature, let us be united by good-will. America will, for the mutual benefit of the two nations, receive the products of our industry, and Great Britain will, for the mutual benefit of the two nations, protect the commerce of America against the aggression of France and of the world."

He speaks in the same letter of his domestic solitudes.

"My eldest son is now with me. I see no probability of his regaining such firm health as a military life requires, and have advised him to retire from the profession. My other son is also with me, and I mean to keep him at home till I have made him a good divine; for I wish him, in going into the church, to be an ornament to it: by that expression I do not mean a pedantic theologian who shall think it for his honour to defend every imperfection of the establishment, and much less a furious reformer who shall think that every thing is wrong merely because it is established, but a calm and intelligent reasoner, who distrusts the extent of his own talents in all speculative points, and conscientiously endeavours to practise the *agenda* of christianity, without wishing to compel others to what he esteems a proper profession of its *credenda*.

"I hope to receive from you a good account of yourself and your family, being ever, with sincere regard,

"Your's affectionately,

"R. LANDAFF."

The eldest son, of whom he speaks above, was a Lieut. Col. in the Guards,—the *other* is, of course, the editor of this book. We gather from an intimation in another letter to lord Carysfort, that lord Lindsay and lieut. col. Smyth, married two of his daughters.

The Bishop of Landaff died on the 4th of July, 1816, in the 79th year of his age.

Our limits have not allowed us minutely to follow him, either in his literary or political career. His productions, however, are in the hands of every one, and need neither enumeration nor eulogy. As a politician, besides the claims which we have already stated to the gratitude of the philanthropist, he will long be remembered as the friend of Catholic emancipation, as a promoter of the union with Ireland, and as an advocate of the abolition of the Slave Trade. His able defences of revelation against the attacks of sceptics and infidels, fill the measure of his usefulness, and of his fame.

E.

ART. 7. *Demetrius, the Hero of the Don. An Epic Poem.* By ALEXIS EUSTAPHIEVE. 12mo. pp. 234. Boston. 1818. Monro and Francis.

THE number of poems, by their authors or others, denominated epic, without including the rhyming narratives and novels of Scott and his school, which have appeared within the last thirty years, is so great, that if the value bore any proportion to the quantity, Homer and Virgil would be almost forgotten, or overlooked, in the mightier majesty and splendor of modern superiority. To take a journey of a few hundred miles, and to write an epic, are, of late, objects of equal enterprise, hazard, and difficulty. Southey's "*Joan of Arc*," was the result of six weeks labour: about the same length of time in which it continued to be read. Judging from a passage in the work before us, we conjecture that Demetrius occupied the attention of the author four or five months; a period far exceeding that in which the poem will command perusal. What time was consumed by Homer in the composition of the *Iliad* we can never know. Many years were spent in writing the *Æneid*; and death only prevented the devotion of probably many more to its more satisfactory completion. Milton spent most of his life in amassing the requisites for his immortal work, and many years in its accomplishment. Camoens was five years at Macao finishing his *Luziad*. Ten years labour produced the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. These poems will cease to be read only when letters are unknown. Lucan wrote his *Pharsalia* while quite a young man. It is true that some critics will not rank his work among epics, because he uses no machinery. This, however, is far from being essential; and in a heroic poem, relating to modern times, it would be an absurdity. Lucan wanted not genius: and, had he lived twenty years longer, and then commenced an heroic poem, devoting several years to its execution, his judgment matured and his intellectual resources overflowing, a work might have been given to the world perhaps not inferior to the *Æneid*. Glover was but twenty-five years of age when he published his *Leonidas*. Time and study might have enabled him to produce a poem superior to *Leonidas*; though they never could have made him a great poet. Sir Richard Blackmore, the prototype of the present brazen age of epic efforts, with almost equal ease could make a pill or a poem. The *Henriad* of Voltaire was a hasty production of his youth. At sixty he might have produced some-

thing vastly superior; but majesty and sublimity belonged neither to the language nor to the poet. In brief, it will be found on examination, with respect to poetry of almost every description, but particularly the epopee, that genius, without great labour and study, seldom effects any thing of such excellence as to merit extensive and permanent celebrity.

In his dedication of the translation of Juvenal and Persius to the earl of Dorset,—a dedication containing much excellent with some strange criticism, and the most beastly flattery that ever was uttered,—Dryden observes: "He is the only proper person of all others for an epic poem, who to his natural endowments of a large invention, a ripe judgment and a strong memory, has joined a knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows and can practise the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes. If such a man is now arisen, or shall arise, he may build a nobler, a more beautiful and more perfect poem than any yet extant since the ancients." He then mentions his having long had an intention of writing an epic, "which would have taken up *his life* in the performance of it—chiefly for the honour of his native country." This he was not able to execute; and the reasons given, disgraceful to the monarch and the age, can be read by no poet, or admirer of Dryden, without sorrow.—"But being encouraged only with fair words by king Charles the second; my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence; I was then discouraged in the beginning of the attempt: and now, age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disenabled me."—Who can hesitate to believe that if Dryden had devoted the latter part of his life to the accomplishment of such a poem, it would indeed have been an honour to his native country, equalling or surpassing *Jerusalem Delivered*?

In two points, however, we consider the opinions of Dryden erroneous. He would have written it in rhyme: and he censures Milton for writing in blank verse; the principal reason of which he supposes to have been Milton's inability to write in rhyme with facility. We are confident

that no such consideration induced Milton to forbear the use of rhyme. The reasons he has himself given are sufficient to convince us that he was influenced by no such motive.—Dryden would employ machinery. Whether his subject had been king Arthur or the Black Prince, the introduction, as he proposes and endeavours to justify of good and bad angels, not only is not necessary, but, in our opinion, would have been highly injurious. A few philosophers excepted, the people of Greece and Rome believed in the existence and interposition in human affairs, of their gods. Hence the propriety, in Homer and Virgil, of making them parties in operations of magnitude, though their personal appearance and co-operation might have been omitted. But how few, at the present day, give credence to the immediate assistance or opposition of angels or devils. Let the poet place his subject ten centuries back, the objection loses none of its efficacy. To use the language of sir William Davenant in the preface to his Gondibert, the reader “is led so often into heaven and hell, that, by conversation with gods and with ghosts, he is sometimes deprived of those *natural probabilities* in story, which are *instructive to human life*.”

Mr. Eustaphie has taken for the time of his poem the period when the Christian religion was first introduced into Muscovy. We do not consider it necessary, whatever most critics may say to the contrary, for the poet to go back even fifty years. Lucan failed because he “fettered his feet in the shackles of a historian.” This was not requisite. Of history the poet may use only such parts as are convenient. He should be able to say with Heriod:

Ἰδμεν φευδα πολλά λόγων ὁποιοῖται ὁμοίαν,
 ἴδμεν δ', οὐρανόθεν, ἀλυσθε μυσταίβας.
 Οἶν. v. 28, 29.

We know how to utter the fictitious resembling the true: and we know how, when we wish, to introduce what is real.—If a good epic cannot be written without the use of supernatural agency, nor without great distance of time, it cannot be well executed with these helps: there must be a want of genius and judgment. Homer wrote but a short time after the Trojan war. We have from him the character and manners of the age. From Virgil we receive, in a great degree, manners and characters of conjecture. We are sensible that almost all critics consider it essential that the time in which the scenes

of an epic should be cast, should be at least many centuries back; and one reason for this necessity is alleged to be, because the poet cannot else employ fiction. Another and a greater reason is offered, viz. that supernatural agency will gain no credit in modern times: men will not believe in the personal interposition of ghosts, angels, and evil spirits at the present day; yet may think it not improbable that in former times they were quite familiar agents in human concerns. But the truth is that machinery, so far from being a requisite, has an insuspicious effect on the whole fable, even on that part which is bottomed on facts. It is as necessary that the scene and time of a novel should be placed at a great distance, as that the scene and time of the epopee should be so placed. The great art is to make the manners, characters, and transactions, which are fictitious *ὁποιοῖται ὁμοίαν*, similar to realities. He who is incompetent to this, as it respects the present age, must be equally incompetent respecting any age that has passed.

With regard to the hero of an epic poem, most critics insist that he should be almost a perfect human being. Beni says: “Nel poema Heroico, conviene esprimere l'idea di perfectissimo capitano, o vero formar heroe, in cui sia il colmo di tutte le virtù militari e civili.” Such, however, was not the hero of the Iliad; nor of Paradise Lost; whether that hero was, as Dryden declared, the devil, or was Adam. Father Rapin seems to be of the same opinion; and hence gives greater credit to Virgil for his hero, than to Homer: not, however, much to the reputation of the former: for he says Virgil has formed his hero from all the good qualities of Achilles and Ulysses; from Ajax, Nestor, and Diomed; and from the several virtues of Themistocles, Epaminondas, Alexander, Hannibal, Jurgurtha, &c. Thus, to give a perfect beauty, Apelles stole a grace from one, a curl from another, a dimple, feature or limb from others, till his picture was complete. But whence the necessity, utility, or propriety, of depicting the hero as perfect? Or why should perfection be confined to the principal hero? Why not form all the characters on the same model? Is Charles Grandison more read than Tom Jones? Had Shakespeare conformed to such a rule, his works would hardly deserve perusal. It has been asserted that Homer and Virgil wrote principally for the instruction of princes; and Rapin says, such should be the greatest object of every heroic poem: the chief character in which, should be a

possession of consummate virtue; the model by which kings should form themselves. Such a hero, if sought in history, would rarely be found. There has never been more than one Washington. Will not princes, and all other readers, be equally instructed by seeing the ill effects of the failings and vices of the hero?

The unities of time, place, and action, have given the critics no inconsiderable uneasiness. Should the poet, in respect to each of these, write, as probably did Homer, without the dicta of criticism, and pursue the directions of his own judgment, he would be quite as apt to give pleasure to the reader. Had Virgil commenced with the departure of Æneas from Troy; or had the Æneid opened with his landing in Italy, and had the previous occurrences been judiciously introduced by episodes, who will say that the poem would have been less gratifying? Homer preserves complete unity of place. Virgil confines his hero to Carthage, Sicily, and Italy. Milton usurps infinity for the seats of his actions. The time occupied in the *Iliad*, and that in the *Odyssey*, reckoning from the departure of Ulysses from Calypso, to his discovering himself, is far shorter than that of the *Æneid*; yet the time of the *Æneid* is no serious objection; nor would it be, had it been extended to seven years, the interest of the fable remaining undiminished to the last. When Turnus was killed, the great object of Æneas was accomplished; and we should hardly wish another book, describing the wedding of the hero with Lavinia, or a dedication of his palace and out-houses: and it has well been observed, that the death of Hector ought to have closed the *Iliad*.

He, who would compose an heroic poem, deserving the permanent admiration of enlightened posterity, must bring to his task no such mediocrity of intellectual resources as distinguishes the author of Demetrius. He must have received from the liberality of heaven an ample portion of the *mens divinior*. His literary acquisitions must be extensive. Much he must have read, and more he must have meditated, compared, and investigated. Much he must have enjoyed, and more, perhaps, have suffered. Scarcely a passion should be unknown to him, from close examination or large experience. The wings of his Pegasus should never tire; nor the hands of judgment one moment be diverted from the reins. Tears must now stand in his eye, caused by the sight of spectacles of woe, which his own imagination has formed; and now his heart must

harden to accompany his heroes to the embattled field. To distinguish between the tawdry and the elegant; the beautiful and the rapid; the pathetic of adults and the pathetic of children; the simple and the silly; the sublime and the bombastic; he must widely possess, and incessantly exercise the most vigilant discrimination. With most modes of life, and grades of society, he must be well acquainted: having been familiar with the great, and intimate with the humble. He must have long well known, and deeply studied, the vast variety of human characters; and have traced the various operations of events on different persons; so that no one of his characters shall know or express a feeling or sentiment belonging to another. Of the sciences he ought to possess a general knowledge; with the general agency, influence, and effects of nature, a thorough acquaintance. The latter is but imperfectly obtained from books. A curious, tasteful, ardent, long, delighting and unwearied investigation of all that charms the eye, is necessary for description, comparison, ornament, and illustration. He must possess an extensive intimacy with the choicest words and modes of expression in his own language; and ought to possess a knowledge of the Roman and Grecian languages; and of some of the modern tongues of Europe; that he may be enabled to adopt new idioms and inflexions of speech, not smothering of quaintness, harshness, or pedantry; but frequently graceful or energetic. Above all, he must possess, and largely too, the power of originating new situations of the human character; to be unfolded with novelty of language and description. He must be gifted with the nicest powers of taste in the introduction of rhetorical figures; well knowing how often to use them, and to what extent. He must not be the dupe of critics; who, from Aristotle to Bossu and father Rapin, and from them to too many of the present day, draw most of their canons from the works of Homer and Virgil; but must have a sound understanding, and independence, that he may daringly and correctly pursue new paths; in following which the reader may be charmed, however the stagyrite and Frenchman may frown. He must exercise the duties of a stern, patient critic over his every line, and even every word; to amend, to polish; and, above all, to erase. Of all the varied melody of metre; of all the possible changes of musical prosody, of which the language is capable; he must be entirely a master. His inventive powers must be

abundant, and his judgment exact, that he may well consider what to reject. For embellishment or elucidation, must be familiar to him much of the watery world, from the cockle to the whale; of the vegetable kingdom, from the violet to the cedar; and of animal existence, from the polypus to man. He must be obeyed when he says to the secrets of human bosoms, open your doors. In determining what shall be his fable, he should be "long choosing, and beginning late." This first, he must well study, for interest and effect, how, where and when to commence his relation, and how, where, and when to close it.

Such are some of the qualifications indispensable in an epic poet. With these, after years devoted to its execution, a work may perhaps be produced not unworthy the proud premium of immortality! an honour to the poet, to his country, and his age. Yet, well may the stoutest of poetical hearts hesitate, after so many and so vast failures as have been witnessed of late; for, how bitter must it be, after bringing into one epic aggregate all his choicest poetical possessions,—after ardently expecting immediate, extensive and immense applause,—after exposing to the literary world his mightiest effort,—for the poet to wake from his fond dream, with his bookseller's sorrowful tale, that the critics condemn his work; that the people will not purchase; that the printed edition will never sell, and another edition will never be wanted. Some of sir Richard's epics passed through three editions during his life; and perhaps he died with a belief that posterity would place his bust on the same base with that of Homer. Like the author of that headless and trunkless thing, "The Columbiad," perhaps Blackmore pleased himself with a belief that the envy and malice of wicked wits, or political opponents, would cease at his death; and that his fame would increase as his bones decayed. But can Southey, or Lucien Bonaparte, or Scott, with his hop, skip and jump rhyming epic-lings, still hug the belief that their works, centuries hence, will be found in the libraries of the learned and the great? Can Mr. Eustaphie so have mistaken the extent and force of his genius, as to deem himself competent to the performance of such an undertaking? We recollect having read, some years since, a tragedy, called "Alexis," written by this gentleman, and acted two or three times in Boston. It was ill planned, and ill executed; and of poetry, it possessed scarcely "the shadow of a

shade." From the perusal of this second murder of the son of Peter the Great, we confess we had little expectation of being gratified by the perusal of an epic from the same pen. There are some disadvantages attendant on moving in a high sphere. Mr. Eustaphie has been many years Russian consul in Boston. Associating with many of the principal families in that town, he has acquired many of that description of friends, all of whom would shrink from the incivility, when questioned, of informing him that his poetical writings were very deficient in poetry; and many of whom would pretend to admire them in his presence. He is a very irritable gentleman; (the strongest proof of his being one of the *irritable genus*;) and who among his friends would be so unfriendly to his feelings, as to inform him that he had made a gross mistake, when he strangely mistook himself for one of the beloved of the Nine?—When it was announced that his tragedy was to be acted, who that had drank of his wine, or of whose wine he had partaken, would neglect purchasing tickets for his family, or refuse to the author the cheap and gratifying expenditure of a compliment on his performance, and a denunciation of the miserable performers on the stage, who almost murdered, for the third time, the unfortunate Alexis.

On the subject of the late war, between France and Russia, and on the resources, and then present state of the Russian empire, Mr. Eustaphie was the author of several publications, which were not without their effect in establishing his character as a statesman. Had he confined his researches and his literary publications to similar subjects, he would have been saved from that severe and lasting mortification which almost invariably follows ill success in poetry. There is, in particular, one consideration which we should suppose would have restrained him, at least for the present. The English is not his vernacular language; and a far longer and more extensive acquaintance with our tongue, than he appears to have enjoyed, was absolutely necessary in a work like that before us. This immediately appears on perusal, in numerous instances of bad syntax, in an incorrect knowledge of the meaning or force of certain words, in his evidently very circumscribed intimacy with the most energetic, majestic and appropriate words; and in his vast incapacity in distinguishing between words and phrases, common or mean, and words and phrases of elegance and dignity. His is such a knowledge as we have

of the vulgar or lofty expressions or words in the Latin and Greek tongues. Few of the best scholars are able to discriminate. But the English is a living language. A Russian may have sufficient knowledge of it to be able to read it; but not always to ascertain the difference between words and expressions that are poetical, and such as are prosaic.

In examining this poem we shall begin, as in a Hebrew volume, at the end, where the author places his preface; by him called "Apology." He observes: "The classic reader, and the candid critic, who must be sensible that an epic poem is no ordinary undertaking, will not refuse their patience and indulgence to such casualties as may arise in the course of the work, either to retard its progress or change the intended form and manner of its appearance. They will allow the poet—after he had [*had*] laid the foundation, imparted sufficient impulse to the subject, invested his heroes with proper characteristics, expressive of their future destiny, and gained a resting point at some memorable epoch of the narrative and action—to pause awhile, to look around him with an eye of anticipation, and to listen, with a prophetic ear, in the anxious hope of discovering, if possible, whether the completion of his intellectual labours is likely to be greeted with the 'spirit-moving sound' of enlightened approbation, or denounced by the chilling voice of apathy and displeasure." The author then proceeds to state that the present volume is all a fiction, excepting "the names of the two principal personages, forming thereby a natural division, or boundary between the province of imagination, and that of history, reserved for the next effort;" and that it "may properly be viewed as a separate part, or as a concluded introduction to the main subject yet to be developed in its full extent and preconceived magnitude." His apology thus concludes: "He, therefore, respectfully takes his leave for the present; adding merely, that a few notes, and a critical essay upon the epopee, particularly on Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' are contemplated in connexion with the original design of the poem."

Perhaps it was a prudent determination in Mr. Eustaphie, to offer the public only a part of his contemplated work; intending, should it not meet general approbation, to save the labour of composing what would hardly be read. Our opinion, however, is, that self love and "advise of friends," will prompt him to finish the poem "in its full extent and preconceived magnitude." This, how-

ever, is not necessary; for what is given already forms a complete tale, however capable it may be of extension. If another volume, however, should not appear, the world may be deprived of his "critical essay on the epopee." Of the magnitude of such a loss, nevertheless, "the classical and critical reader" can judge, with no great uncertainty, after having finished the perusal of what is already given.

Mr. Eustaphie remarks: "Neither can the part thus presented, be it done so well as to excite interest and sympathy, or so ill as to provoke the opposite feelings, become the means of prejudicing the whole; [*prejudicing the reader against the whole*:] it being evident, that, in the former case, the general desire to obtain the remainder would [*will*] rather increase than diminish; and, in the latter the prospect could not be worse, while the benefit of the experiment would still be felt, so far at least as to prevent much useless waste of *health* and time, and much additional mortification." What is life without health? is a question often asked. "Time," says Dr. Franklin, "is money." Mortification is extremely afflictive. We hope Mr. E. will preserve his health, save time, and escape from all further needless mortification.

The poem is dedicated, in formal prose, to the empress of all the Russias; and, in the commencement of the poem, to both the autocrat of all the Russias, and his lady. The work thus opens:

"The far famed Prince I sing: the royal youth
Endow'd with virtue's noblest gifts, who liv'd
To bless his country, and be blest himself;
Whose voice, inspir'd, bade prostrate Slavia^{rise}
And, by the sound of his triumphant steps,
Seek freedom's way through victory and peace."

Dr. Johnson, in the first number of his Rambler, wishes there was an established mode for essayists to commence, as in epic poetry. Homer began with mentioning his subject and invoking the muse; and hence most epic writers have followed his example. "I sing," or "sing muse," forms the poem of most of his successors; and his own *Odyssey* is begun in the same manner:

Αἶψα μὲν ὅτε κεν, Μοῦσα, κ. τ. λ.

"Arma virtutisque cano."—*Virgil*.

"Bella per Emathios pluviam civilia campos,
Jusque datum sceleri canimus."—*Lucan*.

"This word, our author informs us, signifies *glory* in the Russian language: Slavonian, as applied to Russia, is a corruption.

"Canto l'armi pietose a l'capitano."—Tasso.

"Lo I the man," &c.—Spenser.

"I sing the man who Juda's sceptre bore."

Davidic.

"Je chante le hero qui regna sur la France."

Henriade.

Such indeed is the mode of beginning most of the heroic poems extant. Devenant refused the trammals of servile imitation. He, whatever his success, had the independence in several points to pursue the direction of his own judgment. His introduction follows:

"Of all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Who sought fame soon, and had her trophies long,

King Aribert best seem'd to fill the throne,
And bred most business for heroic song," &c.

Servum pecus can be applied to no writers with more justice than to the authors of heroic poems. How different would have been the *Eneid*, had Virgil never read Homer,—how much superior to what it is, we might probably exclaim.

(To be continued.)

ART. 8. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth.* By LEON BRONN. 12mo. pp. circa 250. New-York. Kirk & Merocin, and A. T. Goodrich, & Co.

SUCH is the fertility of lord Byron's muse, that the press is hardly able to keep pace with her prolificacy. There is, indeed, an anachronism in the *accouchement* of this poem in this country,—its immediate predecessor in England, not having yet made its appearance here. We allude to the metrical romance of *Beppo*, an amusing burlesque upon that school of poetry, in which his lordship has taken his degrees,—and the pedantry of which, as a graduate, he has a license to ridicule. The specimens of this facetious production, which we have seen in some of the English journals, bear out the estimation we had formed of his lordship's satirical talent, from his caustic attack upon the Edinburgh Reviewers, and confirm those indications of humour, which have often peeped out, in bitter guise, in his graver compositions. But of *Beppo* hereafter—a work of a very different complexion claims our notice now.

The fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* is prefaced by a dedication of the whole poem to John Hobhouse, Esq.—who has obligingly furnished the notes that accompany this division of it,—which like many other commentaries, exceed the text in bulk; and who has, moreover, published a separate volume of historical illustrations, which exceeds them both. After a lavish panegyric upon the virtues of his friend, who had been the companion of his frequent, 'pilgrimages,' his lordship appositely observes, by way of *salvo* to their mutual modesty—"it is not for minds like ours to give or receive flattery!"—Of the poem itself his lordship says, "with regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I

had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' whom no body would believe was a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined, that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so." His lordship further tells us, what for his sake, we hope is true, though we do not believe it,—that "the opinions which have been, or maybe, formed on that subject, are now a matter of indifference."

The argument of this canto, it is difficult to draw out,—simply because it is not easy to discover it. We can, however, describe the course of the author's reflections, though we cannot always perceive the extension of his thoughts. He finds himself in Venice, on a bridge between the dual palace and a prison, and he sees, in his "mind's eye," the rise, progress, and decline of the Venetian Republic, and all the events that embellish its history, or give interest to its fate. A variety of metaphysical speculations grow out of this survey of the past and present. All at once he is transported to Rome,—then to the tomb of Petrarch at Arquà. Petrarch brings Tasso to mind, and Tasso takes him to Ferrara. In a moment, he revisits Rome—and quits it, the next moment, for Florence. Instantly he plunges into the lake of Thrasimene,—then quiffs of the wave of the Clitumnus—then dashes down the cataract of Velino,—then mounts the Apennines,—and straightway finds himself again on the banks of the Tiber. The

statues of all the worthies of Rome pass in review before him,—he traverses the Circus, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and St. Peter's,—pauses to moralize over the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, and abandons himself to a dream of love in the grove of Egeria:—He catches the dying knell of the ill-fated princess Charlotte,—murmurs a dirge to her memory,—addresses an invocation to the ocean, and bids farewell to the 'pilgrim' and the poem.

That scenes of such interest as the vagrant imagination of the noble author has rambled over, in this discursive canto, should have elicited some beautiful sentiments from a mind like his, is not extraordinary,—we only wonder that the *religio loci* had not filled him with a more powerful inspiration. Those who look for an interest same in every scintillation of his lordship's genius, will be disappointed in the concluding canto of *Childe Harold*. Not only is it more equable, but less vivid than its forerunners;—it contains more faults, and fewer felicitous passages to atone for them. When we shut the volume, we in vain endeavour to recollect those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," which illuminate his lordship's earlier productions, and which so indelibly impress themselves on our memories. Yet his lordship terms this 'the most thoughtful and comprehensive' of his compositions. That he has bestowed unusual labour upon it, is very possible, and it certainly exhibits evidences of profound meditation,—his pains, however, have not polished it, and his speculations have led him to no satisfactory result. But we will not longer detain our readers from the poem, which though it may fall short of that eminence which the author has heretofore reached, still towers to a height, to which few bards of the present age are daring enough to aspire.

After indulging, in pensive mood, a retrospect of the departed greatness of Venice, the poet thus pursues his melancholy musings:—

"I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Orway, Racine, Schiller, Shakespeare's art."

Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did meet part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of we,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

—*Venice Preserved*; *Mysteries of Udolpho*;
the Ghost-seer, or *Armenians*; the *Merchant of Venice*; *Othello*.

"I can reprieve with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought

Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:

There are some feelings Time can not bestow,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold
and dumb.

"But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray, granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

"Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The cruel labours with the heaviest load;
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

"All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and re-
buoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they lean;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb;

"But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarcely seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight woe may be the thing which being
Back on their heart the weight which it would fling

Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound;

"And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves be-
hind,

Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—purchases the deal
—new,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—the many—
yet how few!"

The following description of an Italian evening, conveys, all that description can convey, of that to which all description is inadequate.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seem to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the
blest!

"A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd
within it glows,

"Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from
afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and all is
gray."

We quote the four following stanzas,
principally for the sake of the last.

"What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the
deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion and omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lost their own judgments should become too
bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth
have too much light.

"And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Routing from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same
tree.

"I speak not of men's creeds—they rest be-
tween
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
And the intent of tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown

The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the
throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had
done.

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefeild?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore?"

The desolation of the heart is strongly
pictured in the subjoined stanzas, of which
the fifth is peculiarly expressive.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the
plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

"Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled hea-
ven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wea-
ried—wrung—and riven.

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath
seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair!
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again?

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but
the cure
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the
mind's
Ideal shape of such: yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown
winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when
most undone.

"We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unsatked the
thirst,

Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom furies, such as we sought at
first—

But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the
flame.

"Few—none—find what they love or could have
loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Evened with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns hope to dust,—the dust we
all have trod."

The author's morbid sensibility has cast
a cadaverous hue over every aspect of
life. We cannot but pity the mental
misery which could prompt him to inter-
cede with Time and Vengeance, in such
plaintive accents as these,—

"Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never less though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! anio thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
thee a gift:

"Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a
shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have
worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not
mourn?

"And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage
long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and him
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou
ahh, and must.

"It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee I do devote it—thou shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and
found—

VOL. III.—NO. III.

Which if I have not taken for the sake—
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet
awake.

"And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek,
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes: a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my
cure!

"That curse shall be Forgiveness—Have I
not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Hea-
ven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart
riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied
away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey."

Though we have already extended our
extracts to such a length, we should be
inexcusable were we to omit the follow-
ing beautiful lines:

"Oh that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling air
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our
lot.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can be or express, yet cannot all con-
ceal."

We may apply to lord Byron what Dr.
Johnson says of Gray, in speaking of his
"Elegy:" "Had he often written thus, it
would be idle to praise, and useless to
condemn him."

It is unnecessary for us, here, to re-
peat the opinion we have so often had
occasion to express of the general tenor
of lord Byron's writings. We do not
perceive that he has amended much in
those particulars, in which we have con-
sidered him most reprehensible. The
same egotism, the same misanthropy, and
the same solemn atheism, which have for-

merly disgusted us, recur in this poem. His lordship's strain is, as ever,—

———"I seek no sympathies, nor need!
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring
from such a seed."

If his lordship has such a disdain for sympathy, we wish he would seek some other solace, or, at least, cease to repine. By his own showing, he has, indeed, little claim to commiseration,—and since he is not even disposed to allow any one to medicate his wounds, it is a ridiculous and offensive ostentation to display them. His lordship confesses that his afflictions are

the fruits of his own folly;—the natural remedy would seem to be a change of conduct. If he have not resolution to reform, nor yet hardihood to persevere in a course which he condemns, his case is a hopeless one.

"To be weak, is to be miserable,
Doing or suffering."

We intended to point out some of his lordship's numerous violations both of syntax and prosody, but to any reader, who has a competent knowledge of the language, it will be easy to detect them. Blemishes are the more to be regretted, in proportion to the richness of the mantle which they tarnish. E.

ART. 9. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Burying Places in Cities.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IT is universally acknowledged that we live in an enlightened age. The progress of scientific improvement, and of whatever may meliorate the condition of mankind, is certainly great. Yet, in some respects, we are inferior to those generations who lived in what are called the *dark ages*. In the present age of civilization and progressive improvement, when religion and science exert their benign influence over a vast portion of the habitable globe, we still tolerate prejudices and customs of which we must be divested, before we can presume to say that we are truly enlightened.

In most eastern countries it was customary to *bury the dead at some distance from any town*. This practice obtained among the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, &c. Among the primitive Christians, burying in cities was not allowed for the first three hundred years, nor in churches for many ages after. Many of the American tribes and nations whom we generally characterize as *savage* and *ignorant*, never permit a corpse to moulder away in or very near their villages and towns. But in regard to this wise regulation, the civilized inhabitants of our cities stand in the back ground. In this very populous and crowded city—this enlightened city of New-York, you meet with burying places and cemeteries in the most central and populous parts!—Daily, in this warm season, you are annoyed by the opening of vaults on the very verge of the footways, where thousands of passengers are forced to witness dead bodies in every stage of putrescence, and to in-

hale the noxious effluvia that escape from the gloomy charnel-houses. In other instances, *dead men's bones* are sacrilegiously disturbed to make room for the recently deceased, which are deposited within a few feet from the surface of the ground. Here they undergo decomposition, and the putrid exhalations are continually contaminating the atmosphere to the great annoyance and injury of the living.

Customs so pernicious and inexcusable, should not be tolerated. It must however be acknowledged, that various religious communities in New-York leave their burying places in the city undisturbed, and bury their dead "without the city." There they can point out the very spot where rest the remains of dear departed friends. There, free from the city's din, we can indulge in those pious reflections which the melancholy place suggests. There, in solemn silence, we can meditate on "the way of all the earth." And, whilst with tears of affection unseen, we bedew the drooping flowrets on the sepulchral hillock, we look with the eye of Christiana faith to that "building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,

Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

R. N. K.

For the American Monthly Magazine.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following errors in the Nautical Almanacs for 1815, '16, '17, '18 and '19,

are offered for insertion in your Magazine. I wish them to be made public, not from a disposition to injure any individual concerned in that work, but from a sense of duty: for I regard the Nautical Almanac as a public standard, to whose correctness every one is bound to contribute, whenever it is in his power. The errors were found in Blunt's edition, and whether the same are in the London copies, I know not; that is for the four first named years; the Almanac for 1819, having been recalculated by Mr. Blunt. It is thought of consequence to mention the errors in the copies for the years previous to 1818, since observations may have been made during those years, that are not yet calculated.

In the copy for 1815.

- Page 31, Moon's Lat. 13th day, midnight, for $4^{\circ} 48' 15''$, read $1^{\circ} 48' 15''$.
 Page 52, Mars' Heliocentric Lat. 1st day, for $1^{\circ} 2' S.$ read $1^{\circ} 26' S.$
 Page 101, Moon's Long. 6th day, midn. for $6^{\circ} 0' 27' 45''$, read $7^{\circ} 0' 27' 45''$.
 Page 139, Moon's Parallax, 26th day, noon, for $59' 49''$, read $59' 45''$.

For 1816.

- Page 4, Venus' Heliocentric Lat. 1st day, for $3^{\circ} 15'$ read $3^{\circ} 15' N.$
 Page 19, Moon's Parallax, 7th day, noon, for $56' 53''$, read $56' 33''$.
 Page 31, Prop. Log. 8th day, midn. for 4907, read 4873.
 Page 52, Jupiter's Declinat. 25th day, for $11^{\circ} 50'$, read $10^{\circ} 50'$.
 Page 79, Moon's Semid. 10th day, midn. for $15' 19''$, read $15' 9''$.
 Page 100, Venus' Declinat. 25th day, for $5^{\circ} 5'$, read $5^{\circ} 59'$.

There is some cause for suspecting that this error may not be found in all copies.
 Page 113, Moon's Long. 4th day, noon, for $11^{\circ} 30' 34' 35''$, read $11^{\circ} 20' 34' 35''$.

For 1817.

- Page 6, Moon's Declinat. 1st day, noon, for $23^{\circ} 43'$, read $23^{\circ} 43' N.$
 Page 40, Mars' Geocentric Long. 19th day, for $10^{\circ} 3' 54''$, read $11^{\circ} 3' 54''$.
 — Mars' Geocentric Long. 25th day, for $10s 8^{\circ} 26'$, read $11s 8^{\circ} 26'$.
 Page 41, Moon's Lat. midn. May 1st, at bottom of page, for $0^{\circ} 38' 25''$, read $0^{\circ} 33' 28''$.
 Page 43, Prop. Log. 15th day, midn. for 5300, read 5233.
 Page 101, Moon's Lat. 1st day, midn. for $1^{\circ} 10' 16'' S.$ read $0^{\circ} 10' 16'' S.$
 Page 127, Moon's Parallax, 30th day, noon, for $55' 28''$, read $56' 28''$.

For 1818.

- Page 5, Moon's Lat. 1st day, noon, for $2^{\circ} 48' 46'' N.$ read $1^{\circ} 48' 46'' N.$
 Page 16, Venus' Geo. Lat. 7th day, for $1^{\circ} 11'$, read $1^{\circ} 1'$.
 Page 18, Moon's Declinat. 1st day, noon, for $25^{\circ} 56'$, read $25^{\circ} 56' S.$
 Page 30, Moon's R. Ascen. 12th day, midn. for $47^{\circ} 5'$, read $57^{\circ} 5'$.
 Page 55, Moon's Parallax, 1st day, midn. for $53' 32''$, read $55' 32''$.
 Page 64, Mercu. Heli. Lat. 7th day, for $6^{\circ} 58'$, read $5^{\circ} 58'$.
 Page 66, Moon's Declinat. 1st day, midn. for $18^{\circ} 33'$, read $18^{\circ} 33' N.$
 Page 79, Moon's Semid. 2d day, midn. for $14' 48''$, read $14' 45''$.
 — Moon's Semid. 22d day, midn. for $15' 8''$, read $15' 28''$.
 Page 113, Moon's Long. 21st day, midn. for $2^{\circ} 24' 32' 51''$, read $3^{\circ} 24' 32' 51''$.
 Page 115, Moon's Semid. 9th day, noon, for $16' 57''$, read $15' 57''$.
 — Moon's Semid. 10th day, noon, for $16' 51''$, read $15' 51''$.
 Page 121, Conjunction of Planets, 12th day, for $\gamma \ \varphi$, read $\gamma \ \delta$.
 Page 126, Moon's Declinat. 1st day, noon, for $26^{\circ} 35'$, read $26^{\circ} 35' S.$
 Page 137, Moon's Long. 22d day, midn. for $8^{\circ} 27' 19' 46''$, read $6^{\circ} 27' 19' 46''$.
 Page 25, Conj. of Planets, 16th day, for $\gamma \ 34\frac{1}{2} N.$ read $\gamma \ 34\frac{1}{2} S.$
 Page 37, Conj. of Planets, for 7th day $\varphi \ \gamma$, read 9th day $\varphi \ \gamma$.

It is gratifying to find that Blunt's edition of the Almanac for 1819, has been published so much neater and more distinct than those of former years, and containing a modest preface, without any "pledges of reputation" for infallibility, or offers of reward for the discovery of errors. In particular, he deserves much credit for having procured a recalculation of the London edition, in which a great number of important errors have been detected. Conducted on such principles, it is believed, his edition cannot fail of patronage from men of science. The following errors in this corrected copy for 1819, are not pointed out with a view to detract from its merits, nor in compliance with Mr. Blunt's "challenge!" but because they are thought important to be known. And here I would take occasion to observe, that in the communications I have heretofore made to your Magazine on this subject, I was not influenced by a wish to depreciate the general correctness of Mr. Blunt as a publisher. What was said concerning him in the first communication, was forced

from me by a failure of every other method to obtain any satisfactory explanation, and did not proceed from a spirit of resentment. To the *manner* of his communication in your Magazine for January last, so far as I can understand it, it would be easy to reply; and to show that the facts of the case are but partially stated. But this is conceived to be unnecessary; for any one who examines it, will perceive that it is but an unwilling acknowledgment of most of the errors I had pointed out. As to the "Chronological Cycles," &c. a London copy has been examined since my first statement, and these were found to be correct in it, or as I had put them down. The *manner* of Mr. Blunt's communication is such as not to deserve a reply. By writing with so much warmth, he defeats his own object. As to my statements, I shall only say, that what is written, is written; and though I would make no pretensions to accuracy, and wish not to engage in any public dispute, yet, whenever I may chance to notice any errors of magnitude in a work of such vital importance as the Nautical Almanac, I shall consider myself bound to offer them for publication, whether they be made by A, B, or C.

For 1819.

- Page 4, Mercury's Helio. Lat. 16th day, for $6^{\circ} 22'$, read $6^{\circ} 42'$.
 Page 16, Mercury's Helio. Lat. 10th day, for $3^{\circ} 40'$, read $1^{\circ} 40'$.
 — Venus' Geo. Lat. 25th day, for $4^{\circ} 35'$, read $8^{\circ} 35'$.
 — Saturn's Geo. Long. 1st day, for $11^{\circ} 6' 18''$, read $11^{\circ} 16' 18''$.
 Page 18, Moon's Parallax, 6th day, noon, for $54' 2''$, read $54' 0''$.
 — Prop. Log. 6th day, noon, for 8226, read 5220.
 Page 23, Distance Moon and Regulus, 14th day, 11^h hour, for $45^{\circ} 0' 56''$, read $48^{\circ} 0' 56''$.
 — Distance Moon and Spica, $17\frac{1}{2}$, 17th day, midn. for $59^{\circ} 0' 13''$, read $39^{\circ} 0' 13''$.
 Page 25, Conj. Moon and Mercu. for 25d. 7h. 39m. read 26d. 3h. 56m.
 Page 28, Mercury's Declinat. 29th day, for $4^{\circ} 8'$, read $7^{\circ} 8'$.
 Page 29, Moon's Lat. 10th day, midn. for $3^{\circ} 9' 7''$, read $3^{\circ} 29' 7''$.
 Page 31, Moon's Semid. 9th day, midn. for $14' 0''$, read $15' 0''$.
 — Moon's Parallax, 11th day, noon, for $55' 4''$, read $55' 41''$.
 — Moon's Parallax, 25th day, noon, for $59' 43''$, read $56' 43''$.

- Page 37, Conj. Moon and Mercury, for 23d. 23h. 3m. read 24d. 22h. 33m.
 Page 40, Mercury's Declinat. 7th day, for $13^{\circ} 15'$, read $15^{\circ} 15'$.
 — Mercury's Declinat. 25th day, for $19^{\circ} 43'$ read $18^{\circ} 43'$.
 Page 49, Conj. Mars and Venus, for $\delta 45' S.$ of ζ , read $\delta 17' S.$ of δ .
 — against the 19th day, for $\gamma \delta$, read $\delta \delta$.
 Page 52, for Inf. * δ 2d. 16h. read Inf. δ , 28. 16h.
 Page 53, Moon's Lat. 1st day, midn. for $5^{\circ} 3' 29''$, read $5^{\circ} 3' 28'' N.$
 Page 58, Dist. Moon and Sun, 1st day, 9th hour, for $82^{\circ} 32' 46''$, read $83^{\circ} 32' 46''$.
 This error is also contained on the 6th page of the Almanac, previous to the calculations, as an erratum to the London copy. The minutes in that copy appear to have been corrected; but the degrees are put down one less than the true number.
 Page 65, Moon's Lat. 1st day, midn. for $2^{\circ} 29' 36''$, read $2^{\circ} 29' 36'' N.$
 Page 76, for δ 1d. 34h. read Sup. δ 1d. 34h.
 — Mercury's Geo. Lat. 25th day, for $1^{\circ} 51'$, read $0^{\circ} 51'$.
 — Mercury's Geo. Lat. 28th day, for $1^{\circ} 27'$, read $0^{\circ} 27'$.
 — Mercury's Geo. Lat. 31st day, for $1^{\circ} 1'$, read $0^{\circ} 1'$.
 Page 77, Moon's Lat. 1st day, midn. for $0^{\circ} 38' 41''$, read $0^{\circ} 38' 41'' S.$
 Page 89, Moon's Lat. 1st day, midn. for $4^{\circ} 24' 11''$, read $4^{\circ} 24' 11'' S.$
 — Moon's Lat. 30th day, midn. for $4^{\circ} 10' 41''$, read $5^{\circ} 10' 41''$.
 Page 100, for Inf. * δ 6d. 16h. read Inf. δ 6d. 16h.
 Page 133, for \odot enters 21 , read \odot enters 19 , or capricorn.
 Page 134, Sun's Declinat. for *North*, read *South*.
 Page 135, Sun's Semid. 1st day, for $16' 52''$, 4, read $16' 15''$, 4.
 This error, also, may be found on the 8th page of the above mentioned errata.
 Page 136, for Inf. 22d. 18h. read Inf. δ 22d. 18h.
 The two corrected times of the conjunctions of the moon and planets given above, against pages 25 and 37, were obtained by the longitudes of the objects in the Almanac, and, therefore, may not be correct to the nearest minute; since the planet's longitudes in that work are put down only to minutes.

Respectfully, yours,
EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

Deerfield, Mass. June 6, 1818.

* Opposition.

For the American Monthly Magazine.

If J. G. the learned correspondent of the Magazine for May, will take the trouble to look into Lowth's Syntax, he will find the phraseology which he so justly censures, distinctly authorized. To the authority of Lowth is undoubtedly to be ascribed the prevalence of the error in question. This opinion of Lowth's has been often controverted:—by Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," book ii. ch. 4.—by Crombie, in his "Treatise on the Etymology and Syntax of the English Language," Syntax, rule xv.—by Priestly, in his "English Grammar," Notes and Observations, sect. ii.—by Murray, in his "English Grammar," Syntax, rule x.—by Webster, in his "Philosophical and Practical Grammar," Syntax, rule xxv.—&c. &c. How, then, J. G. could be understood in saying that this unsmooth form of speech has "*lately*" crept into the language, and that it has hitherto escaped "all public animadversion," is not so clear.

P. Q.

Although the inaccurate phraseology animadverted upon by J. G. was long ago employed, it was not sanctioned by the practice of eminent writers; and it has not been, until lately, frequently to be met with. The very frequent and growing use of it now-a-days, called forth the strictures of J. G.; and although it has been noticed by the best grammatical treatises, yet it has not, we believe, been made the subject of stricture in the popular periodicals of the day.

For the American Monthly Magazine.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

There is a circumstance, of which I have taken notice, during the continuance of very hard frosts, which appears novel to most people in this country to whom I have mentioned it; and it has sometimes subjected me to the alternative of stating facts in a very positive manner, or of running the risk of being disbelieved. As I do not recollect to have seen it mentioned in any work I have read, I should be gratified to have you take notice of it in your very valuable Magazine.

The circumstance alluded to is—that the best gun locks will not fire gun-powder during intensely cold weather, or when the Mercury stands 20° or more below 0, if exposed fairly to that temperature. On the day, known all over this country as the cold Friday, in the year 1809 or 10, a gentleman, one of the N. W. company, observed to me, as he was

going to the opola of the Cathedral with his thermometer, that my gun (which was one of Fletcher's patent breeches, with a fine agate flint) would not fire gun-powder; and on my expressing some doubt on that point, he followed by saying, that he had hunted many days in the north when he could not get his gun off from the effects of cold, to his great mortification, when game was plenty. We immediately prepared for the experiment, and left the gun for twenty minutes or more in the most exposed place we could readily come at, when to my very great surprise, on repeated trials, the flint slid as ineffectually over the steel as if it had been wood, and it did not fire until it had been in a warm room for more than 20 seconds. This experiment was tried at Quebec, in Lower Canada, where I resided at that time.—On the cold Friday of last year, and on the cold Wednesday of the present past winter, I tried it with the same effect, only in these cases the gun was not as good an article as in the former experiment, yet it almost immediately flashed on being brought into a room with a stove.

Every one who saw the experiment tried, immediately formed some theory to account for it—which were so contradictory and unsatisfactory as to leave me in the dark as to the real cause. It is well known that all metals when exposed to colds grew shorter, and of course the springs were stronger than when in a more warm and expanded state; and it was a fair conclusion that a lock ought to give more fire cold, than when warm, or in the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, were the facts not in direct opposition to the theory. It was argued that the oil used to lubricate the lock became so congealed, as to create so great friction that the springs could not drive the hammer open with sufficient force to elicit sparks—again, that the spark was extinguished by the intense cold air before it reached the powder—or, that the steel was so full of frost as to deaden the spark on the principle of snow or water's extinguishing fire. The two last, I hold as preposterous and false reasoning.—I think I cannot have been deceived by any fortuitous circumstances in my own experiments, or in the very respectable authority from which I first learned the existence of the fact. If you should think the subject of sufficient importance to give it publicity, or any of your correspondents to speculate on it, I should feel myself highly gratified.

Your most obed't serv't,
Balleton-Spa, 4th May, 1812.

A. L.

The following article has been called forth by the appearance of Mr. Busby's "Essay on the Propulsion of Navigable Bodies," and the account of his discoveries and inventions, published in our last number. Mr. Busby and Mr. Staples are, we believe, total strangers to each other; it has, however, been supposed, by the friends of the latter, that the modes of propulsion suggested by these gentlemen interfere. We, nevertheless, submit that the two plans differ, in *essential points*; but, recommending an attentive consideration of their respective merits, we leave our readers to determine which should obtain the preference.

AIR BOAT.

Messrs. Editors,

As one of the objects of your useful Magazine is to disseminate the knowledge of new inventions and improvements,—I avail myself of that medium to lay before the public the result of a course of experiments in mechanical science, and particularly as applied to navigation.

A variety of untoward circumstances have combined to prevent an earlier development of all the facts now deduced; but the time seems to have arrived when I should no longer remain silent.—In giving this to the public I do not arrogate to myself the discovery of any new principle in mechanical or chemical philosophy, but I lay claim, with perfect confidence, to all the advantages that may arise from a new and practically useful application of long known principles.

The science of mechanics, very early engaged my attention; and I happened to be in England at the time that Bolton and Watt had perfected the steam-engine, and was then indulged with an opportunity of witnessing its useful effects in their extensive manufactories. I saw the same engine afterwards tried by Mr. Fitch for propelling vessels on the Delaware, and by many others in different places, and lastly by Mr. Fulton, who, being satisfied with the engine, considered only the best method of applying its powers to navigation, although it is very apparent he did not select the most eligible appendages to give that engine all its advantages of propulsion.

When the first boat was started from New-York, I took passage with a view to witness the experiment; and then noticed the great loss of power in the use of wheels—I saw that the paddles entered and left the water at an angle of about 45° and when entering, could only exert on its surface about half of the power with

which they were moving, the other half being spent in efforts tending to elevate the boat, occasioned a reaction, which oppressed the machinery, and caused a constant vibration of the vessel—hence a loss of power by the increased friction, in addition to that sustained by the perpendicular action of the paddles, both in entering and leaving the water. But the leaving paddles has even a worse effect, by breaking the volume of water on which the pursuing paddle is required to act in its nearest approach to a horizontal line; and this is an objection that will apply to wheels of every description. Stimulated by a desire to correct these evils, I have, from that time, been occasionally engaged in a succession of experiments—one inducing another, one idea unfolding another in regular progression, until I have attained the climax of my wishes—an economical application of known principles to useful purposes.

Prior to the period alluded to, I was engaged in experiments on the tide wheel, with a view to relieve them from the resistance of back water, and succeeded in the attempt, by using upright paddles; and when the objections to the common wheel, as applied to boats, were so evident, it appeared to me that the application of what I term the *improved wheel* would be very useful. But the trouble and expense of its construction; the difficulty of repairing any injury, except by a skilful artist; and the extreme accuracy necessary in its structure to take off some of the immense friction inseparable from such a combination of parts, determined me to relinquish that, and substitute a solid wheel, somewhat similar to the one in common use, but with a less number of floats, to prevent as far as possible the breaking of the volume of water unnecessarily; and placed in an inclined instead of a verticle position, enclosed in a horizontal trunk open at each end. There were two objects expected from the use of the trunk—one to gain buoyancy by extending the surface and preventing, as far as possible, the unequal operation of the wheels, in rough water; the other, to confine the water about the wheel, and make it approximate as nearly as possible to a solid substance. I had no sooner effected this, than my attention was called to examine a circular engine on a new construction, just then made known to me,—being anxious to witness the result of experiments then going on in New-York, because I had already been engaged for some time in similar trials; but when I found that steam was the only

agent, and its reaction could not be overcome, I felt under no apprehensions as to an interference in my plans. My circular engine is, I believe, entirely free from the defects common to all others that I have any knowledge of, being a horizontal movement, and actuated by an elastic, or a non-elastic fluid, or both; and in the latter case the engine is occupied with hot water, which is interposed, because it lessens the necessity of tight packing, and does not diminish the operating force of the engine by any reaction, which cannot be so well prevented in the use of elastic fluids only. Such, however, were the prejudices against circular engines, occasioned by recent unsuccessful applications, that I judged it prudent to suspend the introduction until I could accompany it with other improvements connected with its operation. My attention was now turned to an article inserted in the newspapers from an English publication, stating that a gentleman had obtained a patent in London for the application of condensed air as a new power to propel vessels, by injecting it under the bottom, thus causing a reaction of the water in its escape to the surface, by expansion on a part of the bottom inclined for that purpose. This article was followed by two others, the one from Boston, and the other from Philadelphia, each claiming a priority of application. Similar matters had engaged my attention, but I went further than they did. They found that nothing was to be gained by *this* application of force, sufficient to compensate for the loss of power in obtaining it—in my application I used heat as an auxiliary, having previously discovered that air will expand in proportion to its density with the *same degree of heat*. This matter will be more fully noticed when speaking of the engine and appendages as at present arranged.

To obviate the difficulties attaching to all wheels as before noticed, I tried the effects of simple instruments, operating on the water under the stern of a vessel, on the principle of an oar, and found them preferable to the paddles or floats of a wheel; but their progress in the water not being in the line of the boat's direction, I constructed a pair of parallel oars—these operated admirably, with the exception of a slight resistance on entering and leaving the water.

Although it was very evident, that vast power was to be obtained by condensed air rarified; yet, separate from other objections, the use of it, as before noticed, was not desirable on the score of economy. Hence I was led to think of a dif-

ferent application under the vessel, and with this view I found it necessary to have its bottom flat, with the part near the stern inclined upwards. I then contrived a set of *plungers*, which were to operate in trunks passing through the bottom of the vessel near the sides, on an angle of about 45° , rising in the vessel about three feet above the bottom, and connected with similar trunks under the bottom, extending from one extremity of the vessel to the other, and also attached to its inclined part, rising to the surface of the water under the stern of the vessel, having a portion of that inclined part, near the extremity of the trunk, removed for the purpose of producing a reaction of the water on it. The piston rods of these plungers are connected with the cranks on the main shaft in pairs, the cranks being so arranged as to distribute the power in an equable manner. There are three pairs—the two outside plungers moving together, the others succeeding in the same order. The surface of the plungers, when in contact with the water, is perpendicular, and if necessary may occupy the whole breadth of the vessel—hence the surfaces of the plungers may be made to bear on a section or column of water vastly greater than can conveniently be allowed for the action of any wheel or oar. Although these plungers will be more firmly resisted by the water than the oars or paddles of wheels possibly can be, yet by the yielding of the water, some little suspension of power will ensue; but by its immediate reaction on the inclined part of the bottom, it will be restored.

Having now satisfied myself with arranging the instruments to operate on the water, I resumed my experiments on air for the purposes of ascertaining the best methods of combining in practice its greatest economy with convenience; and considered, as connected with its application, the properties of heat, and the capacities of bodies for retaining heat—and my conclusions are drawn from the following statement of experimental facts:—

Of all the compressible fluids, air is the most familiar—hence it will not be necessary to give an elementary account of its distinguishing properties, further than is requisite to elucidate the theory I am going to advance. It is a well known fact that air is a compressible and dilatable body—that it is always in a state of compression—that it is an elastic fluid whose density is always proportionable to the compressing force—that its elasticity is proportionate to its density, and that it will expand in proportion to its

density; but it is not so well known that this expansion will be effected by the same degree of heat. The result of experiment had assured me of this fact, when I noticed in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* that Amontton had expressed the same idea.

It has been found by many experiments that air is of different constitutions—below it is warm, loaded with vapour, and very expandible; above it is cold, much drier, and less expandible, both by its dryness and its rarity—moist air expands most by heat—rare air expands less than what is drier. Rarified air differs in nothing from common air, except that it is lighter, and contains more heat. Condensed air is heavier than common air, and contains less heat. The elasticity of air is greatly affected by heat, and the change by increase of temperature is different, according to its density or compression. In common with water and other fluids, air possesses gravity; and consequently will perform every thing in that way which water can do, making allowance for the difference between the specific gravities of each—air being 840 times lighter than water. There is another property which it has in common with steam or vapour: this is called its elasticity, by which, like a spring, it allows itself to be compressed into smaller bulk, and then returns again to its original size, upon removing the pressure. It has been so compressed as to take up but the 1000th part of the space it occupied before, and of course its density in that state being one thousand times greater than the air we breathe. In every state of density it has been found to retain its perfect fluidity, transmitting all pressures which are applied to it with undiminished force. The dilation of air by its elastic force, is found to be very surprising; it has been brought to dilate into 13,679 times its space, and this altogether without the help of fire; and this property of elasticity is as the density of the air.

By means of a suitable condensor, which may be actuated by any eligible power, an uncommon quantity of air may be crowded into a given space, so that without impairing its spring, 1000 atmospheres, or 1600 times as much air as there was at the same time in the same place without the instrument, may, by means of it, be thrown into a suitable vessel denominated a "Receiver," and its egress prevented by valves suitably disposed. In order to condense air to a very great degree, it will be requisite to have the condensor of a small

bore, because the pressure against every square inch is 15 pounds, and, therefore, against every circular inch about 12 pounds. If the condensor be one inch diameter when one atmosphere is injected, there will be a resistance of 12 pounds against the piston; and when ten atmospheres are injected, there will be a force of 120 to overcome; and as the facility of working will be inversely as the squares of the diameter of the condensor, it will be proper to have them of various sizes, and to begin with those of a larger diameter, which operates more quickly; and when the resistance against the piston is nearly equal to the force employed, to change the condensor for one of a smaller bore. We judge of the condensation or compression of the air in the receiver by the number of strokes, and the proportion of the capacity of the condensor to the receiver. Suppose the first to be one-tenth of the last, then we know that after ten strokes; the quantity of air in the receiver is doubled, and, therefore, its density double, and so on after any number of strokes. When any great power is employed, the condensation may be pushed to a great length. By condensation the quantity of absolute or specific heat in air is lessened, being pressed out through the pores of the metal, by which means the air is rendered more dense, compact, and heavy, and its capacity for receiving heat is increased. By heat all bodies are expanded every way, and that in proportion to their bulk and the quantity of heat communicated to them. The expansion takes place not only by an addition of sensible heat, but likewise of that which is latent; an instance of this expansive power of latent heat is found in steam, which always occupies a much larger space than the substance from which it was produced. All the experiments hitherto made conspire to show that the capacity and consequently the specific heat, is greater in the vaporous, less in the fluid, and least in the solid state. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the capacities of bodies for containing heat, and also the quantity of absolute heat contained in different bodies—the temperature, the capacity for containing heat; and the absolute heat contained, are distinguished as a source distinct from the subject upon which it operates. "When we speak," says Dr. Crawford, "of the capacity, we mean a power inherent in the heated body; when we speak of the absolute heat, we mean an unknown principle which is retained in the body

by the operation of this power; and when we speak of the temperature, we consider the unknown principle as producing certain effects upon the thermometer."—These different powers are called the capacities for containing heat:—"thus, if we find (continues the Doctor,) by experiment, that a pound of water contains four times as much absolute heat as diaphoretic antimony when at the same temperature, the capacity of water for containing heat, is said to be to that of antimony as 4 to 1;—again, thus the quantity of absolute heat in two pounds of water, is double that which is contained in one pound when at the same temperature, because the quantity of absolute heat will be proportionate to the bulk of the matter." A quantity of air heated to such a degree as is sufficient to raise Fahrenheit's thermometer to 212° , will occupy a considerable space. If cooled to such a degree as to sink the thermometer to 0, it will shrink into less than half its former bulk. The quantity of repulsive power, therefore, acquired by air, while passing from one of these states to the other, is evidently owing to the heat added to or taken from it. A cubic foot of common air by the most accurate experiments, has been found to weigh about 554 grains, and to be expanded by every degree of heat marked on Fahrenheit's thermometer $\frac{1}{5000}$ th part of the whole. By heating a quantity of air, therefore, to 500° of Fahrenheit, we will just double its bulk when the thermometer stands at 54° in the open air, and in the same proportion we diminish its weight. The quantity of caloric or heat, necessary to increase the bulk of 1000 parts of atmospheric air to 1627, will increase the same bulk of steam to 1032—water to 1050, and fixed air or carbonic acid gas to 2345, an immense difference in favour of the latter.

It is a well known fact that aerial fluids acquire heat with great celerity, and expand with immense velocity, when affected by it to any considerable degree; and from innumerable observations, it may be laid down as an undoubted fact, that there is no substance whatever capable of being reduced into a state of vapour, but what in that state is endowed with an elastic force ultimately superior to any obstacle we can throw in its way. When air is violently compressed, it becomes hot, by reason of the quantity of a more subtle element squeezed out from among the particles. By diminishing the heat of any quantity of air, its elasticity is effectually diminished, and it will shrink in-

to a small space as effectually as by mechanical pressure. Hence the office and structure of the contractors, to be presently described. Fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, is a permanently elastic fluid, and like all others, is formed of a ternary substance. It has the same mechanical properties with common air, viz. that of occupying a space inversely proportioned to the weights with which they are pressed. The weight of this gas, indicates that it contains a considerable portion of aqueous matter; and it is by means of this constituent principle that it is miscible with water. Its weight in all circumstances of pressure, is to that of common air very nearly as three to two; hence its specific gravity will be about 001806, and the weight of a cubic inch at 60° thermometer, and 295 inch barometer, will be about $\frac{1}{456}$ of a grain. It is the heaviest of all known gases, except the sulphurous. From a suite of well conducted and laborious experiments, Dr. Crawford found, that as much heat as would raise the temperature of atmospheric air one degree, would raise fixed air 67. From Mr. Robins's experiments on gun-powder, (which is a composition of salt-petre, sulphur, and charcoal,) it appears that in firing of gun-powder about $\frac{3}{10}$ ths of its substance is converted by the sudden inflammation into a permanently elastic fluid, whose elasticity in proportion to its heat and density, is the same with that of common air in the like circumstances; it further appears, that all the force exerted by gun-powder in its most violent operations, is no more than the action of the elasticity of the fluid thus generated.

The velocity of gun-powder is 1700 feet in a second. The pressure exerted by fixed gun-powder before it dilates itself, is more than 1000 times greater than the pressure of the atmosphere, and consequently, the quantity of force, on the surface of an inch square, amounts to about six ton weight; which force, however, diminishes as the fluid dilates itself. An ounce of gun-powder will produce near 460 cubic inches of this elastic fluid. It may be collected from hence, and other circumstances connected therewith, that the permanently elastic fluid mentioned by Mr. R. is no other than fixed air; because the effects are analogous to those related by Dr. Crawford in his experiments on heat, fixed air, &c.

Mr. Robins supposes that the heat with which the flame of gun-powder is endowed, to be the same with that of the extreme heat of red hot iron 1885. The most probable opinion concerning the ex-

plosive properties of *pulvis fulminans*, is, that fixed air contained in alkali, is by the acid vapours acting upon, and endeavouring to expel it, all at once driven off with such force, that a loud explosion is produced. It has been supposed by some very eminent chemists, among whom, we may number Dr. Black, that fixed air is the cause of the fulmination of gold. And it appears from equal authority that the stronger the spirit of nitre is, the more it is expanded by the *same degree of heat*. And as the dilation of the spirit of nitre is far greater than that of water by the same degree of heat, and as it consists only of acid and water; it clearly follows, that its superior dilatability must be owing to the acid part; and hence, the more acid that is contained in any quantity of spirit of nitre, the greater is its dilatability.

This singular effect is one of the distinguished properties of acids, whose capacities for heat are very small;—hence the small capacity of fixed air, or carbonic acid gas for heat, is owing to the acid part of this fluid, and from the quantity of fixed air in charcoal, and also from what is contained in the sulphur and salt-petre of which gun-powder is composed, it is evident that the elastic fluid extricated by the chemical solution of these substances is principally fixed air.

From the preceding statement of experimental facts, and the subsequent calculations founded thereon it must be evident,

1. That it requires more heat to raise the temperature of common or atmospheric air, in its usual state of compression, than it does steam. Hence no advantage can be derived from its application in that way.

2. That no more power can be obtained from the spring and weight of the air, increased by condensation, than is employed in its compression, unless it is *rarified* by heat.

3. That the advantage to be derived from rarifying compressed air, will be in a ratio proportioned to the number of atmospheres that are rarified by the *same degree of heat*. Hence the power will be in proportion to the capacity of the engine; and the advantages to be derived will consist in using a more economical and less bulky apparatus, and in the consumption of less fuel than by the usual methods.

4. That the same heat which raises atmospheric air one degree, will raise fixed air nearly 67 degrees, and conse-

quently, that the same heat which raises atmospherical air any given number of degrees will raise fixed air the same number of degrees multiplied by 67. Hence fixed air is a more economical power than condensed air rarified.

5. That the same heat which increases the bulk of 1000 parts of water, to 1050, and steam 1032, increases the bulk of fixed air 2345. Hence fixed air is a more economical power than steam, not requiring the 1-50th part of the fuel requisite to generate steam, to produce the same effect.

This fact will perhaps appear in a clearer light from the experiments of Mr. Robins on gun-powder, and opinions of the most learned and eminent chemists, respecting the cause of the explosive properties of fulminating powders, and the properties of acids,—they all point to fixed air as the cause of all these surprising phenomena. Hence fixed air when rarified to 1050, is as powerful as gun-powder under similar circumstances, and when rarified in small quantities may be with perfect safety applied to actuate an engine precisely as steam, in the manner to be described. In applying the mechanical properties of rarified condensed air, and rarified fixed air, so obtained, to mechanical navigation, I purpose employing either my circular engine, or the steam engine so modified as to be actuated in such a manner as to admit of its power being transmitted with as little diminution as possible to the instruments, I have contrived to connect it with the water for the purpose of moving the boat with a velocity equal to the whole force of the engine; which hitherto has been deemed impracticable. It will easily be perceived that to effect this object, a peculiar train of means must be employed.

Instead therefore, of the bulky boiler and its apparatus, a cylindrical vessel of the size of the cylinder of the engine, denominated a “receiver,” E. and two flat shallow cast iron vessels, denominated “rarifiers,” of a capacity equal to the “receiver,” are to be substituted, with a very small furnace. A pair of flat shallow vessels denominated “contractors,” F. F. supply the place of the condensing apparatus. And in the place of water-wheels, plungers are employed, except in one instance, where the common water-wheel, with less floats than usual, is so circumstanced, as to admit of its application with diminished inconvenience in the manner already described.

The limits prescribed for this article.

and the short notice for its insertion, makes it necessary that the description should be compressed in as small a compass as possible; and as the operations of the steam engine have become familiar, I purpose exhibiting this engine in an appropriate representation prefixed to this article, in which it will appear as connected with my improvements, instead of my circular engine, which will be more fully described in a work I purpose publishing, which will embrace the whole system and the advantages to be derived from its application to all kinds of mechanical purposes where motion and force are required, and especially to the propulsion of navigable bodies. We have seen that the application of steam is cheaper than that of common air rarified; that rarified condensed air is less expensive than steam; and that *rarified fixed air* is more economical than rarified condensed air. Hence I purpose employing that agent, especially in long passages. Fixed air may readily be obtained, and at a small expense. When the engine is to be actuated by fixed air, the vessel in which it is contained is to be connected with the "receiver;" and when the communication is open, the superior gravity of the fixed air causes it to enter the "receiver," and displace the atmospheric air contained therein. The communication between the receiver and the rarifiers being also open, the fixed air also takes the place of the common air in those vessels. During this operation, the communication between the rarifiers and the engine are shut. The attention of the engineer is now directed to the air pump, connected with the receiver and also with the engine, through the medium of the contractors, by suitable conducting pipes, for the purpose of exhausting the common air out of these vessels. When this operation is performed, the communication between one of the rarifiers and the engine is opened: the heated air then rushes out on the piston, which is propelled by its expansion; this operation gives motion to the main condensing or air pump; hence the expanded air is drawn out of the cylinder of the engine into the contractor, which is so situated at the side of the boat as to be completely immersed in a quantity of cold water, that is constantly thrown on it, and discharged at the side of the boat. Now it is an axiom that heat decreases as it recedes from the source from which it sprung; being absorbed by the surrounding bodies, until they are brought to an equilibrium. Hence, as the heated air is extended in

the contractors in as thin a sheet as possible, and as the motion of the water is rapid and continual over the whole exterior surface of the contractor; it follows that absorption must be rapidly carried on; by which means the heat is drawn out of the included air, and it shrinks into a small compass as effectually as by mechanical pressure: in this contracted state, it is forced into the "receiver" by the condensing pump, in the mean time, the heated air in the other rarifier is expanding on the piston, causing it to descend: it is then drawn out of the cylinder of the engine, by the operation of the condensing pump, and passes through its "contractor," when the same operation is repeated as in the first instance; and the contracted air returned to the "receiver," in a state of density similar to the air included therein. From the "receiver" it is injected into the "rarifier," &c. by a small powerful pump, operating upon the hydrostatic principle, and so on.

Thus by the alternate expansion and contraction of the *same quantity* of fixed air, *which is not expended*, a continued motion is produced. The motion of the engine is communicated to the plungers that operate on the water, by means of an *escapement* (H) which I have contrived for that purpose. The upper part of the piston-rod of the engine, consists of two strong parallel bars, connected together, as at H. H. having teeth in their sides which front each other. The shafts to which the piston-rods &c. are attached, by means of cranks projecting from it) is placed between, having firmly attached to its centre part a short cross bar (II.) or pallet, calculated to be operated upon by the teeth of the rack. The teeth are so disposed, that after a tooth on one side of the frame has raised one end of the pallet and is leaving it, a corresponding tooth on the other side is coming in contact with the depressed or opposite end of the pallet, and raises it in a similar manner, and so on in succession,—the same operation being repeated in the reverse motion of the frame. The uppermost tooth on one side, and the lowest on the other, are both a little longer than the others, and form the escapement; and are for that purpose, moveable in sockets regulated by springs, to permit the last tooth to react on the pallet it had just left. It is evident, without any further description, that this cross bar or pallet must be moved alternately up and down by each succeeding tooth, both in the upward and downward motion of the piston rod of the

engine, without intermission, and that according to the number of the teeth on both sides of the frame, so will be the number of strokes the plungers will make during the period of each stroke of the engine. It will, therefore, be easily perceived that by this simple movement, we may increase the velocity of the plungers at pleasure; and that from their situation, we may increase their perpendicular surfaces in proportion to the power of the engine.

A considerable quantity of cold water being required to absorb the heat contained in the rarified air in the contractors, I was led to think of some method of obtaining it from under the boat, and with as little expense of power as possible. On reviewing the operations of the plungers in motion, I perceived that a part of the reaction of the water on the stern was lost, being spent in pursuing the plungers in their returning motion;—to prevent this, I placed a valve in the entrance of the inclined part of each of the trunks, and furnished the plungers with valves so constructed as to operate on the principle of a lifting and forcing pump;—the consequence was that I obtained a supply of water from the forward part of the boat, and the water under the stern, instead of pursuing the plungers as heretofore, was prevented by the valves in the trunks on which the water now reacted. By this method of operating, I soon discovered, that I had not only brought into the boat a considerable quantity of water for the use of the contractors, without loss of power, but had relieved the forward part of the boat from a part of the resistance it sustained from the pressure of the incumbent water. Hence the application of a valve in each trunk is all-important, and distinguishes this application from all others of a similar nature that have not succeeded merely from a want thereof.

A little reflection induced me to see how far I could improve this effect by making a more perfect vacuum under the boat. With this intention I removed all the trunks and plungers, except two, leaving one at each side of the vessel—the plungers in these two were then placed in a perpendicular position, and had united to their trunks a similar trunk placed on each side—the valves were now taken from the plungers and they were fitted to work air-tight—a valve was placed in the bottom of each trunk of the plungers—one of the lateral trunks left entirely open, the other furnished with two valves at the extremity connected with the submerse-trunk. The

consequence of this new arrangement was, that when the plungers were forced down, the valves under each were closed, and also the valve in the bottom of each lateral trunk, while the valve immediately above it was opened, and permitted the water under the plungers to enter, causing the water in the lateral pipes to run out at their upper extremity, and pass over contractors to the sides of the vessel, where it was discharged. When the plungers were drawn up, the water which had, during the previous operation, been forced over the tops of the open lateral trunks into the trunks of the plungers, was lifted to the surface, and passing also over the contractors, was discharged in a similar manner—in the mean time the valves were opened and the trunks filled, when the same operation was succeeded by the same effects, as long as the plungers were actuated by the cranks of the shaft, which is connected with the piston rod of the engine. The effects produced by the vacuum thus obtained were obvious—the water at the stern being excluded from entering the trunks by the valves placed at the commencement of its inclined part now entered altogether at the other extremity of the trunks at the bows of the boat—this was precisely the effect I had anticipated, together with the spontaneous movement of the boat in a forward direction, the natural result of the operations of the pressure of the atmosphere and the lateral pressure of the water against the stern and sides of the vessel;—while it was excluded from the bows by the removal of the water from that part into the vessel, by the operation of the pumps. Hence a *new and important application* of power, which will be in proportion to the power expended by the engine in raising the water. The quantity of water raised will be in proportion to the surfaces of the pistons, and the respective heights to which it may be raised, the velocity of the boat will be in proportion to the motion of the pistons, which may be increased at pleasure. It then became a matter of calculation to ascertain whether the pressure thus obtained was equivalent to the force of the engine as applied in the first instance—and I was satisfied that this new mode of application, combined in less compass, all the advantages of the former in a more perfect degree. After carefully reviewing this operation, it occurred to me that the arrangement was susceptible of further improvement—there would be convenience in reversing the motion of the boat, and also in suspending the effects of the

operating power. To effect these objects, a pair of upright sliding valves, with lifting rods attached to them, were placed in each submersed trunk, near the centre, on each side of the perpendicular trunks. When both of these valves are raised or pushed down, the motion of the boat is suspended. When the boat is in motion in any direction, one valve is up while the other is down—and when it is required to reverse the motion of the boat, the operation of the valve is also reversed. This arrangement suggested the idea of furnishing the trough of the inclined wheel with valves for the purpose of producing the effect of the vacuum thus obtained, though in an imperfect degree. With this intention a perpendicular valve with a lifting-rod attached to it, was placed in the trunk, on each side of the wheel, for the purpose of altering or suspending the motion of the boat, &c. The effects produced by these valves were new and surprising. When the water-wheel is put in motion, it removes the water out of the trunk, or trough part of it, which is under the wheel; while this operation is going on, the pressure of the atmosphere and the gravity of the water are partially removed from the forward to the after part of the trunk operating on the valve behind the wheel, which is down while the other is up. Hence the boat advances forward, and the trunk is supplied with water, which is resisted partially by the entering paddles, and, in proportion, assists the wheel in its progress, while the water thrown out contributes to increase the effects of the pressure of the atmosphere and the gravity of the water. Hence according to the velocity of the wheel so will be the quantity of the water displaced, and the vessel will advance in proportion. The application of this principle is new and interesting, and, though greatly inferior to the other *indirect* applications, will be attended with many advantages.

It remains to give a description of the peculiar form and construction of the boat alluded to in the preceding remarks, which I have denominated an Air Boat, accompanied with necessary explanations.

Description of the Air Boat.

A vessel ought to be constructed so as to answer the particular purpose for which she is intended. When she is intended to sail by means of mechanical force, her form should be different, because when sails are used, she is then acted upon by two elements, the wind and water, and requires a greater degree of stability to

be able to carry a press of sail,—considerable depth in the hold for the cargo,—long keel, and little breadth to prevent her falling to leeward. When she is to sail by mechanical force, her form and size should be very different. For this purpose the bottom should be formed quite flat, (to sail as much as possible on the water,) and the sides made to rise perpendicular from it, without any curvature; which would not only render her more steady, as being more opposed to the water in rolling, but likewise more convenient, accommodating, &c. while the simplicity of her form would contribute greatly to the ease and expedition and economy with which she might be fabricated. Diminishing the draft of water is undoubtedly the most effectual method of augmenting the velocity of the vessel, but as it proportionably diminishes her hold of the water, and renders her more liable to be driven to leeward, this defect is remedied by the trunks under her bottom, which are an excellent substitute for a keel. By means of these side trunks she will be kept steady in the greatest gale, quite easy in a great sea, will not strain in the least, and never take in water on her deck; and when at anchor, will ride more upright and even than any other vessel can do. Her extreme breadth should be no more than the 5th or 6th part of her length: her bows a little curved to break the force of the water, and her stern something narrower than the bows, having a gentle inclination from the stem to the stern, to promote the action of the atmosphere and the water on the sides.

I think in the preceding remarks that I have established the following facts:

1st. That the power of atmospherical air and fixed air, increased by condensation and heat, as digested and arranged by me, is not only a very great, but the most eligible and most powerful agent for mechanical purposes.

2d. That in applying this power, a circular engine, on my construction, is the most useful of any other: and that by the simple escapement of the piston-rod of the steam engine, I have given it an advantage in reciprocating movements it had not before.

3d. That in the present steam-boat system there is an aggregate loss of nearly three-fourths of the power of the engine: and that on my plan the whole force of the engine can be applied without diminution, and with the one-fiftieth part of the fuel usually consumed in the present method. Hence my method of applying the

power of air as a substitute for steam is attended with an economy and advantage hitherto unequalled.

4th. That the power of the engine in one instance is applied directly and also indirectly, alternately, with or without the intervention of exterior wheels: and in the other indirectly, solely by the pressure of the atmosphere and the gravity of the water, without the intervention of wheels or other exterior instruments.

5th. A boat which unites economy and convenience in an eminent degree.

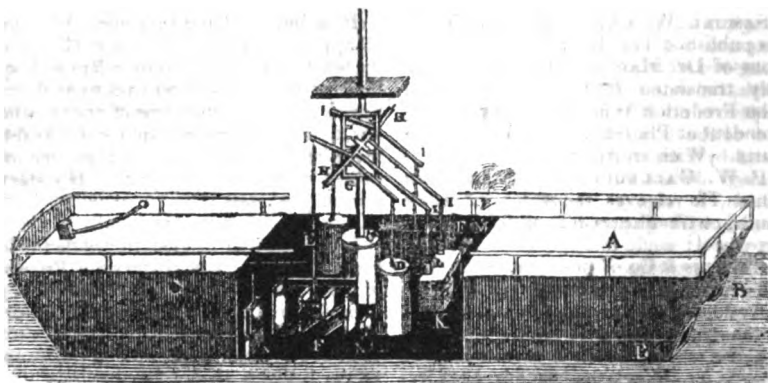
Circumstances have hurried me into the matters now given to the public, and

it is very probable many inaccuracies may exist, or important facts have escaped due notice. If I find any, it will be endeavoured to correct them in the next number of this Magazine.

Fully convinced in my own mind of the practicability and utility of the whole arrangement, not only as to the propulsion of vessels, but as applied to all mechanical purposes where motion and force is required. I have taken measures to obtain a right of patent in England, France, Germany, and Russia.

JOHN I. STAPLES.

Flushing, 25th June, 1818.



References.

- A. The boat divested of part of its deck and side to show the works.
- B. B. The horizontal trunks under the bottom of the boat.
- C. The cylinder of the steam-engine in its modified state.
- D. The air or condensing pump.
- E. The receiver.
- F. F. The perpendicular trunk at the side of the vessel in which the plungers act, including the contractors.
- G. The piston-rod of the engine with its toothed end.
- H. H. The shape and cross bar or pallet between the teeth of the rack.

- I. I. The cranks attached to the piston ends of the air pump, condenser, receiver, and plungers, &c.
- K. M. The furnace with two small forcing pistons to keep up the fire, and also to discharge the smoke into water near the side of the vessel.
- L. The forcing pistons in the chimneys or smoke funnels.
- N. N. The upright sliding valves in the submerged trunks to regulate the motion of the boat.
- N. B. The piston, rods, &c. are elevated above the deck for the purpose of explanation. The "contractors" are not shown.

ART. 10. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

DODGE & SAYRE, of New-York, propose to publish *A Treatise on the Attainment*. By Edward D. Griffin, D. D. of Newark, N. J.

Proposals have been issued for publishing in the City of Washington, a new periodical paper, (three times a week) to be

entitled, *The Tribunal of the People, and National Inquisitor*; edited by a Society of Gentlemen.

A seventh newspaper is commenced in the county of Ontario, and proposals are issued for the eighth.

TANNER, VALLANCE, KEARNEY & Co. engravers, Philadelphia, propose to pub-

has a new and elegant American Atlas. The materials for the general maps have been selected and arranged by the late JOHN H. EDDY, of this city.

The Rev. J. W. GIBBS, of Andover, Mass. has "translated from the Hebrew-German," and will shortly publish, the Hebrew Lexicon of W. Gesenius, D. D. Professor of Theology at Halle, Germany.

JAMES EASTBURN & Co. will speedily publish *Dialogues in Chemistry*, by the Rev. J. Joice. From the third London edition, corrected and very much enlarged, with an account of all the late discoveries, and additional notes by an American Professor of Chemistry.

SAMUEL W. CLARK, Hudson, N. Y. has published *The Life, Deeds and Opinions of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER*. Faithfully translated from the German of John Frederick William Fischer, Superintendent at Plawen in Saxony. By John Mortz. With an Appendix.

P. W. GALLAUDET, N. Y. has published *The Art of Spelling*. Accompanied with illustrative plates. By J. Frost.

COLLINS & Co. New-York, have published Phillips's Mineralogy, with notes and additions on American Articles, by Professor Mitchill.

URI K. HILL, of the American Conservatory, New-York, has published his sacred duetto, *Praise ye the Lord*. Adapted to the piano forte.

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY has limited the number of its honorary and resident members.

A Society has been lately established in Baltimore, denominated the "Newtonian Society of Maryland." The attention of this Association is directed to Natural History.

A Medical Society has been established at New-Orleans: *The Medical Society of Louisiana*. The learned Dr. Trabuc is president, and M. Gerardin, secretary. Professor Mitchill has been elected a corresponding member.

Agricultural Societies in this state are increasing. One was organized in West Chester county on the 6th of June, 1818. John, Jay Esq. is president, and William Jay, secretary.

Professor CLEVELAND, of Bowdoin College, has been elected an honorary member of the *Wernerian Society* in Scotland.

DR. BREWSTER'S Optical Instrument, the *Kaleidoscope*, (see the Monthly Magazine for May, p. 63) has been imitated, and improved, by a gentleman in this city.

THE REV. F. C. SCHAEFFER has dis-

covered an excellent quality of *Compact Peat* in this state. On this subject he read a paper before the Lyceum of Natural History.

JOHN H. TILGE, late from Leipsic in Germany, and now a resident in the city of Washington, has discovered a mode of stiffening hats, by which they are made water-proof. Hats made in this way are as soft, light and pliable as any other.

W. PURNELL, Elkton, Md. has obtained a patent "for the invention of a *Horizontal and Perpendicularly Moving Water-Wheel*."

JOHN D. WESTON has opened "a New Modelled School" in Philadelphia.

In a letter, dated Liverpool, 5th mo. (May) 7th, 1818, Professor GRISCOM writes to his friend THOMAS EDDY, Esq. of this city: "We had with us at Rathbone's a sailor of the name of SCOTT, who was six years a prisoner among the Arabs. He saw Capt. RILEY, he says, ten or twelve miles from Mogadore. His story will be published."

FOREIGN.

In London, an English translation is in preparation of "The History and Process of Lithography, or the Art of Printing Designs from Stone, by the Inventor, MR. ALVIS SENNEFELDER, of Munich, (Germany) illustrated with a series of specimens of Lithographic Art."

DR. A. BROWN, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, who was some time resident in the United States, has nearly ready for the press "a great work on the Physical, Moral, and Political History of America."

M. RENOUD, Paris, has circulated a specimen of a new edition of Voltaire's Works, in 60 volumes 8vo. with 160 engravings.

A new volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres and Arts, of Pistoja*, Italy, has recently appeared.

The first volume of ROSENMÜLLER'S *Norgenland*, &c. has lately been published at Leipsic. The East, Ancient and Modern, or Illustrations of Holy Scripture, derived from the Nature of the Country, the Conditions, Manners and Usages of the East.

JOHN WHITAKER, London, publishes in numbers, *The Seraph*; a Collection of Sacred Music, suitable to Public or Private Devotion. Consisting of the most celebrated Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with Selections from the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, &c. &c. To which are added, many original Pieces.

FISCHER, of Schaffhausen, (Germany);

has succeeded, by means of powerful heat, in obtaining *regulus of Manganese* with great facility. It promises to become highly useful in the arts.

EDMUND DAVY, Chemist, and Secretary to the Cork Institution, has made experiments on the Composition of the Atmospheric Air in the most infected Wards of the Fever Hospital of that City. It contained precisely the same quantity of oxygen gas, 21 per cent. as enters into the constitution of the most exposed and free air.

Professor BERZELIUS, of Stockholm, has discovered a new metal, which, from its resemblance to *tellurium*, he has called *selenium*. It possesses some properties of tellurium, and also of *sulphur*.

ARVEDSON, a young Swedish chemist, has discovered a new fixed alkali, in a new mineral, called *petalite*. In its great capacity for saturating acids, it surpasses magnesia.

Dr. WEIGEL, of Dresden, has undertaken a journey into Italy, for literary purposes.

ART. 11. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Rev. Dr. Steinkopf, one of the secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, writes to his correspondent in this city: "lately we received highly pleasing letters and accounts from several Roman Catholic Clergymen. One of them has distributed since last March, (1817) *forty thousand new Testaments*."

The following extract of a letter from the treasurer of the British and Foreign School Society, to Thomas Eddy of New-York, is highly interesting, and may fitly be introduced under this head, inasmuch as the Lancasterian system of education seems destined to become the most efficient coadjutor of Christianity in meliorating the condition of man. Under date of March 27th, 1818, the treasurer writes:

"We have got the Lancasterian system adopted among the Protestants in the south of France, whom I visited last summer, and the result has been truly gratifying, so that I am constantly receiving letters from them, announcing the establishment of new schools; two years ago the great mass of poor children of Protestants in France, were without any education at all; but if things go on as they do at present, there is reason to hope that in two years more most of them will be receiving instruction. We have just established the system at Madrid with the sanction of the king of Spain; also on the continent of Europe pretty generally.—They now have it also in Christophe's part of Hayti, and I find by recent letters from Thomas Bosworth, a young man whom we sent to Petion, that it is now likely to be established on that side of the Island.—

In the East and West Indies it is making great progress, and in short it appears to be a great work of Divine Providence to prepare the way for an amelioration of the state of man—any details of the progress of this cause among you, will interest us very much.

"We should be glad to have every new account which is published of the state of your prisons; the public attention among us is at length roused to this most interesting and important subject. Our committee is now presenting plans to government for a Reformatory for 600 boys, which we think combines all the excellencies of the very best constructed prisons in any part of the world. The cost of the building would be about 50,000*l.*—the expence of each prisoner about 20*l.* per head, without any reference to earnings, which would make a considerable deduction.—What does each prisoner cost the state with you?

"Since Senegal and Goree have been ceded to the French, the slave trade, in all its horrors, has been revived on that part of the coast, and several cargoes have been dispatched. We have remonstrated with the French government, and the commandant of Goree has been recalled. We are in hopes of prevailing with the French to concede the right of search, as the Spaniards and the Dutch have done; and seeing that this would be reciprocal, I should think that America would not object; the best of all would be for the great powers to declare it piracy, for as long as it can be covered by any flag, this murderous business will be carried on."

ART. 12. POETRY.

The interesting circumstances attending the death and burial of the British General Fraser, which have been recently recalled to recollection by General Wilkinson, have elicited the following tribute from a poetical correspondent:

For the American Monthly Magazine.

1.
WHERE Hudson rolls by Saratoga's plains,
How fierce and madly raged the battle's strife!
Full many a soldier's corse that glebe contains,
But FRASER gave it glory with his life.
Beside his mattress, scarce from danger rife
Removed, two kind admist'ring spirits stood*—
(Just then a dirge from distant horn and life)—
And o'er him lean'd the Mohawk from the wood,
To see how Christian heroes shed their patriot blood.

2.
"Let yonder eminence become my urn—
"My humble urn—at early evening's tide—
"One modest pray'r ascends—your thanks return—
"Heaven bless my wife"—the hero said, and died.
That wife was far across the ocean wide;
Nor would he deemed his life too cheaply given,
Had she, at this last hour, stood at his side,
To soothe his anguished soul in death, or even
Renew reiterated vows to meet in Heaven.

3.
Now night begins to spread her solemn veil:
O'er earth, intent to hide the deeds, the day,
In bloody league with death hath done; but fail
E'en darkest shades to soothe that awful fray.
Thou genius of the sable throne! O say,
What clouds uprisen, borne on whirlwinds dire,
Quench'd, in their falling floods, the last lone ray
That lingered on the hills, but spared, in ire,
Those flames that gleamed from cylinders of fire.

4.
O fearful night! when tempests, leagued with war,
Conspire to bind October's chilly brow
With darkness, havoc, crime, and deep despair.
Oh! chill the winds from eastern shores that blow;
Oh! fast and deathly-cold the torrents flow.
But spite of winds, and sleet, and night, and lead
In death's employ, with solemn march must go
The pious band that bears the glorious dead
Forth to his home of rest—the soldier's honoured bed.

5.
No useless coffin, in profusion drest,
Confined the modest warrior: but he lay
On a rude bier, as soldiers take their rest,
Heedless of ease; unsheeted was his clay,
And for a pall was spread his cloak of gray.

* The wives of Gen. Reidesel and Maj. Ackland.

VOL. VII.—NO. VII.

29

Four stalworth warriors lent their General aid,
In now the last sad march, the dreary way,
To a returnless bourne; for pike and spade
Already his retreat in neighbouring mound had made.

6.
Mournful and slow the sad procession moved,
While, from the silver fife and muffled drum,
The solemn death-march, as the tide approved,
Measured the hero's progress to his home.
All silent were they, while their hearts become
Still big, and bigger with unbidden grief;
Save when the pious chaplain broke the gloom,
Between his sobs, with sudden pray'r, and brief,
For fortune of soul, and grace, and kind relief.

7.
Nor wanting was the full and bold salute—
Just tribute to the brave, the warrior's due—
E'en clamorous war itself paused, still and mute,
A little space, O FRASER! at the view
Of its own splendid ruins, and of you.
But soon, as roused e'en by thy corse to fear,
From foeman's every brazen mouth, there flew
Volleys, like Etna's fires, that dinn'd the ear,
And swept, with livid glare, athwart thy lowly bier.

8.
O sad and sickening sight, when even the grave,
Sacred no more, becomes the scene of war!
As on his bed they stretch'd the humble brave,
And, kneeling at his tomb, the priest, aware
Of nothing, save his office, raised his pray'r
To Heaven, what thunders broke, like sudden doom,
On unsuspecting worlds, with hostile glare,
From ordnance, mortar, gun and bursting bomb,
Throwing their deathful gleams on night's tremendous gloom.*

9.
But ah! with thee, O FRASER, scenes like these
Have lost their wonted power, to swell thy soul,
To rouse thy bold and native energies,
And fire thy mantling blood beyond control.
Thy life's warm current long has ceased to roll.
And as thy voice once swayed the banner'd host,
So now thy death commands unconscious dole,
Nor shall thy deeds of valour, wanted most
In war, upon admiring thousands e'er be lost.

10.
What tho' a stranger chaunts thy dirge, e'en one
Whose father was thy foe where thou wert slain,
What though through many a year time's glass
hath run,
Since thou wert fell'd upon the bloody plain?
A friend to worth prefers the honest strain.
Sincere, though late and few, the numbers rise,
And when themselves expire, while moons
shall wane,
Each soldier's heart thy memory dear shall prize,
Prepared to hail thy Christian spirit in the skies.
D. D. B.

* Alluding to the firing from the American lines,—the Americans being wholly unapprized of the solemn rites in which their enemies were engaged.

ART. 13. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE duke of Clarence has determined to persevere in marrying the princess of Saxe Meiningen, notwithstanding the refusal of the House of Commons to grant him an annual stipend, provided the princess does not decline the connexion.

The marriage of the duke of Kent with the princess dowager of Leiningen, is announced in the *Frankfort Gazette* of the 18th, in an authentic shape, as being positively decided upon. It is added, "that privy counsellor baron Von Schonitz is gone to Stutgard, in order to make some arrangements on this subject, as has also the British ambassador to the court of Wirtemberg."

The duke of Cambridge was married to the princess of Hesse Cassel, on the 7th of May.

For the fourteen years previous to the suspension of specie-payments by the Bank of England, there were but four prosecutions for forgeries of the notes of the Bank; but during the fourteen years immediately succeeding, there were 496: the reason is traced to the great issue of small notes, consequent upon the suspension.

A great public work is going on at Plymouth, called a Break-water, the object of which is the protection of vessels in port from the storms of the Atlantic. On this work \$2,000,000 have been expended, and \$700,000 more are requisite for its completion.

The extracting of *pot-ash* from *potatoe-stalks* has commenced in Ireland, and promises to become a most valuable article of trade in that part of the United Kingdom. It is calculated that 350,000 acres of land are annually cultivated with potatoes there. These would produce 46,876 tons of *pot-ash*, which at 20*l.* per ton, would amount to 937,500*l.* per annum.

The amount of sovereigns issued last year was 3,224,025*l.*; half sovereigns, 1,037,295*l.* Total, 4,261,320*l.*—Silver: half crowns 1,125,630*l.*; shillings 2,458,566*l.*; sixpences 657,162*l.* Total, 4,241,258*l.*—Grand total of gold and silver, 8,502,678*l.*

FRANCE.

The 1st of October has been agreed upon for withdrawing the allied troops from France. The claims of foreign powers have been liquidated and settled at 320,800,000 francs—about 60 millions of dollars.

The tribunal of correctional police at Paris, has condemned the *Sieur Crevel*, author of a pamphlet entitled the "*Cry of the People*," to a year's imprisonment, a fine of 4000*fr.*, 2000*fr.* security, and a surveillance of five years.

SPAIN.

A letter from Alicante says, that the clergy have excommunicated from the churches all free-masons; and that there is now in

prison, where he has been languishing for eighteen months, a brave and meritorious officer, Colonel Fernando, solely for being supposed a free-mason.

Mr. Meade has been released from prison by the Spanish government.

GERMANY.

An ancient law has been revived in the electorate of Hesse, denying to self-murderers the privilege of burial, and delivering up their bodies for dissection, on account of the frequency of suicide at the present time.

The following are the persons chosen to form the military committees of the German diet:—The Imperial Austrian minister, president of the diet, count Buol Schauen-teen; the Prussian minister, count Vander Coltz; the Bavarian minister, baron Van Aretin; the Hanoverian minister, M. Von Matens; the Wertenberg minister, baron Wangensheine; the Danish minister for Holstein and Laenborg, count Gyben; and the minister of Mecklenburgh, baron Van Plossin.

PRUSSIA.

Recent papers from France state that the king of Prussia is daily expected at Paris, where, it is said, he intends to marry Mademoiselle Dillon, a beautiful girl of 19, whose mother was a creole of Martinique, and was married to count Dillon, the minister of Louis XVIII. in Saxony. By the Prussian laws, a wife thus married is entitled to the dignity of queen, but her issue cannot inherit the crown.

RUSSIA.

No political intelligence of much interest has come to hand from this quarter since our last.

The imports into St. Petersburg, during the year 1817, amounted to 100,704,113 rubles, and the exports to 106,483,309 rubles.

1704 vessels cleared from St. Petersburg to various parts of the world, of which, to Great Britain 737; to the United States 60; to other parts and places 917; total 1704.

THE IONIAN ISLES.

Gibraltar papers received at Boston, mention, that in pursuance of the peace at Paris, the first legislature of the *United States of the Ionian Isles*, had been convened and had unanimously agreed upon a constitutional form of government for their republic.—The same was to have gone into operation the first day of the current year—public notice had been given at Corfu, that the commercial flag of the country was lodged at a place convenient for the inspection of those concerned, and all vessels belonging to the country were required to conform their flag to this model.

AMERICA.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Venezuela.

A letter from St. Thomas', dated 26th May, states that "Brion and Aury have

formed a junction near St. Bartholomews at what is called the Five Islands; they have now 15 sail,—that Brion will fortify the island of Mona for a kind of rendezvous, and take possession of Samana if possible."

Chili.

The following is given as an authentic statement of the finances of Chili, including the receipts and expenditures of one month.

Statement of the receipts and expenditures of the state of Chili.

Receipts.	Dolls. Cts.
Balance last month in treasury,	123,326 75
Custom-House duties,	4,387 50
Duty on tobacco,	13,704 00
Fifth on gold and silver, and duty on mines,	2,164 37½
From sequestered estates,	18,552 75
Voluntary donations,	12,000 00
On account of the contributions of 400,000 dls. laid on the Europeans,	41,177 00
Duty on flour,	1,875 00
Duty of curambre for the District of Maypu,	1,000 00
Other receipts,	352 37½
Total	\$217,639 75
Expenditures.	Dolls. Cts.
Pay of the army of the Andes,	30,000 00
To the southern army,	30,500 00
To the military hospital,	4,000 00
To the articles purchased by the army at Mendoza,	1,116 75

Civil list,	2,968 12½
Interest on the consolidated stock,	1,494 50
Pay of the army of Chili,	30,517 63½
Extraordinary expenses of war,	27,566 50
To the court of Mines,	1,380 62½
Works at Maypu,	2,000 00
Refunding of monies attached,	1,500 00
Other trifling expenses,	1,858 00
Total	\$134,892 12½

Total receipts,	217,539 75
Total expenses,	134,892 12½
Amount remaining in treasury,	\$82,647 62½

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

President Monroe has, this season, been performing a tour into the southern and middle states, for the purpose of surveying the situation of the country, inspecting the condition of public works, already in existence, and of selecting proper sites for the erection of others. He has been uniformly greeted with the respect and attention due to the chief magistrate of the United States.

The Seminole war is nearly brought to a close by the vigour of general Jackson; who has entered Pensacola, of which place he now has possession.

The frigate United States has been repaired and fitted out at Boston, for the purpose of taking Mr. Campbell, our minister, to Russia.

ART. 14. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

IT is said a very large proportion of the veteran claimants of military pensions under the late law of the United States are of Massachusetts. Of 283,137 men, regulars and militia, engaged in the glorious war of independence, 83,162 were furnished by Massachusetts—making nearly three-tenths of the whole army.

A gentleman of Boston has purchased and presented to the University in Cambridge, the very large and valuable library of the late professor Ebeling, of Hamburg. Besides being very full and rich, in other departments, it is said to contain the best collection in the world, of American works, and works relating to America.

An Egyptian Mummy has been recently brought to Boston, taken from the catacombs of Saccara.

CONNECTICUT.

A law passed during the last session of the legislature of this state, granting the right of suffrage to all who pay taxes, and do military duty. By a resolution, during the same session, it is recommended "to

the several towns in that state to meet on the 4th day of July next, to elect as many delegates as they now send representatives, to a convention to be held in the city of Hartford, on the third Wednesday in August, for the purpose of forming a constitution of civil government for that state—which constitution, when ratified by such a majority of freemen as said convention shall direct, is to become the supreme law of the state."

A Steam-boat Company has been founded at Hartford, on the basis of the privileges held by John L. Sullivan, Esq. of Boston.—A handsome boat is to be begun immediately, and will commence running between Sealbrook to Hartford, in October. She is to be propelled on the principles lately discovered by Mr. C. A. Busby, of New-York, from which an immense saving in the cost of the engine, and consumption of fuel, will necessarily accrue.

NEW-YORK.

By the annual census of the humane and criminal institutions in the city of New-York, it appears that there are

In the orphan asylum	124
Alms house, including children out at nurse	1384
City Hospital—patients 175, maniacs	72
Debtor's prison	273
Bridewell	75
Penitentiary	268
State Prison	650
	3021

Total last year 3249, decrease 228

It must be recollected, however, that the above statement does not give the exact proportion of paupers and convicts for the city, there being very many transient persons and foreigners included in the above number. The proportion of those, dependent upon public charity in the city, is estimated at one-eightieth of the population.

The comptroller of the city of New-York, reports the accounts of the corporation, for the year ending May 11, 1818, to amount

In receipts, to	\$862,128 77
In expenditures, to	800,278 43

Leaving balance in treasury of

	\$1,850 34
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The commissioners of the sinking fund, report for the same period, a balance in favour of the corporation, of

	\$4,638 45
--	------------

In 1804 the county of Genesee, then including Niagara, Chatauque and Cattaraugus, gave only 300 votes for governor. This year it has, though much reduced in extent, given more senatorial votes than any other county in this state, exceeding by 600 the votes of Ontario, and by 800 those of the city of New-York. The number of votes which it gives for members of congress, 4391, is also greater than that of any other county, or of any single congressional district. In 1804, the counties composing the 21st congressional district, gave 1781 votes for governor; this year they gave 6445, and more than 10,000 for members of congress. Again, in 1790, the present counties, Ontario, Steuben, and Genesee, contained only 960 souls, according to Morse: in 1814, the same territory contained a population of 91,986—and at this day it probably exceeds 130,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.

By order from the navy department, the keels of two seventy-four gun-ships have been laid at Philadelphia.

A draught horse belonging to Mr. Hesler, of Easton, after having taken a powerful cathartic, voided a stone weighing one pound. The figure of this stone was that of a kidney bean, with a smooth surface, its colour that of a common gray lime stone, which abounds in this neighbourhood. On fracturing it transversely, it was found to contain a crooked piece of iron, probably a horse shoe nail, its centre surrounding this iron nucleus, appeared to be less solid than its circumference, interspersed here and there with particles of straw, oats, hay, &c.

VIRGINIA.

It is stated, under date of May 29, that

there had been inspected at Petersburg, this season 12,000 hhds. of tobacco, that more were arriving daily, and that sales were brisk.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rice fields in Georgetown District, have been assailed, within the last few weeks, by a new and heretofore unknown enemy—the *rats*—who have made serious inroads upon this important staple of our country in its infant state. It appears that they have taken up their habitations in the adjacent banks, from whence they sally out at night, and commit the most destructive ravages. No effectual expedient has yet been devised for destroying them; it is said that they are so numerous in some fields, that thirty have been destroyed by a single discharge of a musket.

GEORGIA.

The crops in this state are likely to be much better, in consequence of the continuance of warm weather since it set in, than it was apprehended they would be early in the season.

The stocks of the "Savannah Steam Ship Company" and the "Savannah River Navigation Company," are rapidly subscribed for, and the books closed for a short time, to give the citizens generally a chance to subscribe.

TENNESSEE.

The Nashville papers of the 26th February, says that two large deposits of Gypsum have lately been discovered in Overton county, Tennessee, about 80 miles east of Nashville, and near the Cumberland river. It is supposed that these deposits contain Gypsum enough to supply all America. This county also abounds with stone coal, iron ore, coppers, plastic, clay and salt springs. It is said a company in this county in boring for salt brine, have penetrated more than 100 feet through a dense salt rock.

MISSOURI TERRITORY.

The following curious publication in a Louisville paper, will doubtless amuse many of our readers.

North-America, April 10, A. D. 1818.

TO ALL THE WORLD!

I declare the earth is hollow, and habitable within, containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles 12 or 16 degrees; I pledge my life in support of this truth, and I am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

JNO. CLEEVES SYMMES,

Of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.

N. B. I have ready for the press, a treatise on the principles of matter, wherein I show proofs of the above positions, account for various phenomena, and disclose *Doctor Darwin's Golden Secret*.

My terms are the patronage of this and the new worlds.

I dedicate to my wife and her ten children.

I select Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Sir H. Davy, and Baron Alex. de Humboldt, as my protectors. I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall season, with reindeer and sleigh, on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage we find warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of lati-

tude 82; we will return in the succeeding spring.

J. C. S.

[Capt. Symmes is said to be a "very respectable man, a man of intelligence, and really sane in mind." He is diligently employed in forwarding his scheme, and it is reported that "upwards of twenty persons have actually engaged in the expedition."]

ART. 15. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

Those of our readers who delight in the eccentricities of nature, as well as those who profess to account for them, will be gratified with the following, "Meteorological Retrospect for the last Half of the Year 1817," translated from the *Bibliothèque Physico-Economique*, for Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine.

Storms and Hurricanes.

FEW years have been more distinguished for an extraordinary frequency of violent storms than the last. In the year 824, when, if we may believe the annals of that period, a hailstone fifteen feet in length fell upon the city of Autun;—in those of 1680, 1720, 1739, and 1740, when there were storms of hail of one foot in thickness; in 1767, when Potsdam was devastated by hailstones of the size of an ordinary gourd; in 1771, when the environs of Namur were ravaged by others of nearly eight pounds weight; in 1788, and 1812, which were also remarkable for their storms, and the congelations which accompanied them;—there was still nothing in point of extent of suffering to compare with 1817.

The city of Rheims will long remember the 19th of May. After having experienced on the day preceding an extraordinary and stifling heat, about half past one in the morning there appeared in the heavens an igneous meteor, the red light of which, reflected from all the houses, gave to this ancient Gallic city the semblance of a town involved in one vast conflagration; some strokes of thunder were followed with rain, which fell in extraordinary abundance for two hours; soon after, a large black cloud gathered over the city and burst upon it with a horrible crash. For five minutes the hail fell in torrents; whole roofs were broken; the trees of the gardens hashed, and some animals killed. The same day the hail ravaged with equal severity many communes of the department of the Upper Garonne; and on the following day Semur (*Côte-d'Or*) and the rich vineyards in its environs were visited by another frightful storm, in which the rain and hail fell for a whole hour in one continued flood.

The month of June was especially remarkable for the number and severity of its storms. On the 7th, a part of the communes of Courcon, Beangas, Moulipet, and

Bondi, in the *arrondissement* of Villeneuve (Lot and Garonne) was laid entirely waste; not a stalk of corn was to be seen standing, nor a leaf remaining on a vine, in those places which the hail attacked: a heavy rain which fell on the night of that day did still more harm, the quantity of earth which it unsettled being so great as to cover all the meadows with sand. The same day a violent storm assailed the canton of Zurich in Switzerland, the city of Pau (Lower Pyrenees) and some surrounding communes.—Some hail fell of such a size that roofs were broken and animals killed. On the 8th, fourteen communes situated in the valley of the Loire, and on the 9th, twenty-seven in the *arrondissement* of Ambert, were nearly inundated by the quantity of rain which fell, accompanied with large hail. On the 10th, a storm of such severity swept over the canton of Saint Gall, in Switzerland, that a great number of houses were thrown down at Wittenbach, Berg, Hora, and Ober-Steinbach. On the 12th, the environs of Casan (Russia) were devastated; the ravages of the storm fell particularly upon the village of Ours, inhabited by Tartars living in a state of ease, and famous for their fabrics of red-coloured cotton; the rivulet which traverses this village formed all of a sudden an immense torrent, carrying along with it men, trees and habitations, to the distance of twenty *versts*. On the 14th, another storm still more horrible desolated Belgium: the thunder raged for three-quarters of an hour without intermission; the storm driven by a south-east wind was so violent, that it tore up a number of large trees, overturned many granaries and some houses, and shook all the houses for the space of a league. On the 15th, a shower of hailstones fell upon the town of Lierre in the Low Countries, most of which were of the bulk of a pigeon's egg. The 22d, the 26th, the 27th, and 29th, were also distinguished by violent storms which committed great havoc.

In the same month the heat was more excessive in England than it had been for several years, and brought on storms which did every where a great deal of damage. At Tewkesbury they were accompanied with large hail; at Salisbury there was one attended with an extraordinary obscurity, and followed by torrents of rain and large pieces of ice, the ravages of which were frightful—

trees shattered—men and beasts wounded—houses overturned, &c.

On the 3d of July, a storm of the greatest violence, mixed with large hail, burst in the night-time upon the town of Agen and many communes of the department of Tarn. It continued till ten o'clock the next day, which was also distinguished by another tempest, which carried ruin and devastation into the valley between the two mountains of Lure and Leberon (the mouths of the Rhone) over a space of more than fifteen leagues. On the 4th, hail of the size of filberts fell at Munich and Lons Le Saulnier; and on the 10th, many leagues in the departments of the Yonne and Ain were in less than an hour laid entirely waste by another storm of hail as large as pigeon's eggs, and precipitated with astonishing impetuosity. The 11th was marked by a storm of still greater fury. Pforzheim in the duchy of Baden, and on the frontiers of Hungary and Lower Austria, hail-stones were collected of the bulk of the largest hen's eggs; several men and beasts were killed, and the hopes of a fine harvest wholly destroyed.—The night of the same day was most ruinous to the cantons of Chateaufort and Eymoutiers in the department of Upper Vienne.—The hail was of such force that even the chesnut-trees were destroyed, and in such abundance that two days afterwards it was found in heaps upon the ground. On the 31st, there fell at Manchester in England, and its environs, hail of such an extraordinary bulk that two persons were killed by it at Pendleton, and several others grievously wounded.

On the 8th of August, a thunder-storm burst on the town of St. Ayoil (Moselle,) and caused a fire which consumed thirty-three houses and thirty-eight barns.* The 16th was a day cruelly memorable to the departments of the Aisne and Ardennes. The reapers were occupied in collecting one of the finest harvests which had been known for a long time; the heavens became suddenly obscured by thick and heavy clouds; and soon a storm of hail burst forth of such impetuous force, that in ten minutes the crops and fruits of every description in the territory of four villages were hashed in pieces. Some of the hail-stones found were *three pounds* in weight. These congelations resembled a bullet cut in two; the centre of each hemisphere was harder than the rest, and of a brownish colour. On the 22d, after two months of excessive dryness, Rome was the scene of another dreadful tempest: some vineyards were quite ruined, and more than thirty of the largest trees of the villa

Panfilii were torn up by the roots. On the 26th, there was a hurricane at the estate of of Gourgivaux near Eprenay, which, though it only lasted three minutes, tore up and shattered a number of trees, carried off several roofs, knocked the barn of a farm topsy-turvy, and scattered to the winds 300 well-bound sheaves. On the 27th, in the valley of Pia near Genoa, there was a similar hurricane, but of a longer duration; the damage occasioned by which it will take many years of prosperity to repair;—vines, trees of every kind, even garden walls, fell prostrate before it.

The 3d of September, at Liverpool; the 11th, at Paris; the 12th, at Antwerp, Brussels, and several other places in the Low Countries;—the 22d at Schaffhausen, &c. and the 28th at Memel, were distinguished by violent and destructive storms, in most of which the size and quantity of the hail was still the chiefly remarkable circumstance.

In the month of October, the place which suffered most from the elements was the old town Nocera, at the foot of the Appennines. For the third time in the course of five months, it was visited on the 4th by a hail-storm of such tremendous violence that all that had been spared by the previous tempests,—its superb olives, its fruit-trees, and its vines—were completely destroyed. A number of cattle were killed, owing chiefly, perhaps, to the very angular shape of the hail-stones in this instance, the largest of which were found to weigh about six ounces. The other places visited by remarkable storms during this month, were the communes of Mesmes-sur-Yevre, Vasselay, and others in the department of Cher, on the first;—the environs of Cahors on the 3d;—Foligno, Assisi, and Perugia, on the same day as Nocera;—and Alicanti on the 13th. In one quarter of an hour this last town and its environs, which produced a great abundance of exquisite fruits and an excellent wine, presented the spectacle of one great wreck.*

* A popular error augments the evils occasioned by such storms at many places. When assistance should be run for, the women discourage the men with the greatest earnestness, saying, that *when the fire of heaven descends, it is in vain to seek for relief*; and that *water, far from allaying it, will only increase its force and activity*.

* For near half a century the people in the Maconnais (Saone et Loire) have been in the custom, for averting damage by hail, of firing mortars from the heights at the approach of storms. The first who introduced this scheme was M. de Chevrier, an old officer of marine, proprietor of Vaureaard. The experience of many years having convinced the inhabitants of the neighbouring country of the excellence of this practice, it has been adopted by the communes of Iger, Aze, Romanèche, Julnat, Le Torrens, Ponilly, Fleury, Saint Sorlin, Viviers, and many others, which have ever since been exempt from any ravages by hail. The size of the mortars, and the number of times they are fired, varies according to circumstances and localities. The commune of Fleury makes use of a mortar which carries a charge of one pound of powder at a time. It is ordinarily begun to be fired before the clouds have had time to accumulate in any great number, and the firing is kept up until the stormy clouds are wholly dispersed. The annual consumption for this pur-

Inundations.

Other misfortunes not less disastrous signalized the period under our review. The inundations of rivers and lakes desolated almost all the countries of Europe, particularly Switzerland, the west of Germany, the Low Countries, Holland, the north of Spain; and in the United States, the two provinces of Kentucky and New-York. In the first days of June, the Rhone tumultuously burst its banks, at the same moment that the waters of the Rhine and the Aar attained a prodigious height; *—that the lakes, the rivers and the torrents of Switzerland, the Grand Lake of Constance, the Necker, the Mein, the Meuse, the Wahl, &c. overflowed upon all points. The detail of the disasters which they caused is fearful. During three months their waters covered whole countries, menaced the foundations of the most solid edifices, and scarcely left in some places the roofs of the houses to be seen, while they kept constantly sweeping away trees and flocks, and a vast wreck of things of all sorts. Fields cultivated with the greatest care were converted into morasses; large tracts were turned into deserts of mire; the finest harvests were every where destroyed. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th of August, a south wind which had prevailed for more than a month was followed by a hot rain, which melted the glaciers in such a manner that the Rhine rose anew beyond all former example, and presented, until the 23d of September, the appearance of a vast lake: the torrents of the Tyrol were swollen higher than their greatest height in 1789; and the Sill, which falls into the Inn near Inspruck, burst its banks and carried away several bridges,

pose is from 4 to 500 killogrammes (820 to 1022 lbs.) of coarse powder. This practice, which costs little, which is attended with no inconvenience, which is so simple in execution as to be practicable every where, and which is supported not only by theory, but by the experience of a great many years, ought to be generally substituted for the ruinous system of conjuring storms by the sound of the church bells. The misfortunes which every year befall those who have recourse to the clocks, may in the end destroy a prejudice which originated in an era when the laws of physics were unknown; and when fanaticism attributed to the sound of the bells a supreme power, in virtue of the benedictions and unctions which they received from the hands of the priests. At the same time that the villages of Maconnais adopted the practice of firing mortars, Guenaut-de-Montbelliard, the celebrated co-operator and friend of Buffon, having observed that the hail never formed itself till after violent claps of thunder, proposed to withdraw the electric matter, so as to prevent at the same time both the explosion of the thunder, and the formation of the hail. (*Journal de Physique*, tom. xxi. p. 146.) Guyton-de-Morveau has further demonstrated the accuracy of this theory. (*Journal de Physique* tom. ix. p. 60—67.)

* The Rhine rose on the 7th of July, thirty-two centimetres (one foot) above its greatest height in 1770.

with a vast quantity of trees, houses, cattle, &c. On the 9th of November, a very violent storm burst upon the department of Ardeche, the waters rose to a prodigious height, and committed great havoc in the arondissements of Tournon, Privas, and Argentiere.

Earthquakes.

June 30th. After a storm, accompanied with a hot rain, two shocks, very violent, were felt at Inverness and in the environs of Loch Ness in Scotland.

July 4. At Barcelona.

7. Porentruy and Schaffhausen.

Aug. 11. } Saanen, canton of Bern.

13. }
14. Rougemont, and the valleys of Gessenay and Senimenthal in Switzerland.

Aug. 19. Inspruck.

Sep. 12. Saanen.

17. Inverness—the fifth since August, 1816.

21. St. Helena. The oscillation lasted two minutes, and was felt throughout the whole island and neighbouring sea; also at Saanen, Rothenberg, and environs of Rublihorn.

Sep. 22. Angouleme (Charente-Inferieure), followed immediately by a loud detonation.

Oct. 17. Pays de Vaud, particularly at Yvonaud and its environs.

Oct. 18. Messina.

23. Vostizza in the Morea:—The most violent that has occurred this year. It lasted about a minute and a half. The sea was thrown back to a great distance, so that the ships in the roads of Vostizza were left quite dry: it immediately returned with great fury, rose five metres above its ordinary level, and inundated a considerable space of ground: soon afterwards it subsided into its original position. But the cape which formed the mouth of the river Gaidourou-neiti, after ejecting a very thick smoke, precipitated itself into the sea, and carried along with it the town of Vostizza, the villages of Mourla Dimitropoulou, Loumari, Temeni, and part of their inhabitants. For eight succeeding days shocks, less strong, but very frequent, continued to be felt.

Nov. 11 and 12. At Geneva, and the two sides of the lake, the shocks were stronger than were ever experienced in this quarter before.

Drought.

In the early part of this year the south of Europe was almost desolated by a severe drought, which still continued in a manner truly distressing. In June it dried up the lake of Ouveillan in the arondissement of Narbonne, and drained the fountains and wells in the greater part of the departments of the mouths of the Rhone, the Var, and the Lower Alps. In July, such was its intensity in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, that it converted into salt a great part of the waters of the lakes of Saint Nazaire and Villeneuve. At Marseilles and Montpellier the

greatest inconvenience was also felt for the want of water.

Great Heats.

We have had daily the most remarkable heats. On the 7th of June the thermometer at Paris rose to 26° centigr. where it remained the whole day. On the 18th it was at 28°, and on the 20th at 30°. In some parts of Great Britain it rose still higher. At London on the 26th, between three and five o'clock in the afternoon it was 39° centigr. being 10° above the greatest heats of ordinary summers. In the north of Asia, on the contrary, there was scarcely any summer at all this year, the cold continuing until the 21st of June, the time at which the fine season in the northern parts of Siberia usually terminates. In the hyperborean regions of Europe, again, the heat was so intense that the coasts of Greenland, which had been covered for ages with enormous masses of ice, were completely liberated, and the sea was laid open as far as the mountains of Spitsbergen, and even as high as the 84° of latitude. Enormous masses of ice descended into the Atlantic sea as far as the 40° of latitude without melting.

The months of June, July, August and September were of a stifling heat, especially at Rome, at Naples, and at Trieste, where it was impossible to go abroad till evening. The warmest day at Perpignan was the 4th of July; at Marseilles, the 17th of August, when the thermometer, exposed to the sun, remained stationary at 44°. At Cayenne, winter, which is the rainy season in that country, was unknown; it ordinarily lasts six months complete, but last year there were only sixty-two days of rain, and that slight and intermittent.

Un timely Colds.

After long intervals of heat, of abundant rains, and wasting storms, we were visited on the 23d of August with squalls of cold rain, and weather truly autumnal. The atmosphere was wholly changed. The equinoctial winds raged with violence; at Paris they tore up the stoutest trees by the roots. On the 23d of September, the weather was mild, and of a temperature rather more elevated than suited the period of the year; but next day a strong wind arose from the north-east, which dried up the earth, and gave all the chill of winter to the atmosphere. On the 10th of October, the Parisians felt as if in the middle of January. The like unseasonable cold was felt in the south. From the climate of Africa to that of Lapland was a common transition. After more than ten months without rain, and a heat the most ardent, they were obliged, on the 16th of October, to have recourse to fires, the temperature having become on a sudden icy cold.

The damage occasioned by this unseasonable cold, in the two nights of the 22d and 24th of August, to the standing crops of all descriptions, was very great in the northern provinces of Sweden, particularly Helsing-

land and the environs of Gede, and in Franconia and Wirtemberg. At the beginning of October there fell a great quantity of snow in Scotland, principally in the counties of Ross and Aberdeen, where it lay two feet deep. On the 4th of the same month there was snow on the fertile plains of Bayreuth to the depth of three inches; on the 9th it covered the mountains of Urach, Vosges, and Briançon; on the 12th the elevated plain of Woivre, in the department of the Meuse; and on the 16th the mountains of Lomere and the environs of Mende. It was concluded from these premature appearances, that we should have a rigorous winter; and in support of the predictions to this purpose, as infallible as those of Mathieu-Laensberg, we had the old theory of nineteen years, and even that of an hundred-and-one years brought forward. In the first category the winter of 1817 corresponded to that so long and severe of 1793; in the second to those of 1716, of 1616, and of 1514. But the temperature changed anew in the first days of November, and continued so till December. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th of November we had at Paris thick mists, which gave place to a succession of very fine days, so much so that on the 22d the country of Niort and the borders of the two Sevrres presented all the verdure of spring time.

Terrestrial Phenomena.

On the 27th of June, at two o'clock, P. M. some women of the commune of Vanvast (Gard) having washed a number of pieces of cotton muslin, and others of linen, spread them on a meadow newly cut to dry. Shortly after there was a great deal of very vivid lightning, which played particularly about the meadow where the clothes were lying; and on examining them it was found that all the pieces of cotton had become tinged with a yellow colour similar to that of nankeen, while those of linen had lost none of their whiteness. The yellow tinged stuffs were washed repeatedly with soap, but to no purpose; it was found impossible to take the colour out of them, or even to free them from the sulphurous odour which they had acquired.

About the same period numerous swarms of those beautiful insects which are vulgarly named *Demoiselles* or *Libellules a-liquies* (but of a sort apparently new and very large) were observed in several parts of East Holland, particularly in the environs of the town of Sneek, subsequently at Hamburg, and lastly at Stockholm, and several other parts of the north of Sweden, where they disappeared. They came from the south-west. They formed so dense a body that they resembled the thick clouds which precede a fall of snow. When they wanted nourishment, they descended all at once upon some field, sojourned there for some hours, and afterwards resumed their course. At night the air was quite crowded with these insects.

On the 2d of July, the mountain of Haug-

rack, in Upper Austria, disappeared and gave place to a lake. This mountain was of great elevation, and gave its name to the country around. During the preceding month there had been various phenomena, which augured some ruinous event:—subterraneous noises—slight explosions on the exterior, &c. they had disquieted the people of the country greatly, and seemed as if designed to forewarn them of their danger.

On the 24th of the same month, the very opposite of this phenomenon occurred in Italy. An astonishing noise was heard in the territory of Ferenilino; after which the waters of the lake of Porciano suddenly disappeared, and left their ancient bed quite dry. Eastward of the lake, at the foot of a neighbouring mountain, they discovered an enormous chasm, produced by some violent commotion, down which the waters had precipitated themselves into certain subterranean caverns which now serve as their receptacle.—The Romans prevented accidents of this sort by their famous canals of outlet, as we see in the lake of Albano; but the modern inhabitants of the volcanic country of Rome have not the same foresight.

In the month of August, another displacement, owing without doubt to the subterraneous conflagration of a bed of coal or sulphurous matters, happened near Salzboung in Bavaria, on the borders of the Salza. A space of ground, of the extent of about fifteen acres, sunk down, and from the chasm left, flames continued to issue for four days afterwards, exhaling a strong sulphurous odour.

On the 1st of November, the hail-wick of the great pyramid at Saïtacle still more increased. A whole mountain tumbled down, and transferred into a desert a very fertile and well-cultivated valley. The cause to which this has been attributed was the enormous quantity of snow which fell in the Tyrol, in February, March, and April, and which a sudden change of temperature and abundant hot rains had precipitatedly melted.

On the 6th of July, at one o'clock in the morning, the waters of the sea suddenly withdrew from the port of Marseilles, and left it for some moments quite dry; but soon after returned, and spread as far even as the city. The same phenomenon was observed with still more remarkable characters on the 27th of June, 1812, and occurred also in 1776, at the time of the famous earthquake of Lisbon.

The atmospheric whirlpools, which are attributed to a displacement of heated air, and by the action of which it is easy to explain the pretended showers of sand, insects, &c. have presented two singular enough phenomena in the state of New-York and in the kingdom of Naples. The first was distinguished by some extraordinary

circumstances:—it raised a young man to a great height, afterwards pitched him on a tree, from which it again snatched him and conveyed him to the foot of a mountain at some distance. The second happened on the 10th of August. Some washerwomen at work beside a fountain, out of the city of St. Angelo, saw in a serene sky a whirlpool advancing upon them: seized with fear they fled in great haste; immediately afterwards the whirlpool dashed upon the fountain, absorbed all the water out of it, and carried off the linen spread out on the neighbouring meadows to a distance of more than a mile, whence it returned in about an hour to the environs of the fountain, where it ceased, and redeposited all that it had carried off. The linen was found torn and full of holes, as if it had been perforated by gunshot.

Celestial Phenomena.

In the period of time under our survey the spots of the sun were successively dissipated and renewed. The grand spot, which covered nearly all the disc of that orb on the 23d of July, disappeared on the 4th of August. A great number of small spots were afterwards formed, which gradually united and concentrated into one:—subsequently in the month of September a division again took place into several groups, which between the 23d and 27th of October totally disappeared, before having touched the west limb of the sun. On the 6th and 6th of November, a large spot was observed on the southern part of this orb: it is now resolved into groups more or less numerous, some isolated others more approximated.

On the 7th of August, Professor Stark, astronomer at Augsburg, observed a luminous band in the direction of the band of *Serpentarius* in the constellation *Hydrus*. (For this, see account already given in Phil. Mag. for August, 1817.)

On the 2nd of September at eleven o'clock at night there was seen in the vicinity of Richmond, in England, a globe of fire proceeding in a direction from south to west. It appeared of considerable size, and emitted from its top long streams of fire. Its progress was slow, but all of a sudden it glided up into the heavens, and disappeared among the clouds. A similar phenomenon was observed on the 19th of November, at three o'clock in the morning, at Rochelle.

On the 9th of September a beautiful *aurore borealis* was observed at Glasgow. (For which, also, see account in Phil. Mag. for January, 1818, by M. Chev. Dupin.)

Barometrical Observations.

The barometer on the 26th of January and 1st of April attained the extraordinary height of 73 centimetres (27 inches); and on the 1st of November, at 52 minutes past eleven at night, it exceeded that by one degree and 6-10ths of a line, which is a millimetre more than the height to which the mercury rose on the 23d of February 1816.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF THE
NETHERLANDS.

Lubeck, March 10, 1818.

It is about 20 years ago that Mr. Neele, a respectable citizen of this place, worked in a baking-house at Chepstow in the principality of Wales. He had lived there three years, without seeing one of his German countrymen, when one afternoon the landlord of the King George sent to tell him that a German, just arrived, wished to speak to him. He hurried to the public-house, and found a man plainly dressed, who accosted him in the German language. Mr. Neele asked him, as is the general custom, to drink a pot of beer with him, which he accepted, and this was followed by a second; he then invited him to take a walk about the beautiful place. On their return, our countrymen went into another public-house and drank some glasses of rum, after which the stranger recollected that it was time to think of his departure. They had nearly reached the house, when he suddenly stopped, and asked Mr. Neele what he supposed him really to be? at the same time opening his gray great coat, and showing a large and brilliant star upon his breast. Mr. Neele, who had till then taken him to be a merchant, answered with surprise, that he must be some great person, and hoped that he had not offended him; but he could not tell his rank. Upon this the stranger declared himself to be the prince of Orange, who had fled to England from the invasion of the French. He then wrote Mr. Neele's name in his pocket-book, thanked him for his kind reception, and after they had bid each other farewell, he left him, to prepare for his departure. Shortly afterwards, as Mr. Neele had some business out of doors, a coach passed him: the gentleman in it stops it, and beckons him to come, when he again heartily takes his hand; it was again the friendly prince, whom Mr. Neele never saw after.

Last winter, as Mr. Neele, who has long since returned to his native country, and is settled at Lubeck, was sitting in conversation with an acquaintance, who had travelled a great deal, the latter boasted of having seen the present king of the Netherlands: "You do not know him so well as I do," replied Mr. Neele, "for I once drank a pot of beer with him." As the other would not believe it, Mr. N. resolved to write to the monarch. He wished him joy on the happy change of his fortunes, and on his accession to the throne; asking whether he still remembered him, and mentioned to him his present circumstances. Soon after this, he received the following answer:—

"Brussels, May 17, 1817.

"On reading your letter, his majesty still remembers with pleasure the acquaintance you formed with him at Chepstow, 20 years ago. His majesty hopes that you may always be happy in your present circumstances, and has given me the commission, as a token of

remembrance, and as a proof that he appreciates your frankness, to send you two copper-plates, representing her majesty the queen, and H. R. H. the prince of Orange. We have no good likeness of the king at present. These two copper-plates are deposited in the hands of baron Von Lynden, civil governor of Arnheim, who will deliver them according to your orders.

"I am glad of this opportunity to offer my friendship to a man, whom the king, my master, so highly esteems.

"The Secretary of State, MAJLY."
Lon. Lit. Gaz.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

The murderer of Mr. Martin, receiver of taxes at Bilgny, says a letter from Bars-sur-Aube, was discovered a few days ago in the most singular manner, and arrested. The crime was committed, on the 9th February, on the high road, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The shot entered Mr. Martin's heart, and he fell down dead. He was returning from collecting, and had only 130 francs about him, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch, and a ring. The charge of the gun was rammed down with a written paper. This had been carefully taken up, and carried away with the body. The writing was still legible. On this piece of paper there were expressions which are used in glass manufactories, and a date of near 15 years back. Upon this single indication, the judge went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilgny, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an article relative to the delivery of some glass, of which the paper in question was the bill of parcels. The suspicion immediately fell on the son-in-law of this individual: the latter had been out of the country for ten years. Order was given to arrest the person suspected. When the officers came to him, he was on his knees, praying. In his fright he confessed the deed on the spot, and even showed where the watch and ring were, which were indeed found under the thatch of his house.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

At this stage of the inquiry in which we have indulged ourselves respecting the Expeditions to the Pole, and the view we have taken of the most recent information relative to the circumpolar seas, it may be instructive, and we are sure will be amusing, to throw a glance back upon the old navigators who adventured into these regions of eternal frost. For this purpose we shall chiefly avail ourselves of the curious system of geography by *Herman Moll*, published about a hundred and twenty years ago, with "maps of every country, fairly engraven on copper, according to the latest discoveries and corrections."

"It may not be improper," says Mr. Moll,

"to give a brief account of the several navigations and discoveries made towards the NE. and NW. viz. *Nova Zembla*, NE. *Greenland* or *Spitsberg*, NW. and *Greenland*, commonly called *Groenland* and *Eugroenland*. The first discovery of these countries is owing to an accident; for in 1390, Nicholas and Anthony Zani, two brothers, and rich citizens of Venice, having set sail from the Streight of Gibraltar for Flanders and England, were accidentally driven northwards by violent storms, even as far as *Friesland*, *Iceland*, and *Groenland*. But in 1497, John Cabot, and Sebastian, his son, of the same nation, received a commission from our king Henry VII. to undertake the like voyage, who made a draught and description of some northwest parts of America, and brought along with them four of the natives."

Hence sprung the project of discovering a northeast passage "into the Indies;" which the Dutch absurdly pretended to have made out in 88° N. lat. The first adventure was that in 1553, consisting of three vessels commanded by sir Hugh Willoughby, of whose voyage we have no memoirs,

"Except certain short and imperfect notes which were taken off from his Table after his death; wherein it is expressed, that the fleet under his command parted from *Seynam*, which lies in 70 deg. North lat. on the 2d day of August: that on the 14th they were above 160 leagues from the same place to the northeast, and continued sailing until Septemb. 14, when they came ashore on a high, rocky, and desert country, from whence the cold and ice forc'd them to return more southerly, which they did till they reach'd a river in Lapland, call'd *Arzina*, where, by the continuance of foul weather, they were shut up in the harbour, and the next spring were all found frozen to death in their ship."

A few years after this unfortunate attempt, in 1556, captain Stephen Burroughs, "sometime comptroller of the navy to queen Elizabeth," in a voyage of the same kind discovered Waygat's straits, "that run between the south part of *Nova Zembla* and the country of the Samoeds:"—the highest latitude he reached is laid down 80° 11', and it is probable he cruised on the coasts of Greenland, "since he makes mention of the desolate country, the blew ice, and great numbers of various fowl thereabouts."

But the first name most celebrated "for endeavouring to search out a northwest passage into China, was sir Martin Frobisher, who, in several voyages, made divers new discoveries of large bays, streights, islands, capes, &c. and imposed on them different names."

His voyages, however, seem to have been principally among the islands about Hudson's straits and the coasts of Labrador, between 60 and 65° N. lat., where he established a friendly intercourse with the natives, exchanged toys for salmon and other fish,

brought away some marcasites mistaken for gold ore, discovered a silver mine (probably not more sterling,) and took possession of the south shore of the isle of Good Fortune, under the name of *Meta-Incognita*.

Arthur Pett and Charles Jackmap, in 1580, followed Stephen Burroughs's track, passed Waygat Straits, got among the ice to the eastward, and encountered such peril and labour that they separated, and Pett was never more heard of.

In 1585-6-7, Mr. John Davis sailed to the east coast of Greenland, giving his name to the straits between that coast and James Island. At *Cape Desolation*

"He found many pieces of furr and wool like beaver, and exchanged some commodities with the natives, who often repaired to him in their canoes, bringing stag-skins, white hares, small cod, muscles," &c.

He reached no higher than 72° N. The Dutch about this time began to be roused to a sense of the commercial advantages which might result from these northern expeditions, hitherto exclusively pursued by the English. About 1578, they first appeared at Kola, in Lapland, and a rivalryship of the Russia Company ensuing, they, in 1594, sent Barents on a voyage to discover the passage to the Indies.

"In 1596, the same Wm. Barents, accompanied with two other Dutch pilots, viz. Jacob Heemskirk and John Cornelius Ryp, first discovered Bear, or Cherry Island, and passed from thence to Greenland; but Barents being separated from them, sailed along the coasts of *Nova Zembla* to the 76 deg. of N. lat., until at length his ship was driven ashore, and broken in pieces by the ice, so that all the mariners were compelled to winter there, and endured the utmost extremity of cold."

Poor Barents died before they got back to Kola.

In 1608, the enterprising Hudson was "sent forth to discover the North Pole, and sailed," says our authority, "even to 82 degrees of N. latitude; but being satisfied there was no northeast passage, he was appointed to make the like trial in the northwest seas. Therefore, in 1610, he set sail again, and proceeded 100 leagues farther than any had done before But the ice hindered him from continuing his course farther, and the sedition of his men from returning home."

Hence, however, Hudson's straits and bay, and circumjacent coasts, in these parts. In 1611, sir Thomas Button prosecuted the discoveries in the same quarter; and in 1612-5-6

"James Hall and William Baffin proceeded much farther in the northwest parts, and imposed names on divers places discovered by them."

During the first half of this century a number of expeditions were fitted out from Denmark, but did little towards extending the geographical knowledge of the Polar

seas. Our own investigation seem to have languished from Baffin's trip in 1616, till that of captain Luke Fox, in 1630 :

"He traced Frobisher, Hudson, Davis, Button, and Baffin, meeting with whales, much ice and fowls," &c.

In 1631, near Port Nelson, he met captain James, whose very interesting narrative was published by the special command of Charles I. in 1633. Wood's Voyage, in 1676, proceeded no further than 76° N. lat., where he lost his ship on the coast of Nova Zembla, and returned home in the Prosperous Pink, which accompanied him.

Such were the chief expeditions at the close of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth centuries; and when we consider the state of the appointments and the frail nature of the ships employed, we shall not only be surprised at the extent of their investigations, but be led to entertain sanguine hopes of much further progress from such vessels as have now sailed on a similar mission, with all the aids of science attached to them.

Of Greenland (Groenland, Groenlandia, or Grainland) we are told that the eastern and western sides are encompassed with two vast oceans.

"This land is supposed to have been first discovered by a Norwegian gentleman, named *Eric Rotcop*, or Red-head, who having committed a murder in *Island* (Iceland,) to save his life attempted to make his escape into another country, whereof he had only heard some obscure flying reports. This gentleman was so fortunate as to get safe to the harbour of *Sandsbasin*, lying between two mountainous promontories, one on an isle over against Greenland, which he called *Huidserken* or *White-Shirt*, by reason of its being covered with snow; the other on the continent bearing the name of *Humf Eric*. He wintered in the island, and afterward passing into the continent, imposed on it the name of *Groenland* or *Greenland*, from its flourishing verdure. His son being sent to Olaus Trugger, king of Norway, to procure a pardon, easily obtained it upon information of the new discovery. Thus, in process of time, a plantation was settled there, and two cities were built, viz. *Garde* and *Albe*; the latter was honoured with a bishop's see, and the residence of the Norwegian viceroy, the cathedral church being dedicated to *St. Antony*. However, these new inhabitants having been long since destroyed, either by the natives, the rage of the epidemical disease called the black plague, or otherwise, very little intelligence concerning Groenland has come to us since the year 1349. Nevertheless, in 1389, (as they say,) the king of Denmark determining to re-establish his dominion in those parts, sent a fleet thither; which having suffered shipwreck, he was discouraged from any farther enterprise, until of late that navigation was somewhat renewed by Christian IV. who was wont to call this country his

Philosopher's Stone; in regard that it was sometimes not to be found when his ships took a voyage thither; and because a certain Dane, in 1626, brought some sand from thence which was of the same colour and weight with gold."

The hardships endured by many of the early adventurers, and the miserable deaths of many others, would fill volumes in the recital. It may well, therefore, be considered fortunate for commerce and the interests of nations, that there is implanted in man's nature a desire of novelty, which no present gratification can satisfy; that, having visited one region of the earth, he is eager to explore another; that having escaped one danger in his progress, he is no less resolute to encounter others, which may chance to obstruct him in the course of his pursuits. If the history of former hardships could have deterred men from engaging in new adventures, the voyage of discovery, which has just left the British shores, would not have been undertaken. The dreary regions that surround the Poles are so little accustomed to feel the kindly influences of the enlivening sun, and are so destitute of the ordinary productions of the earth in happier climates, that little less than one whole quarter of the globe is by its sterility rendered uninhabitable by human beings, and but thinly occupied by a very inconsiderable number of the brute creation.

The many and almost insuperable difficulties that must therefore be expected in traversing these forlorn deserts, where no relief is to be expected, but from the favourable interposition of that Power, whose providence extends to the remotest corners of the earth, is, upon reflection, enough to cool the ardour of the most enterprising minds.

In our present statement we have passed over the claims made by the Icelanders in 1001, under Biarn,* and of the Germans, in 1484, under Martin Behens,† of Nuremberg, to this discovery, because they are unsupported by any later writer; and have confined ourselves to such attempts only as are well authenticated, and their results sufficiently known.

From the whole it appears certain that though Spitzbergen was also called Northeast Greenland, there was undoubtedly a colony once, settled on the east side of Old Greenland, which was sometimes approachable and oftentimes blocked up within an icy barrier. Whether this land may be again visited, and what remains of its former condition, are problems which the enterprise of our bold sailors will probably solve within a few months, and in the interim, we trust this brief retrospect at the long past exploits of their predecessors will not be read without adding to that strong feeling of interest which accompanies their adventure.

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

* Journal de la Belgique, Dec. 5, 1816.

† Torseus and Angnim Jonas, two Icelandic writers of good repute.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

To the Editor of the *Quotidienne*.

SIR,—From a late article in your journal, I observe that Madame Krudener, and her principal secretary, M. Keller, announce that the world will soon be at an end, and that the day of judgment is rapidly approaching. Allow me likewise, *en passant*, to express my satisfaction at finding that my sex now enjoy the privilege of saying and doing the most extraordinary things imaginable. This, together with my own inclination, has induced me to note down such signs as appear to me to presage the grand and awful catastrophe in question. I know not, I confess, whether the planets have deviated from their wonted path, whether the ices have diminished at the poles, whether corn now contains less nutritive substance than formerly, &c. &c.; but, Sir, I think I have discovered many other symptoms of the termination of a world, which, having existed (according to philosophical suppositions) about fifteen thousand years, may certainly be resigned to its fate, and cannot in reason complain of being cut off in the flower of its age.

Within my sphere of observation, I have remarked many things which cannot be natural, and which, I assure you, give rise to the most serious reflections.

To begin then with what concerns myself, I must inform you that my husband is so changed, that I scarcely know him. Would you believe it, Sir? he absolutely refuses to buy me a new Cochemire, or to pay my milliner's last bill, under pretence that he cannot afford it! He declares his determination to be master in his own house! in a word, Sir, his whole conduct towards me proves that he has not a vestige of common sense remaining. However, this is nothing, and even under such a state of things the world might possibly last some little time longer. But a poet of my acquaintance evinced a singular instance of modesty last week: he confessed to me, that there were perhaps a few instances of negligence to be found in his hemistichs; and that he was only the second poet in the world!

But I have something yet more wonderful to tell. The most liberal philosopher I know, who has saved the universe thirty times within the last thirty years, by means of his *primordial truths* and *fundamental principles*, this philosopher acknowledged the other day that the world was not yet saved, and that much remained to be done ere that object could be accomplished; that several of his truths were in reality untrue, that one or two of his principles could not possibly be applied, and for that reason appeared somewhat ridiculous. He moreover confessed that several intelligent gentlemen of his acquaintance have not yet attained that degree of perfectibility which they wished to make us believe they had, and that among the perfections of the age a few momentous errors had accidentally intruded themselves.

To judge from these confessions, Sir, one

could scarcely answer for the world's lasting three weeks longer. I may add, that whilst sitting before my looking-glass the other day, I observed several spots on my forehead, which has always been whiter than the finest satin, (you will be pleased to recollect that this perfectly coincides with the spots on the sun's disk.) Besides, Sir, you cannot fail to have noticed, that almost every day appointed for the promenades at *Longchamp* has proved rainy, and worse than all, I have every reason to fear that no one so much as noticed my elegant carriage and superb harness, or the new hat which I wore ornamented with a bouquet of polyanthus and lilac. When, in addition to all this, it is recollected that America and Africa repel the lights of this age, and that *Potter* is going to the *Porte Saint-Martin*, the best thing we can do is to be speedy in obtaining passports for the chaos which must necessarily follow the end of the world, of which indeed I am heartily tired whenever there is no performance at the opera, or a new piece is repeated night after night at the theatres.

CAROLINE.

We some time ago notified the invention of a self-moving carriage in Germany. This machine has been named a *Drainienne*, and one of the Paris journals of last week contains the following account of its exhibition in that capital:—

"An immense concourse of spectators assembled yesterday at noon, at Luxembourg, to witness the experiments with *Drainiennes* (a species of carriage moved by machinery without horses.) The crowd was so great that the experiments were but imperfectly made. The machine, however, went quicker than a man running at speed, and the conductors did not appear fatigued. About three, a lady appeared in a *Drainienne*, conducted by the *chasseur* of the Baron de Draï, who made with it several turns in the alleys, in the midst of the crowd. The machine, although charged with a double weight, had the same rapidity, and the efforts of the conductor did not seem to be increased. The machine ascended with facility the hillocks which are placed in some parts of the garden. The *Drainiennes* appear to be convenient for the country, and for short journeys on good roads."

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

TOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA.

The eyes of all the lovers of antiquity and the fine arts are, with reason, turned upon the remarkable journey which his royal highness the crown prince of Bavaria has undertaken to the classic ground of Greece. This august patron and enlightened judge of the arts, having first visited all the most remarkable places in Sicily, and its noblest ruins of antiquity returned to Rome, where he has dedicated some time to profound study, pre-

paratory to his intended tour. It is his royal highness's intention to depart from Rome to Greece in the beginning of the present month of April. The prince has sent for M. Klenze, architect to the court of Bavaria, to accompany him in this tour. He goes first through the Peloponnesus, and all Ionia, to Athens, perhaps to Asia Minor, and probably by way of Constantinople back to Bavaria.

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote of Professor Jahn, in Berlin, whose system for making youth perfect in gymnastic exercises, has given rise to endless disputes in Germany, is highly characteristic. When the French were in Berlin, Jahn went with his scholars to exercise on the heath out of the city. On his return, he took it into his head, to ask a boy who loitered under the Brandenburg gate, "What used to stand upon this gate?" "The Victory." "What is become of her?" "The French have carried her to France!" "What do you think of it?" "Nothing at all." Upon this Jahn gave him a hearty box on the ear, with the serious admonition, "She was there, and may be fetched back again, if every one help!" The school never forget it, though the citizens of Berlin thought the Professor mad, because he required that a boy should think *something* at seeing the gate without the victory, while thousands passed through it every day without thinking *any thing*.

ANTIQUITIES.

On the 6th of February, a mile and a half from Chiusi, in Tuscany, a countryman digging in the field, found a sepulchral chamber in very good preservation. It is of a rectangular form, six or seven fathoms long and five broad. The entrance is by two folding doors, which move easily on their hinges. In the inside were found eight funeral urns in very good condition: they are adorned with human heads and foliage. On the lids are engraved several Etruscan inscriptions, six of which are very legible. Five of these urns are of different sizes, and smaller than the others; in all of them were found ashes and pieces of burnt bones. The whole sepulchre is now carefully guarded, and all proper measures are taken to preserve uninjured a monument of antiquity which is so interesting and perhaps unique in its kind.

During the last summer we had occasion to notice an excavation made in a Roman *tumulus* near the old Roman road which occurs immediately after passing Lord's Bridge, on the left hand of the road leading to Wimpole. Some remains, then discovered, have been deposited in the University Library. On Wednesday last, as some labourers were digging gravel near the same *tumulus*, at the same distance from the Roman road, they discovered, fourteen inches below the surface

of the soil, a stone slab covering the mouth of a large *amphora*. Upon raising the stone, there were found within the *amphora*, which was full of water, a black vase of *terra-cotta*, of very elegant form, half filled with human bones; also two small vessels of red *terra-cotta*, with handles. This discovery of the *amphora* having been actually used by the Romans instead of a sepulchre, remarkably illustrates its meaning, as a symbol upon the gems and medals of the ancients; among the Greeks especially, the figure of an *amphora* was used as a type of *Hades*; whence it became also one of the symbols of the *Diva triformis*.

ANECDOTE OF FOCHE.

The well known poet Raynaud once read his tragedy of Charles I. to a large company, in which Fouché was present. All eyes were fixed on him, yet his features remained unchanged. The reading began; still he remained unmoved, though at many allusions the scrutinizing eyes of the hearers were turned upon him. When at last the minister of Charles I. defending his master, exclaims, "*Le jugement d'un Roi n'est qu'un assassinat*," the company were going to express their approbation aloud, but they were prevented by the presence of the minister. This did not escape him, and seemed to embarrass him for a moment. When the reading was finished, every one went away except Fouché. After some general remarks upon the plan and the characters of the piece, he added, "in respect to that verse, I utterly despise it." Raynaud did not answer, but Fouché walked up and down with long strides, and said, after a pause, "the political part of your tragedy is very weak, you stand upon the tower of Notre Dame instead of penetrating into the interior. In politics every thing has a different point of view. Circumstances—you do not know the effect of circumstances."—Raynaud interrupted him by repeating the verse: "*le jugement d'un Roi n'est qu'un assassinat*," and Fouché left the room.

A NEW KIND OF GAS.

Mr. George Liebig, in Darmstadt, announces, that he has made a discovery respecting gas light, from which he promises himself various advantages. His gas yields light and warmth, and the material of which it is made, is of more value when it comes out of the retort where it is burnt than when it is put in. "We will leave," says he, "coals and charcoal to the manufactories; my gas is derived from a finer material, which we have in abundance in our country."

Some one said to Dufresny, "*Poverty is no crime*."—"It is a great deal worse," said he.

ART. 16. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of May, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 3; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 4; Typhus Mitior, 12; Synocha, 3; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 6; Phlegmone, 3; Ophthalmia, 9; Cynanche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*), 2; Bronchitis, 1; Catarrhus, 2; Pneumonia (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 28; Pneumonia Typhodes, 6; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 4; Hæmoptysis, (*Spitting of Blood*), 1; Angina Pectoris, 1; Cholera Morbus, 2; Hydrocephalus, (*Dropsy of the Head*), 1; Varicella, (*Chicken Pox*), 1; Vaccinia, (*Kine Pock*), 152.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 2; Vertigo, 6; Cephalalgia, 5; Dyspepsia, (*Indigestion*), 6; Obstipatio, 3; Colica, (*Colic*), 1; Epilepsia, (*Epilepsy*), 1; Mania, (*Madness*), 1; Ophthalmia Chronica, 2; Catarrhus, 3; Bronchitis Chronica, 4; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 5; Asthma et Dyspnœa, 2; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 12; Pleurodynæ, 2; Lumbago, 3; Amenorrhœa, 5; Dysmenorrhœa, 1; Suppressio Urinæ, 1; Diarrhœa, 4; Anasarca, 1; Hydrothorax, (*Dropsy of the Chest*), 1; Scrophula, (*King's Evil*), 1; Vermes, (*Worms*), 3; Syphilis, 4; Urethritis Virulenta, 3; Contusio, (*Bruise*), 6; Stemma, (*Sprain*), 2; Fractura, 1; Vulus, (*Wound*), 5; Abscessus, (*Abscess*), 3; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 4; Psoriasis, 2; Pityriasis, 1; Erysipelas, 1; Scabies et Prurigo, 8; Porrigio 3; Herpes, 2; Eruptiones Variæ, 3.

This month has presented almost every variety of atmospheric change of which the season is susceptible. Frost occurred on several nights; and a cold unseasonable temperature, very unfavourable to vegetation, prevailed until the 20th, after which the weather was generally mild and agreeable. There has been very little thunder, but more or less rain fell on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 27th and 30th; the whole quantity may be estimated at more than 7 inches on a level. The prevailing winds have been from the east, south-east and south. Thermometrical range estimated between sunrise and sunset, has been from 41 to 81°. The lowest temperature in any morning was 41°, highest 68°; lowest temperature in any afternoon 44°, highest 81°; lowest temperature at sunset of any day 42°, highest 74°. Greatest diurnal variation 22°. Barometrical range from 29.06 to 30.20 inches.

Notwithstanding the cheerless and unseasonable weather of the greater part of this interval, the health of the city has rather improved. The general quantum of disease appears to have been less than in the

preceding month, and the Weekly Bills afford evidence that the mortality has considerably diminished. Inflammatory affections of the respiratory organs, consequent on sudden changes of the weather, though frequent, considering the time of the year, have not, in general, been of a severe nature.

Typhus still continues to be the most common form of fever, particularly in those parts of the city, where poverty, wretchedness, and filth preserve the fomes of contagion. As this disease was generally gradual or insidious in its attack, so its progress was seldom rapid. In some instances, its attack was slight, or so disguised, that the disease has hardly been distinguished, till its character has been manifested by some more prominent symptoms. Its characteristic marks were general languor, or torpor of the nervous system, dejection of spirits, muscular debility, febrile heat and dryness of skin, pain in the head and restlessness, or stupor, and more or less confusion of ideas. In most instances, it was accompanied with difficulty of breathing or oppression at the chest; and at times was attended by pain in the sides and cough, which induced some to have recourse to Venesection, of which there was soon cause to repent, as a copious evacuation of blood, seldom failed ultimately to destroy the patient. Cleansing the *primæ viæ* with gentle evacuates, opening the skin by the use of antimonials, or other appropriate remedies, blisters to the chest where the local affection seemed to require their application, and the judicious administration of tonics and cordial medicines as soon as the excessive action was sufficiently diminished to justify their employment, appeared to be the most successful plan of treatment. When there was much tendency to putrescency, recourse was had to the *Aristolochia serpentaria* and mineral acids. The early exhibition of tonics and stimulants, rarely failed to aggravate the disease, by increasing the excitement and producing stricture of the chest.

In some typhoid cases, the pneumonic symptoms were so exquisitely marked, as to constitute the genuine *Pneumonia typhodes*. A number of cases of this sort have occurred in the medical practice of my friend and colleague, Dr. Townsend, who has obligingly furnished me with the following result of his observations: "the symptoms of *Pneumonia typhodes*, according to the observations I have made upon the disease the present season, differ materially.

"1st. The disease was sometimes evidently complicated from the very commencement of the attack; both the local and general affection existing in equal intensity. This is the legitimate form, and the symptoms are then painful (not necessarily difficult or laborious) respiration, with dry and painful cough; full, frequent and weak

pulse; tongue covered with brown parched scales, the skin dry and possessing a peculiarly biting heat, (the calor mordax;) anxiety, restlessness, and delirium. The invasion of this disease, is known by symptoms analogous to those which announce fever in general, such as pain in the back, head, limbs, yawning, nausea, &c.

"2d. In other cases one of the two affections which constituted the disease, acquired the ascendant, and maintained a complete mastery from the invasion to the termination, though even in these cases, the affections became more equiposed after the space of eight or ten days.

"If the lungs more particularly were the seat of the disease, there was always more or less of the inflammatory diathesis, discoverable by a frequent and somewhat chorded pulse, tongue covered with a white (afterwards dark) fur, and great pain in the chest, particularly on inspiration.

"If the typhoid tendency preponderated, the symptoms were in time modified by the ruling affection, such as great prostration of strength, and strong disposition to putrescence, evidenced by a frequent soft pulse, foul black tongue and lips, fetid breath and excretions generally, greater apathy of all the senses, particularly of the hearing, &c.

"In every case, however, the following were the pathognomonic or essential symptoms, *painful respiration, with dry and painful cough, full frequent pulse, biting heat and dryness of the skin, anxiety and restlessness.*

"In the true and legitimate form of this disease, that is, where it is difficult to discern the predominancy of either affection, and where the system sustains a sort of equilibrium of morbid action, I have found the following the most successful treatment:—When called early, I commenced by the administration of a common emetic, succeeded when necessary, by the usual cathartic of Calomel and Pulvis purgans. The cure of the disease was then prosecuted by the internal use of the *Aristolochia serpentaria* and *Polygala senega* in strong infusion, a table-spoonful every two hours; and where there existed considerable obstruction in the chest, it was alternated with the antimonial solution. Externally, large and repeated blisters to the chest, early in the disease, with frequent ablutions of tepid vinegar and water.

"Where there was great tendency to putrescence, the wine whey also, and the mineral acids, with occasional potions of yeast and cold water, were employed with advantage; and where the inflammatory symptoms on the other hand, ran high, recourse was had to the diaphoretic and aperient combinations of calomel and antimony, with great benefit, and in some very few instances, sparing venesection was found useful in the earliest stage of the disease."

The *Remittent fever of infants* was occasionally observed.

Pertussis has been common among chil-

dren; but in general it was of so mild a form that medical aid was seldom solicited. In some cases, however, it has been of a more serious nature, and has even proved fatal.

A case of hydrothorax, connected with anasarca of the lower extremities, and occurring in a man of rather plethoric habit of body, was cured by repeated venesections, occasional purgatives, the free use of super-tartrate of potash, and a light cooling diet; followed up by a weak infusion of Columbo and Virginia snake root, as soon as the excitement was sufficiently reduced.

An infusion of *Secale cornutum*, or *Ergot* of the French, was given with success in two cases of amenorrhœa. It was used in the proportion of one drachm to six ounces of water, a table-spoonful three or four times a day. In one of the cases, it constantly occasioned considerable nausea, with some pain in the hypogastric region. The results of some trials which the Reporter is making with this substance as an emenagogue, will shortly be made public.

The New-York Bills of Mortality for the month of May, report 218 deaths; from

Abscess, 1; Apoplexy, 3; Asthma, 1; Burned, 2; Cancer, 3; Casualty, 3; Catarrh, 1; Child-bed, 1; Cholera Morbus, 1; Consumption, 37; Convulsions, 1; Diarrhœa, 1; Dropsy, 8; Dropsy in the Head, 7; Dropsy in the Chest, 7; Drowned, 11; Epilepsy, 1; Erysipelas, 1; Fever, Puerperal, 1; Fever, Remittent, 2; Fever, Typhous, 28; Hæmoptysæ, 1; Hæmorrhage, 1; Hives, 1; Hooping Cough, 4; Infanticide, 1; Inflammation of the Chest, 18; Inflammation of the Stomach, 1; Inflammation of the Bowels, 1; Inflammation of the Liver, 1; Inflammation of the Bladder, 1; Intemperance, 1; Jaundice, 1; Marasmus, 3; Nervous Disease, 1; Old Age, 4; Pneumonia Typhodes, 1; Rheumatism, 1; Scrophula, 2; Small Pox, 1; Spasms, 1; Still-born, 15; Stranguary, 1; Suicide, 1; Syphilis, 4; Tabes Mesenterica, 4; Unknown, 3; Worms, 3.—Total 218.

Of this number there died 40 of and under the age of 1 year; 9 between 1 and 2 years; 15 between 2 and 5; 8 between 5 and 10; 12 between 10 and 20; 33 between 20 and 30; 28 between 30 and 40; 32 between 40 and 50; 22 between 50 and 60; 10 between 60 and 70; 7 between 70 and 80; 2 between 80 and 90.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

New-York, May 31st, 1818.

ERRATA.

Page 162, col. 1, line 12 from top, in a few copies, for *array*, read, *call his*, and line 14, for *call up*, read, *array*,—the transposition and error occurred in correcting the press.

Page 200, col. 1, line 10, from bottom, read, *his opinion of the conduct of*, &c.

Page 214, col. 2, read, *occasioned a reaction of the vessel, which oppressed the machinery and caused a vibration*, &c. The sentence is mutilated in a very few copies.

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AUGUST, 1818.

ART. 1. *Demetrius, the Hero of the Don. An Epic Poem. By ALEXIS EUSTAPHIEVE.* 12mo. pp. 234. Boston. Monro and Francis. 1818.

(Continued from page 206.)

NO fairy tale is mine: no special powers,
No spirits I invoke that love to dwell
Above the earthly sphere: I speak of deeds
By human means achieved, with only aid,
Such wonted aid as Worth may claim of Heaven."

Mr. Eustaphieve's unskilfulness in the idiom of our language frequently betrays him into the use of ungrammatical or inelegant expressions. Of such the most common is the omission of *the* before a noun, or its improper insertion. His punctuation is also, in very many instances, most absurd. "*With only aid*"—of what? of heaven? No: *for heaven* refers to *worth*. If not, there ought to have been a comma at *claim*. Perhaps he intended that *heaven* should refer both to *worth* and *aid*. Thus the sentence may be interpreted different ways—"I speak of deeds achieved by human means, with only the aid of Heaven; such aid as worth may claim of Heaven.—Or—With only such aid of Heaven as worth may claim.—Or—With only such aid as worth may claim of Heaven. It must be allowed, however, that generally his language is perspicuous.

His invocation to the Deity—

"To thee, O God! from whom all wisdom flows,
To thee alone my pray'rs ascend! O deign
To guide my timid steps to that proud height
Where fain my bolder spirit would repose!
Instruct me in the choice of devious paths
That to the sacred fane of knowledge lead,
Where, hid from mortal sight, of many an age

The hoarded treasures safely lie! send forth
A ray of thy divine unerring light,
That, while it shows me the abode of truth,
I may, in accents loud and measur'd sound,
Call ancient heroes from the silent grave,
And rescue from oblivion's whelming shade
Their virtue, deeds of valour, just renown."

The direction of this invocation appears to us to be highly improper. Milton with great propriety might solicit such inspiration as guided Moses and Isaiah: his theme was theological. But at once to request the Deity to instruct or inspire a man in the execution of a work acknowledged to be altogether a fiction, is *outré* and audacious. *Prayers* is never two syllables, more than *tares*. It cannot be so sounded; though *hour*, *fire*, and other words of one syllable, might. Hence it ought not to have the apostrophe. The note of admiration is used unnecessarily. This is a fault common with many. What is its use? He who can read with propriety needs it not: and, to those who cannot understand what they read, it can be of no advantage. We have generally remarked that, where there is neither sublimity nor pathos, the destitution is supplied by abundant notes of admiration. We know a certain professor of the belles lettres who forbids its admission on any occasion.—We know not why the poet should request to be directed in *devious* (indirect or erroneous,) paths to knowledge. In asking for more

VOL. III.—NO. IV.

knowledge than was ever granted to mortals the poet has been vastly disappointed: the grants to him having been far less than to others. He would reach that temple of knowledge where "the hoarded treasures of *many an age*" lie *safely*. Whether this is knowledge possessed by the Omnipotent only, or mere mortal knowledge hid in a fane on the "proud height" of some vast hill, we should not have been able to ascertain, had not the author declared it "hid from mortal sight." Nor can we discover why, in this work of *fiction*, he wishes to have shown him "the abode of *truth*." Many years ago a man fell into a dock, in Boston, called Oliver's dock. The circumstance was noticed by the Rev. Dr. C——y, in his prayer, the succeeding Sunday.—"Thou knowest that thy servant fell—during the past week—into—not into—the deep—nor was overwhelmed in—in the mighty waters—but fell into—into—Oliver's dock," &c. One of the good doctor's parishioners, the next day, observed to him that he had made bungling work with the man who had fallen into the dock. "Yes, yes," said he, "I wish I had let him alone; had let him stay there." This may be the case with our poet—his heroes are past sensibility and consequent suffering: they will for ever remain ignorant that their "just *renown*" is "rescued from *oblivion's* whelming shade." This seeming bull may, however, perhaps be reconciled to propriety, by supposing that the heroes were formerly renowned.

Next comes a dedication to the emperor of Russia.

"Star of the North, whose radiance mild, yet pure,
Auspicious on delivered Europe shines?
Thou, boast and joy of Slavia's present race,
The pride and living glory of our age,
The first in eminence, second in name
To him, whom Persia and the eastern world
Subdued of yore, had fear'd, but never loved.

Oh that I could approach thee undisguis'd
And sing thy deeds confess'd! Impossible!
It is the future Poet's happy lot."

There are some yerbs of the past tense which, particularly in the pulpit and on solemn occasions, are pronounced with one more syllable than are the same in common conversation and common reading: "Belov-ed brethren—bles-sed spirit," &c. but, with very few exceptions, both in poetry and prose, the *ed* ought not to make an additional syllable. It is, therefore, altogether unnecessary to use the apostrophe in such words as *loved, reprieved, &c.* The apostrophe would be as

proper in prose as in poetry.—In what respect is the emperor *second* in name to Alexander the Great? Does the author mean, that Persia and the eastern world subdued Alexander, as the grammatical construction declares; or that he subdued Persia?—The punctuation is, as before observed, often most incorrect. Why is a comma inserted after *thou*? It would compel us to read—Thou—had feared, but never loved. A colon ought to succeed *yore*.—We cannot conceive it to be impossible!!! for a poet of the present age to sing "the deeds confessed" of Alexander; however difficult it might be for the author of Demetrius.

We have next a dedication to the empress, including a sub-dedication to the empress dowager, and about a score of *admirable* notes—thus!

"And thou, sweet partner of his sceptred toil,
Who shar'st, most worthy thus to share, his throne
Imperial! Noble Christian! Pious queen!
Kind friend! Illustrious female! Spotless wife!
The widow's joy, the orphan's mother, pair'd
With that exalted One whose fruitful womb,
Thrice bless'd, bore Europe's Saviour to the world,
Thy Alexander! Thou Heaven promis'd fair—
To Glory's seas in whom the wise delight
And whom the virtuous imitate: whose zone
That girds thy nation's dignity, shines most
With modesty and grace, all feminine,
Far brighter than the jewels of the crown!
Thou whom great ease to serve
Is sole complaint of thy attending train.
Bestow thy gracious, all benignant look
On this thy humble poet's humble mite,
With boldness, sprung from overflowing heart,
Laid at thy feet!"

The poet after a profusion of compliments and eulogies, then proceeds to inform her majesty that this dedication was written while he was on his passage to America last autumn, in the North Sea;

"Borne on a crazy bark,
A prey to winds and waves, from peril toss'd
To peril, far beneath the northern sky,
Inclement, vext with blasts, and pouring down
A world of whelming snow and clashing hail!
What though his foothold be the slippery deck,
His prop the rocking mast? [Curious question.]
Intense and firm,
Like some first monument, he stands, sustain'd
By one great glowing thought."

It is to be regretted that he did not transplant any such thoughts into his work. "Thou Heaven promis'd fair," &c. cannot be understood. In the same predicament is the sentence commencing with:

* "Elizabeth means, *promis'd of God*, (upon oath.)"

"Bestow thy gracious," &c. means it—bestow thy look with boldness—or—my mite with boldness sprung from [an] overflowing heart?—We are surprised that our author, in the storm, did not stay in the cabin, or keep his birth.—The three pages of this dedication thus concludes:

— "Wilt thou accept
The homage, stamp'd so deep with [the] seal of
Truth?
Wilt thou, as lately on his lighter task,
On this his greater labour smile! [No question
here.] A doubt
Would wrong thy generous soul. Thou wilt....
Enough!

If the lady understands English, there can be no doubt of her frequent smiling. The bard now begins to feel the epic fire; and kindly informs his reader, what otherwise he might never have suspected:

"Mcduinks, I feel within the force divine!
My soul aspiring soars above the earth!
Obedient Time his mysteries unveils!
Past, present, future, in one picture glow!
And lo! a scene majestic greets the sight!"

The poet now plunges in *medias res*. We shall give the story as we proceed. As there is not a page, in which there is not much demanding correction or censure, to notice all such sentiments, words or passages, would extend a review to a volume. On some of them, however, we shall animadvert, *en passant*.

"Scarce yet the earliest ray had gilt the sky;
Scarce Fancy, swifter than the wings of time,
Had met the sun below earth's level pois'd,
And left the eye to linger in suspense;
Scarce yet had wak'ning nature left her couch,
And from her tresses shook the morning dew;
While light and shade maintain'd a dubious
strife;
Unusual bustle and commotion strange
Ran rapid through the streets of fair Kazan," &c.

After *scarce* we generally expect *ere*, *when*, or some similar word. It was scarcely *daylight*, and the morning *dew* was scarcely dissipated. At what time in the morning the bustle commenced the reader must discover for himself. No matter: there was a horrible commotion; for

"Thousands by thousands were impell'd along,
Until the earth beneath the burden groan'd;
The massy walls, that girt the city round,
Shook with the tempest laboring within."

Without being immediately informed of the cause of this uproar, we are introduced to king Morna.

— "His hoary locks
In floating rings their ripper honours show.
He seems an aged oak, whose loftier head,
And larger boughs, in richer foliage clad,

With broader shade protect its fellow trees.

A beauteous fair blooms on his either side.
This on his right, that, like a blushing rose,
Shuns the soft kisses of the morning breeze.
And, with Heaven's mildness pleading in her
eyes,

Teaches e'en love to spare, who, *but for this*,
Had long, ere now, transfix'd her tender heart,
Is lovely Selima, the monarch's joy,
His pride and only child. That, on his left,
Zorana nam'd, who, like some hardier plant,
Fearless of winter's blast, with prouder look
And bolder front, seems destin'd to repel
The shafts of love and frowns of adverse fate,
Is Selima's companion, bosom friend,
An orphan from illustrious parents sprung
And early to the royal care bequeath'd.

The next person, to whom we are introduced, is a scoundrel of a prime minister, whose name is Orcan. This gentleman has the confidence of the monarch.—Morna rises from his throne. A dead silence ensues as he is about to speak:

"There's not an ear but eagerly expands
To catch and treasure up each precious word."

He informs the multitude, that his troops, under the command of Brono, are returning from victorious war:

"From the embattled field and War's rude toils,
Back to the calm delights of wished-for home."

Wished is sufficient without *for*. The best writers avoid as much as possible such unnecessary use of words—To make up a hundred—to bind over as an apprentice—to return back—let the door be shut to; &c.—At this information the mob rejoic'd; Selima dropt the tear of joy; and

"The wily Orcan's sycophantic brow
Conceal'd dark secrets rushing to his face."

The sun was now up; and

"The gilded domes, and spires, that tower'd high,
Caught the descending brightness, and convey'd
To humbler roofs."

Tower'd should no more be made two syllables than *sour'd*, *flower'd*, *roar'd*, &c. The spires, we suppose, conveyed brightness to humbler roofs, as the moon conveys to us a portion of the sun's rays. The army is seen at a distance. At length it arrives.

" 'Tis he! 'tis they!" resounds from mouth to mouth." [Q. *ear?*]

" 'Tis they" was never English, though formerly used for such. The officers and soldiers appear, with

"Polish'd helmets, where the sun, surpris'd,
Views its reflected form; the waving plumes,

The richest tribute of the feather'd world,
Which cheated fancy deems a living flight."

Mercury had wings on his feet: but we know not how the most wayward fancy could suspect that men should fly with wings on the top of the head. With Brono, the chief, come two youthful strangers: so fair that the ladies are cautioned not to look of them.

"Oh turn not! Listen to my warning voice!
Mistrust, thou gentle Selima, the Power
Which has, till now, forborne t' invade thy
peace!
Love cannot wait for ever." [No note of admiration here.]

The name of one of these gallant officers is Trouvor; that of the other Osmond. They are both what the Kentuckians call *heart-smashers*: for the ladies are at once overcome:

"Sensations new,
Mingled, confus'd, invade their breasts; they pine
With wishes that they dare not scan; with fear
They tremble, sigh with pain, with pleasure
blush;
Pant for relief, yet dread to be reliev'd;
Seeking for hope, they gain despair; and, bent
T' escape, they but pursue their certain fate."

This is falling in love by wholesale. At first sight to pine, sigh, blush, pant, dread, seek and despair, is a very expeditious mode of doing business; and saves the bard a world of trouble in describing the various changes in the progress of this master passion. Brono approaches to kneel before the king. This the monarch prevents: and presents him a precious chain. Brono declares he has only done his duty; and that this gift is, therefore, a *gratuitous* bounty. He extols the two stranger knights, and recommends them to royal favour. The knights are led by the monarch to the ladies. Selima gives a wreath of laurel to Trouvor:

"But oh!—her treacherous tongue will not supply
One single word to give the action grace.
With down-cast eyes in vain she calls to aid
The various thoughts with which her fancy
teem'd:
The rebels fly and heed not her distress."

What is *one* word but a *single* word? The last of the above quoted lines savours much of poetry. We wish it had more companions. Zorana is offended because the more favourite knight seems pleased with Selima, and Selima with him. She gives a wreath to Osmond in a very cold manner: but he, not much given to love, takes it as coldly. Al! how go to a feast, and spend the day in revelry.

We have now a long description of a strange animal called POLICRY; who is quite a creature of consequence in the poem. It lives "on a barren peak,"—"midway 'twixt heaven and earth:"

"Ambition's eldest born,
In hell engender'd after Satan's fall,
[an] Eternal smile
Plays on her lips, and yet beneath that smile
Eternal murder lurks.
This monster of no sex, and yet of both
Partaking,
Now like some subtle spirit works his way
Through the impervious barriers of defence,
Encompassing the various states; or through
The far less penetrable magic walls
That guard the inmost seat of human thoughts:
And now, a giant swells, he with one step
Besrides the world," &c.
"It onward to the Palace speeds, nor stops
Until, by no obstruction check'd,
It Orcan's chamber gains. * * * They both
Sleepless, in private converse pass the night,
And part not till the first faint gleam of morn."

The critics have long since condemned the introduction, as actors, of such personages. A short personification is often beautiful. Of this monster Mr. Eustaphie says, it "works his way"—a "smile plays on her lips—and—"it onward moves." Such puerility was probably mistaken by him for genius, or for a beauty; the beast being one "of no sex yet of both." Thus concludes the first of the seven cantos of the poem.

The second canto opens with the morning of the succeeding day: when the two knights visit Brono, the military chief; who makes a long harangue consisting of five pages, on the subjects of peace and war; the question, which should be preferred, being about to be decided by the monarch. He inveighs against Orcan, who is in favour of peace, and whom he suspects to be in league with the enemy, whose chief is Manray; in whose character the poet seems to intend a picture of Bonaparte. He deprecates the influence exercised by Orcan over the king, whose character he highly exalts; but declares that the government is in the hands of Orcan.

"When the virtuous reign
The wicked often govern. * * * Morns, void
of guile,
Himself the mirror where he views mankind,
Follows delusive light; not real light,
But that which is reflected by his own:
And thinks all honest, who, by copying him
With ease may so appear."

The meaning is evident, in the declaration that when the virtuous reign the wicked often govern: but the words might be transposed with equal propriety:—

when the virtuous govern, the wicked often reign. Light is not the less *real* for being *delusive*. Brono asserts that before Orcan came to Kazan,

"A needy, hungry, bold adventurer,
Houseless and ragged; * * * the realm
By wholesome counsel and sound Policy
Was rul'd most prosperous."

This we presume was not the Policy with whom Orcan was so familiar, nor any relation of that monster; but entirely of another family. The poet, however, ought to have given both cognomens; lest, peradventure, a careless observer might mistake the one for the other. After urging the necessity of continuing the war, Brono's speech is interrupted, ere finished, by a summons to attend the king.

"All three
Obey'd the summons, and with haste repair'd
Where, midst his lords, in simple majesty
The Monarch sat."

The palace is described, where

"Marble columns rose;
And with their lofty heads, with cornice crown'd,
Prop'd up the high arch'd roof, whose broad
concave
Presented to the wond'ring gaze below
The empire's great domains, unfurld entire."

That the roof was not propt down by the columns we know, without being informed that it was propt up. We are a little surprised that Mr. Eastphieve does not perceive how much the majesty of poetry is diminished by the introduction of such useless words. *Concave* should have the accent on the first syllable. History makes the Khanate, in ancient times, populous and extensive: it must however have been, at this time, very small; or the roof very high; if from it the kingdom could be "unfurld entire."

The monarch, in a short speech from the throne, declares that he shall be governed by his council, whether to continue the war against the Tartars, or rest "on their laurels" in peace. Brono makes a long harangue in favour of war: uttering harsh reproaches against one *Intrigue*, an

"Abject, low born worm
* * * that in the palace lives,
And in the cottage dwells, despised by all,
Yet hurtful, fatal, when it is not crush'd."

This appears to be a relation of Orcan's Policy; perhaps the same, under a different appellation. He urges the propriety of continued war till Mamay is destroyed. Though himself a warrior,

he disclaims fighting for fun, or because it is his trade.

"Should it be said
War is my trade, and therefore is my choice,
The charge so foul and wanton, ere 'tis made,
With honest boldness I repel. Heaven knows
I never can be, never was the wretch
Who fights for fighting's sake."

Orcan, assisted by Policy and Intrigue, makes a highly poetical and argumentative oration in favour of peace: giving due praise however to the eloquence and integrity of Brono.

"Yet he is just, and justice he will grant,
Nor think all those disloyal, or devoid
Of honour, who may differ from him self;
Whose error (and who errs not?) from the head,
Not from the heart proceeds."

He uses one urgent reason for concluding a peace:

"Sooner or later we must end this war;
Then why not now?"

And ends his speech in the following majestic manner:

"Much I respect
The arguments of the illustrious chief
T' uphold the war; yet, with due deference,
I think we can command, and therefore should
Obtain, a lasting honourable peace."

Treuvor is outrageously enraged at the sentiments of Orcan; and is about to reply; but is prevented by Osmond; who, fearing his brother knight might do some mischief in his wrath, attacks Orcan tooth and nail, like a valiant knight as he is: whose cause he declares bad;

"Which dares not call
Plain sense and reason to its aid, but tries
To pass under some surreptitious form,
By fancy conjur'd up."

He also is of opinion that Mamay should be utterly destroyed; asserting, with three successive and successful rhetorical similitudes, that his strength and ability to do mischief remain unimpaired.

"No, Sire, we've only crack'd the shell, and left
The serpent safe within. We've brush'd away
Th' ensnaring web, while in his secret hold
The tyrant, he that appead it, still remains
Unhurt, full eager, watchful for his prey.
Soon as some branches were struck off, we stopp'd
And pluck'd not growing mischief by the root,
Which last we should and might have done, but
which
We left undone."

How precisely is this in the sententious manner of Milton; a vast thought expressed in a few words. Mamay, it ap-

pears, demands the gentle Selima in wedlock: Osmond says,

“Policy,
Good Policy forbids so vast a boon
Bestow’d gratuitous.”

Ah, here we have the distinction: *Good Policy*. This belongs to a race of Policies distinct from that connected with Orcan; which we may hereafter designate by the epithet *Bad*. Such a matrimonial connexion he considers dishonourable.

“I pass
In silence what I deem the greatest loss,
The loss of honour, from our broken faith,
Which, in the eyes of honest, thinking men,
From victors to the vanquish’d would reduce
Our character.”

Should we not mar the pleasures of curiosity, we might here admit our readers to a secret. “Broken faith” has reference to a promise that Selima shall become the wife of the prince of Moscow; which prince of Moscow is this very Trouvor in disguise; whose name at home is Demetrius; the hero of this very heroic poem. Trouvor now makes a speech, and gives the character of Demetrius, alias Alexander; and of Mamay, alias Bonaparte;

“A wretch, an outcast from the lowest herd,
A vile usurper, who by crimes alone
Rose to that power which he by crimes alone
Hopes to preserve.”

There’s not a crime
Devis’d in fancy, or—conceiv’d in thought,
Which this unheard-of monster has not yet
Committed. The poor
Deflow-er’d virgin, or dishonor’d wife
Are but his jest, his scorn
The daily food of his unbounded lust. * *
He has not yet, through will, mistake or chance,
Perform’d one, single, puny, doubtful deed,
Such as at least might virtue’s semblance wear.”

After a page or two of similar invective, Trouvor desists. Orcan suggests that a stranger, and perhaps obscurely born, is too officious in offering his advice. Trouvor clasps his sword. Osmond interferences. The king, as kings often do when they cannot control an unruly parliament,

“Surpris’d, perplex’d, and unresolv’d
Which side to take, and how to act, at length
Beheld himself the council to dismiss.”

We now enter the third canto.

“The very day
That next in Time’s eternal order came,
Beheld all, save its own bright smiling form
Chang’d in Kazan.”

The day looking at its own form would furnish a fine subject for a fanciful painter.

Brono had slept but little. He sends his squire, Arcas, to learn whether the king has determined on war or on peace. Squire Arcas returns. His countenance at once satisfied the chief that peace was the order of the day.

“Untold he saw it in his servant’s eye.”

Brono exclaims: “Then all is o’er!” There is something extremely expressive and pathetic in this expression:—it’s all over then.

“Deep, mortal was the cruel wound
He now receiv’d; and piercing, fatal came
The swift wing’d shaft, sped by a treacherous
hand,
That reach’d, at length, his loyal heart.”

The wound being mortal, it was deep: being fatal, it was piercing; and, at length, being mortal and fatal, it reached his heart. The effect of this wound was almost immediate. He became “an old, feeble and dying man:” yet we are informed that

“His mind, unconquerable, soon resum’d
Its wonted strength, and over death itself
Victorious made him.”

And he makes immediately his dying speech.

“Wherefore this grief? Fail thus your hearts
to see
An old man die? ‘Tis but a moment’s pang * *
And oft man’s frame, that stood the fiercest shock
Of time and war, and elements combin’d,
Droops, sinks and crumbles into dust, when touch’d
With keener edge of mental agony.”

Such was the manner in which “his mind unconquerable resumed its wonted strength.”

Nunc vultus acerbum
Conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum:

He dies, from want of fighting; and quite in a theatrical manner, though not much like a soldier.

“I die—
Oh Trouvor—Osmond—Arcas—all—farewell.”

This old gentleman is so important a personage, we part with him not without reluctance. We wish the poet had made him of less consequence, or continued him longer on the stage. Trouvor continues by the corpse; his grief in part assuaged by meditating on Selima.

“This lovely form
By nearer objects here with quicker force
Embodied, and in absence present made,
Forsook not Trouvor in his saddest hours.”

Osmond departs privately by night: his intentions unrevealed. Brono is buried: and Trouvor delivers a funeral oration. We have, in this oration, some instances of the most astonishing hyperbole.

"In vain the *trampling universe* again
The succour of thine arm herculean shall
Implore; more than herculean arms: so strong
That mountains, whereon stood the foe, secure
In fancy, shook beneath its ponderous blow!
In vain! Thy godlike aspect, which alone
Contrroll'd the motion and the raging sea
Of war; thy ample *shield* and sword
Avenging, which no living mortal now
Can wield; thy shoulder of *Atlantic* make,
On which Kazan reel'd in safe repose;
Thy giant-foot beneath whose heavy step
Rapid and wide, the daring guilty East
Trembled and prostrate groan'd; thy wondrous
power
'Gainst which no fickle fortune could prevail
No kingdoms stand!" &c. &c.

But, *cheu jam satis*. What a pity that a little "fickle fortune" should have prostrated such a tremendous creature. But, he is dead, and *lachrymæ voluntur ignææ*. He who

"Scorn'd threat'ning ills, soar'd above hostile
fate,
Incessant toil'd impetuous warr'd, and storm'd
Impossibility's own rocky hold,"

sunk at the sight of peace. This speech, of six pages, excited great tumult: but

_____ "The solemn voice
Of [the] same sepulchral bell"

called the multitude to the burying ground

_____ "With *marble stone* enclos'd
Of *sombre* [not light coloured] black:"

where they

"Forthwith plac'd him *conqueror of death*,
Not victim, in the 'valley of the dead.'"

Trouvor goes to bed; and has a vision. Two figures, "large as life," (being two men) come with daggers to assassinate him. A "guardian angel," with her

_____ "*Radiant face*
Conceal'd beneath [an] air-wave *transparent*
veil,"

that "seem'd a *living spirit*"—(a dead one would be shocking) saves his life, by her kind interference. Thus terminates the third canto.

The next morning Trouvor is arrested on a charge of high treason, and his sword demanded. He too must have been a fellow of enormous size; for he asks which of those who are come to

arrest him, can "sustain erect the ponderous weight" of his sword. He is full of wrath, and utterly refuses to yield. The messengers fly. Arcas pacifies him, speaking "with much *concernment*:" informing him that

_____ "The sword
Suits not the mild authority of peace;
But, war and violence being o'er, *offends*
When it *defends*."

He proceeds to the hall; where

_____ "*Niggard light*,
Ill borrow'd from heaven's rich *exhaustless* fount,
Slow ooz'd through narrow casements."

Here all is explained. The relation is long; but we can give the substance of it in a few words. Orcan and Mamay in disguise were the conspirators against the life of Trouvor. Selima overheard their previous conversation, and prevented his death. Orcan, being detected, begs his life, and promises to tell who is his companion. "Not while I live," says Mamay; and, so saying, seizes him, lifts him on high, and dashes him on the marble floor; so that breath he never more utters. Thus end the days of Orcan. We are not grieved in parting with him; for he all along seems to be an ugly dog. Mamay confesses who he is; and frightens the court with a declaration of his power to upset the kingdom, if inclined.

_____ "The subtle *frost*,
Shed from Fear's bristly hair, congeal'd *ugh*
heart
Save Trouvor's."

The Tartar claims Selima; and

_____ "With Tarquin-stride
Moves towards the trembling fair."

("With Tarquin's ravishing step towards his
design
Moves like a ghost." *Macbeth*.)

Trouvor interferes; and makes himself known as prince of Moscow, Demetrius. Mamay challenges him to meet the next day in single combat; each with a squire, and no other attendant. The challenge is accepted. Selima is near fainting; but, hoping her father will prevent the intended duel, she recovers.

The fifth canto commences with an address to love; not exactly like the address of Lucretius to Venus; as it contains some sentiments of which the Roman poet could have no conception.

"In fiercer natures cast in better moulds,
Uncheck'd by virtue strong, or self-command,
Thou art a flying conflagration dire,

Compress'd within that massive iron globe,
The dreaded child of modern *slaught'ring* war,
Which, as it rapid rolls through hostile ranks,
Bursts sudden, vomits death, and with its torn,
Forth flaming entrails spreads, afar and wide,
Its own destruction, and of all around."

Cowley says:

"Wo to her stubborn heart; if once mine come
Into the selfsame room,
'Twill tear and break up all within,
Like a Grenada shot into a magazine."

Of these two "similies unlike" we cannot decide which is the inferior. The former needs grammatical amendment.

Zorana is represented as sorely afflicted with love for Trouvor, and jealousy and malice towards Selima: but more than all does she curse one Fate, and daringly proposes to upset all his decrees:

"But thee,
Thee chiefly, Fate, whate'er, where'er thou art,
I curse—thee from my very soul I loathe!
Yet hope not to subdue me; I defy,
I scorn thy utmost power! I'll be myself
A counteracting Fate!"

While Zorana is meditating revenge against Selima, the latter goes to the temple and prays to the Blessed Virgin. She is interrupted by the appearance of Demetrius, who had strayed by moonlight to the spot where she was. A quantity of love talk ensues. Selima concludes one of her speeches with: "My heart and hand are ever thine." To which the prince replies: (if it be blasphemy let the censure fall on the author:)

"And what could God
Say more, if on a mortal he bestowed
His universe?"

"He gently strains her to his heart," and bestows "love's first glowing kiss." They spend the night together; finding

"Within themselves a world unknown; and this
Exploring they forgot th' exterior world."

Daylight appearing, like Romeo and Juliet, the fond lovers are compelled to separate. Demetrius is equipt for combat. Zorana

"Resolv'd to view the scene,
From which Selima's softer soul recoil'd."

The accent has heretofore been placed, (erroneously we consider it,) on the antepenult of Selima: here it is on the penult.—Zorana, after viewing what had transpired respecting the combat, visits Selima; who was ready to go into fits. She asks what is the fate of Demetrius; having a dagger in her hand; intending

to use it, if her beloved is no more. This drops from her hand, on being informed that he is alive. Zorana then relates that the prince is a captive to Mamay; who had treacherously provided troops to bear him off; his squire, Arcas, also proving treacherous.

A dreadful tempest in a forest is described in the sixth Canto. There is also a long description of superstition; whose

"Streaming hair,
Presents a floating mass of sombre clouds
Involving all below in deeper gloom,
A second night twice darken'd."

which, according to Pike's Arithmetic, is equivalent to four nights—darkened. Demetrius is conveyed to a cavern, in which he finds Mamay and his officers. The Tartar insults him with bitter jokes, not unlike those of Satan, on the invention of cannon. Demetrius reproaches him with great dignity and severity; till Mamay is in a violent rage:

"Cold were the red-hot lightnings to the fire
That glow'd within the furnace of his heart."

The prince is sentenced to be shot. A lantern is placed at his breast. A bandage is about to be put over his eyes, when, like Admiral Byng, he exclaims:

"Desist, base man! Nor think I dare not look
Death in the face!"

Suddenly a groan most tremendous was heard: the tree to which he was tied was gone, and his chains melted. In such manner, the poet says, for some wise purpose Heaven did not appear to save D'Enghein. Mr. Eustaphie here lavishes high encomiums on Great Britain and the United States, particularly Boston, for resisting or condemning the murderer of D'Enghein.—The prince is confined a fortnight in his dark cavern; the description of which, and of his manner of passing his time, remind us of Cowper's description of the Bastille. Arcas, who had joined Mamay only for the purpose of saving the prince, takes him from the cave, leads him out of the forest; and conveys him into a subterraneous city of dead men's bones.

"On human skulls they trod, and bones that
form'd
The solid pavement. Grop'd his wide-stretch'd
arms?
The skulls and bones they touch'd. Search'd
ought [aught] his looks?
The skulls and bones at ev'ry turn they met.
Above, beneath, around, whate'er he press'd,
Beheld, or felt, of skull and bone was made,
Of ev'ry fragment of the human frame."

Arcas informs Demetrius that he and another had been ordered to bring to Mamay his head. He endeavoured to persuade his companion to join him in rescuing Demetrius. His companion refusing, a quarrel ensued, and his associate was killed; whose head, carried by Arcas to Mamay, was by him believed to be the head of Demetrius.—He also informed Demetrius, that, centuries previous, some persons, digging into the earth, struck upon human skeletons, supposed to be the bones of some army slain in battle. The bones were placed in order; and a sub-city built under Kazan. This in process of time was forgotten except by a few; but was well known to Mamay; who had access to it; and, by the assistance of Orcan, through certain secret passages, he could at any time find his way unobserved into Kazan.—Arcas also informs him that Mamay was determined, that night, to destroy Kazan and bear away Selima.

Thus concludes the sixth Canto.—The story of the city of bones under Kazan is a puerile invention; below the genius of the meanest imitator of Anne Radcliffe. The miraculous aid to save Demetrius when prepared to be shot, is the only instance of the use of machinery. It would have been more agreeable to the general tenor of the work to have saved him by human means only. *Nec deus interit, &c.*

We now come to the seventh and last Canto. Demetrius and Arcas are discovered entering the cave where are concealed a great number of the troops of Mamay. Demetrius, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, meets the leader and his companions at the narrow entrance, where multitudes are slain. At length Squire Arcas shuts for ever the ponderous gate; and for ever encloses the tenants within. The prince and his squire, now, by a secret path, ascend into the midst of Kazan. The temple is on fire. Some relations are given of the manner in which many are rescued and many are lost, not totally dissimilar to what occurred when the theatre at Richmond was destroyed by fire. A son drops his mistress, to save his mother. This accomplished, he returns to his mistress, and both are overwhelmed in the conflagration. Fire now marches to the inner temple;

" Grim Terror in his front advanc'd with crest
Uprear'd, and desolation in his train
Press'd on with rapid pace."

Fire is personified, and a long description is given of his havoc:

VOL. III.—No. IV.

32

" Wild flares his gristly hair,
In quivering columns parts, and with the wreaths
Of smoke entwined, waves streaming to the sky."

In this inner temple are the king, Selima and Zorana. The prince seizes Selima,

" And bears the precious charge to healthier spot."

Morna and Zorana are rescued. A full length picture is given of the conflagration, which bears a close resemblance to the burning of Moscow by Bonaparte.

" It seem'd as if the heavens themselves alarm'd
Lest the gigantic conflagration mount
Their highest seat, drew up a dark array
Of sombre vapours, dense and humid clouds,
That, pending down in sable, tent-like, form,
Threw round a vaulted barrier of defence."

The king having given Demetrius his ring, the signet of power, he takes command of the troops, to oppose those of Mamay, which had entered, or were now entering the city.

" Here, there,
And every where, his vengeance strikes."

The Omnipotent now sends

" His swiftest, mightiest spirit of the storm;"

to quench the fire by a sudden tempest. This spirit strikes the earth with the same wand that was used by Moses at the Red Sea, when he struck the rock, for water.

" He strikes—
And thrilling tremor creeping through her veins,
Convulses all her frame. Scarce gainst such
force
Can her vibrating axis hold. She reels,
She groans, and quick, obedient to the stroke,
Opens her wat'ry stores."

The fire subsides. Demetrius meets Mamay, whose right hand

" A pond'rous weapon grasp'd, such as no arm
Save his could wield: the other held an orb
Of massy weight and size, as if design'd,
From Heaven's own dread artillery to shield
His vast enormous bulk."

He attacks the Tartar, dealing a deadly blow with his uplifted blade. A sudden thunderbolt shivers in pieces his sword. He snatches another from a comrade; but Mamay retreats before he can use it. Most of Mamay's men are destroyed: though some escape by means of a sudden excessive darkness,

" Such as night
Eternal wore, ere Sol's keen-searching ray
Had first pierc'd through her sullen reign."

["Dark as was chaos ere the infant Sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gulf profound." *Blair's Grave.*]

Demetrius is missing: his troops are in great distress, being distractedly in love with him.

"They love Demetrius, first for Brono's sake,
Then for his own tried worth; and such their love,
Had they a conquer'd world to share, *the world*
And all their lives they'd gladly give, to catch
One distant glimpse of their heroic chief."

We now come to one of the most touching scenes in the whole work, in which the poet appears to have centred all his powers over the pathetic and pathetically descriptive. Demetrius had gone far beyond the city gates in pursuit of Mamay; and, it "being so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand before thee," he and his gallant steed fell into "a deep-sunk treacherous chasm." As several pages are occupied in the biography of this wonderful steed, we cannot conveniently indulge the reader with the whole: he must however be gratified with a part.

"Six circling years have now elaps'd, since first
This noble animal sprang into life
Beneath Arabia's happiest Heaven. Far-fam'd
Bucephalus, that Persia's conqueror serv'd,
Nor ever to another mortal beatt
The stubborn knee, was the reputed sire,
Whose blood, from race to race transmitted pure,
Now mantled in his veins. In tender youth,
While yet disporting with his anxious dam,
He was the glory of the choicest stud,
The pride of the surrounding fields. When time
Gave matchless grace and beauty to his form,
Resistless vigour to his pliant limbs,
And wing'd his feet with tempest's speed, he liv'd
In Palaces, with princes lodg'd and fed,
And by the hands of royal maids caress'd,
A mighty Queen his earliest prouess tried."

This queen, with this steed, long fought Mamay. She was ordered, in a vision, to renounce paganism, turn Christian, be baptized, and look to Kazan for a husband. She married Brono: was some time after taken sick, and died one day. To Brono,

"Ere yet
He had departed to the tented field,
She, on her death-bed, as a pledge of hope,
Of dear remembrance, of invok'd revenge,
Her only treasure, sole remaining prop,
Her darling steed bequeath'd; whom now she call'd

Zormandel, by her own far sounding name
Else quite extinguish'd. Fierce, proud,
He bore a second Jove in Brono's form.

Sorely he griev'd,
When Orcan, lord of all by Brono's death,
Possess'd him. * * * Freed from disgrace,

With ecstasy of joy, he gave himself
To Moskow's prince, the heir of Brono's fame."

The genealogy and services of this quadruped hero are related with great spirit, and much pathos. Caligula's horse fared not more sumptuously; nor was he cared by maids; nor his "prouess tried" by a queen. His blood being "transmitted pure" from the time of Alexander, it is reasonable to suppose, that his ancestors were all educated with their natural masculine powers, and that he was now in his natural state. The queen, it appears, bestowed on him her own name to save it from oblivion: if we rightly read the meaning of the poet—"her own far-sounding name, else quite extinguished." Recovered from the shock occasioned by the fall, the prince seeks

"His fellow in distress. He hears him nigh
Breathe heavy, feels his noble neck bedew'd
With life's warm copious stream."

The blood-letting proves beneficial, and saves the expense of a horse doctor. Demetrius fears to raise the steed lest he should have another tumble in the dark: therefore

"With gentle hand he lifts the patient's head,
And pillows it upon his royal knee,
Waiting day's dawning light: and when soft sleep
Stole on his weary sense, the grateful steed,
Fearing to break his master's rest, lay still,
Quiescent, as if life forsook his limbs."

There's a horse for you: unlike

"Such as now live in these degen'rate days."

the best bred, most accomplished and tender hearted, as well as, at proper times, steel-hearted, that ever was celebrated in song, humble or heroic.—In the morning Arcas finds, one or both asleep, the prince and his princely steed.

We are now informed from what cause Mamay had run away from Demetrius. Many years before, Mamay, having plundered Samarkand, took thence "a suit of black gigantic armour." Whoever wore it was to show no mercy to the foe. He needed to fear none living: but must beware of one

"That died
But lives again, and rides a milk-white steed."

Mamay had supposed Demetrius dead: seeing him alive and on a milk-white steed, he was quite nonplussed; like Macbeth when informed that Macduff "was from his mother's womb untimely ript."—The battle is renewed in the morning.

Demetrius performs wonders: makes a road through foes, which is soon covered by the enemy, and he left unsupported. He sees Arcas dismounted: flies to his relief; takes him from the ground; puts him behind on Zormandel, who bears them, double-jaded, with pride and pleasure, from dreadful dangers; "Gen'rous unrivalled steed"!—A terrible force is at hand, that puts all into a horrible quandary of trepidation, excepting Demetrius and Zormandel:

"Zormandel, in whose looks
Dumb nature spoke most eloquent, appear'd
Full conscious of the danger, well prepar'd
Not to survive his lord."

A very sensible and fellow-feeling horse: Heaven grant he may be preserved and be the sire of an anextinguishable offspring. Fortunately, instead of enemies, the new troops were a body commanded by Osmond, who, like Achilles, had retired from the war for a season.—Mamay is confident of victory, believing Osmond's troops to be his own. He is, however, soon undeceived, and perceives that he has but the fragment of an army, his forces changing sides.

"His hopes, his choicest strength, were swept away.

The sever'd rear a viper's palsied tail,
Cut off and bruised, was all he now possess'd."

This comparison is excellent: the second instance of genuine poetry in the work; and, being in the penultimate page, we despair of finding another.

Mamay's troops are totally defeated. We close with the poet's last words.

"Of all the Tartar Horde, its savage chief
Remains alone. Not e'en [ev'n] a satellite
Is left, since all were one by one dispatch'd
To various posts of danger, where they lie
The food of Vultures. Tears of blood stain
The tyrant's cheeks. He gnash'd his teeth, and beat

His head against the rocks. He gnaw'd his flesh,
With rage convulsive foam'd, and in the dust
Wild-bellowing roll'd. At length with sudden start

He rushes through the forest, speeds a skiff,
By fortune spar'd, across the Volga's flood,
Dives deep into the wilderness, and thus
Leaves all pursuit behind. Where'er he flies
Echo repeats his curses and his vows
To move all Asia, Earth, Heaven, Hell itself,
Against Kazan and Moskow's hated lord."

The instances of bad metre are not numerous. Of such as there are however some are quite glaring. Mr. Eustaphieff may find the authority of example for ending one line, and beginning another, in the following manner:

—————"His own
Distress. * *
—————Shall
Deplore."

Words so closely connected, however, ought never to be thus separated.

"The power we now over his person hold."

We notice many lines in which the fifth and seventh syllables are improperly accented.—Some lines are truly barbarous.

"To thee unmix'd, to us mingled, alas." p. 120.

"Quite pow-erless, of life bereft." 144.

"Commenc'd nature's long cherish'd prodigy." 153.

"Unnat-ural compound, where shadow mixt," 158.

"Where Slavia's children are nurs'd in the lap." 167.

"But thou shalt fall, never, never to rise." 207.

"Then from his quiv'r the foremost arrow draws." 219.

There are many instances of faulty grammar—"Ill suits me"—for—It ill suits me. p. 38.—"Allow us pursue our own." 49.—"If father sleep within thee." 57.—"That sigh was [the] last." 67.—"The eye of [the] multitude." 102.

—————"Thy joys,
Though differ in degree, are yet alike." 122.

"Thou wert [wast] alarmed." 135.—"By moon's pale's torch." 156.—"Where Carbon and the Nitre mix." 201.—We are, however, rather surprised that there are no more instances of incorrectness of this kind, the author being a foreigner.

As observed by Mr. Eustaphieff the fable may with propriety be discontinued, or extended to another volume. The approbation or disapprobation of the public may determine him whether or not to proceed. We fear self-love, too high an estimation of his talents, and the civility of friends, may induce him to continue the work. To construct verses in rhyme requires only the application of certain rules: blank verse is of more easy execution. It is merely mechanical: and Mr. Eustaphieff has mistaken this power of cutting iron knitting needles of suitable length, for that of gathering golden ore in the mines of intellect. He has mistaken the material part, the body of poetry, for the soul. He may however console himself with the reflection that he has greatly failed in a great attempt; and will have a great many companions to sympathize with him in his fall.

P.

ART. 2. *The History of Europe, from the Treaty of Amiens, in 1802, to the Pacification of Paris, in 1815. Being a Continuation of Russel's History of Modern Europe.* By CHARLES COOTE, LL. D. 8vo. pp. 552. London. 1817.

HERE is another of honest John Bull's historians, who sets out with a preface of professions about "studiously aiming at the strictness of truth," and having "no sinister motives for reproach or animadversion." Indeed, he has no doubt, that, as he is going to be "as heroic as a mule" in maintaining the truth, he shall bring the whole hive of cotemporary authors about his ears; yet, relying upon his own fearless independence and spotless veracity, "he is emboldened to tread the arena of politics, and to defy the censures of prejudice and malignity." He was perfectly safe in so doing; for, so far as our own knowledge extends, no person has thought it worth while to take up his arguments, or interrupt his stories; and we suppose he might go on to "tread the arena" and "defy" mankind till doom's-day, without the least fear of an encounter.

Yet many may read his book, though none will take the trouble to censure it. A book always acquires value by importation; and, as we Americans are ever anxious to hear what Europeans say about us, our readers may be amused with an extract or two from the chapters of this courageous historian. It was to have been expected that, when the animosities between this country and Great Britain had found time to subside, the English writers would begin to have some little regard for truth; and that those especially who should undertake to compose a sober history of our transactions, would seek information in other sources than the polluted columns of ministerial newspapers. But experience only confirms the saying of Lord Lyttleton about his own countrymen: "It is a rule with the English, that they see no good in a man (or a nation) whose politics they dislike."* This champion of truth and defier of malignity has incorporated into a serious volume of history—which he tacks to a more celebrated work in order to ensure its permanency—all the malicious falsehoods which have been bandied about in the English gazettes, and refuted in the American, any time these seven years. We venture to say, that a man shall read through the book; and, on being interrogated as to the part which relates to America, he will not distinctly remember any thing

but the surrender of Hull, the capture of the Chesapeake, and the irruption into Washington. Thus, for instance, the capture of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, and the *Java*, are slurred over in the table of contents as "maritime engagements;" while the affair of the Chesapeake stands out by itself, as the "engagement between the Shannon and the Chesapeake." The three former battles occupy just three sentences; the latter takes up a paragraph alone.

"The Americans (says the generous man) were frequently successful in actions with single ships. Their vessels were built on a much larger scale than British vessels of the same dimensions: in weight of metal, and in the amount of seamen, they are nearly equal to our ships of the line; and it may be added, not only that many of the men were natives of Britain or Ireland, but that, from the small number of the national fleet, it was far less difficult to fill the ships with experienced seamen than for the English navy to provide a complement proportioned to its uncommon extent. The *Guerriere* was so severely treated, in an engagement with the *Constitution*, from the causes which have been stated, that it became an 'unmanageable wreck;' and the killed and wounded almost quadrupled the number of republicans who suffered from the collision. A contest between the *Macedonian* and a frigate called the *United States*, had a similar termination, and the attendant loss was much greater. The *Java* was also captured, with a considerable loss of its brave defenders."—p. 392-3.

It appears to us, that we have heard of "a frigate called the *United States*;" and, if we mistake not, she was a "bunch of pine boards" before the English had scraped acquaintance with her. She became a line of battle ship very speedily after she had flogged the *Macedonian*. As to a "collision" which the "republicans" had with the *Guerriere*, we are total strangers; and, if there was ever a "similar termination and a greater attendant loss," with any other frigate, we know nothing of the matter. All we can say is, that a collision between a certain frigate, called the Chesapeake, and a certain other frigate, ycleped the Shannon, is here detailed at full length. We now hear of the

—"glory which the British marine acquired in an engagement near the port of Boston. Broke, commander of the Shannon, having

* Dialogues of the Dead, No. XIV.

long watched the Chesapeake frigate, beheld with joy its approach to action. He had only 330 against 440; and, in the weight of metal, the enemy had great advantage (wherefore he rejoiced and was glad): but no consideration of hostile superiority could discourage his men, who, after a short firing, boarded the American ship, and subdued all opposition. Seventy-nine were killed or wounded in the Shannon, and one hundred and seventy in the Chesapeake. Captain Broke, who first leaped into the vessel, received great personal injury; and Lawrence, the republican commander, died of his wounds."—p. 453.

The petty skirmish on lake Erie was one of those actions with "single ships," we suppose, in which the "hostile superiority" of us villainous republicans was somewhat successful. Yet a stranger would hardly know that the battle had ever been fought, if he should never read any thing but the account of this L.L. D.

"Some naval engagements (it is said) occurred on the lakes. On that of Ontario, Sir James Yeo could not effectually prevail over Captain Chauncey; and, on lake Erie (it might be worth while just to mention *en passant*), Barclay found an able opponent in Perry, with whose squadron (of 'single ships,' mind) he had a close conflict. Each attributed to the opposing commodore a superiority of force; but it does not appear that the disparity was considerable. The chief American vessel, though disabled, was not captured, because the Canadians were too fully employed (they had business enough, it is true) to take advantage of this apparent surrender. When both parties had sustained a severe loss, five British vessels, of which only two were dignified with the appellation of *ships*, fell into the power of the enemy."—p. 452.

Sir James Yeo did take most effectual measures to "prevail over Captain Chauncey;" who—the skittish republican—went scudding about lake Ontario, as he well knows, with the bold Sir Knight at his stern. It was villainous of Captain Chauncey! Barclay, it seems, had a "close conflict" with Perry; but, as the American vessels were manned with "natives of Britain and Ireland," it is no wonder they flogged the "natives of Britain and Ireland" on board the British. As to any affair which might have taken place on lake Champlain, it is unworthy of particular mention; being, as it was in very deed, only a collision between some boats which got together; and, after spanking and spattering each other for a time,

agreed not to play any more. That huge vessel which now lies at Whitehall is merely a fabrication out of an American "bunch of pine boards;" for these republicans are always cheating the people with seventy-fours in disguise. This is the spirit, though not the precise language of this impartial chronicler. But we could not make more light of the affair than Doctor Coote does.

"Sir George Prevost, (says he) with above 10,000 men, marched into the territory of New-York; and, while he meditated an attack upon Plattsburg, near lake Champlain, trusted to the effective co-operation of a small squadron commanded by Captain Downie: but this officer lost his life at the commencement of the action, and all the vessels were taken; and, when the troops, after a fierce cannonade and bombardment, were advancing to the assault, they were recalled by the general, although the garrison scarcely exceeded the amount of 1500 men."—p. 490.

In fine, the reader will find in this volume a tolerably detailed account of every action in which the English were victorious, with a casual mention of such as turned against them; nor are the latter ever alluded to, without telling us, immediately after, how we were flogged in some other place to make it up. We shall close our extracts with the account of the siege of New-Orleans.

"An attempt was made for the reduction of New-Orleans. In assaulting the lines formed for the defence of the town, Major-General Packingham lost his life; and the resistance was so serious and resolute, that, although Colonel Thornton had forced a strong position on the other side of the Mississippi, the enterprise was abandoned. Fort Mobile, however, was attacked in the sequel, and taken with small loss."—p. 490.

"Thou art a very simplicity man: I prithee peace." Our readers will observe, that we have not attempted any serious refutation of the falsehoods which these extracts contain. They have been refuted often enough before; and the only way left for us Americans is, to bring up every *Coote* of this sort—laugh at him—and let him go. They can do us little hurt; and the devices to which they resort to cover up their disgraces, will, in the eyes of all the world, be the very means to expose them the more. In the mean time, let us look to ourselves. Who continued Ramsay's *History of the United States*? P. H.

ART. 3. *Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America ; or an Account of the Origin, Progress, and Actual State of the War carried on between Spain and Spanish America ; containing the principal Facts which have marked the Struggle.* By a South-American. 12mo. pp. 219. New-York. Eastburn, & Co.

IN touching on the splendid and animating theme presented to our contemplation in the little volume before us, we scarcely have an eye to its merits as a literary composition. We feel a loftier impulse working within us, and kindling our faculties, than any, which as mere critics, we could experience. We are not analysing with minute and rigid circumspection the structure of a sentence, or the justness of an observation : we are not dispersing the mists of fanaticism, nor engaged in the more odious task of unmasking the demon of infidelity. Our imagination, indeed, is actively employed but in a sphere infinitely more glorious, and abounding in objects inexpressibly more exciting than the fairest and brightest creations of the muse. We are not languishing over a finely-told series of imaginary sorrows, nor glowing with a vain and vague delight through scenes of visionary rapture.—No!—the subject of our discussion, rich as it is in pictures both of the most distressful and transporting description, borrows none of its interest from mere fancy;—suffering, intense human suffering—the groans and the agonies, the triumphs and, devoutly do we trust, the approaching liberation of millions, starting from the long and heavy sleep of a slavery that threatened to be immortal ; the speedy expulsion of every hostile foreign foot from this great western world ; the establishment throughout its regions of a pure and rational liberty ; the progress of civilization, arts, commerce, and refinement ; the desert itself bursting forth into bloom and verdure, beneath the footsteps of a power who, though she may be born in the mountains, will not refuse her presence to the plain and the valley ; the spectacle about to be afforded to the human race of an entire continent, or rather two continents, not merely existing under a republican form of government, but flourishing under its auspices in a degree, and with a rapidity which, but for one illustrious example, might have been deemed unattainable even by the most sanguine philanthropist ;—the greatness of the sacrifice, the immensity of the benefit ; the new and glorious lights in which the character and capabilities of man will shine out in the consequences of this momentous revolution ; the steadiness, the

majesty of his march, and the unsullied splendour of his achievements under this new and magnificent dispensation, are all combined in one grand *tableau*, to which moral considerations attach an interest of a deeper and more dignified nature, than can possibly be raised by fiction, however pathetic in detail, or glowing with passion.

We shall precede our observations upon the great and eventful struggle of the South-Americans with the mother-country, by a brief view of the vast and interesting regions which have witnessed the contest, regions which nature seems to have been solicitous in endowing with her choicest gifts of utility and beauty, and destined to become the seats of that knowledge, refinement, and liberty, which the present state of Europe threatens to exile from their ancient abodes.

The southern, like the northern continent of America, bears but a slender affinity, either in its form or its products, to the old world, where, however the defects and comparative parsimony of nature have been redeemed by the genius and perseverance of her inhabitants in a manner that proves to what a pitch of grandeur the human character may attain, in despite of all the evils produced by governments, varying only in the degrees of their noxiousness. Scarcely a league of its coast that is not intersected by some navigable stream ; the interior of the country is irrigated by innumerable rivers, and half the fleets of the globe might congregate on the waters of the Orinoco or La Plata. Bays and convenient harbours abound along the whole of the *littorale*, and the enterprising spirit of a free people, in connecting by a canal, or a system of canals, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, might change the face of the world. The Andes, the Alps of South-America, stretch on each side of the equator through nearly 60 degrees of latitude. The divisions of this immense chain, however, vary considerably in their height, being occasionally not more than 600 feet above the level of the sea, and at certain points towering to an elevation of almost four miles from their base. Of these the gigantic Chimborazo appears to be the chief, the height to which it ascends, being equal to the united elevations of *Ætna* and the Peak of *Teneriffe*.

Under the equator, the average elevation is reckoned at 14,000 feet, while that of the loftiest chains of European mountains scarcely exceeds 8,000. The breadth of this stupendous range is various—60 miles at Quito, and in Mexico and some districts of Peru, nearly 200. Cliffs or ravines of an astonishing depth intersect those portions of the Andes which rise in Peru and the extensive region of New-Grenada, but to the north of the isthmus of Panama, the altitude of this wonderful ridge gradually declines till it terminates in the vast and lofty plain of Mexico. The metallic riches of the Andes, more particularly the central portions, appear inexhaustible, and a more enlightened system than that in vogue under the Spanish government, promises an increased and increasing supply of the precious metals. The vast advantages which the possession of these treasures place in the hands of the inhabitants, are, however, counterbalanced in some measure, by circumstances peculiar to this division of the globe, and indicative of the exuberant energy with which the whole system of nature is replete in climates situated under the tropics. Earthquakes of the most tremendous description occur through the entire chain of the Andes, and the power of fire is here displayed in all its awful and destructive magnificence. The whole country from Cotopaxi to the southern ocean, may with perfect propriety be termed a *region of volcanoes*—more than forty being in a state of perpetual ignition—throwing forth streams of lava—or involving the neighbouring districts in a tempest of fire, water, and scorified basalt. Cotopaxi itself, is situated to the south-east of Quito, at the distance of twelve leagues from the Peruvian capital. Of those volcanos whose eruptions are recent, Cotopaxi is the loftiest, and its ragings have a grandeur and solemn fierceness far surpassing those either of the old or new world. Its explosions are more frequent and dreadful, and the immense heaps of ashes, and masses of rock, which it has already ejected from its entrails, and spread over the vicinity, would form, according to a witness entitled to implicit credit,* a mountain of gigantic magnitude and stature. In 1738, the fires of Cotopaxi ascended nine hundred metres above the rim of the crater. In a subsequent eruption, the thunders of the volcano were audible at the distance of two hun-

dred leagues, on the banks of the Magdalena. In 1768, the vomited ashes were in such quantities, and so unremittingly ejected, that at Hambato and Tacanga, day broke only at three in the afternoon, and the inhabitants were obliged to use lanterns in walking the streets. The explosion of January, 1803, was distinguished from preceding eruptions, by a singular and alarming phenomenon, the sudden melting of the snows that covered the sides of the mountain. Twenty years had elapsed previously to this devastating eruption, and during that period, neither smoke nor vapour had been observed to issue from the crater. In a single night, the heat of the volcano became so intense, that at sunrise the exterior surface of the cone appeared naked, and of the dark colour peculiar to vitrified scoriae. At Gauyaquil, fifty-two leagues distant, day and night, the roarings of the mountain, resembling the discharges of artillery, were heard; and on the Pacific Ocean, south-west of the island of Puna, were these tremendous sounds distinctly audible.

Cotopaxi is remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its form. In these respects, it surpasses all the other giants of the Andes. A complete cone, enveloped in a mantle of snow, at sunrise, at sunset, its aspect is wonderfully grand. The snow filling up every cavity, no rocky prominence disturbs the placid emotions arising from the contemplation of its splendid uniformity. The elevation of its cone exceeds six times that of Teneriffe. From the physical construction and peculiarities of the country, the valleys of the Andes exhibit to the traveller an aspect singularly contrasted with those of Europe. The plains of Peru have an elevation above the level of the sea greatly surpassing that of the old world, and the gigantic forms of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Antisana, when *beheld* from the lofty lands of Riobamba and Quito, (nearly three thousand metres above the ocean,) lose something of that sublimity with which the mind invests them, when we *read* of mountains twenty thousand feet and upwards in height. The spaces between the ridges are rather crevices than valleys. The vegetation at the bottom and sides is vigorous, and the depth occasionally so great, that the nocturnal birds, peculiar to the new world, make their residence in them, and are frequently observed flying in flocks of thousands over the streams and torrents that at once fertilize and refrigerate these cimmerian recesses. Yet though of such great actual

* Humboldt's American Researches. Section the Tenth.

depth, the lowest surface of these valleys is usually so comparatively lofty, as to equal three-fourths of the elevation of St. Gothard and Mount Cenis. The rocks forming the sides, or rather walls, of the valley of Icononzo, are remarkable for the regularity of their appearance. Rising from a surface nearly level with some of the loftiest mountains of Europe, the ridges joined together by the natural bridges of Icononzo reach to the height of nearly nine hundred metres. The name of Icononzo appears to be indigenous, since it is the appellation of an ancient hamlet of the Muisco Indians at the southern extremity of the valley. The approach to this singular and secluded spot is not unattended with danger. Humboldt is the only traveller who appears to have visited it, and he makes emphatical mention of "the dangerous descent of the desert of San Fortunato, and the mountains of Fusagasuga, leading towards the natural bridges of Icononzo." The torrent rushing along the bottom of the valley, is denominated the Summa Paz. Part of its course is directed through a cavernous aperture, or crevice immediately under the second bridge, (sixty feet below the first,) and then discharges itself through a chasm about eight metres square. Entering this crevice on the west of Doa, the stream forms two beautiful cascades. It rises in the eastern chain of the Andes, in the province of New-Grenada. The valley and the torrent are, in all probability, the result of volcanic agency.

What Rome was to the ancient, Mexico is to the new world. Its present population is stated at more than 300,000 inhabitants. The site of the modern capital is that of Montezuma. The streets are ranged in the same lines, but the canals have been gradually filled up. The appearance of the city since 1769, when it was visited by the Abbé Chappe, has assumed considerable splendour, the patriotism of the inhabitants having embellished it with several magnificent structures. Among these the building appropriated to the school of Mines, deserves particular mention. It was raised by the tribunal of Miners, at an expense of more than half a million of dollars, and is said to be worthy of the finest capitals of Europe. The great square occupies the site of the ancient temple of Mexitli. To the right stands the vice-regal palace, built by Cortez. The palace in which Montezuma lodged the Spaniards, stood behind the cathedral, and that of the emperor on its right, opposite the viceroy's mansion.

The Plaza Major, or great square, is adorned by a fine bronze equestrian statue of the royal fowler, Charles the Fourth, father of the present ruler of Spain, by Don Manuel Folsa, a Mexican artist. Great praise appears to be due to the perseverance, as well as the skill of the artist who had to "create every thing," and to contend with innumerable difficulties. Pity so noble an example of talent and fortitude should be so disgraced by its subject. A statue of Las Casas would, indeed, have been an ornament to the first city of a world, between whose natives and their tyrants, his benevolence undauntedly interposed. The form of the square is irregular, and includes a second. To correct this in some measure, the statue has been elevated on an enclosed platform (seven decimeters above the level of the surrounding streets. The oval, whose longest diameter is a hundred metres, is decorated by four fountains, connected together, and closed by an equal number of gates, to the great discontent of the natives. The bars of the gates are ornamented in bronze.

The city of Mexico, in respect to population, is superior to any of the capitals, either of South or North-America—the number of its inhabitants amounting to more than three hundred thousand. Its former site was, at the period when it fell under the dominion of the Spaniards, surrounded by a lake, and the city was connected with the opposite shore by three extensive causeways: but since that period, the waters of the lake have been considerably diminished by the supplies received by a canal cut through the mountains, and Mexico, though occupying the same ground as the capital of Montezuma, now stands on the shores of the lake, in a sort of morass, intersected by canals. The softness of the soil, has rendered it necessary to build all the houses upon piles, and such of the public buildings as have been raised without this precaution, (among which the cathedral, a superb edifice, deserves particular mention,) have sunk more than six feet in the ground. Externally, the city presents an irregular appearance, but the interior, as appears by the map of Auteroche, rivals the cities of the United States in the regularity of its dispositions. The streets are of considerable width, straight, and cross each other at right angles. Besides the Plaza Major, Mexico is embellished with two other squares—that of *San Selador*, where the bull-fights are exhibited, and that of *San Domingo*—both of which are regularly and handsomely laid out,

and ornamented with fountains. To these may be added the *Alameda*, or public promenade, a square completely surrounded by a stream of water, and rendered still more pleasant by the large and beautiful *jet d'eau*, which throws forth its sparkling and refreshing columns from the centre of the square. The *Alameda* is intersected by eight broad walks, shaded on each side by two thickly-planted rows of trees. The private buildings of Mexico are, generally speaking, good,—some of the public edifices might be compared, without disadvantage, to those of the same class in Europe. The city is, however, disgraced by that most abominable of all jurisdictions—the Inquisition—which has here established one of its detestable tribunals. The *Quemadero* is described as an enclosure environed by four walls, filled with ovens, into which are precipitated the miserable victims of inquisitorial cruelty. The abolition of this infernal institution, is one of the desirable results to be rationally expected from the success of the patriotic arms.—It would be folly to suppose that prejudices which have been the growth of ages, are capable of being eradicated instantaneously, or that the elevation of the people of South-America to the dignity of an enlightened race of beings, should take place immediately on the establishment of their liberties. The prize they are now contending for is sufficiently glorious, and the efforts they are making for its attainment, sufficiently ardent and persevering, to entitle them to the good wishes of every humane and liberal mind, without our requiring from them those extensive changes and improvements in their moral and religious system, which can arise only from a thorough conviction of their reasonableness and utility—a conviction, we may observe, that will, in all probability, be much slower in its birth, than the political revolution which is now sounding its joyful alarums, and marching in the fulness of its triumphs, from the southern to the northern—from the western to the eastern—extremities of a continent for the first time vocal with the strains of freedom. Their independence once secured, and their rank as free and sovereign states vindicated, their statesmen and influential characters, will then have leisure to direct their attention to the ameliorating of the moral and intellectual condition of the people, and in the universal diffusion of schools and seminaries, to lay a certain and solid foundation for those important changes in the minds of their countrymen which instruction alone

is competent to effect. That many of the enormities linked with, and forming, indeed, part, of the old system, will at once vanish, cannot, we think, be reasonably doubted.—That instead of the resources of the country being drawn off to supply the wants and rapacity of the Spanish court, or the ridiculous pageantry of its viceroys, the revenue will not only be moderate, but devoted to its only legitimate purposes, (those involving the interests of the new republics,) is an immense advantage, and one of the natural consequences of the revolution;—their separation too, from Spain, by withdrawing them from the sphere of her policy, disentangling them from her quarrels with other powers, and thus leaving them at full liberty to pursue in peace the true objects of national interest, must be esteemed a benefit of unspeakable value to the rising states of South-America,—nor should the important advantages be overlooked or underrated, arising from the free intercourse they will enjoy as neutrals, not only with Spain herself, but with *all* powers at war with the mother-country;—the mutual and unrestricted communication between the United States of South-America, must not be omitted in this glance, slight as it is, at the important benefits necessarily resulting from the new order of things in that extensive and favoured region of the globe, and, if we are at all justified in the supposition that, with the example of North-America before their eyes, the political edifice of our southern neighbours will be built on corresponding foundations, additional causes for rejoicing will present themselves, in the reflection that the new world, as it has given the *first*, will also offer to mankind the *second* example of the superior adaptation of the republican form of government to the best interests of society.

Viscardo, the author of an interesting tract on Peru, estimates the population of Spanish America at 18,000,000 of souls. The number of inhabitants in Mexico alone is calculated at 8,000,000, that of Venezuela at 800,000, and ten or twelve millions for the vast regions of Peru, Chili, Santa Fè, and Buenos Ayres, is surely no exaggerated estimate for countries so far exceeding, in territorial extent, the kingdom of New-Spain. In 1748, the population of Mexico amounted, according to the returns made to the receiver general, to nearly 4,000,000—a number which Clavigero, the celebrated author of the History of Mexico, esteems too small by at least half a million. The Almanac of Mexico for 1802, contains the

following table of marriages, births, and deaths, in the fourteen parishes into which the city is divided:

<i>Parroquias.</i>	<i>Matrim.</i>	<i>Nac.</i>	<i>Muerti.</i>
Sagrario - - -	260	1493	920
San Miguel - - -	60	403	256
Santa Catalina - - -	95	714	476
Santa Veracruz - - -	65	545	236
San Joseph - - -	53	374	162
Santa Ava - - -	78	351	230
Santa Cruz - - -	82	527	206
San Sebastian - - -	49	411	227
Santa Maria - - -	46	280	354
San Pablo - - -	96	603	262
Acatlan - - -	21	90	54
Salto del Agua - - -	24	187	97
La Palma - - -	10	116	58
S. Antonio - - -	9	61	43
Total	948	6155	3581

It is impossible not to be strongly impressed with the immense difference between the births and the deaths, and we cannot avoid concluding, that a place in which the former nearly double the latter, must be one of the most salubrious on the globe. Dr. Price supposes that in healthy districts the proportion of births to the whole population varies from 1-35th to 1-60th. Now, the medium, 1-48th, will give about 300,000 inhabitants to these fourteen parishes; and it is upon this foundation that Alcedo, a native of New-Spain, and author of an admirable geographical work (*Diccionario Geographico Historico de las Indias Occidentales o America, ad verb. Mexico*), states the population, comprehending the suburbs, at 350,000. "*El vecindario se compone de mas 350,000 almas de todas clases y castas.*" In addition to what we have already said on this subject we would observe, that in a statistical report drawn up by one of the commissioners from South-America, who met with General Miranda at Paris in 1797, the number of inhabitants in the whole of Spanish America, is stated at 20,000,000. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since that period, and though the progress of population may have been somewhat retarded by the war which has raged with such unparalleled fury for the last nine or ten years, yet we can scarcely suppose that its ravages have been so considerable as to *lessen* the population. On the contrary, we are inclined to think, notwithstanding the wide spreading desolation which has been produced by a struggle we have every reason to suppose will be brought to a speedy and fortunate conclusion, the inhabitants of South-America must have increased rather than di-

minished, and that the population of the new republics may at the present period be estimated at least one-fourth above the amount stated in the report we have alluded to.

We must now turn our attention to the volume which has afforded us occasion for the remarks we have ventured upon relative to the interesting country of whose persevering and noble contest with its former tyrants we are at length presented with a clear and continuous relation.

The authority of Spain over her colonies continued to be absolute and undisputed till about the middle of the last century, when the first example of resistance to the power of the mother-country was given, by a Canarian of the name of Leon, who having formed a considerable party, attempted the subversion of the company of Guibuscoa, to which the royal privilege had been granted of the exclusive trade with Venezuela. His enterprise, however, was discovered before it could be put into execution, and was of course crushed. Then followed the bold but unfortunate attempt of Tupac-Amaru. In 1781 some additional imposts on the kingdom of New-Grenada by the then governor, Pineros, created considerable agitation, and the province of Socorro, erecting itself in open opposition to government, raised a force of nearly seventeen thousand men to enteros their repeal. The interference of the Archbishop of Santa Fè quieted the tumult, a capitulation was entered into, and the multitude separated to their houses, but every article of the treaty, according to the custom of the Spanish government and its officers, was subsequently violated.

The French Revolution seems to have acted with no inconsiderable energy on the minds of the South-Americans. A spirit hostile to the mother-country had long been growing up in the colonies, and this was further exasperated and encouraged by the increasing haughtiness of their governors, and the reduced and enfeebled state of Spain herself, who, at this time, had been compelled to sign a treaty of peace and alliance with the French Republic. The late William Pitt was then Premier of England, and to weaken the resources of Spain (now at the command of France) formed his well-known plan of liberating her transatlantic settlements. The knowledge of this exalted the hopes of the Creoles, and a conspiracy was formed, the object of which was a co-operation with a British force then in the neighbourhood of the

Main. On the point of bursting forth, it was discovered, and

"The ostensible leaders, Don M. Gual and Don J. M. Espana, made their escape to the neighbouring island. Don Espana returned two years after to La Guayra, but being discovered, he was hanged. The following is sir Thomas Picton's proclamation, which was circulated through the contiguous islands at that time:—"By virtue of an official paper, which I, the governor of this island of Trinidad, have received from the right honourable Henry Dandas, minister of his Britannic Majesty for foreign affairs, dated, 7th April, 1797, which I here publish in obedience to orders, and for the use which your excellencies may draw from its publication, in order that you may communicate its tenor, which is literally as follows:—"The object which at present I desire most particularly to recommend to your attention, is the means which might be best adapted to liberate the people of the continent near to the island of Trinidad, from the oppressive and tyrannic system which supports, with so much rigour, the monopoly of commerce, under the title of exclusive registers, which their government licenses demand; also to draw the greatest advantages possible, and which the local situation of the island presents, by opening a direct and free communication with the other parts of the world, without prejudice to the commerce of the British nation. In order to fulfil this intention with greater facility, it will be prudent for your excellency to animate the inhabitants of Trinidad in keeping up the communication which they had with those of Terra Firma, previous to the reduction of that island; under the assurance, that they will find there an *entrepot*, or general magazine of every sort of goods whatever. To this end, his Britannic Majesty has determined in council to grant freedom to the ports of Trinidad, with a direct trade to Great Britain."

"With regard to the hopes you entertain of raising the spirits of those persons, with whom you are in correspondence, towards encouraging the inhabitants to resist the oppressive authority of their government, I have little more to say, than that they may be certain that, whenever they are in that disposition, they may receive at your hands all the succours to be expected from his Britannic Majesty, be it with forces, or with arms and ammunition to any extent; with the assurance, that the views of his Britannic Majesty go no further than to secure to them their independence, without pretending to any sovereignty over their country, nor even to interfere in the privileges of the people, nor in their political, civil, or religious rights."

"THOMAS PICTON, &c. &c."

"Puerto de Espana, 26th June, 1797."

In prosecution of Mr. Pitt's plan, the expedition of Miranda to Venezuela, and that of Whitlocke to Buenos Ayres, were

sent out under the auspices of the British government. The complete failure of both renders it unnecessary to dwell upon events that had so trivial an influence on the destinies of the countries to which they were sent.

The author's remarks upon the causes of the insurrection, and those which prevented it bursting forth sooner, appear to us so perfectly just, that we are induced to lay them before our readers.

"The different attacks made by the English and French on the coasts of Spanish America obliged the Spaniards to form a plan for raising an additional military force to assist the army already stationed in the ports, in case of any renewed attack. The civil commotions above alluded to gave rise likewise to a desirable military system, for placing the capitals in a situation which might enable the chiefs both to give and receive support in case of any insurrection. But although the troops were chiefly concentrated in the capitals, some were still kept in the provinces to enforce allegiance in case of necessity."

"When we observe the attachment of the Spaniards to their country, the respect the Creoles entertained for Spain, the feeble minds of the Indians, and the state of political insignificance in which the other races were kept, it is not wonderful that for three centuries they should have submitted to be governed by laws established in a country more than two thousand leagues distant, without making any effort for independence. And when some enterprising characters endeavoured to excite revolt, the difficulties which attended their undertaking, and the facility with which the Spanish government stifled their plans for independence, may easily be accounted for, by the vigilance of the chiefs, as well as of the inquisition, and the apathy of the Creoles, the natural consequence of their education."

"I do not pretend, however, to assert that the inhabitants of Spanish America were satisfied with the court of Madrid; on the contrary, I affirm that they were highly discontented. The following were grievances of which they complained; 1st. The arbitrary power exercised by the viceroys and captains-general, who very often eluded the laws, and even the orders they received from the king; see ley 173. tit. 15. lib. 2. de la Recopilacion, in which it complains that the officers sent by the king to Spanish America, were frequently impeached and deposed, which was never the case with those nominated by the viceroys. 2d. That the audiencias were composed of Europeans, who in trials were sole judges, and who had the power of interpreting the laws in their very application. 3d. That it was under the authority of the audiencias that clandestine decisions were often made, nocturnal arrests, banishment without previous trial, and numerous other hardships. 4th. That they were treat-

ed with distrust by the government, notwithstanding the loyalty which they manifested in the war for succession to the crown of Spain, in their resistance to the suggestions of the French and English to induce them to revolt, and, above all, in the loyal behaviour and uncommon courage which they displayed when Carthage and Buenos Ayres were attacked by the English. 5th. That they were obliged to bear insults from the meanest of the Spaniards, who, merely because of their European birth, considered themselves superior, and, as it were, masters of the Spanish Americans. Among many other examples of this, the report may be quoted, which was made to the king by his fiscal, on the petition of the city of Merida de Maracaybo, in Venezuela, to found a university; the opinion of the fiscal was, that 'the petition was to be refused,' 'because it was unsuitable to promote learning in Spanish America, where the inhabitants appeared destined by nature to work in the mines.' After a pretended solemn deliberation of the consulado or board of trade in Mexico, the members informed the cortes, that 'the Indians were a race of monkeys, filled with vice and ignorance, automata, unworthy of representing or being represented.' 6th. That, notwithstanding the original compact made between the king, and the first settlers in Spanish America, ley 13. título 2. libro 3. de la Recopilación, which stipulated, 'that in all cases of government, justice, administration of finances, commissions, &c. the first discoverers, then the pacificators, and lastly, the settlers, and those born in the said provinces, were to be preferred in all appointments and public employments; the Creoles were gradually shut out from all participation in local commands and dignities: for, from the period of the first settlements, until the year 1810, out of one hundred and sixty-six viceroys, and five hundred and eighty-eight captains-general, governors, and presidents appointed in Spanish America, only eighteen have been Creoles, and these few only in consequence of their having been educated in Spain; when, at the same time, the Creoles were prohibited from visiting the mother-country, without an express permission from the king, which could only be obtained with much difficulty. 7th. That the prosperity of Spanish America was viewed with such a jealous eye by the Spanish government, that no manufactories were permitted, though Spain could not furnish merchandise sufficient for the consumption of her settlements; and that even the plantations of the colonial produce were restricted. As an example of such restriction, although Spain paid considerable sums annually to Portugal, for tobacco supplied from the Brazils, yet only a certain number of tobacco plants was allowed to be cultivated in South-America, and that number was fixed by the king's officers; and were a single plant found more than the number

allowed to each cultivator, the whole plantation was in danger of being rooted up. Another example of this kind was, the prohibition of extracting oils, or of making wine or brandy, or of planting vines or almond trees in any province of Spanish America, excepting Peru or Chili; and that exception was in consequence of the length of the voyage from Spain for articles of so heavy a nature; and even the wine, almonds, &c. produced in Chili and Peru, were not permitted to be sent to Mexico, New-Grenada, or Terra Firma: título 18. libro 14. de la Recopilación: and to counterbalance these privileges enjoyed in Chili and Peru, to cultivate tobacco or the sugarcane was forbidden in Chili. 8th. And in order to check the progress of population, and to keep distinct the different classes, there were many laws tending to put obstacles to marriage. *Vide cedulas sobre el disenso, y varias leyes del Recopilación sobre los matrimonios.*

"Notwithstanding these complaints, Spanish America might have existed in its dependent state many generations, I might say centuries. The court of Madrid knew perfectly well how to answer the petitions of its American subjects without redressing their grievances; how to keep them distant from public affairs; how to grant or to refuse their demands, without impairing the general system of exclusion with regard to them adopted by Spain. But Napoleon Bonaparte, who was, in fact, already master of the peninsula, and possessor of the wealth of America, by the influence he had in the court of Madrid, having invaded the kingdom, and seized the royal family of Spain, loosened those bonds which united the new to the old world, and gave rise to a revolution which, from the wide extent of the country in which it is seated, its character, and consequences, is unparalleled in the annals of history."

Such was the state of things when the news of the abdication of Ferdinand, and the ascension to the Spanish throne of Joseph-Napoleon reached the colonies, and so strong appears to have been their attachment to the mother-country, notwithstanding the injurious and insolent system always acted upon by old Spain towards her settlements in the new world, that it required only measures of the most ordinary prudence to preserve these valuable dominions, and secure their assistance in every way that the peculiar situation of Spain herself demanded. An amelioration in the government—the admission of the distinguished native families into its administration—the grant of a free trade between the colonies and Spain—the abolition of monopolies—the opening of the quicksilver mines to the enterprise of all possessing the means to

work them, the administration of the produce still remaining with the "officers of the minery department, independent of the viceroys, captains-general, and officers of the *real hacienda*"—the permission to plant, sow, and rear any article of produce to which the soil and climate is adapted;—these would have been changes not only productive of benefits the most important to both countries, but whose frank and unhesitating accordance would have linked the hearts and souls of the colonists with their European brethren, and have doubled the resources of Spain in her fierce and fearful struggle with the overwhelming power of Napoleon. But the feeble and arrogant bodies that assumed to themselves the task of presiding over her fortunes, seem to have conducted themselves in the spirit most favourable to the wishes of France, and most hostile to the interests of Spain and the colonies. Her various and discordant juntas, while they exhausted their resources by ill-concerted and worse executed measures, comported themselves towards the people of South-America with a duplicity worthy only of contempt, and an insolence exceeding that of the royal government. The remonstrances, the petitions of the provinces were either wholly disregarded, and their envoys insulted, or if the objects of their wishes were granted, such concessions were only made after repeated representations, and with the intention of being revoked whenever it should be deemed expedient. The consequences of this weak and treacherous conduct on the part of the juntas were not long in developing themselves. The South-Americans, though still unwilling to separate from the mother-country, determined to release themselves from the unworthy yoke under which they had so long existed, and to effect, for and by themselves, those changes and ameliorations which they but too plainly perceived the hopelessness of obtaining from Spain. Juntas, acting in the name of Ferdinand, were established in the different provinces, composed of the most distinguished native talents, to whom were intrusted the entire administration of government, and though still ready to extend to Spain those aids of which she stood in need, they resolved that every supply should flow from their own free and uninfluenced generosity, and that the best interests of a mighty continent should no longer be confided to persons utterly incompetent to superintend them, as well from their entire devotion to the mandates of a profligate and rapacious

court, as from their ignorance of the countries over which they were deputed to rule.

The same feeling which, during the alliance of Spain with France, induced the British government to hold out encouragement to the revolutionary spirit in South-America, now operated with the emperor Napoleon in inciting the people of that highly-favoured quarter of the globe to assert their independence. Instructions were dispatched to the emissaries and agents of France in the colonies and the United States, to forward, by assurances of the imperial favour and protection, those views towards the complete emancipation of South-America, which at that period only a few of the more ardent and daring spirits regarded either as attainable or desirable. Those sent to M. Desmoulard are remarkable for the clear view which they present of the true objects of South-American policy, and perhaps no less so for that spirit of refined sagacity which has always distinguished French politicians.

"Instructions given by Joseph Napoleon, to the commissary or principal agent appointed by him at Baltimore, M. Desmoulard, and to the others who, furnished with his orders, have gone to Spanish America for the purpose of exciting a revolution there:

"The object which these agents are to aim at for the present, is only to declare to the Creoles of Spanish America, and to persuade them, that his imperial and royal majesty has solely in view to give liberty to Spanish America, whose inhabitants have been enslaved for so many years; and the only return expected for so great a boon, is the friendship of the natives, and commerce with the harbours of both Americas; That, to render Spanish America free and independent of Europe, his said majesty offers all the necessary assistance of troops and warlike stores, he having agreed with the United States of North-America to accommodate him therewith. Every commissary or agent in chief, being acquainted with the district to which he is deputed, and also with the character of its inhabitants, will have no difficulty in selecting proper persons to give them the needful instructions for persuading the people, and pointing out to them the advantage they will derive from throwing off the European yoke. He will make them observe that large sums will remain and circulate in the American provinces, by suspending the profuse remittances which are continually making to Spain; and that their commerce will be increased, and their ports be open to all foreign nations. He will dwell on the advantage to be derived from the freedom of agriculture, and the cultivation of all those articles at present prohibited by the Spanish go-

vernment; for instance, that of saffron, hemp, flax, olives, vines, &c.; the benefit that will accrue to them from the establishment of manufactures of every sort; the great satisfaction and advantage of abolishing the monopolies of tobacco, gunpowder, stamps, &c. To obtain these points with some ease, in consequence of the greater part of the people being uncivilized, the agents ought to be solicitous to render themselves acceptable to the governors, intendants, curates, and prelates. They will spare no expense, nor any other means of gaining their good will, especially that of the ecclesiastics, on whom they are to prevail, that they should urge and persuade penitents, when they come to confess, that they stand in need of an independent government, that they must not lose so favourable an opportunity as that which now presents itself, and which the emperor Napoleon affords them, who, they are to make the people believe, is sent by God to chastise the pride and tyranny of monarchs; and that it is a mortal sin, admitting of no pardon, to resist God's will. They will, on every occasion, call to their minds the opposition they experience from the Europeans, the vile manner in which they are treated by them, and the contempt to which they are exposed. They will also remind the Indians, circumstantially, of the cruelties of the Spaniards in conquest, and of their infamous treatment of their legitimate sovereigns, in dethroning them, in taking away their lives, or enslaving them. They will describe the acts of injustice which they daily experience when applying for places, which are bestowed by the viceroys and governors on worthless persons, to the exclusion of the meritorious. They will direct the people's attention to the superior talents of the many neglected Creoles, and people of merit, contrasted with the European public officers and ecclesiastics, which will make apparent the hardships they suffer, and will enable them to draw a parallel between the talents and merits of the Creoles and those of the European officers. They will represent to them the difference between the United States and Spanish America, the comforts which those Americans enjoy, and their advancement in commerce, agriculture, and navigation; and the pleasure of living free from the European yoke, and being left solely to their own patriotic and elective government. They will assure them, that America, once disengaged from Spain, will become the legistatrix of Europe. All agents, both principal and subordinate, are to specify the names of those who declare themselves friends and votaries of liberty; and the subaltern agents are to transmit the lists to the principals, who will make their reports to my envoy in the United States, for my information, and that I may duly reward every individual. My agents will refrain from declaiming against the inquisition or the church, and, in their conversations, rather

insist upon the necessity of that holy tribunal, and on the usefulness of the clergy. Upon the insurrectional standards or banners is to be inscribed, the motto, 'Long live the catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion, and perish the bad government!' They will, besides, make the Indians observe how happy they will be when they become once more masters of their country, and free from the tyrannical tribute which they pay to a foreign monarch; and, lastly, they will tell the people that their said monarch does not so much as exist in his own government, but is in the power of the restorer of liberty, and the universal legislator, Napoleon. In short, these agents must, by all possible means, endeavour to show the people the utility which will arise to them from the government in question. The revolution having been thus prepared, and all the principal members who are to take a share in it, in every city and province, having been gained over, it will be for the chief, as well as the subordinate agents, to accelerate the insurrection, in order that the revolt may take place at the different points agreed upon, on the same day and at the same hour; this being a very material point, which will greatly facilitate the enterprise. The principal agents in every province of their department, and the subalterns in the posts assigned them, will win over the domestics of governors, intendants, and other persons in power, and by means of them they will poison those of this class whom they consider as hostile to the undertaking; an operation which is to precede the revolution, in order to remove all obstacles. The first thing to be considered will be, how to stop the remittances of treasure to the peninsula, which may easily be effected by having good agents at Vera Cruz, where all the vessels arriving from Europe will be received, and their officers and crews immediately confined in the fortresses, until every thing shall have succeeded, and the revolution be in forwardness. The agents are further directed to instruct their sub-agents to transmit to them frequent accounts of the progress of the revolution; and the chief agents will communicate with my envoy in the United States by the channels which shall be pointed out to them. For this purpose it will be proper to keep prepared land conveyances to those points of the coast which may be deemed suitable, and where there are always to be ready vessels for any emergency.

“JOSEPH NAPOLEON.

“‘To my envoy Desmolder.’”

Previous to the adoption by the colonies of a native government, they had transmitted to the cortes a formal representation of the grievances under which they laboured, and the redress of which would have left Spain in possession of some of the finest regions of the earth.

We extract from the work before us the propositions alluded to.

"1st. In conformity to the decree of the central junta, dated the 15th of October, 1809, which declared the inhabitants of Spanish America equal in rights to those of the peninsula, the national representation of every part of Spanish America, the Spanish West-Indies, and the Philippine Islands, including every class of their inhabitants, shall be the same in form, manner, and without distinction, as in the kingdom and islands of European Spain.

"2dly. The free natives and inhabitants of Spanish America shall be allowed to plant and to cultivate whatever their climate will produce; with license to encourage industry, and to promote manufactures and arts in their fullest extent.

"3dly. Spanish America shall enjoy the liberty of exporting her own natural and manufactured productions to the peninsula, as well as to the allies, and to neutral nations; and of importing whatever she may want. All her ports are consequently to be opened. This and the preceding demand were agreed to, but the order to carry them into execution was never published.

"4thly. There shall be a free trade between Spanish America and the Spanish settlements in Asia. Every thing militating against this freedom to be abolished.

"5thly. Freedom of trade to be granted from all the ports in Spanish America and the Philippine Islands to other parts of Asia. Any law existing contrary to such freedom to be annulled.

"6thly. All estancos, or monopolies in favour of the public treasury, or of the king, shall be suppressed; but the public treasury shall be indemnified for the loss of profit arising from such monopoly, by new duties on the same articles.

"7thly. The working the quicksilver mines shall be free in Spanish America, but the administration of the produce shall remain in charge of the officers of the mine department, independent of the viceroys and captains-general, and officers of the *real hacienda*. This was granted, and orders were published for carrying it into execution in the provinces under the Spaniards.

"8thly. All Spanish Americans shall be eligible equally with Spaniards to all appointments of rank or emolument, whether at court or in any part of the monarchy, either in political, military, or ecclesiastical departments.

"9thly. Consulting the natural protection of each kingdom in Spanish America, half of the public appointments shall be filled by Spanish subjects born in America.

"10thly. That the above stipulations may be punctually adhered to, a consultive junta shall be formed in each capital, to the intent that it may propose persons suited to fill each vacancy.

"11thly. Considering the great advan-

tages resulting from the cultivation of science, and the benefits that may be derived from instructing the Indians, the order of the Jesuits to be re-established by the cortes."

These conditions, for even the seventh article was never put into efficient operation, were rejected, and the establishment of the native governments was immediately resolved. This measure only served still farther to exasperate the haughty and self-sufficient men constituting the cortes, and they determined to quell by arms what they called an open and audacious rebellion against the mother-country. They had, however, to deal with a people at least as determined to resist as were they to subdue. There was now an open war between the two parties, which, on the part of the Spaniards, was begun and pursued in a manner paralleled only by that adopted by the first conquerors. Hear what the author of the present volume says.

"The Spanish chiefs and rulers gave the first example of violating capitulations, of shooting prisoners, and of refusing all means for accommodation, in that cruel war carried on in the new continent by the authority of the cortes of Spain, and by Ferdinand the Seventh. I may, indeed, defy the old Spaniards of either world to find an excuse, or even a palliation, for their want of humanity, and breaches of faith, since the beginning of the revolution. The following are instances:

"When Hidalgo approached the Mexican capital at the head of 80,000 men, he sent his envoys to Venegas, with proposals of peace, which the viceroy refused to answer. The junta of Sultepec made similar proposals, in 1812, and the result was the same. General Miranda delivered up the fort of La Guayra, the town of Caraccas, and the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona, to the Spanish General Monteverde, by capitulation, who promised to bury in oblivion every thing militating against the Spanish government, and granting the liberty of emigration from Venezuela. Notwithstanding this treaty and solemn engagement, general Miranda was shortly after made a prisoner, thrown into a dungeon at Puerto Cabello, afterwards sent to Puerto Rico, and from thence to the prison of La Cartaca, in Cadiz, where he lately died. During a truce between the armies of Peru, commanded by general Goyeneche, and that of Buenos Ayres, under the command of general Valcarlos, an attack was made while the army of Buenos Ayres considered itself secure, confiding in the existing treaty. Belgrano, general of the patriots, who, in 1812, had taken general Tristan prisoner, and the division he commanded of the army of Peru, generously gave them liberty to return home, having re-

ceived their pledged honour that they would not fight against Buenos Ayres. They however, violated this sacred engagement a few days after. General Bolívar, having repeatedly defeated the royalists, commanded by Monteverde in Venezuela, accepted terms of capitulation, which were never ratified. General Truxillo, in a despatch to Venegas, boasts of his having admitted a flag of truce, he being himself at the head of his troops, drawn up in battle array. The bearers of the flag of truce wore a banner of the Virgin Mary; this Truxillo asked for, and having obtained it, he gave orders for firing on these envoys. 'By this means,' he said, 'I free myself of them and their proposals.' General Calleja, informing the viceroy of Mexico, that in the battle of Aculco he had only one man killed and two wounded, adds, that he put to the sword five thousand Indians, and that the loss of the insurgents amounted to ten thousand. General Calleja likewise entered Guanajuato with fire and sword, where he sacrificed 14,000 old men, women, and children. These, and many more of general Calleja's achievements were well known in Spain, when the regency appointed him successor to the viceroy Venegas. The conduct of Monteverde was likewise approved when he was appointed captain-general of Venezuela, after breaking the terms of capitulation with Miranda; and, what formed his excuse for this breach of faith was, that he was not empowered to capitulate with the insurgents."

These and similar atrocities at length exasperated the minds of the people to so high a degree, and so completely alienated them from the mother-country, that they resolved to separate from her entirely, and declare themselves free, independent, and sovereign states. Venezuela was the first to adopt this bold and decisive, but prudent step. Our readers will peruse with the liveliest feelings of pleasure the declaration of independence published by her congress in the year 1811.

"In the name of the all powerful God:

"We, the representatives of the united provinces of Caracas, Cumana, Barinas, Margaritta, Barcelona, Merida, and Truxillo, forming the united confederation of Venezuela in the southern continent, in congress assembled, considering the full and absolute possession of our rights, which we received justly and legally the 19th of April, 1810, in consequence of the occurrences at Bayonne, of the Spanish throne being possessed by a conqueror, and of a new government having succeeded, constituted without our consent: We are desirous, before we make use of those rights, of which we have been deprived for more than three ages, but are now restored to us by the political order of human events, to make known to the world those reasons which have

emanated from these occurrences, and which authorize us in the free use we are going to make of our own sovereignty.

"Nevertheless, we do not wish to begin by alleging the rights inherent in every conquered country to recover its state of property and independence. We generously forget the long series of ills, injuries, and privations which the sole right of conquest has indistinctly caused to all the descendants of the discoverers, conquerors, and settlers of these countries. Plunged into a worse state by the very same cause that ought to have favoured them, and drawing a veil over the three hundred years of Spanish dominion in America, we will now only present to view those authenticated facts which ought to have wrested from one world the right over the other, by the inversion, disorder, and conquest which have already dissolved the Spanish nation.

"This disorder has increased the evils in America, by rendering void its claims and remonstrances; enabling the governors of Spain to insult and oppress this part of the nation, by leaving it without the succour and guarantee of the laws.

"It is contrary to order, impossible to the government of Spain, and fatal to the welfare of America, that the latter, possessed of a range of country infinitely more extensive, and a population more numerous than that of Spain, should be dependent on, and subject to a small peninsula in the European continent.

"The cessions and abdication at Bayonne, the revolutions of the Escorial and Aranjuez, and the orders of the royal substitute, the duke of Berg being sent to America, suffice to give virtue to the rights which until then the Americans had sacrificed to the unity and integrity of the Spanish nation.

"Venezuela was the first to acknowledge and generously to preserve this integrity; nor did she abandon the cause of her fellow countrymen while they retained the least hope of salvation.

"America was called into a new state of existence, since the period when she felt that she could and ought to take upon herself the charge of her own fate and preservation, &c.

"The governments that arrogated to themselves the national representation took advantage of those dispositions which confidence, distance, oppression, and ignorance created in the Americans against the new government which had entered Spain by means of force; and, contrary to their own principles, they maintained among us the illusion in favour of Ferdinand, in order to devour and harass us with impunity; they promised us liberty, equality, and fraternity; conveyed in pompous discourses and studied phrases, for the purpose of covering the share laid by a cunning, useless, and degrading representation.

"As soon as they were dissolved, and

had substituted and destroyed among themselves the various forms of the government of Spain,—and as soon as the imperious law of necessity had dictated to Venezuela the urgency of preserving herself, in order to guard and maintain the rights of her king, and to offer an asylum to her European brethren against the evils that threatened them,—their former conduct was disowned, they varied their principles, and gave the appellations of insurrection, perfidy, and ingratitude to the same acts that had served as models for the governments of Spain, because for them the gate was then closed to the advantageous administration of public affairs, which they intended to perpetuate among themselves under the name of an imaginary king.

“Notwithstanding our remonstrances, our moderation, generosity, and the inviolability of our principles, contrary to the wishes of the majority of our brethren in Europe, we were declared in a state of rebellion; we were blockaded; war was declared against us; agents were sent among us to excite us one against the other, endeavouring to destroy our credit among the nations in Europe, and imploring their assistance to oppress us.

“Without taking the least notice of our reasons, without offering them to the impartial judgment of the world, and without any other judges than our enemies, we are condemned to be debarred from all intercourse with our mother-country; and, to add contempt to calumny, empowered agents are named for us against our own express will, that in their cortes they may arbitrarily dispose of our interests under the influence and power of our enemies.

“In order to crush and suppress the effects of our representation when they were obliged to grant it to us, we were degraded to a paltry and diminutive scale, and the form of election depended on the passive voice of the municipal bodies, whose importance was lessened by the despotism of the governors. This was an insult to our confidence and frank mode of acting, rather than an acknowledgment of our incontestable political consequence.

“Always deaf to the cries of justice on our part, the governments of Spain have endeavoured to discredit all our efforts, by declaring as criminal, and stamping with infamy, and rewarding with the scaffold and confiscation, every attempt which the Americans, at different periods, have made for the welfare of their country; such was that which our own security lately dictated to us, that we might not be driven into that state of confusion which we foresaw, and hurried to that horrid fate which we hope soon to avert for ever. By means of such atrocious policy, they have succeeded in making our Spanish countrymen insensible to our misfortunes; in arming them against us; in erasing from their bosoms the sweet impressions of friendship, of consanguinity;

and converting into enemies members even of our own great family.

“When we, faithful to our promises, were sacrificing our security and civil dignity, not to abandon the rights which we generously preserved to Ferdinand of Bourbon, we have heard that, to the bonds of power which bound him to the emperor of the French, he has added the ties of blood and friendship; in consequence of which, even the governments of Spain have already declared their resolution only to acknowledge him conditionally.”

“In this sad alternative, we have remained three years in a state of political indecision and ambiguity so fatal and dangerous, that this alone would authorize the resolution, which the faith of our promises and the bonds of fraternity had caused us to defer, till necessity obliged us to go beyond what we at first proposed, impelled by the hostile and unnatural conduct of the government of Spain, which has freed us of our conditional oath; by which circumstance we are called to the august representation we now exercise.

“But we, who glory in founding our proceedings on better principles, and not wishing to establish our felicity on the misfortunes of our fellow beings, consider and declare as friends, as companions of our fate, and participators of our happiness, those who, united to us by the ties of blood, language, and religion, have suffered the same evils under the old order of things; provided they acknowledge our absolute independence of them, and of any foreign power whatever; that they assist us to maintain this independence with their lives, fortunes, and sentiments; declaring and acknowledging to us, as well as to every other nation, that we are in war enemies, in peace friends, brothers, and copatriots.

“In consequence of all these solid, public, and incontestable reasons of policy, which so powerfully urge the necessity of recovering our natural dignity, restored to us by the order of events, and in compliance with those unprescribed rights enjoyed by nations to destroy every compact, agreement, or association which does not answer the purposes for which governments were established, we believe that we cannot nor ought not to preserve the bonds which hitherto kept us united to the government of Spain; and that, like all the other nations of the world, we are free, and authorized not to depend on any other authority than our own; and to take among the powers of the earth that place of equality which nature and the Supreme Being assign to us, and to which we are called by the succession of human events, urged on to our own good and utility.

“We are aware of the difficulties that attend, and the obligations imposed upon us

* “Ferdinand was at one time supposed to be married to a relation of Bonaparte.

by the rank we are going to take in the political order of the world, as well as of the powerful influence of forms and customs to which, unfortunately, we have been long used; we at the same time know that the shameful submission to them, when we can throw them off, would be still more ignominious for us, and fatal to our posterity, than our long and painful slavery; and, that it now becomes an indispensable duty to provide for our own preservation, security, and happiness, by essentially varying all the forms of our former constitution.

"Considering, therefore, that by the reasons thus alleged, we have satisfied the respect which we owe to the opinions of the human race, and the dignity of other nations, into the number of which we now enter, and on whose communication and friendship we rely; we, the representatives of the united provinces of Venezuela, calling on the Supreme Being to witness the justice of our proceedings, and the rectitude of our intentions, do implore his divine and celestial help; and ratifying, at the moment in which we are raised to the dignity which he restores to us, the desire we have of living and dying free, and of believing and defending the holy catholic and apostolic religion of Jesus Christ. We, therefore, in the name and authority which we hold from the virtuous people of Venezuela, declare solemnly to the world, that its united provinces are, and ought to be, from this day, by act and right, free, sovereign, and independent states; and that they are absolved from every submission and dependence on the throne of Spain, or on those who do, or may call themselves its agents or representatives; and, that a free and independent state, thus constituted, has full power to take that form of government which may be conformable to the general will of the people; to declare war, make peace, form alliances, regulate treaties of commerce, limits, and navigation, and to do and transact every act in like manner as other free and independent states. And that this our solemn declaration may be held valid, firm, and durable, we hereby mutually bind each province to the other, and pledge our lives, fortunes, and the sacred tie of our national honour. Done in the federal palace of Caraccas. Signed by our own hands, sealed with the great provisional seal of the confederation, and countersigned by the secretary of congress, this 5th day of July, 1811, the first of our independence.

"JUAN ANTONIO RODRIGUEZ DOMINGUEZ,
President.

"LUIS IGNACIO MENDOZA,
Vice-President.

"FRANCISCO ISNARDY, Secretary."

"Similar declarations were made in Mexico, and in Cartagena, Socorro, Tunja, Pamplona, Antioquia, and the other provinces, which composed the confederation of New-Grenada, and, latterly, by the congress of Buenos Ayres."

In 1811 the British government offered its mediation between the contending parties; but its endeavours proved unsuccessful. The following were the conditions first proposed by its commissioners as the basis of reconciliation:

"1st. The revolting provinces, *las provincias disidentes*, shall swear allegiance to the cortes and regency, and nominate their deputies to the cortes.

"2dly. Hostilities between the armies shall be suspended, and all prisoners released.

"3dly. That the cortes shall duly attend to the complaints of the Spanish Americans.

"4thly. That the commissioners shall render an account of the progress and effect of the mediation eight months from its commencement.

"5thly. While the mediation continues, the cortes are to allow a free trade between England and the rebelling provinces.

"6thly. The mediation must be concluded in fifteen months.

"7thly. If the commissioners are not successful in prevailing with the Spanish Americans to accede to the terms proposed, *the English government engages to assist Spain to subdue them by force.*

"8thly. The Spanish government, for the support of its own honour, is openly to declare to the English minister, those reasons which have induced the cortes to accept of their mediation."

These conditions were subsequently amended and enlarged in the following manner:

"1st. That there should be a cessation of hostilities between Spain and Spanish America.

"2dly. An amnesty shall be granted, and perfect oblivion of all acts, or even opinions that may have been expressed, by the Spanish Americans against the Spaniards or their government.

"3dly. That the cortes shall confirm and enforce all the rights of the Spanish Americans, and that they shall be allowed justly and liberally their representatives in the cortes.

"4thly. That Spanish America should be permitted perfect freedom for commerce, though some degree of preference may be allowed to Spain.

"5thly. That the appointments of viceroys, governors, &c. shall be given indiscriminately to South Americans and Spaniards.

"6thly. That the interior government, and every branch of public administration, shall be intrusted to the *cabildo*, or municipalities, who shall act in conjunction with the chief of the provinces; and that the members of the *cabildo* shall be either South-Americans or Spaniards, possessing property in the respective provinces.

"7thly. That Spanish America shall

swear allegiance to Ferdinand the Seventh, as soon as she is put in possession of her rights, and has sent deputies to the cortes.

"8thly. That Spanish America shall acknowledge the sovereignty possessed by the cortes, as representing Ferdinand the Seventh.

"9thly. That Spanish America shall pledge herself to maintain a mutual and friendly intercourse with the peninsula.

"10thly. That Spanish America shall oblige herself to co-operate with the cortes and the allies of Spain to preserve the peninsula from the power of France.

"11thly. That Spanish America shall pledge herself to send liberal succour to the peninsula for the continuance of the war."

In this form the conditions were taken into consideration by the cortes, and debated upon with closed doors. Several days were consumed in the discussion, on the termination of which, the proposed mediation was rejected, principally, it was averred, because the interference of Britain had not been *solicited* by the provinces, and that her views in tendering it were selfish and sinister.

And, in truth, we do not think that the cortes, in this instance, were much in the wrong. The conduct of the British ministry with respect to the great and interesting question of South-American independence, must, we think, be allowed on all hands to be sufficiently equivocal. That it was ever animated by a higher impulse than mere expediency suggested, we can scarcely bring ourselves to credit. That it ever nourished within its bosom the noble and generous wish to foster the budding liberties of the colonies, and to stand forth as their protector in the fierce and magnanimous strife which has ensued;—that it was sincerely and anxiously desirous to stretch forth a hand in their cause, or to employ the slightest portion of the immense resources of Britain in strengthening the arm of transatlantic freedom, would, we fear, be a delusion—a pleasing one, we grant, but still a delusion. It is not fitting the dignity of rational beings to be imposed upon by high-sounding names and unrealized professions. Truth and candour are the first qualifications of a public writer, and in that capacity we conceive it our duty to declare that we do not discern in the negotiations of the British government, either with the provinces, or old Spain, any traces of a liberal and beneficent policy. When, indeed, the mother-country seemed to be the firm and fast ally of France, it suited the views of the British cabinet to hold out to the colonists prospects of the most flattering nature; and incitements to insurrection, and assur-

ances of the most active support in any measures they might adopt for the assertion of their rights, were daily flowing from the lips of its agents. But for all this apparent magnanimity, the cause is really too clear and positive to allow even the most charitably disposed to doubt for a moment. To annoy France, and deprive her of part of the benefits she derived from her connexion with Spain, was unquestionably the principal stimulus with the cabinet of St. James. But as soon as the alliance between the two countries is broken up, and Ferdinand, through the regency established during his absence, becomes the friend of England, all this enthusiasm vanishes, and "*His Britannic Majesty has strong reasons for hoping that the*" South-Americans "*will acknowledge the authority of the regency of Spain.*"* Nay, so warm does the friendship between the two kings become in a short time, that in case the colonies reject the terms proposed by the English commissioners, his said majesty is perfectly willing to employ those very arms which were formerly engaged to support the independence of the provinces, in assisting "*Spain to subdue them by force.*" Now this, we think, is very amusing, and affords an interesting and, indeed, beautiful specimen of that happy flexibility in politics and principle which is the high and precious endowment of *Legitimacy*—a neat, pretty little word, by the way, and elegantly expressive of the host of blessings which the genius of its inventors has brought upon the old world, and which their benevolence would fain introduce into the new.

The declaration of the Venezuelan congress was soon followed by more active proceedings. While the mediation of Britain was in a course of discussion,

"The arms of the revolutionary government had obtained important advantages in the new continent. They possessed that whole territory which comprised Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, and New-Grenada, with the exception of a few fortified places and some provinces; and the Mexican patriots obtained possession of many places in the interior of Mexico, under Morelos, Rayon, Victoria, and others. Some plan for revolt had been discovered in the capital of Mexico, and even Lima had been threatened with insurrection."

The war proceeded with alternate success till the return of Ferdinand to Spain, when,

"In his decree of the 4th of June, 1814, announced to the South-Americans his re-

* See lord Liverpool's Letter to general Layard, governor of Curacao (June 22, 1810).

turn to his country, and ordered that they should lay down their arms. Soon after an army was equipped in Cadiz, and Morillo appointed its commander. Ten thousand men chosen from the best troops in Spain—an armament such as had never before been seen on the coast of Venezuela—appeared before Carupano in the middle of April, 1815. Alarm was now spread among those who had been fighting for the cause of independence. All hopes of reconciliation were abandoned, and the revolt in Spanish America, against the authority of Ferdinand the Seventh, dates from this period.

“From Carupano, general Morillo proceeded to Margarita, from thence to Caracas, and in the following August he besieged Carthagena. The dissensions between Bolivar and Castillo, both commanders of the South-American forces, had lessened the means of defence which Carthagena possessed, and even deprived it of supplies of provisions. The inhabitants, nevertheless, supported by near two thousand regular troops, prepared themselves for a vigorous resistance. The only attack upon the town, or rather upon Lapopa, which commands the town, was made the 11th of November, when the assailants were repulsed. Provisions, however, began to fail, and the vessels which approached the harbour were taken by the Spanish ships of war which blockaded the port. More than three thousand persons died actually of famine. To attempt a longer resistance was vain. The 6th of December, 1815, the governor and garrison of Carthagena evacuated the place, and the following morning the king's troops entered.

“In possession of Carthagena, general Morillo was enabled to conquer New-Grenada, which his army did in the following manner:—Calzada, with part of Morillo's forces left at Caracas, invaded the provinces of Pamplona and Tunja; another division penetrated through the provinces of Antioquia and Popayan; and the commander in chief went up the river Magdalena, nearly as far as Sanbartolomé. Part of his troops proceeded up the river as far as the town of Honda; but Morillo took the road towards Ocana and Sangil, in the province of Socorro. The royal troops had many skirmishes with the independents, in which the advantage was always on the side of the king's forces. At last, the battle of Cachiri was fought, and in it fell the best of the troops and officers who had supported the congress of New-Grenada. In consequence of this defeat the congress separated, and the few remaining troops, having abandoned the scene of action, took the road of Los Llanos, commanded by the generals Cerviez and Ricante.

“General Morillo entered Santa Fè de Bogota in the month of June, 1816, and remained there till November. *More than six hundred persons, of those who had composed the congress and the provincial governments, as well as the chiefs of the independent army,*

were shot, hanged, or exiled; and the prisons remained full of others who were yet waiting their fate. Among those executed were the bolanists Don J. Caldas and Don J. Lozano, who had been ordered by the congress of New-Grenada to publish the works of Dr. Múñiz; Don J. M. Cabal, a distinguished chymist; Don C. Torres, a man distinguished for his learning; Don J. G. Gutierrez Moreno, and Don M. R. Torices, both well known for having been entirely devoted to the cause of their country; Don Antonio Maria Palacio-farar, Don J. M. Gutierrez, Don Miguel Pombo, D. F. A. Ulloa, and many other learned and valuable characters. The wives of persons executed or exiled by Morillo were themselves exiled too.”

It would be of little interest to our readers to wade through the sanguinary details of this dreadful and murderous struggle. With the atrocities committed by the officers acting in the name of Ferdinand, we are all, unfortunately, but too familiar. In the commencement of the war, the patriots, as was to be expected, were frequently defeated, but the very length of the contest has, in all probability, been productive of the greatest advantage to them, and by inuring them to martial discipline, and the fatigues and hardships of war, ensured the ultimate and speedy triumph of as noble and animating a cause as can possibly fire the heart of man. Defeat, sickness, famine, and desertion seem to have thinned the Spanish ranks to a degree that authorizes the supposition of the futility of any effectual hostility on the part of the royalists. We look forward to the establishment and consolidation in South-America of a system of republics, that with such an example before them as is presented by these states, bids fair to secure to their citizens all the rights, privileges, and advantages which *ought* to be the portion of all civilized societies. In some of their communities a regular form of government appears to be already established, and though we shall not enter into the discussion of the policy to be pursued by the United States with regard to the new republics, we cannot refrain from expressing our hope that the northern and southern divisions of the new world will be knit together in the closest bonds of a strict and high-principled friendship; and that as in Europe, her rulers have entered into a *League* for the oppression of their subjects, the free communities of America may unite in a SACRED ALLIANCE for the protection of those pure and holy principles, the assertion of which has rescued so large and fair a portion of the globe from the fangs of a base and foreign tyranny. G.

Rafinesque.

ART. 4. *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.* Vol i. Part I. *Philadelphia.* 8vo. pp. 220, and 9 plates. *May to December, 1817.*

AMONG the several learned societies, which have lately been established in the United States, the Academy of Philadelphia, appears to have been one of the most industrious, having within a few years collected a valuable Museum of natural productions, a handsome library, a philosophical apparatus, and many important papers. Some of these last communications are now published in this volume, which may be considered as the first part of the transactions of that society. Following the example of the Philomatic Society of Paris, it has begun for the first time in our country to publish periodically such transactions in the shape of a monthly journal. This mode is peculiarly suitable to the purpose of spreading with rapidity new discoveries, and retains, at the same time, all the advantages of casual or regular volumes, into which they may be divided after a competent series is issued.

In the introduction, it is stated, that the society meant to publish a few pages whenever it appeared that materials worthy of publication should be put into its possession, without professing to make any formal periodical communications; yet, having begun in May, 1817, the journal has been continued monthly until December, when it has been interrupted after completing a volume; but with the intention of being renewed pretty soon to begin a second part.

Many of the papers introduced into this volume, are highly interesting, and contain much valuable and new matter, which we mean to take up in successive order; but before we undertake this, we shall venture some general remarks upon the whole tenor of these collective labours. The first peculiarity that surprised us on perusal, was the small number of contributors to this journal, only five names are affixed to the twenty tracts and papers included in this volume; whether no more than five members of the Academy, were able to afford materials worthy of the public eye, or whether that institution was unable or unwilling to select the papers of any other author, is immaterial in itself to the present purpose, since both circumstances, would militate severely against the capability of that society, and might invalidate more or less the respectable opinion we should have conceived of it. It had invited, in the first number of the journal, contributions from all the

lovers of science generally; yet, if we are correctly informed, several valuable papers, containing new discoveries, which were forwarded in compliance with that request, and in conformity to the directions given, were refused admittance in that publication. In that case an evident partiality for a few members of the society, would be thoroughly discernible: such a partiality accounts for the singularity now under notice, but ought not by any means to prevail in any periodical publication, and much less in one of the present nature. If the society could not pass a correct judgment upon the papers presented for publication, it would of course prove itself unable to conduct the task which it has assumed; but whereas it appears that it considers itself responsible for the doctrines and facts of every tract introduced and published, a very unusual responsibility indeed, it certainly follows that it ought to scrutinize, very minutely, every paper meant for publication. That it has not always complied with this necessary scrutiny, we shall have abundant proofs when we proceed to the successive investigation of the tracts already published; wherefore we cannot do less than express our astonishment at the assumption of such a responsibility. It is a general custom with nearly all the learned societies of Europe and America, to disclaim any collective responsibility for the tracts which they insert in their Transactions; but they leave it altogether upon the authors of each respective memoir. It would have been advisable for the members of the Academy of Philadelphia, to have imitated that custom; but since they have thought otherwise, we shall take them upon their own ground, and consider the labours now published, as belonging to their collective capacity, and having passed the test of an accurate scrutiny.

We are exceedingly sorry that, in so doing, we shall often feel the necessity of censuring some parts of their labours, and that the inaccuracies and errors which we may notice, will reflect upon the whole Academy, many of the members of which, we are well aware, will concur with us in our remarks, and ought not to be considered as guilty of the whole, since they have probably never been consulted. Any author, even of the most consummate experience and efficient ability, is occasionally liable to commit some mistakes,

he may be deceived as to facts or misled in his conclusions; such unfortunate occurrences may be easily pardoned to an individual whose solitary studies do not always enable him to acquire all the needful concomitant information; particularly since, whenever better informed, or at any future period, that the additional information may reach him, he is able, unless swelled with the pride of error, to retract or correct any of his former erroneous assertions. But the errors of public bodies and societies, when adopted after mature deliberation and apparent scrutiny, are liable to many difficulties, wherefore they ought to be very cautious in affording their assent to any peculiar fact or doubtful consequence: since we find by experience that their pledge carries a higher degree of conviction to the minds of the illiterate and the enlightened, than any individual responsibility or personal assertion: whereupon the belief of erroneous notions and doubtful facts are propagated and increased. Experience proves likewise that these societies have generally a higher degree of pride than any single individual, and every thing that has been assumed or asserted as a doctrine by them, becomes so far incorporated with themselves, that no consideration can induce them to retract it, even if it should prove afterwards to be founded upon error, illusion, or false reasoning. We have even seen whole universities, schools and academies, presuming to foster and teach obsolete doctrines, many years after experience and the unanimous consent of the learned had proved their fallacious nature. These considerations induce us to regret that the Academy to which we are indebted for the volume before us, should have ventured to give its assent and sanction to some conclusions whereof we trust to be able to show the inaccuracy; although we do not despair that it may forbear to assume the usual pride of consolidated bodies, and adopt the more correct doctrine, which leaves every one at liberty to improve one's self, and correct what deserves correction.

We are inclined to feel that confidence, while we observe that this Academy has already shown itself favourable to the improvements introduced in zoology and botany by the French schools. In its zoological papers, which exceed by far any other, the new genera of the French zoologists are adopted, instead of the old generic divisions of Linnæus; and in the botanical papers, an attempt is made to adopt the natural method, instead of the sexual

system. These bold attempts, which are quite a novelty on this side of the Atlantic, are highly commendable, since it is time that we should no longer follow the old inaccurate track of the worshippers of Linnæus, nor borrow every sort of knowledge from that insulated spot to the northwest of Europe, where a jealous rivalry often forbids the majority of writers to adopt any improvements originating beyond the narrow boundaries of their island. How long did they struggle against the Linnæan improvements? and how long will they yet keep blind to the evidence of late improvements, is difficult to say; but we trust that the example of their stubbornness will no longer be imitated, now that the Academy of Philadelphia has partly led the way.

But when we commend and urge the necessity of the adoption of such wise improvements, as are founded upon new discoveries and reasonable principles, we do not imply, by any means, that all the Linnæan doctrines should be set aside: nothing is further from our intention; it is merely in such systematical and inaccurate parts as are rendered obsolete, that we deem useless to persist, and particularly in his zoological and sexual system, whose imperfections were incident on the actual state of knowledge at the time they were ushered, and are now become totally inadequate to fulfil the purpose for which they were intended; other superior methods having superseded them, which are more suitable to the actual state of natural knowledge. Thus very few have dared to oppose the rules introduced by Linnæus in his *Philosophia Botanica*, and *Critica Botanica*, they were the happy means of reforming the science of botany, and it is upon them that the scientific construction of that science reposes at this time, and will probably forever: the only changes attempted have been some trifling corrections, modifications and additions; they have been since extended to zoology and other natural sciences with the greatest success. His sexual system has nothing to do with those rules: Linnæus admitted the natural method in zoology; but despaired of the practicability of its application to botany, wherefore he endeavoured to supply it by an artificial system, of which defects he was well aware, and attempted in vain to veil. Now that the national method of Botany is in successful forwardness, it must supersede altogether this uncouth and momentary system; we have no doubt that if Linnæus had lived to this day, he would have approved of this needful

change, and also of the improvements introduced in zoological classification.

Nobody would dare to propose the re-establishment of the old botanical nomenclature, when the name of a single plant was composed of ten or twenty words or names; nor ought any one to attempt to carry us back to the confusion of generic names, which was dispelled by the Linnæan reform, when a genus had several names, or compound names, or diminutive names, such as, *Alpine*, *Alsinoides*, *Alsinastrium*, *Alsinella*, *Alsinaria*, *Alsinastroides*, *Pseudo-Alpine*, &c. Yet many botanists of the French school have committed such an error, because they study very little the Linnæan rules, and the Academy of Philadelphia is now beginning to follow the same mistaken path. We even know of a few botanists who do it intentionally, despising so far Linnæus, that they would overthrow altogether his mighty nomenclature, and if they have not dared yet to abolish the Linnæan names, they endeavour, whenever new genera are to be framed, to recall the old obsolete blundering names of former botanists, or to coin similar ones of the same stamp. When reminded of their mistake, they pretend that any name will do, as the old botanists used to say; that we have in the vulgar languages many synonymical, omonymical, derivative and compound names for different things, and that the language of botany and zoology, will not be the worse, for imitating our vulgar languages in that respect. But the absurdity and temerity of this evasive pretext must be evident to every reflecting mind. The language of those sciences, is founded upon sound scientific principles, it has been totally reformed and established by Linnæus, arising with splendour from the greatest confusion; it has its peculiar laws, rules, and grammar; it is common to all the nations of European origin; and, therefore, almost universal: it is intended to distinguish, at first glance, every generic object from every other, providing against the possibility of difficulties and ambiguities: every genus is the type of a peculiar structure and organization, and its name must be deemed typical and radical, &c. &c. We might proceed to state the evident consequences of this state of things; and we might fill a volume to prove at length the correctness of the principles which we advocate; but it will, perhaps, be sufficient to refer any one to the philosophical works of Linnæus, and we shall conclude by observing, that the ultimate consequence of this new confusion will be, that as soon as

a new genus shall be introduced by a bad or doubtful name, another good name will be given to it by those who contend for the purity of generic nomenclature, and sometimes many such names may be proposed by different authors at a distance; whereby such new genera will acquire two names, or perhaps several names, and in the succession of time, when deliberate attention will be paid to the subject, the evidence of correct principles must certainly prevail, and the erroneous names will have a poor chance of success; they will be forgotten, as those of Morison, Plukenet, Ray, Bauhin, &c. are at this time, and their authors will share the fate of those eminent authors, whose labours are of no use to nomenclature, owing to the defects which they fostered.

Nine new genera have been established in this Journal, 3 of which belong to botany, *Crypta*, *Hemianthus* and *Collinsia*; and 6 to zoology, *Firoloida*, *Cerapus*, *Sesarma*, *Catostomus*, *Monolepis* and *Mammillifera*. Many of these bear erroneous denominations.

Crypta of Nuttall. This name is already the root of several botanical genera, and of even the Linnæan class Cryptogamia; it is found in the genera *Cryptandra*, *Cryptocephalus*, *Cryptophthalmus*, *Cryptotemon*, &c. It is, besides, against the Linnæan rules to frame a generic name from a single adjective, without a modification: it would have been very easy and proper to have lengthened it into *Cryptina*, or *Cryptella*, or *Cryptaria*. We, therefore, propose to substitute the first of these names *Cryptina*.

Collinsia of Nuttall, is nearly in the same case, since it appears to be only a root or contraction of *Collinsonia*; it would be more proper to modify it into *Collinsiana*.

Firoloida of Lesueur, is composed from *Firola*, with an obsolete and obnoxious termination; it must be changed altogether: we propose to substitute the significative name of *Pyrlymnus*, meaning naked nucleus.

Mammillifera of Lesueur, is rather too long; it is too much like *Mammillaria* in meaning and sense, and is composed of two Latin names united, which are tolerated in the specific nomenclature, but not often in the generic; lastly, it has too much likeness to the classical name of *Mammalia* to be tolerated. It must then be changed into *Actimastus*; meaning radiated mammilla.

Cerapus of Say, is a good name, if the bad name of *Apus*, Latreille, (*Phyllopus*

Rafinesque,) is not admitted; otherwise both become worse than bad.

Some bad genera of other authors, have been admitted, which it may be well to notice likewise.

Lissa of Leach, is too short, and is contained in *Nelissa*, &c. it must be modified into *Lissula*.

Lupa of Leach, is too short, and the root of *Lupinus*; it must be changed into *Luparia*.

Lymnea of Lamarck, root to *Linnetis*, is too similar to *Linnaea*, &c.—it would be well to modify it into *Lymnella*.

Hippa of Fabricius, means a horse! and is partial root of 20 different genera, such as *Hippophae*, *Hippomane*, *Hippuris*, &c. Why not admit and adopt the anterior and better name *Emerita* of Gronovius?

Caryophyllea of Lamarck, is almost identical with *Caryophyllus*: Rafinesque had changed it into *Nerania*.

Corticifera is quite a specific name, inadmissible for genera; the name of *Phorophylus*, which has nearly the same meaning, might be substituted.

We shall proceed to notice the tracts of this Journal, in the order of succession.

1. Contains the descriptions of 6 new species of *Firola*, with figures, by Mr. Lesueur: from the Mediterranean, where the family they belong to is very common, and many new genera exist. A good anatomical description of the genus is prefixed.

2. Account of the *Ovis montana* by Mr. Ord. He calls by that name the white wild sheep of the rocky mountains, which has been called *Mazama dorsata* by Rafinesque, since it belongs to that genus rather than to the *Ovis*, having solid horns not spiral.

3. Twelve new species of American fresh water shells of the genera *Cyclostoma*, *Succinea*, *Ancylus*, *Paludina*, *Helix*, &c. by Mr. Say. This author has begun to elucidate with much ability the subject of American Conchology, and has adopted the improvements of French authors.

4. Descriptions of eight N. Sp. of North-American insects, of the genera *Cicindela*, *Nemognatha*, *Zonitis*, and *Diopis*, by Mr. Say, who shows himself an able entomologist of the modern school.

5. Observations on the genus *Eriogonum*, by Mr. Nuttall. He gives a sort of monography of it, and adds many pertinent remarks on the natural family of Polygonaceous, which, however, awaits yet the reforming hand of an able botanist.

6. Description of the genus *Firola*, by Lesueur, or rather *Pyrthymnus*, and of

3 species of it, found in the Atlantic. This genus differs from the genus *Hypolemus* of Rafinesque, by its dorsal fin.

7. Description of 3 N. Sp. of the G. *Raja* from North America. This Linnean genus forms a natural tribe, containing many different genera: the *R. machura* of Lesueur belongs to the genus *Urocyx* Raf. having neither dorsal nor anal fin: the *R. say*, having both, belongs to the genus *Hypasus* Raf. and the *R. quadriloba*, belongs to the G. *Platoplerus* Raf. having only a dorsal fin on the tail.

8. Account of the Hessian fly, *Cecidonia destructor*, and its enemy the *Ceraphron destructor*, by Mr. Say; with a very good scientific description of them, with figures.

9. A N. G. of 'rustaceous *Cerapus tubularis*, by Mr. Say; with a figure, very near to the genus *Jassa* of Leach.

10. Description of the *Tantalus mericanus*, (found in New-Jersey and Maryland) by Mr. Ord.

11. Description of two new genera *Monolepis* and *Sesarma*, and 23 species of North-American Crustacea, whereof 15 are new, by Mr. Say; with many figures. They belong to the genera *Cancer*, *Portunus*, *Pinnotheres*, *Ocy pede*, *Libinia*, *Plagusia*, *Pagurus*, *Astacus*, &c. Mr. Say has adopted the improvements of Latreille and Leach, on the genus *Cancer* of Linnaeus, which is now become, by the discoveries of many writers, a class, containing more than 100 genera and 1000 species! His descriptions are very minute, yet sometimes confused and defective in a few points. We advise to compare his *Ocy pede reticulatus* with the *O. pusilla* of Rafinesque's account of some N. G. and Sp. of North American Crustacea, in American Monthly Magazine, vol. 2. p. 40. His *Astacus affinis* with *A. limonus* Raf. ditto; his *Pagurus longicarpus* with *P. truncatulus* Raf. ditto; and his *Hippa talpoida* to *Nectylus rugosus* Raf. ditto; as they may happen to be identical or very near related to each other.

12. On five new species of American eels, by Mr. Lesueur; he refers them to the genus *Murena* of Linnaeus and Lacépède; while they belong to the genus *Anguilla* of Shaw and Rafinesque; the *Murena* is a different genus from the eels, which name Lacépède has changed, without any reason, into *Gymnothorax*, a denomination that applies to 60 genera of fishes!

13. On two new species of cod, from lake Erie and the river Connecticut, by

Mr. Lesueur. They have only two dorsal fins, and belong therefore to the genus *Merluccius* rather than *Gadus*, which has three dorsal fins.

14. Description of the *Cyprinus maxillarius*, a N. Sp. by Mr. Lesueur. He intimates that it might form a new genus, which has been established by Rafinesque on this, and another species, by the name of *Exoglossum*, in the Physical Journal.

15. Description of the *Testudo geographica* of lake Erie, with a figure, by Mr. Lesueur. It has palmated feet, and is not, therefore, a real *Testudo* of Dumeril and the moderns.

16. Monography of the *Catostomus*, a new genus of fish, by Mr. Lesueur. It is a section from the extensive genus *Cyprinus*, of which Mr. L. describes 18 species. Many other sections must be made in that genus, before it becomes better understood.

17. Description of two N. G. of plants, *Crypta* and *Hemianthus*, and two species of *Tillaea* and *Limosella*, by Mr. Nuttall, with figures of the N. G. He calls the *Tillaea*, *T. Simplex*, which is right. Dr. Ives of New-Haven, had discovered it first (not since, as stated,) and described it under the name of the *T. connata* of Peru. The *Limosella* has been considered by both Dr. Ives and Mr. Nuttall, as the *L. tenuifolia* of Europe; but the figure given by Dr. Ives, in the Transactions of the Physico-Medical Society of New-York, is adequate to prove their error: it is a distinct species, which may be called *L. brachistema*. We shall now undertake to assert and prove that Mr. Nuttall and the Academy are mistaken, in regard to the natural affinities and arrangement of his two new genera. He states that the N. G. *Cryptina* belongs to the natural family of *Portulacaceae*, next to the genera *Portulaca* and *Montia*; but the *Portulacaceae* differs from *Cryptina* by having the stamina in heterogonal number, not inserted on the petals nor opposed thereto, and *Montia* by its peripetal corolla bearing the stamina, characters of the utmost consequence. We deem that the nearest genus to *Cryptina*, is *Claytonia*, which only differs by the number of stamina, petals, and cells, which are all characters of a variable and unessential nature. Its natural classification is then in the natural class *Eltrogynea*, 6th natural order *Ptyriontia*, distinguished by having one ovary, the stamina isogone and opposed to the petals or alternate with the calyx: in this order *Rhamnus*, *Berberis*, and *Vitis*, are the types of as many natural families, and next to them *Cryp-*

tina and *Claytonia*, must form another natural family, to which many other genera will probably become annexed afterwards: it may be called *Epionyxia*, or the *Epiopryxe*, and characterised as follows: calyx diphyllous; corolla several petals; stamina in equal number and inserted upon them. Several stigmas. Capsul with several cells, valves, and seeds. Leaves simple, opposite, &c.

The N. G. *Hemianthus* of Nuttall, is rightly approximated to *Micranthemum*: but both are very wrongly united to the natural order of *Lysimachiales*, which has a regular corolla, the stamina in equal number and opposed to its divisions. It is by these unhappy attempts and examples that the correct botanists become disgusted with the beautiful natural classification, thinking that those connexions are perfectly illusive, since so many are founded on mistaken references. The genera *Hemianthus*, *Micranthemum*, and even the N. G. *Collinsia* of Mr. Nuttall, or rather *Collinsiana*, belong all to the second natural class *Mesogynia*, 5th natural order *Chaemanthia* or the *Personate*, and to its first sub-order, *Monorimia* distinguished by its monolocular fruit. There are at least three distinct natural families included within this sub-order. 1. *Aplendina* distinguished by a berry for fruit, and to which belong the genera *Besleria*, *Brunfelsia*, *Crescentia*, *Tanacetum*, *Mittraria*, *Tripinnaria*, &c. 2. The natural family *Clythrelia*, formed by *Utricularia* and *Pinguicula*, very distinct by its capsul, bilobed calyx, spurred corolla, 2 stamens, &c. And the third will be the natural family *Hemididia*, whose characters are, a capsul, calyx with many divisions, corolla without spur, 2 or 4 stamens, &c. It may be subdivided in two sub-families, the first *Hemianthia*, will contain all the genera with two anthera only, such as *Micranthemum*, *Hemianthus*, *Stemopus*, (*Limosella diandra*, Wild.) &c. and perhaps *Lindernia*! while the second *Limosellina*, with 4 unequal stamina and 4 fertile anthera, shall contain the genera *Browallia*, *Limosella*, *Phayllopsis*, *Conoclea*, *Mecardonia*, and *Collinsiana*, (*Collinsia* of Nuttall,) all united by the same characters.

18. Descriptions of four new species and two varieties of the G. *Hydrargyra*, by Mr. Lesueur. A North-American genus of fish.

19. Observations on the geology of the West-India islands, from Barbadoes to Santa Cruz, by Mr. Maclure. These observations are very valuable, although not entirely new: it was well known that all the Carribbean islands were of volcanic

origin; but Mr. M. has confirmed that fact, and thrown some light on the subject of their formation, and actual state.

20. Description of 15 new species of the *G. Actinia*; 3 N. Sp. of the *G. Zoanthus*; 2 N. Sp. of a N. *G. Mammilifera*, &c. by Mr. Lesueur, with some figures. The genus *Actinia* of Linnaeus is increasing so fast by new discoveries, that it will soon contain over 100 known species; some divisions and amendments will, therefore, become requisite, as it is invariably the case when our knowledge of beings increases: eight new genera have been proposed already in the Analysis of Nature, by Rafinesque: several species of Lesueur belong to his genera *Stomanthus*, *Aptostepha*, &c.

21. New genus *Collinsia*, by Mr. Nuttall, with a coloured figure; we have already made the needful observations on the name and classification of this genus.

It will be perceived that implicit confidence is not always to be given to the la-

bours of this Academy; but we trust that the published facts and descriptions are correct and to be depended upon. Whatever be our reluctance to admit incorrect principles, from whomsoever they emanate, we are always glad to be furnished with new materials, and to perceive zealous exertions in the cause of science. Every single new species or new genus discovered or introduced is a conquest made by knowledge over nullity, and brings us at once in relative connexion with it. From this motive, and our conviction that numberless beings, unknown to us, exist as yet every where, we feel inclined to wish complete success to the Academy of Philadelphia in their future labours, exertions and publications, and we should wish that many other similar institutions in our country, which are merely known by name, might be induced to give us occasionally a similar evidence of their zeal.

C. S. R.

ART. 5. *The Lord of the Isles; a Poem.* By WALTER SCOTT, Esq. 12mo. pp. 307. Philadelphia. Moses Thomas. 1815.

THIS is a finely-told, though, perhaps, not a well-arranged tale; abounding in vivid description, though deficient in strongly-marked characters. The narrative, in its general tone, is rich and vigorous, yet occasionally perplexing, from the unexplained suddenness of its transitions, while, at the same time, it is but just to admit that it is not infrequently lighted up by a gleam of the diviner faculty. In common also with Mr. Scott's preceding works, it is disfigured by ungraceful abruptnesses, contorted phraseology, and passages of prosaic tameness.

"*Rokeby*," of all Mr. Scott's poems—we will not except even "*The Lay of the last Minstrel*"—is the best entitled to deliberate panegyric. Its story is interesting, arranged with clearness, and with no less attention to dramatic effect. The characters are strongly drawn, and vividly contrasted. In the descriptive parts, the poet has shown that though he may feel all the partiality of a native for the sublime landscapes of Scotland, he can, nevertheless paint, and with the hand of a master, the softer beauties of English scenery. The language of "*Rokeby*" is, generally speaking, decidedly superior to that of his former productions. Retaining what was estimable in the verse of "*The Lay*," "*Marmion*," and "*The Lady of the Lake*"—

its simplicity and pathos—the verse of *Rokeby* is distinguished by qualities of a higher kind. It is imbued with the evidence of a maturer genius than is exhibited in any of the poems we have enumerated. It is more condensed, vigorous, and palpably splendid. It has more dignity, and less puerility. The judicious employment of antithesis and inversion gives it increased energy, and much was gained by the adoption of alliterative words, and the repercussive effect of transposition. In fine, if the eulogium bestowed on Mr. Scott of having "*triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse*" be well deserved, its justification is to be sought for in the language of *Rokeby*. The verse of "*The Lord of the Isles*" displays no improvement in Mr. Scott's style since the publication of its predecessor. Its general complexion is more ballad-like, and it may be fairly stated to hold a medium rank between that of "*Rokeby*" and the earlier compositions of Mr. Scott. It is more lax and diffuse than that of the first, yet more compressed than that of the last. Than that of "*Rokeby*," the language is less stern and stately; than that of "*The Lay*," &c. more lofty and emphatic. If it do not manifest so many of the lighter graces as "*The Lay*," neither is it so deeply marked with the

features of dignity as "*Rokeby*." Its general colouring is warmer than that of the former, but very inferior to the rich and glowing tints of the latter. Its step is more certain and specific than that of "*The Lay*," than that of "*Rokeby*" less confident and composed. The language of the "*Lord of the Isles*," in fine, occupies much the same station between the styles of "*The Lay*," &c. and "*Rokeby*," which adolescence holds between infancy and manhood.

We now proceed to sketch the story of the poem.

The *first Canto* opens with a song chanted by the minstrels of Ronald, Lord of the Isles, beneath the walls of Artornish Castle, in celebration of his approaching marriage with Edith of Lorn. The lady, who has been conveyed to Artornish by her brother, there to await the arrival of the bridegroom (a circumstance not uncommon in that age), listens with cold indifference to the lay of the bards, and upon the kind expostulation of her foster-mother, bursts into an impassioned declaration that "*he*," Ronald, with whom *she* is deeply enamoured, "*loves her not*," and appeals, in proof of her assertion, to his tardy and reluctant approach. Her aged nurse endeavours, but in vain, to soothe the agitation of her spirits. This scene is, at length, terminated by their desecring the fleet of Ronald, adorned with silken streamers, and otherwise sumptuously decorated, bearing down from Aros Bay to the halls of Artornish. At the same instant a slight and wave-tossed skiff is discovered, past which the nuptial armada sails, regardless of her distressed condition. The weather-beaten bark, we are given to understand, contains, besides her crew, two knights and their sister, personages of high rank, whose adventures are closely interwoven with the business of the poem, and who are at last forced, by the increasing fury of the elements, to seek shelter within the walls of the fortress, which, during the whole day, they had strenuously endeavoured to avoid. The description of the vessels' approach to the castle through the tempestuous and sparkling waters, and the contrast between the gloomy aspect of the billows and the glittering splendours of Artornish,

"'Tween cloud and ocean hung,"

sending her radiance abroad through the terrors of the night, and mingling at intervals the shouts of her revelry with the wilder cadence of the blast, is a fine instance of Mr. Scott's felicity in awful and

magnificent scenery. The *canto* concludes with the arrival of the strangers at Artornish, and the warder's announcement of his illustrious and reluctant visitors to the Lord of the Isles.

Canto the second. Ronald, seated at the head of the banquet-table, endeavours, by a display of boisterous mirth, to conceal some powerful emotion which, though unnoticed by the guests, is observed with anguish by his lovely bride. Suddenly the winding of the bugle at the portal of Artornish declares the supposed arrival of the Abbot of St. Iona to solemnize the nuptials,—he drops the "untasted goblet," but is relieved by the intelligence of the warder that three noble looking strangers claim at his hands the right of hospitality. The seneschal is directed to introduce them; they enter, and struck by their lofty and dignified bearing, he assigns them stations above all the company, at which every one, but more especially the chief of Lorn, the brother of Edith, is much incensed. Lorn, however, who is in traitorous league with the English king against the Bruce, guessing the rank of the strangers, commands one of the minstrels to chaunt an insulting song, recording the successful issue, in favour of the rebel, of a combat between him and his sovereign. At the close, the younger stranger, who has been previously irritated by Lorn's insolent interrogatories, lays his hand upon his sword with the intention of executing summary justice upon the offender, but is checked by the elder knight, who, however, in addressing the minstrel, at once realizes the suspicion, and galls the pride of the traitor. Further concealment is impossible—the strangers are the king, his brother, and their sister the princess Isobel. Tumult of the most ferocious kind succeeds this discovery. Loudly and savagely, Lorn insists upon the murder of his sovereign, in atonement for the death of his kinsman Comyn, slain at the altar by the Bruce, in resentment of his treasons; while Ronald as warmly asserts the sacredness of hospitable claims. His ardour is increased by the appeal of the princess for his protection of her brothers; and now breaks forth the cause of the perturbation he manifested at the commencement of the *canto*—the royal charms of Isobel, from whose hand he had formerly and frequently received the prize at tournaments, have seduced his heart from the object of his earlier and affianced affections. The broil becomes fiercer, when the announcement of the Abbot prevents the

effusion of blood, and the rebel consents to refer the case to the monk, and abide by his decision. The Abbot enters, and after hearing the malignant charges of Lorn against his sovereign, in which the death of Comyn forms the principal, turns round upon the king with a cold stern visage, and questions him why he should not instantly give him up to the man who is thirsting for his blood?—The Bruce, with brief and haughty eloquence, justifies the deed politically, but admits, that as a violation of religious precept, it requires atonement. The conception and execution of the ensuing stanzas constitute excellence which it would be difficult to match from any other part of the poem. The surprise is grand and perfect. Struck with the heroism of Robert, the monk foregoes the intended anathema, and bursts out into a prophetic annunciation of his final triumph over all his enemies, and the veneration in which his name will be held by posterity. In the burthen of these stanzas,

“I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed;”

closing a series of prophesied misfortunes, there is an energy that immediately makes itself felt, and these few and simple words surpass in effect passages less happy in their application, though more laboured and tortuous in their construction.

Canto the third. Notwithstanding the Abbot's decision, Lorn remains impenitently contumacious, and reproachfully rejects Ronald's proposal of reconciliation with the Bruce. The rebel chief summons his train, and prepares to depart with his sister, who, it is now discovered, has flown. Terrified by his declared resolution of giving her hand to the earl of Cumberland, she has taken advantage of the confusion to quit the castle, under the protection, it is supposed, of the abbot. Her elopement adds to the exasperation of Lorn, and after ordering a galley in pursuit of the fugitive, he leaves Artornish with a mind galled to madness. With the exception of Torquil, lord of Dunvegan, the rest of the chiefs, among whom are many who have returned to their allegiance, disperse. The king retires to repose, under the pledged protection of the Lord of the Isles, who at midnight interrupts his rest, to assure him of his perfect devotion to his cause. With the morning's dawn they prepare to embark for the Isles to excite their martial inhabitants to arms: while prince Edward is charged to convey the lady Isobel for security, to Ireland, and, in his way,

“To muster up each scattered friend.”

The king and Ronald set sail with favourable gales, but the wind shifting, they are forced upon the shore of Skye. The solitary aspect of the place induces the Bruce, accompanied by Ronald, and his page Allan, to land in search of game. While they are contemplating the dreary but sublime scene of the isle, they are accosted by five vulgar and sulky-featured men, whom Ronald, by the badges on their bonnets, supposes to be vassals of Lorn. These individuals “of evil mien,” after informing them that their bark, upon the appearance of an English vessel, hoisted sail, invite the monarch and his companions to share with them a deer they have just slain. The king and his party give a wary assent, and they proceed to the cabin of their sullen hosts, with whom, however, they refuse to sit at the same table, and concert their security for the night by appointing a watch to be kept by one of the company while the others repose. Ronald is the first sentinel, and easily maintains his insomnolency by reflections on the charms of Isobel, and plighted faith to Edith of Lorn. The next watch is undertaken by the king, and the royal mind, filled with lofty and anxious thoughts on his own and Scotland's fortunes, defies the approach of sleep. Allan's turn succeeds, and, for a time, the page's eyes are kept tolerably steadfast by the recollection of his boyish haunts and sports, the fond remembrance of his mother,

“His little sister's green-wood bower;”

and all the wildly-fanciful stories of enchantment that delighted the days of his childhood. Sleep at length weighs down his lids, and—he dies by the hand of one of the wakeful ruffians. His expiring groan rouses the king, who instantly dispatches the murderer with one of his own fire-brands. Ronald awakes, and in conjunction with the Bruce, speedily masters the remaining banditti, who in their last moments confess themselves the sworn liegemen of Lorn. They lament the sad destiny of Allan, and taking under their protection a beautiful but dumb boy, asserted by the villains to have been rescued by them from a shipwrecked bark the preceding day, sorrowfully quit the blood-stained hut.

Canto the fourth. Prince Edward returns from his mission with the joyous intelligence of the death of the English monarch, the arming of the patriots, and the arrival of his band in the island of Arran. For Arran they depart in the vessel which conveyed the prince from Ireland;

and in their progress through the Hebrides, rouse to action the martial chiefs and population of the west. Arrived at Brodick-bay, in Arran, the Bruce is joined by Douglas, Boyd, Lennox, De La Haye, &c. and their unshrinking soldiery. The king here visits his sister, who, we are surprised to find, is residing in the convent of St. Bride; the dumb boy, accompanies him as the future attendant upon the princess; and the Bruce performs his promise to Ronald of pleading his suit with Isobel. Isobel in answer, and in the presence of her new page, earnestly assures her brother of her determination not to listen to the vows of her lover, until he lays at her feet,

"The ring which bound the faith he swore,
By Edith freely yielded o'er,"

and an acquittal from his engagement with that lovely wanderer,

"By her who brooks his perjur'd scorn."

Robert departs, and the Canto concludes with his resolution immediately to attempt the recovery of his patrimonial castle and dethrone of Carrick from Clifford its English and usurping tenant.

Canto the fifth discovers Isobel performing her matin devotions in the cloister of St. Bride. Rising from her orisons, she perceives on the floor of her cell, a packet, addressed to herself. She opens it—it contains a ring, and a resignation by Edith of all her claims upon Ronald. Her astonishment is increased when upon inquiry whether any stranger has been admitted into the nunnery since the visit of the Bruce, the portress replies in the negative, but informs her that the dumb page has flown! Is the mystery unravelled?—Was it Edith herself?—The princess instantly despatches a messenger to the army to seek the page. The messenger, a monk, finds that the page has been despatched by the prince to the opposite shore, to agree with the friends of the king upon signals for the attack upon Carrick. The fleet sets sail, steering towards the flaming beacon, kindled by the patriots on the Carrick shore. The picturesque effect of the illumination on the woody promontories and jutting rocks, is very vividly described. They proceed with hope, but the fierce and broad spreading of the flame, and its sudden extinction, raise doubts in all but Edward of its human origin. They land—the dumb stripling joins them, bringing a letter from an adherent of the Bruce, informing him that the English are in force at Carrick, that Lorn and his rebels

have just joined the band of Clifford, and confirming their apprehensions concerning the mysterious and alarming beacon. Daunted for a moment by these discouraging tidings, the never-desponding prince revives their spirits,

—————"hap what may,
In Carrick Carrick's lord must stay;"

and with renovated ardour they proceed to take up a position in the vicinity of the fortress, there to concert the best plan of storming the place. The page accompanies their march, cheered and supported by Ronald; but the stripling's strength proving unequal to the rapid and toilsome progress over the rough and broken ground, he is left behind in the hollow of a large oak, where he is discovered by a reconnoitering party of the English garrison. Dragged before Clifford and Lorn, and refusing to answer their questions, they order him to immediate death. At the place of execution, the prayers and funeral lament for the victim reach the royal party, which is stationed in ambush in the vicinity. Ronald burns for the instant attack—the king assures the impatient warrior that

—————"they shall not harm,
A ringlet of the stripling's hair,"

but desires him to wait till the troops have been disposed so as to cut off all communication between the garrison and the detachment encircling the captive. To Edward is assigned the task of securing the drawbridge of the castle, and to Douglas that of intercepting the fugitives. The signal for the assault, a spear raised by the latter over the corpse of his appointed station, is speedily given by the valiant earl. The strife begins—the page is rescued—and the enemy annihilated. At the same moment the prince attacks and secures the fortress—Clifford is slain—Lorn escapes—and Carrick is once more in possession of its rightful owner.

Canto the sixth. Isobel has taken the vows in St. Bride's convent. The dumb page, now confessedly the maid of Lorn, at least to the princess, has been sent to the convent for his, or we should rather say *her*, personal safety. The glorious achievements and triumphs of the Bruce during the seven succeeding years, are then recorded in about *ten* verses, and we pounce on the mutual preparations for the decisive conflict of Bannockbourn. Here the immediate thread of the narrative is broken, to inform us of Edith's departure for the royal camp in her former disguise, to convince herself of the re-

newed affection of the faithful Lord of the Isles for the fair object of his early and ardent adoration—that gallant and prudent chief, easily foregoing his love for Isobel on her taking the veil, and with a praiseworthy attention to his worldly affairs, resuming his suit to Edith upon discovering the king's intention of conferring upon the Maid of Lorn the confiscated lands of her rebellious brother. She arrives at the camp the evening before the battle, and reveals her sex and name to the king. The Bruce assures her of his tenderest friendship, and places her on an eminence in the rear of the army, with the attendants of the camp. Then follows the battle, in the description of which, though little varied from the chronicles of the times, there is a glow and animation which render it inferior only to the admirable stanzas in which Mr. Scott has immortalized the *defeat* of his countrymen at Flodden. At the close of the combat, Edith, still disguised as the page, and alarmed at the danger of her lover, forgets her dissembled dumbness, and passionately calls upon the retainers of the camp to marshal themselves in military show, and bear down to the assistance of the army. They obey with shouts of rapture the call which appears to them the miraculous interposition of heaven in favour of Scotland; and the English host, deeming them to be fresh troops advancing to succour the Bruce, is seized with a confusion and panic, and borne down and vanquished on every side. The poem terminates with the king's order to make princely preparations for the nuptials of Edith with the Lord of the Isles (whose pardon for his amorous perjury he has secured from the Maid of Lorn,) to be celebrated at the abbey of Cambuskenneth immediately after the mass for the victory of Bannockbourn.

Such is the story of the *Lord of the Isles*; and the reader, if he has had patience to read the whole of our *examens*, must, we think, have gathered sufficient evidence of the impropriety of the title, and felt that the dignity of the main subject, is much injured by the paltry underplot attached to it. In a poem where Robert, the Bruce, appears, how is it possible that we should interest ourselves in the adventures of so insignificant a person as Ronald. But this is not the only defect. There are several contradictions,—of history—character—and of the poet by himself.

Of *history*, a striking one occurs in the capture of Carrick, which did not take place for some years after the time men-

tioned; an attack was made, it is true, and a considerable advantage gained by the Bruce on his return from Ireland, not, however, against Clifford, but earl Percy. Clifford was in the action, under Percy, but was not slain; he fell at Bannockbourn.

Of the contradictions of *character* it will be sufficient to bring forward one in that of the Bruce. Unquestionably, that heroic monarch was of a temper never surpassed for humanity, munificence, and nobleness; yet to represent him sorrowing over the death of the First Plantagenet—after the repeated and tremendous ills inflicted by him on Scotland—the patriot Wallace murdered by his order, as well as the royal race of Wales; and the brothers of the Bruce slaughtered by his command—to represent, we repeat, the just and generous Robert, feeling an instant's compassion for the death of such a man, is, in a Scottish poet, so unnatural a violation of truth and decency, not to say patriotism, that we are really astonished that the author could have conceived the idea, much more that he could suffer his pen to record it. This abasement on the part of the Bruce is farther heightened by the king's half reprehension of the prince's stern and noble expression of undying hatred against his country's spoiler and family's assassin.

Mr. Scott, we have said, contradicts himself. How will he reconcile the following facts to the satisfaction of his readers? The third canto informs us that Isobel accompanies Edward to Ireland, there to remain till the termination of the war; and in the *fourth*, the second day after her departure, we discover the princess counting her beads, and reading homilies in the cloister of St. Bride.

Of the characters, prince Edward is, most decidedly, our favourite. Of unshaken resolution, a valour reckless of all danger, romantic and ardent, we always find him at the post of peril, heedless of opposition, and beating down resistance. Of matchless activity, and burning to distinguish himself, in action, in council, Edward is ever the first to advise, to perform. The Bruce, according to our notions of a hero, is a good deal too calm,—too willing to think and say polite things of his adversary,—too ready to reprehend the fine effusions of his brother's generous spirit. Mr. Scott has aimed at contrast by investing the king with a dignity of mind and language superior to that of the prince, but we cannot think he has been altogether successful, for surely the chief quality of a hero is the energy which over

comes all obstacle. Now, of this quality Edward indisputably possesses a greater degree than his wiser brother, and we frequently feel that the sage preparation and frigid manœuvring of the Bruce would fail altogether where the unhesitating impetuosity of Edward would command success. Ronald is an abortion. Lorn is admirably sketched, and the character of Torquil of Dunvegan—his blunt integrity, substantial patriotism, and rugged magnanimity—all bodied forth in a sort of wildly-poetical speech, very much to the purpose, however—constitute this Hebridean chief a most interesting original in his way. We were surprised not to find him in the battle. It is not irrelevant to remark, by the way, that in his narrative of the conflict of Bannockbourn, Mr. Scott seems more anxious to blazon the pomp and valour of his country's ravagers, than to paint the conquering heroism of the Bruce and his chieftains. For one Scottish name of distinction, we find at least half a dozen English; and the fall of De Argentine, a brave English knight, is adorned with more circumstances of splendour than the deeds of the Bruce himself. Of the ladies Isobel and Edith, little have we to say, for little is it they do. Isobel evidently takes the veil merely out of good-nature to the maid of Lorn, who, notwithstanding the prudential fickleness of Ronald, cherishes a most disheartening attachment to the recreant. The story of the dumb page, though occasionally giving birth to situations of interest, is, upon the whole, a mawkish contrivance—a new dressing up of a very old trick. In her character of page, Edith performs nothing that would not have been better executed by any stout lad. The share these ladies possess in the poem, consists principally in tedious and oppressive conversations about their mutual mishaps, and it must be confessed that they do keep up the shuttlecock of chit-chat with a perseverance exceedingly honourable to the daughters of Eve. The most pleasing and natural character in the Lord of the Isles (Allan, the page of Ronald,) we just get a glimpse of, only to see him murdered before our eyes, for no earthly reason that will abide a moment's examination. The poor boy should not have had the task of watching imposed upon his tender years. That was the business of robuster frames, and should have been divided between the Bruce and his master.

Examples of forced and uncouth diction are frequent; and there is introduced a very respectable quantity of obsolete

terms, which our grandfathers had very judiciously exiled from their colloquial service. "*Reede*" for *counsel*—"yeoman wight!"—"agen" for *again*, to rhyme with "*men*"—"erst" for *formerly*—"shrift" for *confession*—"scathless" for *unhurt*, &c. With similar instances, we might, without much trouble, fill some pages. Of the defects of this interesting poem, for such it is, notwithstanding the censure we have deemed it our duty to bestow, we shall say no more, but hasten to the more pleasing task of presenting our readers with some of its numerous energetic and beautiful passages. Our first extract shall be the Blessing of the Bruce by the Abbot of Iona—

XXX.

"Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the king the abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.

XXXI.

'De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;—
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-control'd,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'er-master'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—
He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
'Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disown'd, deserted and distress'd,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;
Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
In earliest speech, to salute Bruce.

Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song!
The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
Wath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—

On this transcendent passage we shall only remark that of the gloomy part of the prophecy we hear nothing more, and though the abbot informs the king that he shall be

"On foreign shores a man exil'd,"

the poet never speaks of him, up to the battle of Bannockbourn, but as resident in Scotland.

The progress through the islands, and the mustering of the clans is finely described. The eighth stanza is, we think, touchingly beautiful, and breathes a sweet and melancholy tenderness perfectly suitable to the sad tale it records.

VII.

"Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvass strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flow,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than that gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.
'Twas then that warlike signals wake
Dunscraith's dark towers and Eisdor's lake.
And soon from Cavilgarrigh's head,
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread;
A summons these of war and wrath,
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapons sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodick-bay.

VIII.

Signal of Ronald's high command,
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land,
From Canna's tower, that, steep and gray,
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.
Seek not the giddy crag to climb,
To view the turret scathed by time;
It is a task of doubt and fear
To aught but goat or mountain-deer.
But rest thee on the silver beach,
And let the aged herdsman teach
His tale of former day;
His cur's wild clamour he shall chide,
And for thy seat by ocean's side,
His varied plaid display;
Then tell, with Canna's chieftain came,
In ancient times, a foreign dame
To yonder turret gray.
Stern was her Lord's suspicious mind,
Who in so rude a jail confined
So soft and fair a thrall!

And oft when moon on ocean slept,
That lovely lady sate and wept
Upon the castle-wall,
And turn'd her eye to southern climes,
And thought perchance of happier times,
And touch'd her lute by fits, and sung
Wild ditties in her native tongue.
And still, when on the cliff and bay
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,
And every breeze is mate,
Upon the lone Hebridean's ear
Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with fear,
While from that cliff he seems to hear

The murmur of a lute,
And sounds, as of a captive lone,
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown—
Strange is the tale—but all too long
Already hath it staid the song—
Yet who may pass them by,
That crag and tower in ruins gray,
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh!

IX.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark
O'er the broad ocean driven,
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark
The steersman's hand has given.
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,
And each his ashen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o'er,
And at the Island Lord's command,
For hunting spear took warrior's brand.
On Scoregg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern Macleod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,
When all in vain the ocean cave
Its refuge to his victims gave.
The Chief, relentless in his wrath,
With blazing heath blockades the path;
In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd Hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark.
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minister to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.

Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'—

XI.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tisee,
And the chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal-baw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant Flay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jara's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isles, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrieveken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains!
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN's cold remains!

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lost, rounding wild Camire, they meet
The southern foemen's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way;—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmacconel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that seicouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmacconel moor,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-ghoil, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch-Ranza smile.
Thither their destined course they drew;
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene,
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.

VOL. III.—NO. IV.

The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
The beach was silver shewn,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!"

The setting forth of the Bruce and his followers for the attack of Carrick Castle, and the appearance of the supernatural beacon, are related with extraordinary vividness and effect.

XII.

"Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and mann'd rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armour glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died.—
'God speed them!' said the Priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;
'O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine,
And monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That Victory is from God alone!'—
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turn'd, his blessings to renew,
Oft turn'd till on the darken'd coast
All traces of their course were lost;
Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute no more descried
Are gone—and on the placid sea
The rowers plied their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Cefrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazled sea-lowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave,
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.

'Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page ?'
'Row on !' the noble King replied,
'We'll learn the truth whate'er betide ;
Yet sure the beadsman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild !'

XIV.

With that the boats approach'd the land,
But Edward's grounded on the sand ;
The eager knight leap'd in the sea
Waist-deep, and first on shore was he,
Though every barge's hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem'd steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.
Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows,
As that portentous meteor rose ;
Helm, axe, and falchion glister'd bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade's face each warrior saw,
Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast.—
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd,
And Douglas crossed his dauntless breast ;
'Saint James protect us !' Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
'Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn's angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure ?'

The attack and capture of the fortress is also admirable for the energy and briefness with which it is described. It will be remembered that Douglas was to give the signal upon his reaching the copse-covered path, between the party that attended the execution of the dumb page, and the castle.

"What glances o'er the green-wood shade?—
The spear that marks the ambuscade !
'Now, noble chief ! I leave thee loose ;
Upon them, Ronald !' said the Bruce."

XXIX.

'The Bruce, the Bruce !' to well-known cry
His native rocks and woods reply.
'The Bruce, the Bruce !' in that dread word
The knell of hundred deaths was heard.
The astonish'd Southern gazed at first,
Where the wild tempest was to burst,
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came !
Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side
Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword rag'd !
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
Nor better was their lot who fled,
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
The Douglas's redoubt'd spear !
Two hundred yeomen on that morn
The castle left, and none return."

The forcing of the drawbridge and gates has been assigned to Edward, and

the prince, with that customary recklessness which

"oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd,"

has march'd to the assault before the appointed signal ;

"Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two

By which its planks arose ;
The warder next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge !

The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
But stubborn Edward forced his way

Against an hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, 'The Bruce, the Bruce !'
No hope or in defence or truce,

Fresh combatants pour in ;
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
They drive the struggling foe before,

And ward on ward they win.
Unsparring was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
The cry of death and conflict roar'd,

And fearful was the din ;
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,

Nor sunk the fearful cry,
Till not a foeman was there found
Alive, save those who on the ground
Groan'd in their agony !"

When the king hath "won his father's hall," himself and his friends take a short repast. The Bruce, while the wine is circling, gives the pledge, "FAIR SCOTLAND'S RIGHTS RESTORED,"

"And he whose lip shall touch the wine,
Without a vow as true as mine,
To hold both lands and life at nought,
Until her freedom shall be bought,—
Be brand of a disloyal Scot,
And lasting infamy his lot !
Sit, gentle friends ! our hour of glee
Is brief, we'll spend it joyously !
Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,
When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.
Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done !—
Speed messengers the country through ;
Arouse old friends, and gather new ;
Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Etrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts !
Call all, call all ! from Reesdwair path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath ;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring,
The Northern Eagle claps his wing !—"

The dream and death of Allan struck us, both in conception and execution, as one of the sweetest passages in the poem. When his turn of watching arrives, the

poor page soon begins to feel the approach of sleep.

"Again he rous'd him—on the lake
Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,
The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand;—
It was a slumb'rous sound—he turn'd
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathairn's enchanted cell.
Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise;
That hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars!
—Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek?—
No! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's warning scream!
As from the ground he strives to start,
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies!"

The battle is given with Mr. Scott's usual felicity in scenes of this nature. Indeed, the animation and truly martial spirit with which the whole is narrated, bring the varying incidents of the combat full before our eyes, and cannot fail to inspire in the reader a corresponding glow. While the numerous and gay host of the enemy are preparing for the attack, the Bruce orders mass to be performed, and when the Scottish army supplicate on their knees the assistance and protection of heaven in the coming conflict, the English monarch interprets their devotional attitude into a signal of submission. When his mistake is corrected by De Argentine, he directs the archers under Gloucester to begin the fight!

XXII.

"Earl Gilbert waved his trancheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing,
As the wild hail-stones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide;
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!

Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—

—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;

Then, 'Mount, ye gallants free!'
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast.
Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
'Forth Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!'—

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks.
They rush'd among the archer ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Gave note of triumph and of rout!
Awile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the green-wood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry may-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that want to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'er'ta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
'Are these,' he said, 'our yeomen wight?'
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!—
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread.
As far as Stirling rock

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
 Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
 Wild floundering on the field!
 The first are in destruction's gorge,
 Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
 The knightly helm and shield,
 The mail, the axon, and the spear,
 Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
 Loud from the mass confused the cry
 Of dying warriors swells on high,
 And steeds that shriek in agony!
 They came like mountain-torrent red,
 That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
 They broke like that same torrent's wave,
 When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
 Billows on billows burst and boil,
 Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
 And to their wild and tortured groan
 Each adds new terrors of his own;

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
 Was England yet, to yield the fight.
 Her noblest all are here;
 Names that to fear were never known,
 Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
 And Oxford's famed De Vere.
 There Gloucester plied the bloody sword,
 And Berkeley, Grey, and Hereford,
 Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
 Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
 And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
 Names known too well in Scotland's war,
 At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
 Blazed broader yet in after years,
 At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
 Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
 Brought up the rearward battle-line.
 With caution o'er the ground they tread,
 Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
 Till hand to hand in battle set,
 The bills with spears and axes met,
 And, closing dark on every side,
 Raged the full contest far and wide.
 Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
 Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
 And well did Stewart's actions grace
 The sire of Scotland's royal race!
 Firmly they kept their ground;
 As firmly England onward press'd,
 And down went many a noble crest,
 And rent was many a valiant breast,
 And slaughter revell'd round.

XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
 Unceasing blow by blow was met;
 The groans of those who fell
 Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
 That from the blades and harness rang,
 And in the battle-yell.
 Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
 Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;—
 And O! amid that waste of life,
 What various motives fired the strife!
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
 The Patriot for his country's claim;
 This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
 And that to win his lady's love;
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
 From habit some, or hardihood.
 But ruffian stern and soldier good
 The noble and the slave,
 From various cause the same wild road,
 On the same bloody morning, trode,
 To that dark inn the Grave!

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
 Though neither loses yet nor wins,
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
 And scabbard speeds the blow and thrust.
 Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
 And Montague must quit his spear,
 And sinks thy falchion bold De Vere!
 The blows of Berkeley fall less fast,
 And Gallant Pembroke's bugle blast
 Hath lost its lively tone;
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
 'My merry-men, fight on!'

XXVIII.

Bruce with the pilot's wary eye,
 The slack'ning of the storm could spy.
 'One effort more, and Scotland's free!
 Lord of the isles my trust in thee
 Is firm as Ailsa-rock:
 Rush on with Highland sword and target,
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
 Now, forward to the shock!
 At once the spears were forward thrown,
 Against the sun the broad-swords shone;
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—
 'Carrick press on—they fail, they fail!
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
 The foe is fainting fast!
 Each strike for parent, child and wife,
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
 The battle cannot last!'

Edith, stationed on the hill with the
 camp-followers, hears the cry of the ral-
 lying host, and the notes of their trum-
 pets, "twixt triumph and lament;" and
 fearful of the event, passionately calls upon
 them to join their countrymen in the field.

"That rallying force, combined anew,
 Appear'd, in her distracted view,
 To hem the isles-men round;
 'O God! the combat they renew,
 And is no rescue found!
 And ye that look thus tamely on,
 And see your native land o'erthrown,
 O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?'

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
 Rejected from the ranks of war,
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
 But, when mute Amadine they heard,
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,
 A frenzy fired the throng—
 'Portents and miracles impeach
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
 And he that gives the mute his speech,
 Can bid the weak be strong.
 To us, as to our lords, are given
 A native earth, a promised heaven;
 To us, as to our lords, belongs
 The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;

The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms!
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war."

To each canto are prefixed introductory verses. Of these the best are those opening the first, fourth, and fifth cantos. Those of the second are passable; of the third we may say the same—while those of the sixth are decidedly very inferior. We quote those of the fourth canto—a lofty tribute of admiration to the stupendous and solitary scenery of Scotland.

"Stranger! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath
placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listening where from the cliffs the torrents throw
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moan-
ing sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine
eye;

And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage
nigh,
Something that show'd of life, though low
and mean,
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would
have been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows
green.

Such are the scenes where savage grandeur
wakes

An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's
lakes,

In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Cooran rise, and hears Coriston
roar."

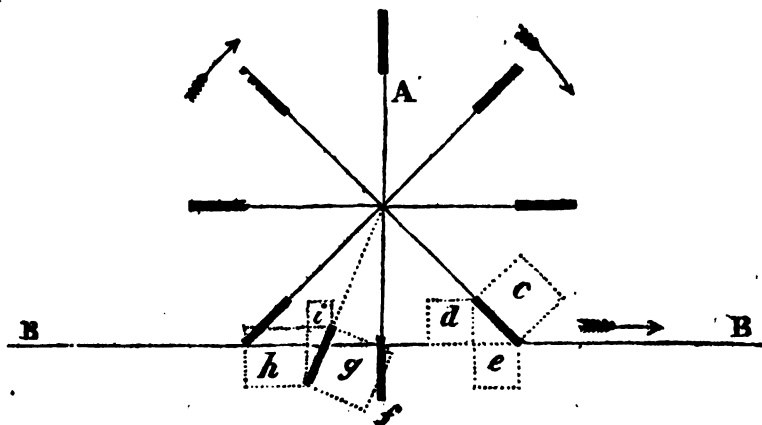
G.

ART. 6. NEW INVENTION.

Propulsion of Navigable Bodies, and Improvement in the Construction of Mills.

HAVING, in a previous number of this work (for June), published some strictures on the propulsion of na-

vigable bodies, introduced by an exposition of the causes of the great losses of power attending the operation of common water-wheels, I embrace the present opportunity to offer the following diagram, in further elucidation of my position.



A. A common water-wheel revolving in the direction of the inclined arrows, the boat advancing in the direction of the horizontal arrow.

B. B. Surface of the water.

c. Square representing the whole force of the impinging paddle.

d. e. Squares together equal to c, and representing the proportions in which the whole force is divided between hori-

zontal propulsion, and perpendicular exertion.

f. When the paddle has arrived at this position, its whole force is propulsive.

g. This square represents the whole force of the paddle, divided horizontally and perpendicularly in the proportions of *h* and *i*, squares together equal to *g*; and so on till the paddle emerges.

To this I may add, that the injurious tendency of the present system of propulsion, is, *in effect*, still further increased beyond the proportion already explained. Suppose a vessel of a certain capacity, having an engine capable of giving it a motion of eight miles per hour, if *none of its power were wasted*. But as three-fourths of the power are wasted, an engine of four times the power, and more than four times the weight, must immediately be substituted—four times the quantity, and weight, of fuel will also be required. The boat must now be enlarged and strengthened to carry the additional burthen, and to sustain the prodigious action of a four-fold engine. Again the engine and fuel must be increased to propel the enlarged boat; and the boat further enlarged and made stronger still, to carry the doubly enlarged engine: proceeding thus, it is true, the engine's power gains at each remove on the boat's size, but does not overtake it until both are *inordinately magnified*. The engine being then, probably, of not less than *six times* the power of that *originally* provided—and the boat enlarged *one half*. Yet, notwithstanding these extravagant incumbrances, steam-boats *must be profitable*, or they would not be continued. But since these mechanical imperfections are inseparable from the present system, they prove indisputably the existence of some egregious error in the application of the power of the *primum mobile*.

If we pause for a moment to inquire into the laws of statics, by which floating bodies are sustained quiescently in water, we shall find:—

1st. The water exerts a perpendicular pressure upward beneath the whole area of the vessel, having a constant tendency to raise it—a tendency as constantly resisted by the gravity (or weight) of the vessel, and therefore it does not rise.

2d. The water exerts a *lateral* pressure in *every direction*, against the sides of the vessel towards the centre, and has a tendency to move it in *every direction*—but as a body can only move, or be moved, in one direction, at one time, the opposite pressures, or tendencies to action, of the water, counteract and destroy each other;

therefore, no motion takes place in any direction.

If external force be applied to the vessel by sails, water-wheels, towing, &c. in any *one* direction, it has the immediate effect of relieving the water pressing in the same direction, from the resistance of the water pressing in an opposite direction, and that pressure, thus released, becomes *active*, and the vessel moves; hence it is that the shape of a ship's after-part is considered all-important by nautical men, in order that the pressure of the water may be received in the most advantageous manner. Now it has already been shown that external force cannot be applied by the operation of water-wheels, as heretofore, without an immense sacrifice of power. But it must be obvious that if power can be employed to remove the pressure of the water in any one direction, an equal pressure in a contrary direction will be released, and becoming active, will move the vessel with the same advantage as external power applied in the most favourable manner. Fortunately for mankind, nature has ordained that power can very easily be so applied, without any other waste than that of the friction of mechanism employed in the operation. How did the lucid intellect of WATT improve the *mechanical effect* of steam? *not* by adding to its power, but by removing a pre-existing natural resistance, obstructing its natural action.

The following simple experiment, within the compass of every one, exemplifies the principle of the discovery elucidated in my last communication, in a pleasing and conclusive manner:—Provide a small model of a boat with a projecting tube inserted at the head, beneath the water line, with a valve at its inward extremity—keep the valve closed by a thread applied to a small lever, so adjusted as to open the valve when the thread is severed—put the boat in water—divide the thread with a lighted taper, to avoid the possibility of accidental impulse from contact—the valve now opens, and the boat moves forward spontaneously its whole length, with accelerated velocity, thrusting the tube before it through the water. Why, if my principle be false, does not the water flow backward through the tube, and the boat remain stationary?—The boat is at length filled, and the water received by the tube being met by the internal opposite end of the boat, motion is impeded, and ceases of course—but were it convenient (it is not in this model) to bail the admitted water, the boat's

progress would be continued, *ad infinitum*, on the principle causing its commencement. A beautiful method of showing the operation of the raceway, is exhibited

in the following figures; making a most fascinating experiment, and of a nature so simple as to be within the reach of any common tin-plate worker:

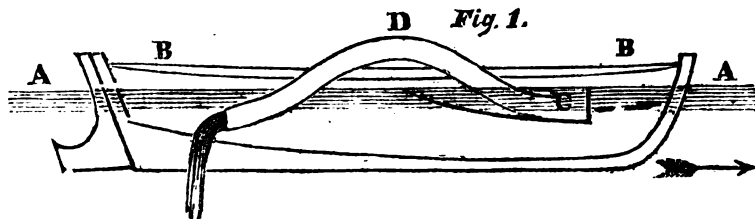


Fig. 2

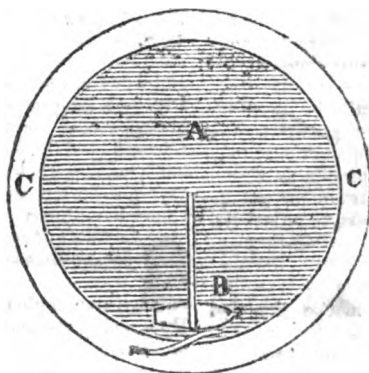


FIG. 1.

- A. A. Surface of the water contained in a circular cistern or pan.
- B. B. A model of a boat floating in the water at the circumference of the cistern.
- C. The raceway attached to the boat.
- D. A siphon, one extremity terminating in the raceway; the other hanging over the cistern, the lower extremities of both legs being placed *exactly on a level*.

FIG. 2.

- A. Bird's-eye view of the circular cistern, full of water.
- B. The boat, raceway, and siphon, connected to a pivot in the centre of the cistern, by an arm, merely to preserve the regular curvilinear direction when in motion.
- C. A circular channel on the outside of the cistern, into which the outer leg of the siphon depends, and discharges water when the apparatus is in action.

Let us now imagine the siphon exhausted of air in the common manner, it of course becomes full of water.—This

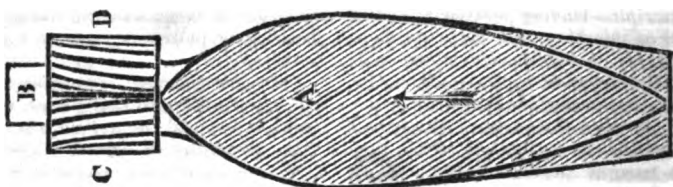
water discharges itself at the outer leg, and the boat instantly advances with rapidity, in the direction of the arrow, and continues in motion, *ad infinitum*, if the emitted water be returned at intervals to the cistern. Now both legs of the siphon being of *equal lengths and inclinations*, it is manifest that the pressure of the water contained within it, cannot be the cause of motion, because that pressure operates equally in two opposing directions. The fact really is that the siphon by merely *allowing* the water opposed to the forward end of the raceway to *flow off* by its own gravity, the pressure of the external water behind the raceway becomes *unbalanced*, and therefore *active*, and imparts motion to the boat, &c. &c. Thus the siphon, in this experiment, effectively performs the office of the water-wheel, as explained in my late disquisition, but cannot do more.

This, my newly-discovered use of the siphon, admits of very *various applications*. Boats may be navigated on canals through its agency, without mechanical or animal power, simply by means of hydrostatic pressure, provided a gutter be

made to carry off the water discharged. If a proper figure be given to the siphon, and an increased length, and inclined spouts, added to the outer leg, the raceway may be omitted. Mills may be constructed with singular economy and advantage on this plan, particularly when the level of the adjacent country does not afford a great head of water ;—the siphon will then communicate motion to machinery from the centre of rotation, or at the circumference, as may be required. And, finally, the movement being nearly devoid of friction, may be variously employed to actuate petty machinery, on very advantageous principles. These latter applications of the siphon, operate on the principle of *Barker's Mill*, but entirely without the great loss of power proceeding from the vis-inertiae of the

water, as explained by Dr. Olivinus Gregory, in his mechanical treatise.

But to return to the subject of the raceway, as applied to mechanical navigation, I find the principle may be brought into action, beneficially, by placing it at the head of a vessel, with two long cylindrical water-wheels, one on each side (as shown in the diagram) having their shafts parallel with the line of the boat's motion. The float-boards *when in the water* being placed obliquely with a gentle spiral backward inclination. When thus circumstanced, the raceway is baled *laterally*, and by a comparative slow mechanical action, the wheels revolving with about one-third of the boat's velocity ;—a fact attended with great practical advantage.



- A. The boat advancing in the direction of the arrow.
- B. The forward end of the raceway.
- C. D. The water-wheels, with inclined float boards, baling the raceway on each side.

These longitudinal water-wheels, may also be applied in raceways at the sides or sterns of vessels with equal advantage.

It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that the idea of this *negative* application of power seems never to have suggested itself either to the ancients or moderns. The Phœnicians—the Egyptians—the Tyrians—the Greeks—the Carthaginians—and the Romans, had their single gallees, their biremes, triremes, &c. all moving by operation against the inertia of the water. The Italian gondolas are still navigated on a similar principle. The schemes of the French engineers are, without exception, modifications of the same idea. The British experimentalists have one and all followed the individual system. The Americans, in the persons of Fitch, Rumsay, Stevens, Allison, and Livingston, have pursued the same plan under various devices: and, lastly, Fulton, following the beaten track, produced results superior to all, just inasmuch as he applied a more powerful *primus mobile*.

Abandoning the law of statics, by which fluids rise spontaneously to their original level, the ancients erected those mighty structures called aqueducts ;—the enlightened moderns effect their purposes by the more convenient ascent of water through tubes. In mechanical navigation the *ancient system* is still pursued ; but, why should not the *natural law*, acting with perfection in the first instance, be appealed to with corresponding efficacy in the second ?

The grand object of propulsion being now achieved on equal terms, it is scarcely possible to contemplate the advantages resulting in a national point of view, (and I might even go further) without risking the charge of immoderate vanity from those who have not devoted their attention to the subject ; but supported as I am, by the fundamental laws of nature, tested by repeated experiments, will I venture to call public attention to a matter fraught with consequences of high importance.

Let every one seriously reflect, that, if steam-vessels, supported as they now are, at an enormous cost, are deemed (and deservedly so) one of the proudest boasts of America, and one of her most distinguished blessings, where, in the long and brilliant perspective of succeeding ages, shall we seek a termination of the benefit to result from a discovery mal-

tipling, in six-fold ratio, the present effect of power? rendering a few horses efficient as the most powerful steam engine; saving its cost, its current expenses, and its other inconveniences; added to those of the massy floating fabric indispensable to support the ponderous action of the mechanical mammoth? Under these circumstances, I say, what daring imagination shall prescribe limits to mechanical navigation?—The frail canoe, and the majestic ship, are alike susceptible of its advantages—and a period may ere long arrive, when mankind, rousing from the lethargic influence of antiquated habit, shall with one voice exclaim, the land is our resting place, but the water is our road!

C. A. BUSBY,

No. 2. Law Buildings.

July 10th, 1818.

Postscript.—Having perused in the last number of this Magazine a description of Mr. Staples' "AIR BOAT," which has, I find, been supposed by some of that gentleman's friends to assimilate itself to my plan, I perceive the mode of propulsion there explained, is that of exhausting certain troughs attached to the boat, by means of what are termed "*Plungers*," working on the principle of a pump, assisted by appropriate valves—the whole being actuated by an *Air Engine*, as a primum mobile.

Referring to my *Catalogue of Schemes*, it appears that the exact idea originated with the great Franklin, being suggested by the learned doctor as a *problematical* improvement on the plan of M. Bernouilli. (Vide, Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1785.) The same method has also been tried frequently in England, and finally a patent was obtained by Mr. James Linaker, in London, July 14, 1808, for various modifications of the same principle. (Vide, Repertory of Arts, second series, vol. 16.) These plans have not been

pursued further, because the pressure of the atmosphere, upon which Mr. Staples places so much reliance, was found to act, unavoidably, in the worst possible direction, having an effectual tendency to force the water backward upon the valves, and thus impede the boat's progress.

The *suggested improvements* to the trough of Mr. Staples' inclined wheel, would seem to trench upon the principles developed in my Essay—but the *application* is so imperfect, that I am convinced Mr. S. cannot have made the experiment. I shall, therefore, never interfere with its adoption. If, in addition to the closed valve described behind the inclined wheel, Mr. S. had added *lateral openings* in the trough, also behind the wheel, the effect would have been improved; for the water would then have found vent on each side, instead of being compelled to rise above the trough, (at a great loss of power) in order to obtain a passage.

An "*Air Engine*," previously suggested by the aeronaut, Montgolfier, was patented in England, about four years since. (Vide, Repertory of Arts, 1815.)—Many expensive experiments (some of which I witnessed) were made under the superintendence of the first mathematicians and mechanicians—but finally the idea was abandoned. The ingenious Mr. Murray, Engineer, of Leeds, (England) has also been many years engaged in a similar pursuit.

The statement of these *facts*, since Mr. Staples would seem to be unacquainted with them, is not intended to detract from the ingenuity, or *personal* originality, of his ideas; particularly as I am informed the subject of which he has treated, is foreign to his ordinary vocations. I cannot, therefore, omit to express my regret that the zeal of his friends should have made it necessary for me to explain matters of record, perhaps not generally known.

C. A. B.

ART. 7. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the *American Monthly Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

I OFFER for insertion, in your valuable Magazine, several short papers read at the Lyceum, during the last sitting, to wit:

1. Dr. Clark's communication on the vivacious or perennial flax, with my own notes.

2. Capt. H. Austin's application of the

VOL. III.—NO. IV.

37

fleece of the Caramanian Goats to the manufacture of hats.

3. Description of a most curious fossil fish, from Westmoreland, Oneida county, N. Y.

As I think them all interesting to science, art, and the country, I place them at your disposal, and assure you at the same time of my highest esteem and regard.

SAM. L. MITCHILL.

New-York, July 14, 1818.

Perennial Flax, described and recommended in a Letter from Dr. Abraham Clark, of Newark, to Samuel L. Mitchill. Read before the Lyceum of Natural History, July 13, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

I offer for your acceptance a specimen of the perennial flax, and a few of my own observations upon its growth, qualities, &c. Perhaps by allowing it to lie on your table, it may attract the attention of others, and elicit something worthy the notice of the agriculturist. Not having the annual flax at hand, I am unable to point out all the differences between them; the principal, which recollection furnishes, are the larger size of the blossoms, less size and darker colour of the seed of the perennial.

With this you will find a small parcel containing flax and tow of this species, with some of the common for comparison, the person who prepared it, says it is equal to hemp in strength.

This specimen is a second years growth, in its more perfect state, 80 stalks are produced from one root. I had a solitary plant in my garden, nine years old, destroyed by accident, without previously showing any indication of decay. To me it has long been interesting, from a belief in its productiveness, strength and utility, at least in the manufacture of cordage. I know not if it has obtained any notice by the agriculturist; the only article I have seen on the subject, was published in the Georgetown Federal Republican, about midsummer, 1815, under the title of *Siberian flax*. I believe it has been observed native in the Missouri country. It is mown about the season of pulling the annual; product equal in quantity and suitable for all the uses, excepting the finer textures, and this too, perhaps, by cutting it earlier. In sowing, I presume, a tenth part of the usual quantity of seed would be sufficient.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ABRM. CLARK.

Newark, July 6, 1818.

NOTE BY DR. MITCHILL.

Siberian Flax.—*Linum perenne*.

Linum calycibus capsulisque obtusis, foliis alternis lanceolatis, caule prostrato.

This flax differs from the *L. usitatissimum*, or common flax, by a stem twice as high as the common known species, or even more than twice as high, by its larger flowers with very entire petals, and by its vivacious root.

Its stems are from 2 1-2 to 3 feet high, straight, cylindrical, smooth, green, leaved, branching at their upper part into a corymbus. Its leaves are lanceolated, or linear-lanceolated, pointed, green, sparse and numerous. The blossoms are very large, blue, peduncled, and situated on the branches, some laterally and others almost to the top. The calyxes are short, composed of fine scales or leaflets, of which the two exterior ones are oval, inclined to a point, and the three others, the inferior ones, are obtuse, almost round, scarious upon the edges.

This plant grows naturally in Siberia, and perhaps in other parts of Europe. It has been cultivated in the Parisian garden. A filament is derived from it, capable of being manufactured into thread and cloth, after the manner of common flax; but the fabrics are neither so fine nor beautiful. The greater part of botanists, have mistakenly quoted the *Linum alpinum* as a synonyme.

Pursh mentions, (1 Flora, &c. p. 210.) a perennial *Linum*, under the name of *L. Lewisii*, as found in the valleys of the rocky mountains, and on the banks of the Missouri. It bears, he observes, large blue flowers,—is a very good perennial, and might probably be worthy of cultivation.

The specific character he gives is, that the leaflets of the calyx are ovato-acuminate; petals cuneate rounded at the points; leaves sparse, lanceolate-linear mucronate; high numerous stems.

On the Goats of Caramania. Read at the Sitting of July 13th, 1818.

To the Lyceum of Natural History, assembled in the New-York Institution.

GENTLEMEN,

I offer for your examination a hat, made of the fur of the goats brought from Bosrah on the Euphrates, by our enterprising fellow citizen, Henry Austin, Esq. in 1816.

It was manufactured by Messrs. Kimberly and Moody of New-Haven; and is light, easy, and comfortable to the head. You will find the hat soft, shining and silky. Specimens of the fabric are in the possession of a few gentlemen in this city. The generosity of the proprietor was limited by the moderate quantity of the material which his very small flock of the creatures has, as yet, afforded.

Be pleased to accept my gratulation, to you, and particularly to rural economists, on the acquisition of this valuable animal. Every friend to the prosperity of the coun-

try, will rejoice to hear that the climate favours their health and that they increase and multiply.

Naturalists appear to be uncertain whether this quadruped is a sheep or a goat. Sir Thomas Pennant describes the Caramanian beast affording the fine fleece as a sheep; and observes that the wool is reserved entirely for the priests and their order. It is stated to be more excellent than that of Cashmere or of Bacharia. The coat of the broad-tailed sheep of Thibet is not superior.

The ancient Caramania, you recollect, is the modern Kerman, a region situated northeast of the Persian gulf, and reaching from Gombroon toward Schiraz and Ispahan. I hope this importation may lead to a profitable manufacture; and who indeed can now doubt it?

S. L. MITCHILL, *President.*

An Account of the Impression of Fish in the Rock of Oneida County, New-York. By Samuel L. Mitchill. Read before the Lyceum of Natural History, July 13, 1818.

Among other considerations leading to a belief that the ancient dam of the Mohawk river, at the little Falls, formerly raised the water high enough to overflow all the country where Rome, Utica, New-Hartford, Vernon, and Oneida now stand, is that of the numerous organic remains discovered on the dry grounds of that elevated region at this day.

The foundation of primitive rock, underlying the whole superstratum, as far as explored, may be judged of, from the silicious hornblend of the Falls, and of the granular quartz at Utica. Upon this, the secondary layers of limestone, iron ore, and argillaceous shist repose.

The latter of these often exhibits, when fractured, the forms of beings that once possessed life. One of the most remarkable of them, is the *impression of a fish*, resting in a mass of clay slate, from the town of Westmoreland, a few miles north of Hamilton College. It was brought by our worthy colleague, Mr. Clarkson. It is tolerably distinct, except a part of the tail, which is wanting. The length of the figure which remains, is nearly four inches, and the greatest breadth rather more than an inch and a half. The head and shoulders are very stout, but taper away rapidly towards the tail. It evidently belongs to the *silure* or *cat-fish* family. Modern ichthyologists have made a number of new sections out of this large genus. *La Cepède* distinguishes by the name of *Malapterurus*, the individuals who differ from the true *silures*, by the

absence of a rayed dorsal fin, and the want of spines to the pectoral fins.

There is but a single species known, and that is the famous *silure* of the Nile, and of the Senegal, which possesses electrical properties, like the torpedo and the gymnotus.

The appearance of this impression warrants the conclusion, that the skin was destitute of scales, and that the pectoral fins had either no rays or soft ones. The figure was made by the back of the fish, for the depressions in the stone corresponding to the prominences of the eyes, and elevations in the stone, corresponding to the sinkings near the shoulders, are very plain.

But, although the fossil fish of Westmoreland agrees with the electrical *silure* in so many particulars, it has two essential marks of difference. The Westmoreland fish appears to have had eight beards or cirrhi to his chin, while the other had but six; and while the living African fish has a smooth and even skin, the New-York fossil one is separated into plates, like those of an insect or crustaceous animal, reaching from side to side, quite across the back. Eleven entire plates, and part of the twelfth, can be counted. They are not so broad near the head and thorax as they are on approaching the tail, for between the pectoral fins they fall short of a quarter of an inch, while on approaching the caudal fin, they gradually enlarge until they exceed that measure.

By conjecture, the lost part of the tail did not amount to more than two inches and a half. The counter part of the specimen, on which the belly of the fish was impressed, does not seem to have been preserved.

It is not known whether there was an adipose fin on the tail, or not: I mean that fin which is usually denominated the second dorsal. There is no trace of it in the stone. Yet, there is so much of the tail left, that I doubt whether the place of its insertion, (if there was an adipose fin,) has been broken away; should that have been the fact, the want of this appendage, will form another point of discrimination between the fossil fish of Westmoreland and the electrical *silure*.

In the present state of our knowledge, it would be presumptuous to affirm that this belonged to any species of fish now known to be alive. And until further inquiry shall show that individuals of this sort yet inhabit the waters, the species under consideration must be ranked with those numerous tribes which their creator has permitted to become extinct.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

I noticed in your number of May, an article respecting the salivation of horses and neat-cattle, and believing the cause there assigned not to be, if correct, the only one, I have thought proper to express to you a few observations which I have made on the subject. The disagreeable salivation to which horses are subject in this country, usually commences about the close of July or the beginning of August, and continues six or eight weeks: it is within this period that the *Lobelia Inflata* flourishes; this plant is peculiarly acrid and directly stimulating to the salivary glands of horses. It is to this plant that we must attribute the evil, for except in those pastures where it may be found, horses are not subject to this complaint. Any person may discover its effects by feeding it to horses; a single plant will generally excite salivation for several hours. It is much to be regretted that a plant which holds so high a rank in the *Materia Medica*, as does the *Lobelia*, should prove so great an evil to the noblest of brute animals, and could any means be devised to prevent its farther spread, or ameliorate its baneful effects, it would be a circumstance truly fortunate. S. W. G.

So long ago as the year 1814, the following queries were prepared by the late John H. Eddy, of this city. He had them printed in the form of a circular, and a number of copies were sent to various gentlemen in different parts of the country to which they relate. Few communications, however, were received in reply; and the multiplied avocations of Mr. Eddy compelled him to postpone the prosecution of his inquiries to a period of greater leisure. But an untimely death, arresting him in the midst of his labours, has torn him from science and his country, and left the task to other hands. With the view of reviving inquiry upon this subject, we publish the circular drawn up by Mr. Eddy, and solicit the attention of the scientific to the topics therein suggested. Any communications, addressed to the Editors, will be gladly received, and immediately placed in the possession of one who will turn them to good account.

New-York, March 14, 1814.

THE unexampled progress of cultivation and improvement in that part of the state of New-York, lying west of the meridian of the village of Utica, and the

surprising increase of its population and produce, present a subject of inquiry highly interesting, not only as affording a basis for a correct calculation of the future advance of our interior settlements to the west, where land and the titles to it are good, and thus affording a glimpse of the scene our country is one day, we may hope, destined to present, but it has opened to the observation of the geographer and the geologist, a number of very curious particulars in its general topography, which do not to my knowledge exist, at least in so remarkable a degree, or to so great an extent, in any other part of the United States. To collect facts relative to these, and by comparing these facts with each other, and judging by the rules of analogy drawn from similar appearances in other parts of the globe, to endeavour to discover the probable cause of the singular features I have mentioned, has induced me to take the liberty of addressing you, and to beg the favour of you to answer the queries inclosed, as far as your knowledge extends, and as much in detail as you conveniently can. But before proceeding to the queries I will add some conjectures of my own, drawn from the very limited means of information I at present possess.

It is well known that there are at the Little Falls of the Mohawk River, evident marks of the rocks having been formerly washed by the waves, or by a current of water one hundred feet above the present surface at the head of the falls. Now it appears, by the levels taken by the surveyors employed by the Commissioners on the Grand Canal, that the surface of the water at that place, is less than sixty feet lower than at Rome, therefore it seems to me there can be no doubt, that when the waters washed the top of the hill at the falls, the country above, along the valley of the river as far as (and much farther than) Rome, must once have been the bottom of a large lake, bounded on each side at no great distance by the uplands, and presenting in shape a long narrow arm, similar to the present lakes Cayuga and Seneca; and as there is a gradual descent in the country west of Rome, as far as Three-River Point, and the elevation from that Point to the falls of the Seneca river near Scawycce, is very inconsiderable, it seems to me equally undoubted, that the waters once reached so far, including the present Cayuga, Cross, Onondaga, and Oneida lakes, the last of which I imagine was near the centre. I suppose this great lake to have been bounded on the east by the hill at

the falls, on the south by the uplands giving rise to the head waters of the Susquehannah, on the north by the elevation of the great step from the lower falls on Genesee to Oswego Falls, and on the east by the uplands between the head waters of Mud Creek and Genesee River. Its extent up the valley of Mud Creek I don't pretend to conjecture, but suppose its length from east to west may have been about a hundred and twenty miles, and its breadth in general about twenty—all the country within these limits is a flat, surrounded by much higher land, and its soil, and likewise its small and almost imperceptible horizontal inclination is, I believe, precisely similar to the muddy bottoms of the lakes I have mentioned.—But the circumstance which seems to me most strongly to corroborate my opinion, is the known decrease in the waters of these lakes, and, of course, diminution in their extent, and the time probably is approaching when they will be entirely drained, and when the land left by the water is covered with timber, (which would soon be the case if left to nature,) it will present a country similar in appearance to that on the south side of Oneida Lake, the Cayuga marshes, &c. with creeks meandering through it like the Seneca River, Oneida, Cowaselon and Wood Creeks, &c. &c.

Please favour me with your ideas on the subject, when convenient, and send me by mail, as far as may be in your power, answers to the following queries.

JOHN H. EDDY.

No. 220 William-street.

1st. Do you know of any additional circumstances confirming the above supposition, such as traces of water at other places much above its present level, and near the supposed boundary I have sketched out?

2d. Are there any traditions among the Indians, that the country was formerly covered with water?

3d. Do you know how far the ridge, on which the *ridge road* is constructed from Lewistown to the lower falls of Genesee, extends to the eastward of Genesee River, and do you know of any other remarkable ridge or steps, similar to that which occasions the falls of Niagara and Oswego? state its height, direction, extent and composition.

4th. What is the composition of rocks in your neighbourhood and how do they lie?—in strata or otherwise? inclined or horizontal?

5th. What strata are observed in the earth in digging wells, &c.

6th. What shells are found? on the surface or what depth? are they similar to the shell-fish at present existing in the adjoining waters, or are they of unknown species? are they found in the hills, or in the valleys, or in both?

7th. Have any bones of animals been found?—of what kind?—in the hills, or in the valleys, or in both?

8th. Do you know of any petrifications in your neighbourhood?—of what kind? and do they resemble things now existing, or are they of unknown substances, are they found in the hills, or in the valleys, or in both?

9th. What trees or plants are peculiar to the respective soils of the valley of the lake I have supposed, and the uplands? (Note, the botanical names of trees and plants should be mentioned, if in your power, the English names being applied to very different species in different parts of the country.)

10th. Do you know of any means of ascertaining, or estimating, the age of the forest trees which grow on the old Indian fortifications?

11th. Do you know at what rate per annum the lakes in your neighbourhood decrease? or how much have they decreased within your knowledge, or that of credible people?

12th. Are there any Indian hieroglyphics extant in your neighbourhood? can you send me a copy, with the meaning if it can be obtained—or drawings and plans of any Indian antiquities?

13th. I have heard that the Indians on the Mississippi, whose language is totally different, can yet understand each other very correctly by means of signs; is it so with those in your neighbourhood, and can you describe their method?

14th. What effect has the clearing and settling the country had on the climate—do the streams diminish, and in what degree?

15th. What is the present variation of the magnetic needle with you, and what has it been formerly, and at what places observed?

16th. It has been remarked in Europe that the variation was affected by an earthquake, can you recollect about the time of the late earthquakes, which extended (I believe) northeasterly from the Mississippi, about two years ago, that there was any change in the variation, and how much?

17th. Have you ever observed the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, in your neighbourhood? when and where? and describe the phenomena—can you re-

collect any change in the variation at the time? this has been observed in Europe.

18th. What do you suppose may be the average elevation of the hills in your neighbourhood above their base?

19th. Send me a description, and (if convenient) a drawing of any singular and unaccountable natural feature in the country, or of any extraordinary phenomena.

20th. How far can the great step, which occasions the falls of Niagara, be traced into Canada, and in what direction—the same of the ledge which occasions the rapids at Black Rock.

21st. Latitudes and longitudes of any part of the country will be very important in constructing a correct map of the state, and if you can furnish me with any useful observations, they will be highly acceptable,—please to describe the observation, and the instruments used.

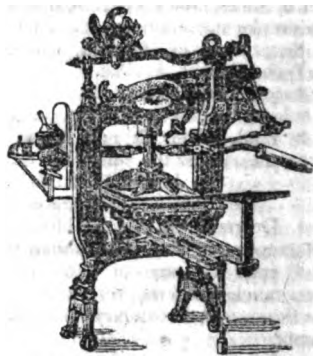
The Columbian Printing-Press.

While the United States are not inferior to any other nation in original inventions, they undoubtedly far surpass many of them in those improvements which are calculated to become truly useful. Our pin and card factories, which heretofore in Europe required the labour of so many workmen, in this country, under the guidance of genius, not only attract the man of business, but have become the resort of the inquisitive and the curious. The use of steam, as applied to vessels, and the great number of patents annually issued, speak so loudly in proof of the assertion, that it would be superfluous to enlarge on this subject. These remarks were intended to introduce an eulogium, which it seems experienced printers have seen fit to pronounce on the Columbian printing press; and it is sincerely hoped it may prove a benefit to all concerned. It may not be amiss, previous to giving this article, to take a comparative view of those now in use.

Many new models of printing presses have been produced in this country—but most of them have failed: and some may have been condemned prematurely. In England, the Stanhope press has generally been preferred, and the profession, in this country, duly appreciate its merits. In Scotland, what is called the Ruthven press is in considerable use, and some have been imported, one of which is in operation in Philadelphia. The power is given by a compound lever; and instead of acting above the platen, it is fixed beneath the bed. An objection to this is, that the platen traverses, instead of what

in other presses is called the carriage; by which means the workman has to go through a movement to which he is entirely unaccustomed; the platen having to be pulled over, and pushed from the form, with an exertion, each of which would give the Columbian press sufficient force to make the impression. The pull is made by a bar fixed where the rounce of the common press is situated, and requires power equal to the running in one on the old plan. Even if it would work with the same facility as those now in use, we think insurmountable objections would be raised to the manner of its movements. The difficulty of drilling men from old and approved customs into new, and, at most, doubtful systems, is sure to prove a present detriment, without the certainty even of a future benefit. In England there has been a steam press introduced, on which principle two newspapers in London are now printed; but from the enormous expense, and the inutilty of them in America, it must be a long time before it will be advantageous or necessary to use them here.

The following cut exhibits an accurate view of Mr. Clymer's press.



Of the Columbian press, the following from the profession, will give the most correct idea:

New-York, June 17, 1818.

The undersigned, who have actually used, or witnessed the operations of the Columbian printing press, invented by Mr. Clymer of Philadelphia, most cheerfully embrace an opportunity to speak of it to their brethren in the profession, who, from their local situations, have not yet experienced the advantages resulting from it. Setting aside the benefit arising from the ease and facility of working this press, the obtaining two parallel and accurate surfaces, is particularly worthy of consideration;—for, by this, an even

impression is acquired with the assistance of but one press-blanket; the type is not subject to wear uneven, and the elasticity that two, and sometimes more press-blankets give, by indenting deeper into the hair strokes of the letter than the bolder parts (which are more capable of resisting, on account of having a broader surface) and destroying, in a short time, the beauty of the type with the common press, is, in a great degree, prevented in this. The derability of this press, from being wholly made of cast and wrought iron, we presume, cannot for a moment be doubted. We also would express a pleasing disappointment at its so seldom becoming out of order, in consequence of the strength so properly given to those parts most requiring it.

The Columbian press, for power, facility, even impression, and beauty of mechanical construction, we cannot hesitate to say, we think, excels any thing of the kind now in use, and apprehend the day is yet distant, when it will be surpassed in either of those particulars. As we feel it a duty to encourage new inventions in our own country, more especially when we can serve our brethren, and advance the welfare of the profession by it, we seriously beg leave particularly to recommend the Columbian press to consideration, and general adoption.

COLLINS & Co.
MICH. BURNHAM & Co.
LANG, TURNER, & Co.
AMOS BUTLER,
LEWIS & HALL,
DWIGHT & WALKER,
N. PHILLIPS,
SAMUEL WOODWORTH,
GEO. LONG,
ABM. PAUL,
JONA. SEYMOUR,
EPHM. CONRAD,
ORAM & MOTT,
ALEXR. MINGE,
CLAYTON & KINGSLAND,
J. DESNOUES,
WM. GRATAN & Co.
DAY & TURNER,
BENJAMIN G. JANSEN.

In the Crawford Weekly Messenger, published at Meadville, Pennsylvania, may be found a series of valuable articles, under the signature of Agricola; to one number of that series, is appended the following note. We publish it, not only because the information it conveys is highly interesting, but also because, knowing the author, we can vouch for

its authenticity. Speaking of the indigenous productions of Western Pennsylvania, and more particularly of the unoccupied forests of Venango county, he remarks:

"A botanist, would be charmed with the bounties of Flora, in these woods, so open that they might seem pasture-fields, with here and there a tree. Of the indigenous grasses alone, there is an endless variety, and of flowering plants, which clothe the ground with rich and blooming verdure. I mention as a fact deserving notice and consideration, that these supplies nourish wild bees in incredible profusion: ten bee-trees having been found, in less than four months past, within one mile of my cabin, and not a rod of land had been cleared, within that distance, prior to twelve months last! It should be noticed that these grasses, which flourish in wild luxuriance, supplying a rich pasturage in the partial shade of open woodlands, will probably soon disappear whenever the lands are opened to the full influence of the solar rays. Will no Pennsylvanian seek to preserve them to posterity, and to enrich our agriculture by new varieties? If the seeds were preserved from the wild plant, cultivated with care, and by degrees, inured to the culture of open fields, it can hardly be doubted they would prove highly useful; and the more especially, as, having originated in it, they must be perfectly adapted to this soil and climate. Among all the grasses I ever saw, cultivated for hay or pasturage, I have seen none presenting so large a proportion of leaves, compared with the weight and bulk of the whole stock, as do some of these, one in particular. New and useful varieties of grain might very possibly be obtained also—for all our grain is of the family of grasses. There is a tall grass, four or five feet high, which grows much like our cultivated rye, except that every stock is crowned with three heads instead of one: the seed is small, and darker coloured; but who can tell what might be the effect of cultivation upon it, through several years, or vegetable generations? Of medicinal roots, and such as seem to promise new varieties of edibles. I have noticed a great many: and though my object is only to awaken public attention, I cannot omit to mention a wild potato, that grows every where around my cabin. I have found two to three, and six of them, in succession, on a lateral root, from one to six inches apart, from the size of a nutmeg to that of a common hen's egg. They are nearly round, and when cut, exude a milky juice, (a cir-

cumstance indicating the necessity of caution in tasting or eating them) but this only from the skin, while all the rest looks dry, brittle like an artichoke, and mealy. On being roasted, its taste is a compound of the common cultivated potato, and the sweet potato of the south. It is as mealy as either, and cooks with as little heat, though the skin is considerably thicker. It may be proper to observe that the land about me is wooded with chesnut, four or five kinds of oak, the red and white hickory, &c. where these vegetables are found; and that people should be cautious of eating new and untried roots, however specious their appearance."

For the American Monthly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

The communication from the pen of Mr. Hitchcock, relative to errors in my edition of the Nautical Almanac, deserves notice, and he is entitled to much credit for his perseverance. The ground on which I defended my editions, was the presumption, that the English edition, published at the expense of government, was correct, and I still assert no deviations were made till the Almanac for 1819 went to press, which I had recalculated, and corrected ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN ERRORS. Since this, Mr. H. has examined my edition for 1819, and discovered THIRTY-FIVE

ERRORS, all which I have corrected with the pen, in the copies on hand, and beg him to accept my thanks for the information, whatever may be his motive. Candour dictates he should say where the errors originated; and I still challenge him to point out one instance where I have deviated in publishing nine editions of the Nautical Almanac, except in the instances named by me, where errors were previously discovered. I have the English Nautical Almanac for 1820, now in the hands of two gentlemen, celebrated for their mathematical science, and when finished by them, will thank Mr. H. to amuse himself in going over the pages; after which, I will publish the work, and if a deviation is made from copy, of one figure, then I will acknowledge the confidence so liberally experienced by me, to be misplaced, and at once resign the *plume* I have twenty years experienced, of publishing nautical works (which of all others, should be entirely free from error) to other hands. Till then, Mr. H. will be pleased to continue his labours, and contribute all in his power to that perfection which guides the mariner through the pathless ocean, and relieves the solitude of a respectable class of society, which it is a duty incumbent on every man to aid.

With great respect,

The public's obedient servant,

EDMUND M. BLUNT.

New-York, July, 1818.

ART. 8. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THE Lyceum of Natural History, in this city, will shortly publish: *A Catalogue of the indigenous plants growing in the vicinity of the city of New-York.*

CHARLES GALLAUDET, New-York, proposes to publish *The Miscellaneous Works of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

SCHAEFFER & MAUND, Baltimore, propose to publish a weekly paper, entitled *Journal of the Times*; to be edited by PAUL ALLEN, Esq.

ISAAC PEIRCE, Philadelphia, has published "A brief Memoir of the Life of William Penn, compiled for the use of young persons, by Priscilla Wakefield."

TANNER, VALLANCE, KEARNEY & Co. Philadelphia, have published a two sheet Map of South-America, including the West-Indies.

EDDY & KEMMEL, Shawanee Town, Illinois, have commenced issuing a *news-paper*.

Mr. J. JOHNSON, Wilmington, Del. has constructed an improved *Diving Druon*, which affords the diver considerable scope and light for working under water. He enjoys a constant renewal of respirable air, and is supplied with the means of conversation with those persons who may be at the surface of the water.

Arrangements are making to establish an *Agricultural Society* in Genesee, N. Y.

An *Agricultural Society* has been organized in the district of *Maine*. The Hon. Judge Wilde is President.

The *Oneida Indians*, in this state, have formed amongst themselves an AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Gen. WILSON has sent to the President of the Lyceum, a curious specimen of *Amber*, which occurred at Crosswicks, not far from Trenton, *New-Jersey*. It is figured by the mineralized wood, and filled by the marine shells of the stratum in which it was found.

Manganese has been recently discovered on Big Sandy River, in the vicinity of Greeshburg, Ky. where it occurs in great abundance.

Professor MITCHELL, the Rev. F. C. SCHAEFFER, Mr. PIERCE and Dr. TOWNSEND have lately laid a geological report before the Lyceum, relative to the interesting region of *Kingsbridge*, near this city. *Kingsbridge* is memorable for its strata of primitive limestone. These, it is understood, extend in a northerly direction, to Missisquoi-bay, in the extremity of Vermont, bordering on lower Canada. It is crystallized and granular. The layers are nearly vertical; and in some places, as lately observed by the above named gentlemen, *the calcareous rock contains veins of granite*, several inches wide. Quartz, amorphous and crystallized; Micaceous and crystallized; Rubellite; Adularia; Pyroxene; brilliant Pyrites; and Titanium, &c. impart a peculiar interest to this formation.

Frequent applications have been made to us for information respecting the present condition of Harvard University, and the requisites for admission into that seminary. For the sake of fully satisfying such inquiries, we publish the following circular of President Kirkland, on the present state of the University, which conveys all the information sought: it is copied from the North-American Review.

Circular Letter relating to Harvard University.—The following is a circular letter, containing facts in the present state of the seminary, designed to be sent to candidates for admission, their instructors and friends, to parents and guardians of students admitted, and to other persons who have an immediate interest in the University, or apply for information respecting it.

ADMISSION.—Candidates for admission are examined by the president, professors, and tutors. No one is admitted to examination, unless he have a good moral character, certified in writing by his preceptor, or some other suitable person. To be received to the freshmen class, the candidate must be thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, including prosody; be able properly to construe and parse any portion of the following books, viz. Dacier's *Collectanea Græca Minora*, the Greek Testament, Virgil, Sallust, and Cicero's *Select Orations*, and to translate English into Latin correctly;—he must be well versed in ancient and modern geography;

VOL. III.—NO. IV.

the fundamental rules of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, simple and compound, single and double fellowship, alligation medial and alternate, and algebra, to the end of simple equations, comprehending also the doctrine of roots and powers, arithmetical and geometrical progression.* Adam's Latin Grammar, the Gloucester Greek Grammar, and Cummings' Geography, are used in the examination for admission.

The usual time of examination for the freshmen class is the Friday next after Commencement. Those, who are necessarily prevented from offering themselves at that time, may be examined at the beginning of the first term. If any one be admitted after the first Friday of October, he will be charged for advanced standing.

Persons may be admitted to advanced standing at any part of the College course, except that no one can be admitted to the senior class after the first Wednesday of December. Every one admitted to advanced standing, in addition to the requisites for the freshmen class, must appear on examination to be well versed in the studies pursued by the class into which the candidate desires to enter. He must also pay into the college treasury a sum not under sixty dollars, nor exceeding one hundred, for each year's advancement, and a proportional sum for any part of a year. Any scholar, however, who has a regular dismission from another college, may be admitted to the standing, for which, on examination, he is found qualified, without any pecuniary consideration.

Before the matriculation of any one accepted on examination, a bond is to be given in his behalf in the sum of four hundred dollars, for the payment of college dues, with two satisfactory sureties, one to be an inhabitant of the state.

COMMENCEMENT, when the degrees are given, is on the last Wednesday of August. There are three TERMS, during which the members of the University must be present. The first or Fall term, from the first to the second vacation; the second or Spring term, from the second

* *An Introduction to the Elements of Algebra* has been published at Cambridge, adapted to beginners, which contains those parts of algebra above enumerated, together with several chapters upon quadratic equations, intended for those who may have leisure and inclination to extend their inquiries on this subject. *An Elementary Treatise of Arithmetic*, soon to be published at the same place, comprehends those parts of arithmetic, which are required for admission, and will be used in examinations after 1818.

to the third vacation; the third or Summer term, from the third vacation to commencement.—There are three VACATIONS; the first, from commencement, four weeks and two days; the second, from the fourth Friday in December, seven weeks; the third, from the third Friday in May, two weeks;—the senior sophisters are allowed to be absent from the seventh Tuesday before commencement.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION AND STUDY for under graduates, not admitted to advanced standing, comprises four years. The following are the principal authors and studies assigned to the several classes. The proportion of time devoted to each book or exercise may be nearly ascertained by the annexed table.

FRESHMEN.

1. Collectanea Græca Majora. Daltzell. 2 vols. 8vo.
 2. Titus Livius, libri v. priores. 12mo.
 3. Q. Horatius Flaccus, Editio expurgata. Cantab. 12mo.
 4. H. Grotius, De Veritate religionis Christianæ. 12mo.
 5. Excerpta Latina. Wells, Boston. 8vo.
 6. Algebra and Geometry.
 7. Ancient History and Chronology.
 8. Walker's Rhetorical Grammar.
 9. English Grammar.
 10. Adam's Roman Antiquities.
- Exercises in reading, translation, and declamation.

SOPHOMORES.

1. Continued.
5. Continued and finished.
11. Cicero de Oratore.
12. Algebra,—Trigonometry and its application to heights and distances, and Navigation.
13. Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric. 2 vols. 8vo.
14. Modern History and Chronology.
15. Hedge's Elements of Logic, 12mo.
16. Lock's Essay on the Human Understanding. 2 vols. 8vo.

Exercises in declamation and English composition once a fortnight.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

1. Continued and finished.
16. Continued and finished.
17. Iliad, Homer, Mattaire's ed. four or five books.
18. Juvenal and Persius expurg; or equivalent part of Tacitus. Wells & Lilly, Boston. 3 vols. 12mo.
19. Paley's Evidences of Christianity. 8vo.
20. Willard's Hebrew Grammar. Cambridge, 1817. 8vo.

21. No. 1 and 2 of Whiting & Watson's Hebrew Bible, or Psalter.
22. Greek Testament, critically. Griesbach's ed. Cambridge, 1809.
23. Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Enfield. 4to.
24. Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. 2 vols. 8vo.
25. Paley's Moral Philosophy. 8vo.
26. Mensuration of Superficies and Solids, and Surveying.

Public declamations, forensic disputes once a month—themes once a fortnight.

N. B. Instead of 20, 21, those above twenty-one years of age, and others, on the written request of their parent or guardian, may attend to Mathematics with the private Instructor, or Greek and Latin, or French.

SENIOR SOPHISTERS.

23. Continued.
24. Continued.
27. Conic Sections and Spheric Geometry.
28. Chemistry.
29. Natural and Politic Law. Burlamaqui. 2 vols. 8vo.
30. Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy.—Political Economy.
31. Butler's Analogy of Religion to the constitution and course of Nature. 8vo.

Declamations, forensics, and themes, the two first terms as in the junior year.

Table of Private Exercises.

FRESHMEN.

Morning exercise.—Monday to Saturday, inclusive.—Greek and Latin. Through the year.

Forenoon.—Monday to Friday.—Algebra and Geometry; 1st and 2d terms, and 3 weeks of 3d term. English Grammar; 4 weeks of 3d term.

Forenoon.—Saturday.—Declamation, History, and Antiquities. Through the year.

Afternoon.—Monday to Friday.—Greek and Latin. Through the year.

SOPHOMORES.

Morning.—Monday to Saturday.—Greek and Latin. Through the year.

Forenoon.—Monday to Friday.—Greek and Latin; 1st term. Rhetoric; 2d term. Mathematics; 3d term.

Forenoon.—Saturday.—History, and Declamation or English composition. Through the year.

Afternoon.—Monday to Friday.—Geometry; 1st and 2d terms. Logarithms and Intellectual Philosophy; 3d term.

JUNIORS.

Morning.—Monday to Saturday.—Me-

taphysics; 1st term. Natural Philosophy; 2d and 3d term.

Forenoon.—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—Theology; 1st term. Hebrew, or substitute; 2d term. Mathematics; 3d term.

Forenoon.—Thursday.—Forensics or Themes. Through the year.

Afternoon.—Monday to Thursday.—Greek and Latin; 1st and 2d terms. Moral Philosophy; 1st seven weeks of 3d term. Greek Testament; last five weeks of 3d term.

SENIORS.

Morning.—Monday to Friday.—Mathematics and Chemistry; 1st and half 2d term. Moral and Political Philosophy; half 2d and 3d term.

Forenoon.—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—Astronomy; 1st term. Theology; 2d term.

Forenoon.—Thursday.—Forensics or Themes; 1st and 2d terms.

Afternoon.—Monday to Thursday.—Moral and Political Philosophy; 1st term. Intellectual Philosophy; 2d term to April.

The Instructor of French and Spanish attends two days in the week, to give lessons to such members of each class as desire to learn either or both of those languages—and three days in the week on such as pursue French as a substitute for Hebrew.

N. B. The following is the rule of the Immediate Government in respect to candidates for *advanced standing*, who may have pursued their studies in a different order from that which is observed in this seminary.

“Whereas, in consequence of the different order of studies in the different colleges, candidates from other colleges for advanced standing in this, while deficient in some branches, may yet have anticipated others; so that on the whole they have learned an equal amount of the studies of this seminary, with the class, for admission to which they apply; in such cases the Immediate Government will receive the anticipated, for the deficient studies. Provided, however, no studies shall be received in compensation but such as form a part of the course at this college; and that the candidate have so much knowledge in each department as to be able to go on with the class. And the applicant shall be admitted only on condition that he afterwards make up such deficient studies, to the satisfaction of the Government upon examination; and should he neglect so to do, his connexion with the University shall be forfeited. Candidates from such a distance, as ren-

ders it difficult to obtain a knowledge of the exact order of studies at this college, shall be entitled to the privilege of the foregoing rule?”

Where persons have been led by circumstances to pursue their preparatory studies in approved text books other than those in use here, they will be examined accordingly.

Lectures, distinct from private exercises, are delivered to the whole college, or to one or more classes, or a select number of undergraduates or graduates, by the several professors;—on Divinity, to the whole college, part of every Lord's Day;—on Sacred Criticism, Philology, Rhetoric and Oratory, and Physics, Friday at 10 o'clock, and Saturday at 9 o'clock;—on Intellectual Philosophy—on Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity at times to be appointed;—on Astronomy, on Mineralogy and Geology, three forenoons in a week first term of the senior year. A full course of experimental Philosophy; of Chemistry; and a course of Anatomy, with preparations; a limited number on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, and the lectures of the Royall Professor of Law are given, three or four times a week, in each department, between the first of April and the middle of July. The course of Botany is twice a week, between the first Wednesday in April and the seventh Friday before Commencement, and of Zoology weekly the rest of the year. Besides these are the Dexter Lectures, occasionally given, on Biblical Criticism; those on the History and Polity of our churches, and those given to graduates and to students in the learned professions.

Besides the recitations and literary exercises before stated, there is a public examination of each class in the third term, and a public exhibition of performances in composition and elocution, and in the mathematical sciences three times a year; the Bowdoin prize dissertations read in the chapel the third term, the collection of theses to be printed at Commencement, the performances of Commencement day, and the speaking for Boylston prizes the day after.

An attendance is permitted on such teachers of polite accomplishments, as are approved by the authority of the college.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES, AND THE OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY. The members of the college attend prayers and the reading of the Scriptures in the chapel every morning and evening, when the President, or in his absence, a pro-

essor or tutor officiates;—and the religious services of the Christian Sabbath in the University chapel, which are conducted by the president, who preaches on one part of the day; and by the Hollis Professor of Divinity, who delivers a lecture on the other part. There is a university church of the congregational order, in which the ordinances are administered, and of which the officers last mentioned are the ministers.

Any undergraduate, who is above twenty-one years of age, and has been brought up to attend public worship at an episcopal church, who proposes to attend steadily on that service in Cambridge, on signifying in writing the fact, and his desire to the President, may have leave so to attend.—Any one under age, who has been accustomed to worship at an episcopal church, may have leave to attend steadily upon that service in Cambridge, provided it be the desire of his parent or guardian, signified in the manner aforesaid.

The college CHARGES are made in four quarter bills, of which the annual amount, to those not beneficiaries, is as follows:

Steward, - - - - -	\$10
Board in commons 38 weeks of term time, at about \$3 per week, - - - - -	114
Room rent, - - - - -	12
Instruction two first years, \$46 each year, third year 64, fourth year 74—average, - - - - -	57 50
Librarian, repairs, lecture rooms, and catalogues and contingences, - - - - -	8
Wood, - - - - -	16
Books used in the classes, -	15

\$232 50

The room rent and wood are estimated upon the condition that two students live in a college room, and divide the expense. The rent of a room in a private house, near the college, is about fifty dollars a year; and the price of a room and board in a family from four to six dollars a week.

The foregoing charge for instruction is the whole expense under this head, and gives a student access to the lectures and recitations of the various professors and instructors, including French and Spanish, with the following exceptions, viz. For the lectures of the Professor of Natural History, on which attendance is voluntary, the fee is six dollars for the first course of Botany—for a second course four, and for Zoology nine dollars a year. The attendance on the private instructor

in Mathematics, which is also optional, is a separate charge, at the rate of seven dollars and fifty cents a quarter.

The principal part of the other expenses of a student, such as clothes and allowance of spending money, so far as the reputation, morals, improvement and happiness of the pupil are concerned, can be estimated by the judicious. The authority and influence of those intrusted with the government of the seminary are anxiously exerted to prevent extravagance, and to discountenance the culpable and pernicious emulation in expense, which may sometimes appear in particular members of the society. Still, much will depend in this respect on the course adopted by the parent, as well as on the character of the pupil. To provide an additional security, the following law, requiring the appointment of a patron, has been passed.

“Whereas, students from distant places, wanting the particular advice and control of friends, are liable to unnecessary and improper expenses, every student, not of this commonwealth, shall have some gentleman of the college or of the vicinity, approved, and if the parent or guardian desire, appointed by the president, who shall have charge of the funds, and superintend the expenses of said student, and without whose permission he shall not contract debts, on the penalty of dismission from the college or other punishment.”

GRADUATES of this and other colleges, of good character, are permitted to reside at the University for the purposes of study, and have access to the library and lectures.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY of the University was established by the corporation and overseers, assisted by the Society for promoting Theological Education at the University.—Graduates of any public college or university, of suitable character, may reside at the university as students in divinity.

They are to be recommended to the corporation by the President and Hollis Professor of Divinity; and when their distance or other circumstances require, to produce proper testimonials.

Applications are to be made in person or by letter to the President, or Professor of Divinity, or to the Registrar of the University.

The pecuniary assistance, at the disposal of the corporation and trustees of the society, for the benefit of theological students, is to be applied, first to those alone, whose characters, abilities, and improve-

ments afford the promise of usefulness; and secondly, with a regard to what their circumstances make necessary to enable them to devote their whole time, or the greatest part of it, to their preparation for the ministry.

It is understood that a faithful use of their advantages, and an exemplary conduct, are indispensable conditions of their receiving the aid of the institution.

INSTRUCTIONS AND EXERCISES.—The theological students are to attend the religious services of the college chapel, as well as to have devotional exercises with each other. They have access to the public lectures of the several professors in Cambridge and in Boston, on the moral and physical sciences. The theological and ethical studies are divided into three annual courses, corresponding to three classes, and are superintended by gentlemen in different offices in the University, or members of the corporation or overseers, whose lectures and exercises the students are to attend, as follows:—In the *Evidences of Revelation*, *Christian Theology*, and the interpretation of the Scriptures, by the President and Hollis Professor of Divinity. The Hebrew and Greek Old Testament, by the Professor of Hebrew and the Greek Professor. Elements of Biblical Criticism, by the Dexter Lecturer. Composition of Sermons, and Pulpit Oratory, by the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric. On Ecclesiastical Polity, and especially the History and Constitution of the American and New-England Churches, by the Rev. Dr. Holmes. The Pastoral Office, by the Rev. W. E. Channing. Intellectual Philosophy, by the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Natural Religion and Ethics, by the Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity.

A LAW SCHOOL is established at the University, under the superintendence of the University Professor of Law.

Candidates for admission to the Law School must be graduates of some college, or qualified by the rules of the courts to become students at law, and of good moral character. They will be required to give bond for the payment of quarterly dues, including the fee for instruction, which is not to exceed one hundred dollars annually. Those who desire it, will be furnished with commons on the same terms as other members of the University; and, as far as possible, with lodging rooms. They will be allowed to attend, free of expense, the lectures of the Royall Professor of Law, the private

lectures on Intellectual and on Moral and Political Philosophy designed for graduates; also the public lectures of the Professors generally, comprising the courses on Theology, Rhetoric and Oratory, Philology, natural and experimental Philosophy and Astronomy, Anatomy, Chemistry and Mineralogy, and other branches relating to Physical science. The Law students are to have access to the University library, on the same conditions as resident graduates, as well as to the Law library, which shall be established.

A degree of Bachelor of Laws is instituted in the University, to be conferred on such students as shall have remained at least eighteen months at the University School, and passed the residue of their novitiate in a manner approved. Applications in writing or in person may be made to the Registrar of the University, or to the President, or to the Professor of Law.

In the MEDICAL SCHOOL, the lectures for Medical students are delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College of Harvard University in Boston; they commence annually on the third Wednesday in November, and continue for three months. Students, before attending the lectures, are to be matriculated by entering their names with the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. The degree of Doctor of Medicine is given twice a year, viz. at the close of the lectures, and at the public Commencement in August. Candidates must pass a satisfactory private examination, and at a public examination read and defend a dissertation. Before being admitted to private examination, the candidate must have attended two courses of lectures in the Medical college on each of the following subjects, viz. Anatomy and Surgery, Chemistry, and the Theory and Practice of Physic,—he must have employed three years in professional studies under the direction of a regular practitioner, including the time occupied in attending the lectures. If not educated at the University, he must satisfy the Faculty of his knowledge of Latin and experimental Philosophy. He shall be examined upon the following branches, viz. Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Pharmacy, Midwifery, Surgery, and the Theory and Practice of Medicine. The students, during the lectures, have access to the Medical College Library of 4000 volumes, and the Boylston Medical Library, Cambridge; and they have opportunities of seeing practice. The fees for the lectures are as follows:—

for the course on Anatomy and Surgery \$20, Chemistry and the Theory and Practice of Physic \$15 each, Materia Medica and Midwifery, each \$10. The fee for the degree of M. D. to one who has not taken a degree at any university or college is \$20, to a Bachelor of Arts \$15, to a Master of Arts \$10.

The officers of the University, concerned in the instruction or immediate administration, are a President, one or more Professors in each of the following branches: Divinity, Law, Theory and Practice of Medicine, Anatomy and Surgery, Chemistry and Mineralogy, the Greek language, Greek literature, Latin language and literature, French and Spanish languages and literature, Hebrew and other oriental languages, Natural History, Mathematics and Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Intellectual Philosophy, Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity, Rhetoric and Oratory, Belles Lettres, the Rumford Professor on the application of the Mathematical and Physical sciences to the useful arts, a Lecturer on Sacred Criticism, on Ecclesiastical History and Polity, on Materia Medica, on Obstetrics, two Tutors in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a Librarian, Instructor in French and Spanish, Regent, Proctors and Registrar.

JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND,
President.

FOREIGN.

Under the auspices of government a College is to be established at *Buenos Ayres*.

Mr. J. E. Dekay, a gentleman of this city, now pursuing the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, among other interesting articles of intelligence which he communicates to Professor Mitchell, states: passing through London, on my way from Paris, I was shown a most magnificent work by Mr. ABBOT, on the Birds and Insects of *Georgia*. It was the labour of twenty years, and contains more than five thousand figures. Every plate was drawn and coloured by himself; and is accompanied with specific characters in his own hand-writing. The work has been extended to twenty quarto volumes, and commands the price of two hundred and fifty guineas the set. This

sum puts it almost beyond the reach of a private individual, but I should rejoice to hear that some of our learned societies had become purchasers."

H. R. SAUERLANDER in Aarau, and WILLIAM SCHAEFFER in Frankfort on the Maine, Germany, publish a periodical work, entitled: Contributions towards a *History of our own Time*, edited by H. Zachokke. One of the late numbers contains a translation of Gov. CLINTON's Introductory Discourse before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York.

EUSEBIUS SALVERTE, a learned citizen of Geneva, has translated into the French language, and accompanied with an erudite comment, Professor MITCHILL's *Paper on the Population of America*. The whole has been published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, and appears to be a subject of an interesting discussion in the city where CALVIN and ROSSEAU resided.

An aggregated substance was found in the diamond mines in Brazil, containing diamonds, gold, iron, &c. A specimen of this mass has been sent to Mr. Marre, England, who is to examine this *gangue of the Diamond*.

Professor WARZUR of Marburg, has found the *oxide of iron*, and a trace of the *oxide of manganese* in a *human calculus*. He has met with both the same oxides in *pulmonary concretions*.

VON LEONHARD, an eminent mineralogist of Munich, is appointed Professor of Mineralogy at Heidelberg.

Of the greatest Astronomers now living in Europe, *thirteen are Germans, eight Italians, four Frenchmen*. Two are assigned to Great Britain, two to Spain and Portugal, and to all the northern European Nations, three.

At a late meeting of the *Horticultural Society of London*, Professor HOSACK, of this city, was elected an honorary member. The same gentleman has also recently been elected one of the twelve honorary members of the *Medical and Chirurgical Society of London*.

At a late meeting of the *Linnean Society of London*, on the 5th of May last, there were three vacancies of foreign membership, caused by deaths during the past year. These vacancies were filled by the election of Baron F. H. A. DE HUMBOLDT, of Berlin, Professor CUVIER, of Paris, and Governor CLINTON of New-York.

ART. 9. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

MR. RUSH, the American minister, has been presented to the Prince Regent in due form.

From the "extraordinary red book," it appears that in pensions and salaries, there are distributed annually by the English government to

31 persons - - - -	£ 2,553,917
5 do. - - - -	971,780
10 do. - - - -	1,409,573

A contagious fever prevails in London. It is attributed to the wretched quality of the food of the lower classes.

382 emigrants, mostly labourers, and many of them having much money, have lately left Dumfries for America.

A fleet, consisting of two 80's and six 74's is to cruise for 2 months for discipline.

An incombustible store house has been completed in Plymouth dock-yard, every part of which is composed of stone and iron, without an inch of wood in the whole building; the girders, joists, doors, sashes, and frames, are all of cast iron, neatly executed: The roof is also of cast iron, and the floors of Yorkshire stone, the staircase, which is a geometrical one, is of Moorstone, projecting six feet from the wall. The estimated expense of this novel building is 15,000*l*.

Provisions exported from *Waterford*, for the year ending April 30—5,070 tierces beef, 2,768 bbls. do.; 1776 tierces pork, 11,492 bbls. do.; 95,074 cwt. butter; 11,037 do. lard; 249,739 flitches bacon; besides a large quantity of wheat, oats, barley, oat-meal, &c. Total value, 1,564,291*l*. 1*s*.

Notwithstanding this great export, worth nearly seven millions of dollars for a single port, the mass of the population suffered excessively during the year for the want of provisions.

We have dreadful accounts of the fever that lately prevailed in the southern parts of Ireland—it appears to have swept off the people by thousands—it is supposed to have been caused by the want of provisions among the lower classes.

On the 27th of May, the chancellor of the exchequer stated, in the house of commons, that the general state of the country was most promising, and that the revenue was improving at the rate of 100,000*l*. per week.

Despatches from the North Pole expe-

dition, dated off Shetland, May 3, have been received. The officers and crew were all well.

The west of England papers state that the appearance of the country is extremely fine, and furnishes a pleasing prospect of an abundant harvest.

It is estimated that the total import of cotton into Great Britain during the month of April, amounted to 42,557 bags.

FRANCE.

The number of deaths in Paris, which in 1816 amounted to but 19,801, in 1817, has increased to 21,381, a difference of more than 1,581.

The body of *marshal Ney*, which was interred in the Pere la Chaise, at Paris, has been taken up and conveyed to his country seat, where it has been deposited, and an elegant monument erected over it. A magnificent church is erecting in the Rue d'Anjou, Paris, on the spot where the late *queen of France* was interred. The altar is placed immediately over the grave.

The French government have advertised for a loan of 14,600,000 francs.

A man was ordered to be whipt to death at Fontainebleau, for crying vive l'empereur.

A violent affray took place at Cambria between a number of French and English officers, in consequence of some "free opinions" of the latter about the battle of Waterloo. A battle with sabres took place, and it is said that several persons were killed. A London paper observes—"since the passing of the conscription law, the *military faction* in France have assumed an insolent demeanour, especially towards the English, which is but too likely to lead, in many instances, to a fatal result."

The Royal Academy of Science, in their sitting of the 27th of April, has heard, with lively interest, a detail made by Mr. Richerand, of a singular operation performed by that skilful surgeon. This operation, in which the heart and lungs have been uncovered, by making the resection of two ribs, and by cutting about eight inches square of the *pleure*, which had become swelled with cancer, is new in the history of surgery, and reaches the bounds of possibility in this species of operation. No doubt Mr. Richerand will soon give to the world the memoir in which he has detailed the particulars of this bold and successful undertaking.

SPAIN.

Gibraltar.

Under date of May 7th, a writer says, "I have the pleasure to announce to you that the measures adopted by our government, in the case of Mr. Meade, have had the desired effect, and that that gentleman was set at liberty three days ago. It exhibits the power and respectability of our country, in compelling to a single act of justice the cruel despot who arrogantly stiles himself the king of the two worlds."

The Russian fleet at Cadiz, upon examination, prove defective—so much so, that they were all *condemned*, except one, which the Spanish government *talk* of fitting out.

The wretched state of the Spanish finances has caused the *death* of a great number of cattle to sustain the troops collected near Cadiz. Great preparations are still making for an expedition to South-America.

ITALY.

By accounts from Rome, we learn that public safety becomes daily more confirmed in the Pontifical States. Nearly all the chiefs of the brigand bands have surrendered themselves, amongst these is the noted Caesaris. The army of the line of holiness is estimated at about 9000 men.

The king of Naples and his brother Charles IV. of Spain, went lately to *Pompeii*, where, after inspecting some fine works lately discovered, they went in a carriage through the streets of the city where the noise of *wheels* had not been heard for more than 1,500 years!

GERMANY.

An article from Dresden, states that all the fortifications erected by Bonaparte on the right bank of the Elbe, have been demolished.

By the last geographical details published in Austria, the population of that monarchy amounts to 27,613,000 souls. They are divided thus—21,000,000 Catholics, 2,500,000 belong to the Greek church, 2,000,000 to the reformed church, 1,450,000 Lutherans, 400,000 Jews, about 40,000 Unitarians.

Young Napoleon has received the dukedom of Reichstadt, in Bohemia, which title, with the appellation of highness, he is hereafter to bear.

The duke of Saxe Weimar has granted a liberal *constitution* to the people of his duchy; he is celebrated as the first German sovereign who has given to his

people an acknowledgment of their rights, by a constitution.

The British have failed in a great attempt made to purchase up the wool, and so stop the German manufactories! The Germans were patriotic enough to refuse to sell it.

RUSSIA.

The ice on the Neva at Petersburg, was passed over by carriages until the 25th of April.

Five ships of the line, and three frigates were fitted out at Cronstadt, the beginning of April.

The grand duke Constantine, the brother of the emperor Alexander, and viceroy of Poland has been elected a deputy to the diet of Poland by the citizens of the Prague, suburb of Warsaw. The grand duke had 103 votes, the next highest had three.

TURKEY.

It is stated in an article from Constantinople, that the negotiations between Russia and the Porte were, entirely at a stand, and that the Spanish minister had been unable to obtain the satisfaction he sought, although supported in his demands by other foreign ministers. A suspicion is hinted that the Ottoman court and Persia are about to form a species of federation to protect themselves against the European powers.

A Greek, who had turned Turk, lately repented, and professing the Greek religion again, required to be beheaded, conformable to the Mahometan law, for deserting the faith of the prophet. His desire was complied with, after many attempts to change his resolution.

The Mussulmans in Palestine have taken possession of the Holy Sepulchre; and the Abbe Forbin Janson has proceeded to Constantinople to reclaim from the grand seignor the keeping of the tomb of Jesus. It produces an annual income of 266,000 dollars.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The British defeated Holkar on the 21st Dec. last, near Maheidpooz—he lost 2000 men. The fight was obstinate—the British had 30 officers and 700 men killed and wounded. They have had a severe battle with the troops of Berar, in which also, they doubtfully claim a victory, and acknowledge the loss of 14 officers and 349 men—but in a second battle the rajah was fully defeated, and lost 40 elephants and 75 pieces of cannon.

AFRICA.

BARBARY STATES.

From Hainburg it is stated that the Danish frigate *Nymph*, of 44 guns, had sailed for the Mediterranean to protect the navigation of Danish vessels, and to convey presents to the bey of Tunis.

Sicily pays an annual tribute of 25,000 piasters to Algiers.

AMERICA.

WEST-INDIES.

The revenue of Martinique amounts to five millions of francs.

Havana.

A letter says "Nearly one thousand slaves arrived in our harbour yesterday—The celebrated ship called "*Fa-ma Habenera*," built in New-York, for the house of Messrs. Questa Mauzanal and Brother, of this place, came in yesterday from Africa, with 723 slaves, a cargo worth 300,000 dollars cash.

100,449 boxes of sugar, and 306,723 arrobas of coffee, were exported from Havana in the first months of the present year, during which there were 494 arrivals, and 567 departures of vessels.

Floating ice has been recently met with in the West India seas—outside the gulph stream, in the 29th deg. of latitude—a thing never before heard of.

Hayti.

March 2.—The following regulation, respecting political rights, had been added to the 38th article of the constitution, by a decree issued in the beginning of February:

"A white man who marries a woman of Hayti, becomes a citizen, and after a residence of one year and a day, is eligible to all offices, and may become a proprietor on the island; a white woman marrying an inhabitant of Hayti, becomes a female citizen at Hayti.

"A white man of any part of the world, marrying a negress in the place where he resides, may come to the territory of the republic. On his arrival the expenses of his voyage shall be paid him. This regulation is applicable to both sexes."

By a decree of the month of February, the decimal system is adopted for the coin. It is said that the decimal almanac will be introduced, and that only the names to the months chosen by the French republic will be changed for others, suitable to the climate of the country.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick.

"Free Port Act," received the sanction of the Prince Regent on the 8th of May. The following are the provisions of this Act: That, from and after the passing of this

VOL. XX—No. IV.

act, it shall and may be lawful, in any British built ship or vessel, owned and navigated according to law, or in any ship or vessel belonging to the subjects of any sovereign or state in amity with his Majesty, to import into such ports as shall be specially appointed for that purpose by His Majesty, within the province of Nova Scotia or New-Brunswick, the following articles, viz. scantling, planks, staves, heading boards, shingles, hoops, horses, neat cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, or live stock of any sort, bread, biscuit, flour, peas, beans, potatoes, wheat, rice, oats, barley or grain of any sort, pitch, tar, turpentine, fruits, seeds, and tobacco.

II. *Provided always, and be it further enacted*, That none of the aforesaid articles shall be imported into the said ports, so to be specially appointed, in foreign vessels, unless the said articles shall be of the growth, produce, or manufacture of the country to which the vessels importing the same shall belong.

III. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be lawful to re-export any of the said articles either to the United Kingdom, or to any other of his Majesty's possessions, in any British built ship or vessel, owned and navigated according to law.

IV. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall and may be lawful in any British ship or vessel, or in any ship or vessel belonging to the subjects of any sovereign or state, in amity with his Majesty, to export from the said ports, to be appointed for that purpose, gypsum, grindstones, or other produce or manufacture of the said provinces; and also any produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom, or of his Majesty's colonies or plantations in the West-Indies, or any goods whatever, which shall have been legally imported into the said provinces, any thing in any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

V. *Provided always, and be it further enacted*, That none of the aforesaid articles shall be exported from the said ports, so to be appointed, to any foreign country or place, in any foreign vessel, unless such foreign vessel shall belong to the country to which the said articles shall be exported.

VI. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall and may be lawful for His Majesty, by and with the advice of his privy Council, to make such rules and regulations for the importation and exportation of goods and commodities as aforesaid, at the said ports, with such penalties and forfeitures for the breach thereof, as shall seem fit and necessary to his majesty, by and with the advice aforesaid.

VII. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall continue in force during the space of three years from and after passing the same, and until six weeks after the commencement of the then next session of Parliament.

Canada.

Hydrophobia. Mr. Gray,—I took the liberty some time since to send you the receipt of a remedy for the *Hydrophobia*. It appeared to have succeeded in many trials, and soon acquired reputation. I now send you another, of which the efficacy is authenticated by a distinguished curate of this province, as ascertained by above eighty successful cases.

Take the under shell of an Oyster, put it into the fire till it becomes red hot, then pulverize and sift it—break four eggs, of which make an omelette with the powder—fry it with a large table spoonful of olive oil. The patient must eat this after fasting six hours, and he must fast also six hours after it. The remedy must be repeated on the third and fifth days.

If the patient is averse to taking the remedy in this shape, he may take the powder in a glass of white wine.

S. C. B.

Boucherville, June 14, 1818.

During the late warm weather the St. Lawrence, at Cape Chat, was nearly closed up with ice, and the mountains and highlands in that quarter, on both sides of the river, were covered with snow. Indians, come in from a hunting excursion, only about 40 miles to the northward of Quebec, report that on the 1st inst. the winter's snow was still lying in the woods, and not a bud had appeared on the trees, which, in this neighborhood, were in leaf on the 20th May.

We have additional accounts of the proceedings of the *reformists*. The delegates elected by the townships of Niagara have met in *district* convention; and passed many resolutions preparatory to a *provincial* convention to be held at York on the 6th of July next.

Emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland continue to arrive in great numbers at the port of Quebec. They generally proceed up the river in the steam boats; the total number arrived this season, is little short of 3000.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The United States' frigate Congress, Commodore SINCLAIR, anchored in Hampton Roads on Wednesday afternoon, from Buenos Ayres. Messrs. Graham

and Rodney, two of the Commissioners sent out to the new republic by our government last fall, in the Congress, have returned in her. Mr. Bland, another of the Commissioners, who went out in the Congress, remains at Buenos Ayres, in the quality of a public representative from the government of the United States.

The Congress touched at the island of Margarita. The island was still in possession of the patriots, who had rendered it almost impregnable. General Arismendi, second in command of the patriot forces, had his head-quarters at Margarita.

Gentlemen in the Congress say that the affairs of the patriots were never in a more flourishing condition. They had lately been reinforced by a fine brigade of artillery, composed entirely of British troops, which rendezvoused at St. Thomas in New Guyana, in March last. We are unequivocally assured that so late as the 22d of June, Cumana had not been attacked by the patriots, on the contrary it was hourly expected to surrender without resistance, as the patriots had for some time been closely besieging it, and had drawn their lines to within pistol shot of the town. Brown and Aury had united their fleets at Margarita and were waiting the orders of the Commander in Chief, Gen. Bolivar.

We also learn that the morning the Congress was getting under way from Margarita, a dispatch vessel arrived there from the Main, bringing positive intelligence of the death of the Spanish General Morillo, occasioned by a lance wound he received in the body about 7 or 8 weeks before.

The late actions in Chili have resulted in the total defeat of the royalists; their general and a few men only having escaped. The first action took place on the night of the 19th March, when the advanced guard of the patriots were put to the route. On the 23d following, a general action took place, and ended at nine o'clock at night, in the dispersion of the royal forces, with the loss of 3,500 killed, wounded and prisoners.

On the 5th of April, 1818, in the plains of Maipo, a battle was fought between the royalists and the patriots of Chili; in which the royalists were defeated. Their army was totally destroyed, about 2,200 being killed and wounded, and 3,200 taken prisoners. The patriot loss was about 1000 in killed and wounded.

ART. 10. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

THE New-Hampshire Gazette states, that the fishing schooners *Cyrus King of Kittery*, *Polly and Roxana*, of *Portsmouth*, *Eight Sisters of Portland*, and one belonging to *Fox Islands*, all with good fares of fish, have been taken by the British sloop of war *Syren*, in the bay of *Fundy*, sent into *Digby*, and stripped of their sails, &c. but the crew of the *Cyrus King* got their ship keeper drunk, obtained sails from the custom house, which they bent, cut their cable, warped out of the harbour, got under way, and arrived safe at the *Kittery*.

The receipts of the treasury of New-Hampshire for the year ending May 31, 1818, including the balance of the preceding year, amounted to \$88,888 15. This sum was derived principally from the proceeds of the state tax for 1817—dividend of the following stocks, viz. \$95,134 45 U. S. three per cents, \$23,732 76 U. S. Six per cents, \$17,605 U. S. Seven per cents, and \$25,000 stock of the New-Hampshire bank—\$100,58 52 principal re-imbursed of the old U. S. six per cent stock—and \$8,000, from the United States, on account of the war debt.

The expenses of the government for the year, including salaries of officers of the state, and travel and attendance of the members of the Council, Senate, and House of Representatives

amount to	\$25,598 84
Paid on account of State Prison	7,000
Do. State House	30,000
Bounty on Wild Cats and Crows	289 87
Miscellaneous expenses	136 56
Taxes out-standing	2,585 31
Balance in the treasury	23,277 57
	88,888 15

The legislature of this state adjourned on Tuesday last.

A bill passed in the House providing that the salary of the Chief Justice should in future be \$1500, and the associate Justices \$1300 each. The Senate amended it by substituting \$1400 for the Chief Justice, and \$1200 for the Associates.

MASSACHUSETTS.

G. W. Campbell, Esq. has sailed from Boston, with his family, in the United States' frigate *Guerriere*, for *St. Petersburg*. He was received and treated with great courtesy at Boston.

The following is the amount of fish brought into *Marblehead* during the fishing season of the year 1817, 738,600 Do. do. 1818, 159,700

Difference in favour of last year, 578,900

The islands in the bay of *Passamaquoddy*, called *Moose*, *Dudley*, and *Frederick Islands*, taken possession of by the British during the last war, were delivered up to the United States on the 30th of June last.

The following interesting account of the killed and wounded at the battle of *Bunker Hill* is extracted from a British periodical publication called "*Remembrancer*" into which it was copied from a R. I. Providence newspaper.

Providence, July 15, 1775.—The following is an exact return of the killed, wounded and missing of the American army in the action of the 17th of June, at *Charlestown*, viz.

Regiments.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.
Col. Stark's	N. Hamp. 15	45
Read's		
Gen. Ward's	Massachusetts.	1 6
Col. Scammon's		0 2
Bridge's		15 29
Gerrish's		3 2
Prescot's		42 28
Whitcomb's		8 8
Fry's		15 31
Brewer's		7 11
Nixon's		3 10
Little's		7 23
Woodbridge's		1 5
Gardiner's		6 7
Doolittle's		0 9
Gridley's		0 4
Gen. Putnam's	Con. 15	38
Capt. Coit		
Chester		135 250
About 30 missing since returned		30
		220
		135

Total killed, wounded and missing, 353

It may be gratifying to the friends of theological science to learn, that a new building is now nearly completed for the use of the Theological Seminary at *Andover*. Its length is 94 feet—width 40. The building is three stories in height, and the part of it to be appropriated for

the Chapel will occupy two stories, and will finish 60 by 36 feet. The library room is in the third story, of the same length and breadth as the chapel. There are also three lecture rooms, one in each story, 36 by 20 feet. The building is surmounted by an elegant cupola, and is furnished with a clock of superior workmanship, with a dial in front and rear of the building. In point of materials and elegance, this edifice is said to vie with any in the U. S.

The foundation is also laid for rebuilding Philip's Academy which is to be 80 feet by 40, and two stories high.

The Sea Serpent has again made his appearance off Cape Ann.

It is stated that about 50 ships are now absent from Nantucket on whaling voyages.

CONNECTICUT.

In the evening of the 9th May last, a man named Elihu Miller, having "taken a cup too much," wandered to a precipice not far north of Rockway's ferry in Lyme, and not knowing where he was, deliberately walked, or rather reeled to its brink, from which he fell 46 feet perpendicularly among the rocks below. He was found the next morning, taken up and carried home. His life for a while was almost despaired of; but he is now in a fair way of recovery.

It is stated in a North-Hampton paper of the 30th ult. that swarms of Locusts are now visiting the town of Hadley, and extending their ravages along the east bank of Connecticut River, 20 or 30 miles south of that town. "Many of the forest trees are already apparently dead; and the progress of the Locusts is as distinctly marked as the progress of a fire. The female Locusts are armed with a sting of nearly the third of an inch in length, and of the stiffness and point of a wire sharpened. They attach themselves to the under side of the small limbs, and commence the process of *stinging*. Their progress is to the extremity of the limb, which is as distinctly marked as it could be by obliquely puncturing the limb with an awl and so raising the awl at each puncture as to crack the bark in a regular, continued, and unless impeded by some obstruction, nearly a right line. There are about three incisions to an inch, each penetrating to the heart of the limb, which is filled with small worms, or eggs, of the colour and appearance of very small kernels of rice, but distinctly visible to the naked eye."

On Saturday the 4th inst. the freemen of the state assembled in their respective

towns for the choice of delegates to a convention, to be held in Hartford in August next, for the formation of a Constitution of civil government.

The political complexion of the House of Delegates, who are to form a Constitution of civil government for this state, will be as follows:—

Democratic,	- - - -	105
Federal,	- - - -	96

Democratic majority, 9

We are gratified to be able to state, that the Hartford Bridge Company have made arrangements by contract, to have an entire new bridge completed by the first of November next.

NEW-YORK.

A very largesword fish was taken on the 10th of June, by capt. Comstock, of the smack David Porter, about 30 miles south of Sandy Hook. He is between 11 and 12 feet long, the largest part of the body 4 feet round, his sword 4 feet long, eyes 9 inches in circumference, and weighs about 300 pounds. He is to be seen at Scudder's Museum.

It is estimated that *two thousand houses*, which will cost *five millions* of dollars, are going up in New-York. The present population is supposed to be 125,000.

The remains of the much lamented gen. Montgomery, have been removed from Quebec, under the direction of his nephew col. Livingston, to the city of New-York, where they were committed to the tomb on the 8th of July, 1818, with all those demonstrations of respect which his character and patriotic services were eminently calculated to inspire. The funeral service was read by bishop Hobart, and an impressive eulogy delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mason.

The Hessian Fly.—We are extremely sorry to say, is committing great ravages in the wheat fields in the vicinity of Albany. In some neighbourhoods in Bethlehem, Guiderland, &c. it is not expected that so much will be obtained from the crops as the seed sown. The season has, moreover, been too warm and wet for spring wheat and other small grains, which were not in general sown in the 15th or 20th of May. The fly has also made its appearance among the barley.

Grass promises to be very abundant, and farmers have begun to cut clover. Corn, considering how late it was planted, looks remarkably well.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dr. Coxé of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, *Professor Materia*

Medica, in the place of Dr. Dorsy, lately appointed *Professor of Anatomy*.

We understand that the *Mint* in Philadelphia has lately coined, and has now nearly ready for delivery, four hundred thousand quarter dollars.

In one township in Bedford county, containing about thirty families, twenty-two thousand pounds of maple sugar were made last season—its value on the spot, at 12 cents per lb. was \$2,640—so much value created for the enjoyment of society.

MARYLAND.

Subscription books were opened at Easton the 18th inst. for the purpose of raising thirty-five thousand dollars, in shares of one hundred dollars each, to establish a steam-boat, to ply between the towns of Easton, Annapolis, and Baltimore.

The cartels containing the garrison of Pensacola, have arrived at Havana, and the news had created considerable sensation.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Exports from Charleston—Of cotton, rice and tobacco, from the 1st October, 1817, to 31st May, 1818.

	Cotton. bales.	Rice. tierces.	Tob. hhds.
To Great Britain,	9358	39571	11672
France,	691	7523	8494
The rest of Europe,	23	2708	21001
West Indies,			8473
Coastwise,		6138	13144
Total	1069	55942	62786

The citizens of Columbia, have formed a company to build a steam-boat to ply between that place and Charleston. It is calculated that she will make two trips in a month, and each time carry down 250 bales of cotton. Certain small obstructions to the navigation are to be removed.

GEORGIA.

The exports from Savannah from the first Oct. 1817, to the 31st May, 1818.

Cotton, Sea Island,	6,462 bales,
Upland,	89,475
Rice,	15,395 tierces,
Tobacco,	3,243 hhds.

Mr. Timothy Bernard, in a letter to captain W. S. Mitchell, dated on the 4th inst. states that 4 red men have been sent up as a deputation from the Seminoles to sue for peace. They say as they have made up their minds to remain in peace with the white people, they hope the

white people will remain so with them. The hostile Indians have assembled at Alotchew, and have nothing to subsist on but a few cattle. The Indians say that the whites on the frontier of this state have taken a great many of their cattle.

KENTUCKY.

Manganese has recently been discovered in great quantities on big Sandy river in the vicinity of Greenupsburg.

The legislature of Kentucky chartered 40 new banks at the last session. The total amount of capital is \$7,720,000.

ILLINOIS.

It would appear doubtful from the following extract from an Illinois newspaper, whether the act of Congress for the admission of that territory into the union can at present take effect, seeing that the population falls below the estimated amount of forty thousand souls, and that the act of Congress requires, as a preliminary to the formation of a state constitution, "that it shall appear, from the enumeration directed to be made by the legislature of the said territory, that there are, within the proposed state, not less than forty thousand inhabitants."

TENNESSEE.

The southern campaign has closed, and major gen. Jackson and suite, arrived at Nashville on June 28th.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, when ceded to the United States in 1803, contained 9000 inhabitants—it now has from 32 to 35,000. The product of sugar and cotton, &c. in the parts adjacent has risen higher proportionally than the population of the capital.

The question of Fulton and Livingston's privilege is again agitated, by a suit brought in the federal court of New-Orleans, against the steam-boat Constitution. We wait with anxiety the result of a question involving the most prominent interests of Western America.

Thomas B. Robertson, Esq. of New-Orleans, has resigned his seat in the House of Representatives of the United States; Edward Livingston, Josiah S. Johnson, and Thomas Butler, Esqrs. are put in nomination to fill the vacancy.

A vessel from Pensacola, entered at the Custom-House of New-Orleans on the 8th of June. with a clearance signed "James Gadsden, acting collector of the port of Pensacola."

ART. 11. ANALECTA.

*From the Philosophical Magazine.
On Flax-steeping, and its Effects on the Colour and Quality of the Flax. By Gavin Inglis, Esq.*

To Mr. Tilloch.

DEAR SIR,

IF you consider the following observations on flax-steeping worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, I will thank you to insert them. They are the substance of answers furnished by me to inquiries made upon that subject by G. Thomson, Esq. of the Trustees Office, Edinburgh.

When in Dumbartonshire in 1801, reducing to practice the process of bleaching by steam, I had a few spindles of yarn given to me to prepare for weaving. There was, in the *sleekness* of the thread, something that attracted my attention. Having soaked it over night in warm water to prepare it for steaming, I was much surprised at the change of colour, and the quantity of colouring matter dissolved in the water. It was then washed, wrung, and soaked in a weak alkaline ley, and laid for steaming over some brown linens. After steaming the usual time, the covers were taken off. The yarn was found to have attained a degree of whiteness I never had before observed under similar circumstances. It was washed in the stream so long as any colouring matter came from it, and laid to the grass for two days. I remember well the colour was such as to impress me with a strong belief that some great and important discovery might be the result of accurately following up the process this flax had gone through; and I immediately made inquiry of the lady to whom the yarn belonged, who informed me she had it from a person she named, in the neighbourhood; to this individual I made the same application, and traced the yarn to have been purchased at a Kilmarnock fair.

Here the matter rested till the next season of lint pulling. I had a particular wish to trace, if possible, the matter to its source, and conceived the best plan would be to traverse that part of the country, from Stirling towards Kilmarnock. My time was far too limited; but I saw as much as to satisfy myself that the secret with regard to the bleaching, lay entirely in pulling the flax before it was too ripe; and I also found that this great advantage might again be lost by improper watering.

I saw the flax in all its stages, from the pulling to the drying after watering; and upon inquiry I uniformly found the greenest pulled was intended for the finest purposes, and that the whitest flax, after drying, had been watered in the burn. They were very particular in watering, and did not allow it to remain so long in the water as I had been led to believe necessary, from the practice here; nor did they spread it on the grass

after watering, as is the mode in this quarter, but dried it all from the water, by what is termed *hutting*.

As bleaching alone was my object, my inquiries respecting the different shades of colour after watering were very particular; and I uniformly found that the white flax had been watered in the burn, and the dark-coloured in ponds dug where water could be most conveniently obtained. When I mention a burn, it must be understood to be a stream so small as to require a dam being necessary to receive the water into a temporary pond to cover the flax.

The succession of clean water, I conceive, prevents the deposition of colouring principles, to be hereafter mentioned, by washing or carrying them away, after being extracted from the flax, which I had afterwards an opportunity of proving, in a pond so constructed, which produced remarkably white flax, while the same flax, from several stagnant ponds dug in the same ground, filled with water from the same spring, was very dark in the colour.

In following up these observations, my situation in life did not then admit of experiments to the extent the importance of the subject would have required. I shall, however, narrate these, so far as they extended. The result satisfied me, that the watering of flax must vary with local circumstances, and every where depend on the means afforded by springs, streams, moss, or marsh, that may be in the neighbourhood of the flax-field, so long as the present mode of culture is followed; and the colour of the flax after watering very much depend on the following causes:

The ripeness of the flax before pulling.

The state of putridity of the stagnant water.

The minerals the water may contain:

Whether it is steeped in a pond dug, or one formed by damming a small stream or rill. Or, if a succession of parcels of flax (which is sometimes the case) be watered in the same pond, where every succeeding parcel must partake of the contaminating dye produced by the fermentation of the former.

In the course of my observations, I found the quantity and solubility of the colouring matter in proportion to the degree of ripeness; and in the ripest, on a principle I never till then knew to have an existence in flax, viz. iron, which may be said to abound in ripe flax.

In unripe flax I found the colouring matter soluble in water; but this matter became less and less soluble, till the water made little or no impression upon it. The time necessary for flax to macerate must in some measure depend on the weather, but more on the state of ripeness than most practitioners seem to be aware of.

In unripe flax the juices are in a mucilaginous state; hence its solubility in water. If flax is watered in an unripe state, the mucilage, from its solubility, tends greatly to facilitate the process of watering, by promoting the fermentation. But if the flax is allowed to stand on the ground till it has attained a rusty-brown colour, and the seed fully ripened, the juices of the plant are then changed from mucilage to resinous matter, and certainly no longer soluble in water, so far as the resin is concerned, unless assisted by solvents.

In this stage, instead of having a large portion of mucilage to expedite the fermentation, the resin defends the flax for a time against the effects of the water, and the fermentation must proceed by slow degrees; consequently the time necessary to steep flax must vary according to the ripe or unripe state of the flax when pulled. What would sufficiently water unripe flax, would hardly penetrate the outer rind of the ripe; and the time required for the ripe would entirely destroy the other.

The choice (where the choice can be made) of the water, and the ground into which ponds are to be dug, or the rill or stream into which the flax is to be laid, is certainly of the highest importance, for the colour, quantity and quality of the flax.

That very great improvements may be made in the mode of separating the flax from the rind and boon, so as to render that process less offensive, far safer, and equally effectual, I have no doubt whatever. But before promulgating any speculative theory on a subject of such importance to the nation, would it not be laudable in the Honourable Board of Trustees to cause a full series of experiments on a fair scale, to be made and followed up by some persons of skill and observation, which would set the matter at rest, solve all doubts on so important a process, and furnish the farmer and flax-grower with such instructions that he could not err.

The presence of iron in the plant was discovered in my attempts to bleach flax, by different modes, to ascertain whether there existed any other principle beside mucilage, resin and oil, in what stage the juices became insoluble in water, and to what extent these substances existed, with a view to ascertain the safest strength of alkaline applications to be used in the different processes of bleaching. Alkalies are the common solvents used by bleachers; but I did not conceive them altogether adapted to my present purpose. I took alcohol, and succeeded in bleaching to a very beautiful whiteness flax in its unripe state and in its early stages; but as the flax ripened, its power lessened. I exposed full ripe flax to the action of alcohol, both in a liquid state and in the state of vapour, till I satisfied myself of having extracted all the resinous matter;—still a colour remained. I subjected it to the action of an oxymuriate, and was astonished to see

the presence of iron so strongly indicated. I took another quantity of this full ripe flax, and boiled it in a ley of prussiate of potash, prepared by calcination of common potash with green whins: from this it was washed, and immersed in oxymuriate of lime, which produced a beautiful light blue. This experiment I repeated till I produced, by apparently the same process, on the unripe flax a beautiful white, and on the full ripe, a fine, full, Prussian blue. This explained in a most satisfactory manner many of the phenomena of bleaching I never before could comprehend, and appeared to me a most wonderful work in nature,—the formation of a metal in the juices of a plant, whose existence was not detected, by the same means, in the same plant, only fourteen to twenty days younger than where its presence became so manifest.

Tan also exists in flax, and is very soluble in water.

In steeping flax, the water in the pond becomes impregnated with tan. The process of fermentation comes on, in the progress of which the iron is acted upon. The iron and tan combine, precipitate, and form an almost indestructible dye.

Thus, by inattention to the steeping of flax, the labour and expense of bleaching are greatly increased. The linen loses much of its strength and durability by the necessary process of bleaching, and destroying a colour which, by due care, might be prevented from ever fixing itself.

With esteem, I remain,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

GAVIN INGLIS.

Strathendry Bleachfield, Dec. 10, 1817.

The following account of a METEOR is from the pen of PROFESSOR HALL of Middlebury College.

A Meteor of uncommon magnitude and brilliancy was observed, on Friday evening, the 17th inst. by a number of the inhabitants of this and the adjacent towns. It made its appearance, according to the most accurate chronometers, at twenty minutes after nine. A gentleman of this village, standing in his garden, which inclines to the southeast, happened to be looking towards his house, which was northeast from him, and was surprised by a dazzling light of a peculiar hue, proceeding, as he supposed, from the building. Turning his eye round, he saw the object from which the light emanated. The luminary was then, by estimation, 35 or 40 degrees above the horizon, and in an easterly direction from this borough.

It appeared of different magnitudes of different individuals. Some affirm, that its apparent diameter was equal to that of the full moon, which was then rising, but a few degrees from it. Others are of opinion, that it was not more than half as large. If either of these suppositions be near the truth, it

must have been a body of immense size ; for its distance was, manifestly, very considerable.

Its descent, many imagined, was in a right line perpendicular to the horizon. But this could not have been. It probably fell in a parabolic curve, or in a figure approaching such a curve. Its velocity we are unable correctly to compute. The celerity of its movement was so great, that no person, with whom we have conversed, has ventured to estimate the length of time, during which it was visible. It could not have been, at most, more than a very few seconds.

We have heard its appearance compared to that of iron in a furnace, the instant it is beginning to fuse. Some say, its light was somewhat different from that afforded by melting iron, but that it was more brilliant.

Three explosions took place, while the meteor was in the heavens. The report was so loud as to be heard by most of the people in this village. The houses were jarred as they are by a slight earthquake. The sound was thought, by some, to resemble that of heavy thunder. By others it was compared to the noise of three cannon discharged in quick succession.

A little before the explosions occurred, or rather before the report was heard, a brisk scintillation, or sparkling, of the meteor was observed. Particles proceeded from the body, and continued luminous till they had arrived at considerable distance from it, but gradually growing less and less vivid, till they disappeared. Many individuals saw the light, who did not see the meteor.

A gentleman belonging to Whiting, states, that he witnessed the phenomenon, during its passage from near the zenith, till it was totally extinguished ; that he saw it three times, violently agitated, so, to use his own language, "as to turn over;" that, at each agitation, or leap, its bulk diminished, and that shortly after the third, the luminary wholly disappeared; that, at the time of these agitations, an unusual quantity of light was emitted, and that, in about fifteen minutes, as he believed, after the agitations, he heard three distinct reports. It was probably the light sent forth at the second explosion, which was observed by the gentleman mentioned, who was standing in his garden. He also heard the report, but imagined, that not more than three minutes intervened between the flash and the time the sound reached his ear. Other gentlemen of this village suppose, that the intervening time could not have been short of five minutes.

Though the motion of this, as well as all other meteors, is rapid (and they have been seen to move one thousand miles in a minute,) it is well known that the motion of sound is comparatively slow, passing over less than thirteen miles in a minute. Supposing the intervening time to have been five minutes, the meteor, when it exploded, must have been about sixty-five miles distant from this place. If the interval was

fifteen minutes, its distance must have been about two hundred miles.

We cannot doubt, that, at the moment of the above mentioned agitations, stones, denominated meteoric, were projected from the principal mass, and precipitated to the earth. Such, we believe, is universally the fact with meteors, which explode in the atmosphere. These stones are usually of a globular form, and always covered with a black or deep brown incrustation, composed chiefly of iron. The internal part of the mass is of a grayish colour, and of a coarse, granular texture. Chemical analysis has shown, they are made up principally of iron, sulphur, magnesia, clay, lime, and silice. These stones have fallen in almost every part of the globe, and of all sizes, from that of a pea, to that of a body of several yards in diameter. But one instance of this kind has, to my knowledge, occurred in New-England. This is the meteor, which burst over the town of Weston, in Connecticut, in 1807; an excellent account of which was given to the public by Professors Siliman and Kingsley. The body of it was computed to have been not less than twelve or thirteen hundred feet in diameter.

If stones fell from the body, which we have hastily and very superficially described, we are anxious to know where they fell. We hope to hear something on this subject from our friends in the eastern part of this state, or in New-Hampshire. Should we obtain any additional information, which is interesting, relative to this extraordinary celestial visitor, we shall not fail to communicate it to the public. The above is taken from the mouths of those who witnessed the phenomenon.

F. HALL.

In the connexion with the above account of professor Hall, we extract the following description of a similar phenomenon that occurred in Ireland.

Account of a Shower of Meteoric Stones which fell in the County of Limerick. Communicated by William Higgins, Esq.

To Mr. Tilloch.

SIR,

I send you a copy of a letter which I have received from a gentleman of the highest respectability, who was an eye-witness to one of the most remarkable showers of meteoric stones on record. This shower fell in the county of Limerick.

The information with which I present you, was in answer to the following queries, which George Tuthill, Esq. of this city was good enough to transmit to his friend in Limerick, soon after the event occurred.

1. Have any persons seen the stones in the act of falling?
2. How soon after the large stones fell were they discovered? and were they hot?
3. Was the fall accompanied by thunder and lightning; and if so, was there but one clap and one flash, or how many?

4. What was the state of the weather ?
5. What is the shape of the larger stones ?
6. Have smaller stones fallen at the same time, and at what distance were they found from the larger ones ?
7. Were there appearances of recent fractures on the surface of the large masses ; and if so, whether those fractures corresponded in shape and number with the small fragments ?

In consequence of the foregoing questions, I received the following letter :

" Limerick.

" Sir,—Friday morning, the 10th of September 1818, being very calm and serene, and the sky clear, about nine o'clock a cloud appeared in the east, and very soon after I heard eleven distinct reports, appearing to proceed from thence, somewhat resembling the discharge of heavy artillery. Immediately after this, followed a considerable noise, not unlike the beating of a large drum, which was succeeded by an uproar resembling the continued discharge of musquetry in line. The sky above the place whence this noise appeared to issue, became darkened, and very much disturbed, making a hissing noise ; and from thence appeared to issue with great violence, different masses of matter, which directed their course with great velocity in a horizontal direction towards the west. One of these was observed to descend ; it fell to the earth, and sunk into it more than a foot and a half, on the lands of Scagh in the neighborhood of Pobuck's Well, in the county of Limerick. It was immediately dug up ; and I have been informed by those who were present, and on whom I could rely, that it was then warm, and had a sulphurous smell. It weighed about seventeen pounds, and had no appearance of having been fractured in any part, for the whole of its surface was uniformly smooth and black, as if affected by sulphur or gunpowder. Six or seven more of the same kind of masses, but smaller, and fractured, as if shattered from each other, or from larger ones, descended at the same time, with great velocity, in different places, between the lands of Scagh and the village of Adare. One more very large mass passed with great rapidity and considerable noise at a small distance from me ; it came to the ground on the lands of Brasky, and penetrated a very hard and dry earth, about two feet. This was not taken up for two days ; it appeared to be fractured in many places, and weighed about sixty-five pounds ! Its shape was rather round, but irregular : it cannot be ascertained whether the small fragments which came down at the same time corresponded with the fractures of this large stone in shape or number ; but the unfractured part of the surface has the same appearance as the one first mentioned. There fell also, at the same time, on the lands of Faba, another stone, which does not appear to have been part of, or separated from, any other mass : its *skin* is smooth and

blackish, of the same appearance with the first mentioned, and weighed above twenty-four pounds. Its shape is very irregular. This stone is in my possession, and for its volume is very heavy.

" There was no flash of lightning at the time of, or immediately before or after, the explosion ; the day continued very calm and serene ; was rather close and sultry, and without wind or rain. It is about three miles in direct line from the lands of Brasky, where the very large stone descended, to the place where the small ones fell in Adare, and all the others fell intermediately ; but they appeared to descend horizontally, and as if discharged from a bomb and scattered in the air.

" I am, sir,

" Your obedient servant,

• SAM. MAXWELL.

" WILLIAM HIGGINS, Esq.

" Dublin Society-House."

There is no phenomenon in nature so strange or so difficult to be accounted for, as the existence of meteoric stones in the atmosphere, and the circumstances attending their motion and descent to the earth. The fiery meteors which deposit them are often seen at a considerable height above the clouds, moving in a horizontal direction with great velocity, but gradually approaching towards the earth. When they reach within a certain distance of it, or when they meet with clouds, the phenomena of thunder and lightning are produced, the ignition ceases, and the stones come down, most frequently shattered into masses of different sizes, with the effects of fusion, without exception, on their surface, the fractured parts excepted, although internally they exhibit no such appearance.

In whatever part of the world these stones are found, they exhibit very nearly the same appearance as to colour, texture, fracture, &c. and on analysis give the same ingredients, sometimes varying very little in their proportions.

The stone which fell a few years ago in the county of Tipperary, and which weighed seven pounds and a half, was found by my analysis to consist of the same substances with many which had fallen on different parts of the globe, according to the analyses of Mr. Howard.

The following are the constituents of those stones, viz.

Silex in large quantities.

Magnesia.

Iron in its metallic state.

Nickel in small proportions.

Sulphur and oxide of iron,

As no other mineral substance hitherto discovered on our globe consists of the above ingredients, we must consider them as foreigners. Some philosophers suppose that they are projected from the volcanoes of the moon ; that they are projected from the earth by means of volcanoes—that they are produced in the atmosphere by the gradual accumulation of minute and invisible atoms,

&c. But as these speculations are inconsistent with sound philosophy, or even with plausible hypotheses, I shall drop the subject here.

It is supposed by Cladini that they never belonged to any planet, and that they were opaque wandering masses, before they reached the confines of our atmosphere. This, certainly, is the most rational mode of accounting for their presence in the situation in which we first behold them in the atmosphere.

However, to account for their becoming luminous or red hot, when they descend into the upper regions of our atmosphere, regions of eternal frost, has been a desideratum with me, and engaged much of my attention some time past.

These masses, like all other ponderable materials, contain specific heat round their atoms and particles; in moving through the atmosphere they collect electricity; and this continues increasing, as there is no other solid matter in those upper regions to prevent its accumulation.* When they acquire a sufficient quantity of electric matter, the entire or a portion of their specific heat is liberated, and much of it is thrown on their surface; this gives the luminous appearance: as they contain much iron and sulphur, a portion of oxygen unites to their external parts. The degree of heat produced by these different circumstances will account for the superficial fused crust which invariably surrounds these substances. It is probable also, that a quantity of electricity collects round those masses, so as to form a considerable and dense atmosphere, and that this electric atmosphere as they move along, keeps the air in contact with them in a constant blaze.

These electric stones in descending towards the earth, when they meet a cloud comparatively negative, lose a portion of their electricity; which bursting forth with great vehemence exhibits the phenomena of thunder and lightning; at the same time that they are most commonly shattered into pieces. So soon as this takes place, their luminous appearance ceases, their specific heat resumes its former station, and they are precipitated to the earth, still retaining a considerable degree of heat. The stone that fell in the county of Tipperary could not be touched with the hand some time after its descent.

It is somewhat strange that those meteors should be found to move from E. to W. which is contrary to the motions of the earth; unless it had been occasioned by the electrical explosion, which might have scattered the stones in every direction by its violence. It is impossible that such explosions could be produced but by means of electrici-

ty; therefore, it appears rather singular that they should not be accompanied with lightning, which is generally the case; but probably the opacity or darkness of the clouds, during the fall in the county of Limerick, rendered it invisible. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,
W. HIGGINS.

From the Philosophical Magazine.

ON THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

This amusement being now in the hands of almost every person, any description, more particular than what will present itself in the subjoined historical detail, will here be unnecessary.

Dr. Brewster, the patentee of this amusing instrument, is charged by many with being a plagiarist, and claiming that, as a new invention of his own, which is really old, and the discovery of another. We shall lay the grounds of this charge before our readers;—and we begin with some remarks which have appeared in the French Journals:

"Scarcely," says one of them, "had the Kaleidoscope been imported into Paris, when twenty competitors started forward, and each, his glass in his hand, contended for the attention of the public. To the *Kaleidoscope* one opposed the *Polyoscope*; another the *Metamorphoscope*; and as the great majority of spectators called out for something French, we saw immediately this wish gratified by the *Transfigurateur*, the *French lamp*, &c."

"M. Robertson," a mathematical-instrument maker in Paris, of some eminence, "reclaims for France the priority of this invention. He brings in proof an instrument, of great dimension it is true, but which for many years has furnished in his cabinet the same various pictures which an adroit speculator has introduced into the Kaleidoscope. Thus Professor Brewster of Edinburgh, to whom the English have attributed the honour of this discovery, is nothing more than an imitator. This is not the first time that a French discovery has taken the longest way of arriving at Paris. M. Chevalier too enters the lists; holding in one hand a work, published more than fifty years ago, in which the principle of this agreeable illusion is described, while in the other he presents us a lamp which, by adding much to the magic of the effects, merits truly the name which he gives it of the *French Multiplier*."

However mortifying it may be to our ingenious neighbours, the French, to have their claims to the originality of this invention denied, the fact is, that should the optical principle on which the instrument is founded, and earlier publication, be held to constitute the invention, the discovery will be found to belong to England, notwithstanding the French work "published more than fifty years ago, in which the principle of this agreeable illusion is described;" for

* The upper part of the atmosphere which extends beyond the reach of clouds, contains a considerable quantity of free electricity, as the phenomenon of the *aurora borealis* sufficiently evinces.

the principle was published in London more than eighty years ago, in a work entitled "*New Improvements of Planting and Gardening, both philosophical and practical, 6th Edition. By Richard Bradley, Professor of Botany at the University of Cambridge, and F. R. S. Printed for J. and J. Knapton, in St Paul's Church-yard, 1731.*" The following is printed from Bradley's first chapter.

"*Description and Use of a new Invention for the more speedily designing of Garden Plats, whereby we may produce more variety of Figures in an Hour's Time, than are to be found in all the Books on Gardening now extant.*

"Since the instrument I now design to treat of has afforded some pleasure to many of my acquaintance, I have been easily persuaded to make it public. It is of that nature, that the best designers or draughtsmen may improve and help their fancies by it, and may with more certainty hit the humour of those gentlemen they are to work for, without being at the trouble of making many varieties of figures or garden plats, which will lose time and call an unnecessary expense, which frequently discourages gentlemen from making up their gardens. In short, the charge of the instrument is so small, and its use so delightful and profitable, that I doubt not its favourable reception in the world. But to proceed :

"We must choose two pieces of looking-glass of equal bigness, of the figure of a long square, five inches in length and four in breadth: they must be covered on the back with paper or silk, to prevent rubbing off the silver, which would else be apt to crack off by frequent use. This covering for the back of the glasses must be so put on that nothing of it may appear about the edges of the bright side.

"The glasses being thus prepared, they must be laid face to face and hinged together, so that they may be made to open and shut at pleasure, like the leaves of a book.

"Draw a large circle upon paper, divide it into 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 or 8 equal parts, which being done, we may draw in every one of the divisions a figure at our pleasure, either for garden plats, or fortifications.

"So likewise a pentagon may be perfectly represented by finding the fifth part of a circle, and placing the glasses upon the outlines of it, and the fourth part of a circle will likewise produce a square by means of the glasses, or, by the same rule, will give us any figure of equal sides. I easily suppose that a curious person by a little practice with these glasses may make many improvements with them, which perhaps I may not yet have discovered, or have for brevity's sake omitted to describe.

"It next follows that I explain how by these glasses we may, from the figure of a circle drawn upon paper, make an oval; and also by the same rule, represent a long square, from a perfect square. To do this,

open the glasses and fix them to an exact square: place them over a circle, and move them to and fro till you see the representation of the oval figure you like best; and so having the glasses fixed, in like manner move them over a square piece of work, till you find the figure you desire of a long square."

In the foregoing description of Bradley's invention, the principle of reflection on which he constructs it, is precisely that which Dr. Brewster has employed in his Kaleidoscope; but the means by which the latter presents to the reflecting surfaces the objects that are to be reflected, are quite different. Even with Bradley the kind of objects and the means by which he presented these objects to the mirrors were what constituted his instrument a new invention; for the arrangement of the reflectors themselves was not of Bradley's discovering, as we shall prove immediately.

We copy the following from *John Baptista Porta's Natural Magic*, the English Translation published in 1638.

"*To make a plain Glass that shall represent the Image manifold.*

"A glass is made that will make many representations, that is. that many things may be seen at once; for by opening and shutting it, you shall see twenty fingers for one, and more. You shall make it thus: Raise two brass looking-glasses [metallic mirrors], or of crystal, at right angles upon the same basis, and let them be in a proportion called sesquialtera, that is one and a half, or some other proportion, and let them be joined together longways, that they may be shut and opened, like a book; and the angles be divers, such as are made at Venice: For one face being objected you shall see many in them both, and this by so much the straighter, as you put them together, and the angles are less: but they will be diminished by opening them, and the angles being more obtuse, you shall see the fewer: so showing one figure, there will be more seen: and further, the right parts will show right, and the left to be left, which is contrary to looking-glasses; and this is done by mutual reflection and pulsation, whence ariseth the variety of images interchangeable."

From the foregoing it is manifest whence Bradley derived the principle which he applied to the construction of his instrument, for he borrows the very words of Porta, "*that they (the mirrors) may be shut and opened like a book;*" and hence it follows that if the *discovery of the principle* cannot be allowed to the French, so neither can it to the English: for Porta's work was first published (at Naples we believe) in 1538, in four books, and 35 years after (that is about the year 1573), in its enlarged form, comprising twenty books. Bradley was not called a plagiarist,—probably because his instrument, though identically the same as

Porta's, was applied in a different way and to a different purpose. Should Dr. Brewster then be considered in that light, for having made use of the same principle in his instrument, which in construction is different from either Porta's or Bradley's? Porta, by looking at objects before him, along the angle formed at the joining of his glasses, saw them multiplied: Bradley, by placing his joined glasses upon his drawings, at right angles to them, and looking at them, in the same manner, saw them multiplied; but the number of reflections could be calculated. Dr. Brewster, by putting the reflectors in a tube, and attaching thereto, and at right angles to them, two discs of glass with objects interposed, forms an optical instrument ca-

pable of producing an incalculable (if not an infinite) number of combinations, by merely making the discs, or the whole instrument, to revolve on its axis, while the eye looks through it. If the previous application of any known principle to the construction of instruments, is to be considered and held as embracing all future applications of the same principle, there can be no new inventions; for to obtain knowledge of a principle, not before known, is a *discovery*, and not an *invention*: no person can invent a principle; but he may apply a principle, when known, to a new purpose, and this new application with the new means employed, is what constitutes a new invention. T.

ART. 12. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

From the London Literary Gazette.

TWELFTH DAY.

TO the rejoicings on New Year's tide succeeded, after a short interval, the observance of the Twelfth Day, so called from its being the twelfth day after the nativity of our Saviour, and the day on which the *Eastern Magi*, guided by the star, arrived at Bethlehem, to worship the infant Jesus.

This festive day, the most celebrated of the twelve for the peculiar conviviality of its rites, has been observed in this kingdom ever since the reign of Alfred, "in whose days," says Collier, "a law was made with relation to holidays, by virtue of which, the *twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour* were made *Festivals*."

In consequence of an idea which seems generally to have prevailed, that the *Eastern Magi* were kings, this day has been frequently termed the *feast of the three kings*; and many of the rites with which it is attended, are founded on this conception; for it was customary to elect, from the company assembled on this occasion, a king or queen, who was usually elevated to this rank by the fortuitous division of a cake, containing a bean, or piece of coin; and he or she to whom this symbol of distinction fell, in dividing the cake, was immediately chosen king or queen, and then forming their ministers or court from the company around, maintained their state and character until midnight.

The *Twelfth Cake* was almost always accompanied by the *Wassail Bowl*, a composition of spiced wine or ale, or mead, or metheglin, into which was thrown roasted apples, sugar, &c. The term *Wassail*, which in our elder poets is connected with much interesting imagery, and many curious rites, appears to have been first used in this island during the well-known interview between Vortigern and Rowena. Geoffrey

of Monmouth relates, on the authority of Walter Calenius, that this lady, the daughter of Hengist, knelt down, on the approach of the king, and presenting him with a cup of wine, exclaimed, "*Lord King Was heil*," that is, literally, "Health be to you." Vortigern being ignorant of the Saxon language, was informed by an interpreter, that the purport of these words was to wish him health, and that he should reply by the expression, *drinc-heil*, or "drink the health:" accordingly, on his so doing, Rowena drank, and the king receiving the cup from her hand, kissed and pledged her.

'Health, my Lord King,' the sweet Rowena said;
'Health,' cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid;
Then gaily rose, and 'mid the concourse wide,
Kiss'd her hale lips, and placed her by his side.
At the soft scene, such gentle thoughts abound,
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round:

From this the social custom took its rise;
We still retain, and still must keep the prize.

Paraphrase of Robert of Gloucester.

Since this period, observes the historian, the custom has prevailed in Britain of using these words whilst drinking; the person who drank to another saying *was-heil*, and he who received the cup answering *drinc-heil*.

It soon afterwards became a custom in villages on Christmas-eve, New Year's Eve, and Twelfth Night, for itinerant minstrels to carry to the houses of the gentry and others, where they were generally very hospitably received, a bowl of spiced wine, which being presented with the Saxon words just mentioned, was therefore called a *Wassail-bowl*. A bowl or cup of this description was also to be found in almost every nobleman's or gentleman's house, (and frequently of massy silver,) until the middle of the seventeenth century, and which was in perpetual requisition during the revels of Christmas."

[Hence we have the word *Wassail*, synonymous for carousing and joviality.]

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the celebration of the Twelfth Night was, equally with Christmas Day, a festival through the land, and was observed with great ostentation and ceremony in both the Universities, at court, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's and Gray's-inn. Many of the masques of Ben Jonson were written for the amusement of the royal family on this night; and Dugdale in his *Origines Judiciales*, has given us a long and particular account of the revelry at the Temple on each of the twelve days of Christmas, in the year 1562. It appears from this document, that the hospitable rites of St. Stephen's day, St. John's day, and Twelfth day, were ordered to be exactly alike; and as many of them are in their nature, perfectly rural, and where there is every reason to suppose, observed to a certain extent in the halls of the country gentry and substantial yeomanry, a short record here, of those that fall under this description, cannot be deemed inapposite.

The breakfast on Twelfth Day is directed to be of brawn, mustard, and malmsey; the dinner of two courses to be served in the hall, and after the first course "cometh in the master of the game, apparelled in green velvet; and the Ranger of the Forest also, in a green sedit of satten; bearing in his hand a green bow and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks: blowing together three blasts of ventry, they pace around about the fire three times. Then the master of the game maketh three courtesies," kneels down, and petitions to be admitted into the service of the lord of the feast.

This ceremony performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox and a purse-net, with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting-horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the marshal, an officer so called, who, with many others of different appellations, were created for the purpose of conducting the revels, placeth them in their several appointed places.

After the second course, the "ancientest of the masters of the revels singeth a song, with the assistance of others there present;" and after some repose and revels, supper, consisting of two courses, is then served in the hall, and being ended, "the marshal presenteth himself with drums afore him mounted upon a scaffold, borne by four men; and goeth three times round about the barthe, crying out aloud, 'a lord, a lord, &c. then he descendeth, and goeth to dance.

"This done, the lord of Miracle addresseth himself to the banquet; which endeth with some ministralsye, mirth and dancing, every man departeth to rest."

Harrick, who was the contemporary of Shakespeare for the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, from 1591 to 1616, has given us the following curious and pleasing

account of the ceremonies of Twelfth Night, as we may suppose them to have been observed in almost every private family.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plume,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside, we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell, as Queene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be the King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unwig'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus we must doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing;
And though with all ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
And free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here
Herrick's Hesperides.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

The Emperor Joseph II. heard every body who pretended to discover to him any thing useful. By this means he often lost much precious time.

Baron Calisius once begged an audience to propose to the Emperor a matter of great importance; it was granted him: the conversation was as follows—

Calisius. The city of Comorn in Hungary has the misfortune to be visited nearly every five years by earthquakes, which have often occasioned great damage, and still expose it to the utmost danger, and threaten it with total destruction. Now I have remarked, that in Egypt there never were nor are any earthquakes. But as Egypt differs from other countries only in having pyramids, it follows that pyramids must be sure preventatives of earthquakes.

The Emperor. So then it would be good to build some of these edifices in Hungary?

Calisius. This is my humble proposal, and I here present your majesty a plan how they may be erected.

The Emperor. But have you calculated the expence?

Calisius: No: but I believe for three or four hundred thousand florins two handsome pyramids might be built; a little smaller indeed than those in Egypt.

The Emperor. Has the city of Comorn so much money?

Calisius. No, but I hope your Majesty will contribute, and the rest might perhaps be raised by a subscription.

The Emperor. Well, I have nothing against it. If a suitable place can be found, which is fit for nothing else, and you will undertake the work on subscription, begin to build as soon as you please; but I cannot fix the amount of my subscription before I see at least one pyramid quite finished.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor Michael Schuppach, of Lengnau, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated, and much in vogue in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels in Switzerland*, who himself consulted him. There was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from more distant countries; and innumerable are the cures which he performed upon patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world; partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous Doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, an old peasant entered, meanly dressed, with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. Schuppach directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went

up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

AN ANCIENT CROWN DISCOVERED IN SCLAVONIA.

On the 23d of last March, in making a road at Mallier, a little village in Sclavonia, as the wife of a soldier named Gasparowich, was turning up a clod with her pickaxe, she found, about two inches deep under ground, a piece of metal rolled up, which she took for iron, and threw it into the road. At a second stroke she discovered the basket-formed vessel; which, in the opinion of all who have considered it with attention, is supposed to be a crown. It consists of two parallel circles of strong gold wire twisted together, which are about four inches asunder, and connected by a spiral ornament in this form X. The inside of the crown, shaped like a hat, consists of a braid of the same kind of gold, which surrounds a net button in the middle, in rose-shaped braids. The whole weighs a little more than 24 ounces. The diameter is equal to that of a small hat.

As the workmen's attention was attracted to this valuable relic, it was soon discovered that the whole mass was gold. By chance a corporal came up, who gave notice of it to the captain. Immediately on the following morning, the ground in that place was dug up five or six fathoms, and carefully examined; but nothing farther was discovered. Since the 25th of October, the crown has been at Vienna, and it is not doubted but that this curiosity will be delivered to the Imperial Treasury or Museum.

THE DOG MIME.

Who has not heard of the celebrated piece called *The Forest of Bondy*, and of the applause which the dog of D'Aubry has obtained in Paris, London, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig, Cassel, &c.? There is nothing new under the sun: see what Plutarch relates—*de seleria animalium*!

I must not pass over an example of canine ingenuity of which I was witness at Rome. A mime, who performed a complicated piece, in which there were many characters, had a dog with him, which made all kinds of gesticulations necessary for the representation. He afforded a striking proof of his talents, after taking poison, which was to produce sleep and then death. He took the bread in which the poison was given him, and, after he had eaten it, he pretended to tremble, to stagger, and to become giddy;

and then he stretched himself out as if dead, and let himself be pulled and dragged along as the progress of the piece required. When, from the dialogue and action, he saw that the moment was come, he began to move himself by degrees, as if he awoke out of a profound sleep, raised his head, and looked about him; he then approached the person required by his part, and evinced his joy by his caresses, to the great astonishment of all the spectators, and even of the old Emperor Vespasian, who was at the time in the Theatre Marcellus.

ANTIQUÉ RING.

The Roman Gazette relates, on the authority of letters from Greece, that a countryman, in the neighbourhood of Corinth, lately struck with his ploughshare against a metal vessel, which contained several ancient coins, and a ring, with an agate of the size of half a *soldo*. On this agate the naked eye could discover nothing but some very small strokes. A learned traveller purchased the ring, and by the aid of a microscope discovered a most admirable work of art. On the upper side of the stone he found a group of gods, distinguishable by their attributes; and on the lower side, Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector behind his chariot. This discovery affords a fresh proof of the great superiority of the ancients to the moderns in works of this kind.

ANECDOTE OF CHRISTIAN IV. KING OF DENMARK.

Christopher Rosenkranz, in Copenhagen, demanded from the widow of Christian Tuul a debt of 6000 dollars. She was certain that she owed him nothing. But he produced a bond signed by herself and her deceased husband; she declared the bond to be forged. The affair was brought before a court of justice. The widow was condemned to pay the demand. In her distress she

applied to king Christian IV. and said that neither she nor her husband had signed the pretended bond. His majesty promised to take her affair into consideration. He sent for Rosenkranz, questioned him closely, begged, exhorted, but all to no purpose. The creditor appealed to his written bond. The king asked for the bond, sent Rosenkranz away, and promised that he would very soon return it to him. The king remained alone, to examine this important paper, and discovered, after much trouble, that the paper-manufacturer, whose mark was on the bond, had begun his manufactory many years after its date. The inquiries made confirmed this fact. The proof against Rosenkranz was irrefragable. The king said nothing about it: sent for Rosenkranz some days after, and exhorted him in the most affecting manner, to have pity on the poor widow, because otherwise the justice of Heaven would certainly punish him for such wickedness. He unblushingly insisted on his demand, and even presumed to affect to be offended. The king's mildness went so far, that he still gave him several days for consideration. But all to no purpose. He was arrested, and punished with all the rigour of the laws.

ANECDOTE. PRESENCE OF MIND.

As the well known Dr. Barth preached for the first time in his native city of Leipzig, he disdained the usual precaution of having his sermon placed in the Bible before him, to refer to in case of need. A violent thunder-storm arising just as he was in the middle of his discourse, and a tremendous clap caused him to lose the thread of his argument, with great composure and dignity he shut the Bible, saying with emphasis, "*When God speaks, man must hold his peace:*" he then came down from the pulpit, and the whole congregation looked on him with admiration and wonder, as a mighty pillar of the church.

ART. 15. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of June, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 5; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 7; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 29; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 7; Phlegmone, 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 4; Cynanche Tonsillaris, 2; Pneumonia (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 15; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 4; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 8; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 2; Rheumatismus Acutus, 1; Icterus, (*Jaundice*), 1; Cholera Morbus, 2; Dys-

enteria, (*Dysentery*), 3; Rubella, (*Measles*), 1; Erysipelas, (*St. Anthony's Fire*), 2; Vaccinia, (*Kine Peck*), 31; Convulsio, (*Convulsions*), 1.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 8; Vertigo, 3; Cephalalgia, (*Head-Ach*), 5; Dyspepsia, (*Indigestion*), 6; Obstipatio, 13; Colica, 2; Paralysis, 1; Hysteria, 1; Menorrhagia, 1; Hæmorrhoids, 2; Diarrhœa, 6; Leucorrhœa, 2; Amenorrhœa, 4; Ischuria, (*Suppression of Urine*), 2; Ophthalmia Chronica, 3; Bronchitis Chronica, 3; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 7; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 6; Pleurodynia, 2; Lumbago, 2; Nephralgia, 1; Plethora, 3; Anasarca,

(*Dropsy*,) 1; Hydrothorax, (*Dropsy of the Chest*,) 1; Scrophula, (*King's Evil*,) 1; Tumor, 1; Hernia, 1; Exostosis, 1; Vermes, (*Worms*,) 4; Syphilis, 4; Urethritis Virulenta, 3; Paraphymosis, 1; Contusio, (*Bruise*,) 6; Stemma, (*Sprain*,) 2; Fractura, 1; Vulnus, 6; Abscessus, 2; Ulcus, 8; Strophulus, 2; Psoriasis, 1; Erythema, 2; Herpes, 2; Scabies et Prurigo, 14; Porrigo, 3; Eruptiones Variæ, 4.

The weather of this month has been generally fair, and the temperature more elevated than usual:—winds chiefly between southeast and southwest. The quantity of rain has been small, not exceeding 2 1-2 inches on a level; what did fall was principally in refreshing showers, sometimes attended with lightning, seldom with thunder. On the 28th the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 90° in the shade, on the 29th at 92°, and on the 30th it attained to the height of 93 1-2 degrees. On ten other days it was between 81 and 86°. The thermometrical range of this interval has been from 55 to 93 1-2 degrees. Average temperature for the whole month 78°. Greatest variation in twenty-four hours 21°. Lowest temperature at 7 o'clock in any one morning 56°, highest 76°; lowest temperature in any afternoon 65°, highest 93 1-2°; lowest temperature at sunset of any day 62°, highest 89°.—Barometrical range from 29.58 to 30.08 inches.—The season, which at the commencement of this month was deemed backward, is now sufficiently advanced, and vegetation in general presents a highly luxuriant aspect.

During this interval, the city has been on the whole healthy. The effects of disease on the human constitution have offered little that is remarkable. Since the commencement of summer, inflammatory affections of the organs concerned in respiration have much declined; but *pertussis* still continues to prevail among children, and *fevers*, particularly of the remittent and typhoid kind, have been more common than in the preceding month. The cases of *typhus*, which occurred during the vernal period, were mostly of the mild sort, denominated *typhus mitior*; but in this month the complaint has shown symptoms of degeneracy, in some cases wearing from its commencement the physiognomy of danger.

Attention to the stomach and bowels constitutes an important step in the management of typhous fever. On the invasion of the complaint, an emetic, followed by a warm sudorific, and in a few hours by a proper aperient, commonly has the effect of disarming the fever of its severity; and, in some instances, totally extinguishes the disease. Without this preliminary step, cor-

dials, tonics, or drugs thrown into the already oppressed or polluted stomach, will either be ejected, or will have the effect of increasing the general irritation, and aggravating the very symptoms they were intended to relieve.

During the few hot days at the conclusion of this month, several persons among the labouring poor, and particularly strangers lately arrived from the northern parts of Europe, and who as yet were unaccustomed to the occasional intense heats of our climate, suffered from the imprudent use of cold water. Some perished; but the greater part were recovered by the internal use of laudanum and brandy, by spirituous fomentations to the region of the stomach and bowels; and in cases where there was any excitement or determination to the head, by the use of the lancet.

Some cases of bilious vomiting, of cholera, and of diarrhoea have been observed. These, to a limited extent, are doubtless salutary, being an effort of nature to free the stomach and bowels from a quantity of colluvies or offensive materials.

The New-York Bills of Mortality for June report 219 deaths; from

Abscess, 2; Apoplexy, 2; Asthma, 1; Cancer, 1; Caries, 1; Casualty, 1; Child-bed, 1; Cholera Morbus, 2; Consumption, 42; Contusion, 1; Convulsions, 8; Cramp in the Stomach, 1; Diarrhoea, 2; Drinking Cold Water, 6; Dropsy, 3; Dropsy in the Chest, 4; Dropsy in the Head, 10; Drowned, 9; Dysentery, 1; Dyspepsia, 1; Erysipelas, 1; Fever, 1; Fever, Intermittent, 2; Fever, Remittent, 2; Fever, Typhous, 41; Fistula in perineo, 1; Fracture, 1; Gravel, 1; Hemorrhage, 1; Hives, 1; Hooping Cough, 9; Hysteria, 1; Infanticide, 2; Inflammation of the Chest, 8; Inflammation of the Bowels, 5; Inflammation of the Liver, 2; Insanity, 3; Intemperance, 1; Locked Jaw, 1; Mortification, 2; Nervous Disease, 1; Old Age, 2; Palsy, 1; Pneumonia Typhodes, 1; Scalded, 1; Scrophula, or King's Evil, 1; Small Pox, 1; Still-born, 13; Sudden Death, 1; Suicide, 2; Tabes Mesenterica, 3; Teething, 2; Ulcer, 2; Unknown, 3; Worms, 3.—Total 219.

Of this number there died 47 of and under the age of 1 year; 10 between 1 and 2 years; 11 between 2 and 5; 3 between 5 and 10; 14 between 10 and 20; 26 between 20 and 30; 38 between 30 and 40; 40 between 40 and 50; 19 between 50 and 60; 6 between 60 and 70; and 6 between 70 and 80.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D

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ART. 1. *Rambles in Italy ; in the years 1816—17. By an American.* 8vo. pp. 371.
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NEXT to Forsyth, this is one of the most pleasing publications we have been hitherto presented with on the fallen, but still lovely land to which it relates; and certainly, the interest with which we have perused it, has not been diminished by the reflection that it is the offspring of native taste and talent. It is, in truth, honourable both to the American press and character, and well calculated to rescue both from the unfounded and paltry aspersions which have been cast upon them in Europe. As a literary production, its characteristics are considerable facility and elegance of diction, frequently rising into a strain of rich and lofty eloquence, justness of observation on topics connected with the political and moral state of Italy, a great command of the picturesque in description, and a warmth of imagination that envelopes the whole in an atmosphere of dazzling and seductive brilliancy.

As a picture of Italy, if it do not equal the unrivalled performance of Forsyth, it nevertheless furnishes us with correct and glowing delineations of all that came under the author's observation. But what gives it its chief recommendation in our eyes, is the tone of pure and lofty patriotism, and the sound moral feeling that pervade its pages. While the author evinces the warmest sensibility to the claims of Italy upon his admiration—and pays the ungrudging tribute of his veneration to the splendour of her ancient renown,—while

he dwells with almost enthusiastic delight upon the magnificence of her architecture, and the prodigies of genius which embellish her cities and palaces;—while the exquisite softness and beauty of her climate, elicit from him frequent and rapturous acknowledgments, and seem to have shed over his composition, a congenial balminess;—while he is ever ready to pour forth the most lavish praises on the inherent and, as it would seem, unquenchable intellectuality of the Italians;—still, in the midst of all these witching charms and allurements, whether gazing on the marble wonders of Rome and Florence—inhaling the luxurious atmosphere of Naples—or involved in the enchantments of Venice,—still does his heart turn homeward, and comparing with the noble and free institutions of his own country, the degrading and corrupt despotism of Italy—the purity of American principles and manners, with the moral dilapidation of the land of the Scipios—his bosom dilates with a feeling of honourable pride; and in the midst of all his classic recollections and transports, it delights us to witness his ardent and sincere devotion to the land of his birth, and to observe the well-spring of his early and patriotic affections unpolluted by the admixture of tainted waters, and still reflecting from their pure and shining surface, the image of his country's virtues and glory. These admirable feelings—and we so pronounce them from our deep

rooted conviction of the superiority of America in every thing relating to the dignity and happiness, properly understood, of mankind—break forth in the very commencement of the book, and even the scenery of Italy, luxurious as it is, abounding in all the softer beauties, and deriving additional attractions from its association with so many of our earliest and most delightful impressions, only serves to carry his mind back to the richer and more sublime landscape of America—where, if we meet with fewer indications of the great and illustrious in art and genius, we are in no inconsiderable measure recompensed by the unstinted prodigality with which nature has arrayed her surface; and contemplating the majesty and variety of her works in this her latest and favourite creation, it seems impossible to suppose but that regions so vast in their extent, and magnificent in their form and aspect, and tenanted by a population, active, sagacious, brave, and more intelligent, because better educated, than any people on the face of the earth, will in the progress of time, rival and perhaps surpass even the classic shores of Greece and Italy in every thing that confers upon a country the charm of moral interest and dignity; the light of genius and philosophy will diffuse itself over these immense and fertile tracts, time will shed over a thousand delightful spots the spells of traditionary and historical renown, and a structure of society be built up that will exhibit the human character in all its grace and glory.

With respect to the political discussions of the author, as far as they consider the present condition of Italy, they are, as we have already said, the result of much observation and reflection, and with his opinion as to the melancholy consequences of the Austrian government, the uniform testimony of every intelligent traveller compels us to agree:—but upon one topic we must say we do not think he has spoken with his usual candour and consideration—we allude to the influence of the French Revolution, and the sway of Napoleon, on the fortunes of Italy. He conceives them to have operated to her disadvantage, and the necessary inference from all that he advances upon the subject, is, that her present languishing state is almost wholly ascribable to the measures pursued by the imperial government. Now, though we by no means wish to be regarded as the apologists of Napoleon, and though we shall be ever among the foremost in condemn-

ing those acts of wanton violence and oppression which stained his career, we cannot avoid thinking, that to Franco and Italy, but more particularly the latter, his dominion was productive of benefits of the most substantial description, and that had not ambition, which Pope, however describes, as

“The glorious fault of angels and of gods.”

beset him with her tempting baits, occupied every avenue of his soul, and at length precipitated him to destruction, his reign would have proved eminently prosperous to Italy, and that under his rule, she would have gone far towards the redemption of her former dignity and importance. A few observations on that mighty change in the system of Europe, whose consequences are, perhaps, even now but partially unfolded, will not, we conceive, be considered out of place in treating of a country so deeply concerned in its operations.

The French Revolution, originating in the despair of a people trampled in the dust by the government it rose to destroy, could be maintained only by the energy of extraordinary abilities, acting upon immense physical means, and had not the destinies of France been guided by minds of the first magnitude, had not the change itself in her domestic polity, called forth from the bosom of the people men equal to the most imminent crises, and filled her councils with civil wisdom, while it stationed at the head of her armies the finest military talents of Europe,—in fine, had not the entire administration of the public weal been entrusted to the ablest hands, France must have yielded to the force of her confederated enemies, and nearly thirty years before she was fated to drink so deeply of the cup of calamity, beheld her fields blasted by the fires of invasion, and her cities dismantled and plundered by the friends of her present rulers. Nor was this sudden and wide display of talent confined to the field and the cabinet. The glowing and genial impulse extended itself to all classes and professions, and spread with the velocity of the electric fluid through the whole community, whom it animated with a lofty and exulting spirit of self-defence. The barriers which formerly obstructed the paths to eminence and distinction, being utterly destroyed, and the invitation of the state to its members to come forward in her cause, being universal in its application, not only were her armies incessantly and cheerfully recruited, but every citizen practising a liberal and useful art, felt it his interest, as it was his most im-

perious duty, to labour in his vocation, with a view to the public benefit. And thus the national affairs being conducted in their superior departments by the most distinguished political abilities, who willingly and with alacrity availed themselves of the aid tendered by men of science and genius, the safety of France was ensured by a system which employed and stimulated the whole intellect of the country, and threw over its proceedings a splendour that fascinated even the eyes of its enemies. The sanguinary scenes of domestic horror, produced by a few fierce and unprincipled individuals, we shall always deplore, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the magnanimous spirit that presided in the councils of republican France, or to deny that her mural crown was indebted for no small portion of its lustre to the genius she fostered with a sage generosity. The same system was pursued by the leader whom the exigencies of his adopted country invested with the purple. The generals—the prefects—the civil and military functionaries—of Napoleon were uniformly selected from among the most eminent in merit—the beams of his patronage warmed every department of learning, science, and the arts—and while his throne was environed and supported by the veteran commanders of the republican wars, it was clothed with the reflected light of the talent he encouraged. During five and twenty years was this magnificent spectacle exhibited before our eyes, and it would, indeed, have been strange if a period so rich in all that invites and detains contemplation, had passed away without leaving impressions more durable than those of a theatrical pageant. In truth, since the expulsion of the Bourbons, a spirit had arisen in Europe to which she had ever been a stranger, and which soon extended beyond the limits of the country in which it had its birth;—it passed the waves and valley of the Rhine—it enlivened the marshes of Belgium—it animated the plains of Germany—it crossed the Alps and Appennine, and wakened the dormant energies of Italian souls:—a spirit hostile to all the old political fabrics, and which grew daily more and more inimical to the inveterate defects of the ancient governments—a spirit essentially republican, and at open war with the oppression and prejudices that had so long exercised an undisturbed sway over the mind of Europe. The example of a numerous and powerful people rising with one accord and overturning from its foundations

a government radically corrupt and despotic, stimulated the neighbouring nations to investigate the abuses and mismanagement of their own—and the spirit of inquiry once roused, proceeded with a rapidity that promised the most favourable results. Its first effects were manifested in the almost unresisted progress of the French army wherever they appeared—and so universal at one period, had the dissatisfaction of the people throughout the continent toward their rulers become—so small an interest did they take in a cause in which only the government and its ministers seemed to be concerned—that had the invaders acted with caution and prudence, and shown by their conduct and deportment, that the diffusion of freedom was the real and sole object of their glorious ambition, we do think that a general revolution would have taken place in Europe, and that all those sublime and delightful prospects which the first few moments of the revolution in France appeared to hold out to the philanthropist, might have been realised on an ampler and more magnificent scale, and that long before the present period, there would not have been a single region of the old world to which the blessings of liberty would have been unknown. It was a misfortune that can never be too deeply lamented, that a cause so pure and holy should have fallen into hands morally incompetent to its preservation and triumph—and that so splendid an opportunity for establishing the liberties of man upon a broad and lasting basis, should have been lost through the volatility of the principal agents, and their forgetfulness of the principles upon which, indeed, they professed to act, but which their subsequent conduct but too plainly proved them to regard as mere political pretences. The tyranny and spoliation of the French generals—the wanton insolence with which they treated the people—the affronts offered to national feeling—the overweening arrogance and egotism which was perpetually endeavouring to give a French form to every social as well as political institution of the countries which yielded to their arms—soon disgusted the warmest friends of France, and though her power was still maintained in the conquered provinces, it was upheld rather by fear than by those warm and animated feelings which hailed the first entrance of her armies. The continuance, and perhaps aggravation of this system, under Napoleon, at length entirely weaned the popular mind from his cause, and

the disaffection of his allies waited only a favourable occasion to manifest itself in all its virulence. The result of his Russian expedition presented the desired opportunity, the standard of insurrection was reared in every part of Europe, excepting Italy and Poland, and a new coalition against France was formed, differing in all its features from those which in the first period of her revolution she had overthrown with glory to herself, and, would we could say advantage to the rest of the continent. Then she had to contend only with *kings*, and their slavish, spiritless hirelings, and she rushed to the conflict with an ardour which ensured her triumph. Then she was free—or at least believed herself so—and fought for the preservation of her independence;—she was threatened with the forcible and sanguinary re-establishment of the despotism that for ages had crippled her strength;—the rights, the undoubted rights, and honour of her sons—the chastity of her daughters—were at stake;—her hearths and her altars were menaced with destruction—her soil was stained by the presence of her unprincipled enemies—and her citizens were stimulated by all the most powerful feelings of our nature to the defence—the rescue—of their country. Now, circumstances wore a very different and discouraging aspect. Free she had never been—her revolution, though in many respects productive of infinite advantages to the mass of her people, failed in the establishment of her liberty—to the despotism of the old government had succeeded the tyranny of faction—and the sceptre of the Bourbons was wielded by the Directory and the Emperor. She woke from her dream of freedom—found that it was a vision—and was content to exchange her hopes of pure and perfect liberty—her actual and tumultuary servitude—for the tranquillity of a monarchical government. Under the auspices of Napoleon she enjoyed the repose she sighed for, and the energy of his character, the splendour of his achievements, the protection and encouragement which he extended to merit in whatever shape it appeared, the majesty and lustre, in short, which he shed over the name of France, would have fixed him in the hearts of a people fond to excess of external glitter, had he known where to stop in his domestic as well as foreign enterprizes. But the despot grew so fast upon him, he could not endure that the slightest vestige of freedom should remain to his people—he became accustomed to the basest adulation,

his will was law, the legislative bodies were reduced to the condition of automata, the press was chained, and almost every measure of his reign seemed to indicate that he considered himself the absolute sovereign of France. By this haughty deportment, and avarice of power, he gradually declined in the affections of the people, while the enormous sacrifices both of blood and treasure which his schemes of conquest demanded, completed their discontent. The allies came forward with the fairest professions, disavowed any intention of interfering in the internal affairs of France, and the people, weary of war, and disgusted with the arbitrary measures of Napoleon, stood listlessly by, and suffered him to fall, in the persuasion that it was the only event by which a chance would be afforded them of recovering their domestic independence, or of reinstating the country in friendly relations with the powers that were now advancing on their metropolis, at the head of the united forces of Europe. In this crisis, however, Napoleon was not wanting to himself—never was his consummate genius for war more decisively and brilliantly displayed than in the campaign before Paris: for three months he not merely kept his enemies at bay, and with a force scarcely equal to a fourth of that opposed to him, but repeatedly compelled them to fall back; nor should it be forgotten that when the allies received intelligence of the march by which, trusting in the fidelity of Marmont, he left Paris uncovered, they were on the point of commencing their retreat from the French territory. The lion was caught in the toils, but not through the sagacity or courage of his hunters.

It is not our intention to dwell on the consequences of the fall of Napoleon, as affecting France, or Europe generally. Perhaps an inquiry into its results might not be found so favourable to the allies as their admirers would wish. Perhaps such an examination might show that a highly-talented and magnanimous despot has been displaced to make room for a cluster of meaner and base-souled tyrants, men who have cheated their subjects with promises conceived in the spirit of treachery—and whose poor and paltry dread of their late mighty antagonist is constantly evincing itself in the persecution of every one who was attached to his fortunes, or who incautiously betrays in print or speech his sensibility to the great qualities of Napoleon. These questions, as well as the influence of his government, and the revolution generally, on the dea-

tinies of Europe at large, we shall leave to the decision of our readers—but we cannot refuse ourselves the occasion afforded by the author before us, of saying a few words on the system of Napoleon as it regarded the fate of Italy—a land

“That was the mightiest in her old command,
And is the loveliest.”

In no country have the effects of moral disorganization been more strikingly exhibited than Italy;—on no region has the total neglect—the annihilation—of the domestic virtues brought a deeper degradation. When we wander even in imagination over plains once the abodes of the “lords of humankind,” meeting at every step with the evidences of her former grandeur, and then turn to contemplate the abasement of her present inhabitants, the ardour of classical enthusiasm might almost be excused, if in the warmth and poignancy of its recollections, it breathed a curse on the base descendants of a mighty people. The profound universal licentiousness—the contempt of the marriage vow—the open avowal of criminal affections—the detestable custom of *cicisbeism*—together with the rank superstition, pusillanimity, indolence, and complete want of public spirit, which characterise her population, have for ages rendered Italy despicable in the eyes of other nations. The lustre with which she shone in the middle ages—when the animating influence of freedom and commerce spread life and vigour through her republics—gradually expired with the curtailment of her liberties;—the gloom of despotism, foreign and domestic, gathered over her brow—she sickened beneath the withering breath of slavery—the arts fled from shores where the voice of freedom ceased to be heard, and commerce deserted a land where industry no longer presided. Courage forsook her soul, and strength abandoned her arm. A general languor pervaded her frame, and she sought in the intoxicating cup of luxury the stimulus that had flowed from nobler sources. Deeply she drank—and with every fresh draught imbibed a portion of the poison which at length spread itself through every vein and artery of her system; voluptuousness engendered debility, her powers and energies expired in the miasma of sensuality, and the moral marasma which infected her soul was daily melting away the few faint traces of those brilliant and illustrious qualities which still lingered amid the waste of her former glory.

Thus was Italy situated—languishing amid the sweets of nature, and the ruins of her pristine greatness—when the French Revolution burst forth upon the world like a tornado, and swept away in the rapidity and fierceness of its progress, the landmarks of so many ancient dominions and institutions. Italy was among the first of the European nations visited by that tremendous but not unsalutary hurricane. Great as were the evils she sustained,—and it is by no means our wish to underrate them—they were, nevertheless, transitory and trivial compared with the deep and unintermitting exhaustion that for centuries had preyed upon the sources of her prosperity. The wars of which her fields became the theatre produced, unquestionably, considerable temporary disaster, but they awakened and stirred her people from the slothful and luxurious apathy in which they were involved. The great military and political drama that was acting among and around them, kindled the dormant powers of thought and reflection in minds long chained from action by the united spells of voluptuousness and superstition. France held out to their hopes the prospect of returning happiness and renown—her proclamations appealed to the shades of the Scipios and the Gracchi—the praises of Camillus and Cato were sounded in the ears of their descendants—the nerve, the long palsied nerve of patriotism was electrified—and the hopes, the affections of the Italians hung upon the triumphs of their invaders. The victories of the republican armies over their Austrian oppressors were hailed as the harbingers of independence, and the license of the French soldiery was regarded with the indulgence, exercised toward allies, rather than the asperity raised by the excesses of foreign and hostile troops. The establishment of the Ligurian and Cisalpine republics flattered them with the vision of independence, and the expulsion of their old masters—which of itself was a benefit of unspeakable value to Italy—excited in the bosoms of her sons the liveliest feelings of gratitude toward their conquerors.

Then came Napoleon—the kingdom of Italy was erected—and the Italians beheld all their anticipations of separate and perfect independence vanish in the overpowering blaze of royal dominion. But the rank which that event gave them among the nations of Europe more than compensated the partial disappointment of their wishes. Previous to the institution of the kingdom of Italy, that interesting country had been separated into *

hundred principalities—the expenses of as many courts, each vying with its neighbour in ostentatious pageantry, could be defrayed only by taxes and contributions that drained the means of the people,—and the last spark of public spirit was quenched by the extinction of the national integrity. Napoleon gave her ruin—he made her again a *country*—he restored her finances—he re-created her martial spirit—he encouraged her agriculture—he re-edified her cities—he patronised her men of genius and science—and Italy was about to rise from her late nothingness when the success of the deliverers of Europe replunged her into her former insignificance and abjectness.

We have extended our observations to a length that forbids us to indulge ourselves longer in speculations as to the future destinies of Italy. The author of the “*Rambles*” now claims our attention, and it is with the liveliest satisfaction that we proceed to lay before our readers a brief view of the contents of this elegant volume.

The two first sections are occupied in discussing the comparative attractions of American and Italian scenery, the character of the modern Italians, and contain also some amusing speculations as to the government best adapted to restore them to respectability and happiness. We extract the commencement of the first.

“To an American whose eye has been uniformly accustomed to the lakes, rivers, and forests of the new world, the general aspect of Italy, at first, is not striking, nor even pleasing. The magnificent features which nature has given to America, cast into the shade the comparatively diminutive beauties of Italian scenery. Vineyards and plantations of olives make but a poor figure when compared with the rich verdure of our interminable forests; and the Tyber and the Arno, though renowned in song, would shrink into rills by the side of the Hudson or the Potomac. He remembers with what an overflowing hand nature has poured out her riches on the soil of the new world; and he is unable to reconcile the general appearance of Tuscany and Romagna, with the idea of a country on which nature has bestowed her gifts with lavish profusion. He contrasts, too, the fallen magnificence and languid air of her cities with that increasing prosperity and promise of future greatness, that is every where visible in America.

“Whilst his mind is wholly occupied with this comparison, he is apt to overlook circumstances in the present condition of Italy, which endear her to the classic mind. He perhaps does not reflect how long this

soil has been trodden down by the foot of man,—how long it has yielded its annual tribute to the labours of the husbandman,—how long it has been fatigued by the toils of glory:—how often armies of barbarians, rushing from its mountains, and more withering in their progress than Alpine blasts, have swept over the surface of this fair peninsula. Every where it exhibits scars of human violence;—every object announces how long it has been the theatre of man's restless passions;—every thing bears evidence of its complete subjection to his power. The moral and intellectual grandeur of Italy, like that of her architectural monuments, is mutilated and faded. Her civil and political institutions are exhausted and decrepid, and are hastening to their extinction by a rapid declension. Yet in this land, where the works of art and human policy are bowed beneath the weight of years, nature is still as youthful as in the golden age, and, as if she delighted to display her creative energy and her imperishable dominion on the very spot where time has levelled the structures of art; the ruins of palaces and temples are dressed in the choicest offerings of Flora, and the twice blooming rose of *Peatum** glows with undiminished beauty in the midst of scenes of decayed magnificence, and smiles on the brow of desolation.

“Reflections of this kind, when they have their full operation upon the mind, have a tendency to diminish the force of those early impressions which are apt to render an American insensible to the charms of this interesting country. His taste, without losing any of its discriminating power, becomes more vigorous and enlightened; a new species of beauty is unveiled to his perceptions, and a source of refined enjoyment opened as soon as he learns to subdue the influence of early habits and local associations.

“In America, the prodigal fertility of nature, and that colossal greatness by which she has distinguished the features of the new from those of the old continent, divert the attention from her more delicate and concealed charms. Untutored by art, she riots with a juvenile vigour, and plays ‘her virgin fancies’ uncontrolled. She is an artist who, negligent of lesser graces, astonishes even the dulllest observer by a creative brilliancy. But there are in the scenery of Italy latent and refined beauties which only the eye of taste can discover.

“Our country is not picturesque. How often in attempting to delineate her inimitable form has the hand of the artist fallen in despair? This, in my opinion, constitutes the principal distinction between our transatlantic scenes, which defy the imitation of the pencil, and those of a country whose natural beauties lie within a narrow compass, are heightened by classical and moral

* “*Biferaque rosaria Pæsti.*”

associations, and have an appearance of being purposely arranged for the canvass.

"A gentleman, for whose judgment and taste I have the highest esteem, told me at Messina, that he could not overcome his dislike to the naked and exposed appearance of Sicily and Calabria, which convinces me how difficult it is for an American to resist the influence of associations formed at a period of life when the sensibilities are unworn, and the heart and the imagination peculiarly susceptible of impressions from external objects. The land of Sicily and Calabria, composed as it is for the greater part of lava, wears, at a distance, an appearance of sterility. But this illusion is corrected upon examining more narrowly the properties of the soil and the rich variety of plants and flowers it spontaneously produces. A drapery more luxuriant would be prejudicial to its beauty; extensive forests would obstruct the view of the outline of the distant mountains, or conceal the surface of a country gracefully diversified by hills and valleys, and dressed by the hand of cultivation. Poussin and Claude Lorraine might here have studied the theory of their art, so harmoniously combined are all its features, and so happily blended are the colours of the sea, the land and the sky, to please the eye and enchant the imagination. Having doubled the southmost point of Calabria, the country of Theocritus presents itself before you. The cerulean waves that encircle it appear still to be the favourite haunt of sea-gods and syrens, and its enchanting shores still seem to echo with the complaints of the despairing Galatea. The dark luxuriant foliage of the orange, intermixed with the pale verdure of the olive, and the large flowering aloe, which displays its broad leaves upon the summits of the nearest hills, form the principal features of the Sicilian shores, while opposite, Calabria stretches to the foot of the snowy Appenines its rich fields and vineyards, gay with country houses and villages. Contrasted with these scenes of delicious repose, is the busy city of Messina, its port crowded with Levant ships, and its mixed population diversified with Moorish and Asiatic costumes, collected in groups on the quay, or basking in the sun, and as is the custom of the south, alternately relapsing from a state of vigorous exertion into a state of unmanly indolence."

* "To those who have navigated the Mediterranean, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, how much deeper and more vivid its colours are than those of the ocean. In the neighbourhood of Sicily I have seen it of a deep violet colour, and have frequently remarked the same appearance in the Adriatic. Hence, Virgil's '*mare purpureum*,' lord Byron's '*purple of ocean*,' expressions, the beauty and propriety of which, are not easily understood by an inhabitant of the north of Europe.

In this delicious region—

Far from the winters of the west,
By every gale and season blest,

nature appears arrayed in all the charms with which poets have invested the fabled elysium. The landscape is usually marked by features of the softest beauty—graceful, delicate, and undulating;—scenes

where gods might rove,
And woman charmed, and man deserve her love,

open upon the eyes of the traveller in varied and ever delightful succession;—the flower of Venus is in perpetual bloom, and her star burns with a warmer and steadier lustre on the land of her reputed offspring—the land of *Aeneas* and of *Virgil*—than elsewhere it deigns to shed. Flowers of the richest dyes—fruits of unrivalled flavour—the vine, the orange, the purple-flowering clematis, the olive, and the everlasting aloe,—decorate the surface of the soil;—the ruins of antique grandeur—the shrines of paganism, and the palaces of patricians—glitter in the rays of an unclouded sun, or shine with mellowed brilliancy in the beams of his sister luminary. And then the climate—so soft, so pure, that to live, to breathe, in it is a pleasure—an inappreciable luxury! Every thing, in short, exists here in perfection but him for whom all this profusion of nature's choicest gifts has been poured forth:

All, save the spirit of man, is divine,

and the favour of heaven, so lavishly extended to the soil, seems to have been withdrawn from its inhabitants.

The author's concluding remarks on the landscape of Italy and America are written with great eloquence and enthusiasm; and show a warmth of patriotic feeling that cannot fail to recommend him to the approbation of his countrymen.

"Yet I would not be understood in this comparison of Italy with America, to give the preference to the former. Independently of the sacred attachment which must indissolubly bind the heart of every American to the moral and political institutions of his own country, it possesses attractions which cannot be diminished by the longest residence in the most favoured climes of Europe. His moral principles severe and pure,—his taste unvitiated by artificial refinements,—yet delicately alive to the nobler and finer impulses of the soul,—the young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his

native home. His imagination presents to him its untrodden wilds,—its waste fertility, as an image of man unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary-headed prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and superstition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur, she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains, it is because the peaceful vales beneath have never owned the sway of feudal or monastic tyrants. These are inestimable blessings, and incomparably of more value than that empty but fatal splendour for which the price of liberty and happiness must be paid. Some facts alluded to in the ensuing pages will, I flatter myself, place in a strong light the happy condition of this country, compared with that of others, and show

“What makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap.

“America affords a great diversity of soil and climate, and in certain situations we may enjoy gales as pure, and skies as fair as those of Italy.” In proportion, too, as the national taste becomes refined, and as a love for picturesque embellishment increases, the classical beauties of the latter will be gradually transplanted to our soil, and its own grand features, which no art can improve, be intermixed with scenes as soft and as delicate as those of the Alban Lake. The saffron tints of our autumnal skies resemble those of the country I have been describing, and our moon only wants ancient ruins to adorn, to make her the same enchantress of the night she is in Italy.

“The following is an extract from Mr. Brackearidge's Views of Louisiana. One would suppose he was describing the climate of Italy. ‘I confess, that to me, nature never wore an aspect so lovely as on the lonely plains of the west. From their dry and unsheltered surface no damp and unwholesome vapours rise to lessen the elasticity of the air, or dim the brilliant blue of the heavens. So transparent is the atmosphere, that a slight smoke can be discerned at the distance of many miles, which curiously exercises the caution and sagacity of the fearful savage, ever on the watch to destroy or avoid destruction. And then that sublime immensity which surrounds us. The sea in motion is a sublime object, but not to be compared to the varied scenes that here present themselves, and over which the body as well as the imagination is free to expatiate. The beams of the sun appeared to me to have less fierceness, or perhaps this is owing to the cool breezes which continually fan the air, bringing upon their wings the odours of myriads of flowers.’

“I am also ready to subscribe to the opinion, that much of the interest which Italy excites, arises from adventitious causes. As it has been for many ages the theatre of great events, its rivers, its mountains and lakes, possess, independently of their natural beauty, a mighty influence over the imagination. A mind pregnant with the stores of classic literature, derives from the contemplation of these objects enjoyments which cannot be imparted to a person destitute of the rudiments of a liberal education. It is, therefore, unfair to compare with it a country, the events of whose history are yet too few and recent to afford a stimulus to the imagination. America, which yet affords few materials for epic and dramatic poetry, sinks by comparison with a country embellished by the charms of fiction, and which is constantly soliciting the attention by the power of those moral associations it awakes in the heart. The impressions produced by her wild beauties and unborrowed charms, are faint by comparison, with the emotions felt in traversing ground ennobled by illustrious events, and heightened by the magical colouring of poetry and tradition. Yet it cannot be denied that objects, in themselves incapable of affording any intellectual pleasure, oftentimes acquire an undue ascendancy over the mind by the power of association; and I am apt to believe, in comparing Italy with other countries, the enthusiasm of the scholar has lent a brilliant colouring to this region of classical events, which has sometimes betrayed him into incautious and exaggerated encomiums. I have often been astonished at the powerful impressions I have received from objects, which, had I met them in any other country, I perhaps should have regarded with indifference. Surely, I have frequently exclaimed to myself, these woods, hills and streams which I now behold with feelings that overpower me, yield in beauty and sublimity to our trans-atlantic scenery. From what cause, then, do they derive their extraordinary influence over the imagination?—From their connexion with some of the most eventful periods of time. Here, at every step, we tread on the ruins of a mighty empire! A fractured column,—a dilapidated wall,—a broken architrave,—often produces the most powerful excitement in the imagination, by bringing before it personages and events whose history has left a deep and permanent impression on the sensibilities of childhood. The dazzling exploits of valour,—the heroic sacrifices made to love of country,—to conjugal affection,—to parental duty,—to filial piety,—the high and pleasing examples of moral and intellectual excellence,—heightened by the eloquence of the historian, and the fancy of the poet, are identified with names that one hears daily pronounced by the common people of Italy. ‘Je demandois l'autre jour,’ says Corinne, ‘a une pauvre femme que je rencontrais, ou elle demeurait? A la

roche Tarpeienne, me répondit-elle ; et ce mot, bien que dépouillé des idées qui jadis y étaient attachées, agit encore sur l'imagination.—On ne prononce pas le nom du Tibre comme celui des esclaves sans gloire; c'est un des plaisirs de Rome que de dire : *Conduisez-moi sur les bords du Tibre ; traversons le Tibre.* Il semble qu'en prononçant ces paroles on évoque l'histoire et qu'on ranime les morts.*

"I can imagine a period equally remote from its origin, when the American nation, looking backward into time, will feel all the moral interest which an Italian now feels, who combines in one view the present and the past, and whose imagination associates with the soil he treads, those visions of glory, which will for ever live in the song of the poet, and the narratives of the historian. Italy, vain of the lustre of her acquired fame, timorous and slothful, in a state of inglorious indolence, contemplates her fading splendour; while America, active and daring, emulous of solid greatness, is vigorously employing all her resources, moral and physical, in the construction of such a fabric of power and of social refinement, as shall surpass every masterpiece of political skill that has hitherto existed; and when the creations of the muse shall have given to every section of our country the same charm which they have bestowed upon Italy, our soil, over which nature has profusely scattered her beauties, will possess an inspiring influence, equal, if not superior to this favoured region, where poetry has gathered her choicest flowers."

The second section opens with a sort of essay on the influence of climate as it respects the moral and intellectual character of nations. We have neither time nor space to enter into the discussion, but shall content ourselves with observing, that notwithstanding the effect of climate upon the human character is, without doubt, considerable, yet its influence may be, and has been, counteracted by moral and political institutions. The climate of Greece and Italy has not changed since the days of Pericles and Fabricius—yet who dreams of comparing the conquerors of Xerxes and Pyrrhus with their degenerate descendants?

The observations on the *Opera Seria* are judicious, and expressed with elegance.

"In introducing the reader to the grand opera of Italy, I must request him to bear in mind, that the person who undertakes to conduct him into this scene of enchantment, is not a *dilettante*, professing a knowledge of the refined beauties of the art which here appears in its highest perfection. Superficially acquainted with its elementary

principles, he can estimate its beauties only by their effects, and in determining its merits is guided by no other standard than his own feelings. In a mind not habituated to judge by the rules and principles of art, the pleasures of music are influenced by the state of the imagination, nor is it possible for such a mind to form a very clear conception of those exquisite performances of art, which please only chromatic ears, until it has learned to separate from the real and permanent beauties of melody, those imaginary and perishable charms that are borrowed from casual associations. Yet I am persuaded that the musician's art does not afford to scientific judges those rapturous pleasures it excites in minds which an unmanageable degree of sensibility subjugates by the power of accidental and local impressions, and renders them incapable of distinguishing the refined music of the opera from the simple but rude melodies of nature. I was acquainted with a person who heard with perfect indifference the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers of Italy, who yet listened as if enchanted to the simple song of a Venetian *gondoliere*, heard under a moonlight sky along a silent canal, bordered with ruined palaces, once the gay mansions of splendour and beauty. I do not know that in witnessing the most brilliant concert, or those almost supernatural feats of voice which are exhibited on the Italian stage, I was ever conscious of 'such a sacred and home-felt delight' as I have experienced in listening to the sounds of a midnight serenade, which,

Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air.

Even the warbling of a nightingale in a tree near Petrarch's villa, has more powerfully affected me than the most skilful human artist would have done by bringing to my recollection these beautiful lines of the poet,

"Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde se accende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro incielto :
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all'ombra
Tutte le nottè si lamenta e piange."

"The attractions which music borrows from poetry, and poetry from music, mislead the mind in its judgment respecting the distinct and separate merits of each. How many indifferent airs become popular from their being originally combined with the beauties of poetry, and how often do we see puerility of sentiment and poverty of invention set off by the merit of musical composition. The former, I think, is a general case in England and America, the latter is daily exemplified in Italy. The Italian operas, with a few exceptions, as dramatic compo-

* "Madame de Staël.

"Sen. X.

sitions, are not only tame and languid, but contemptibly puerile. I speak not here of the musical dramas of Metastasio, which have pretensions far above these; but of that vast number of pieces so barren of sentiment and imagery which are continually manufactured for the opera. How gross soever are the faults which the poet may commit, they are varnished over by the art of the musician. Nay, he is often necessitated to vitiate his language and deform his style, in order to humour the taste of a favourite *cantatrice*. For this reason, in proportion as the music of Italy prospers, her poetry declines, and the greatness of the former may be said to be built on the ruins of the latter.

"Whether poetry and music flourish best together, or whether they arrive at their highest perfection when cultivated exclusively of each other, is a question of some nicety. Modern Greece affords some countenance to the former opinion, while modern Italy furnishes many plausible arguments in support of the latter.

"Since the days of Tasso, but a few of the bards of Italy have inherited any portion of the fire of their great predecessors, and at the present day her breed of original poets appears to be completely extinct. But Italy is to day the land of enchanting music. This may be ascribed in some measure to the harmonious structure of the Italian language, of which Metastasio said, '*e musica stessa*.' It is unquestionably the most musical of all the dialects of modern Europe, and even where the mind is unable to annex any determinate and precise signification to its terms, still it delights the ear with its melodious accents, and, like the sighs of the breeze or the warbling of birds, awakens feelings analogous to those inspired by the charms of nature. Its full and sonorous terminations give it a great advantage over the French language when adapted to the musical accompaniments. The voice, in lengthening out the mute vowels of the latter, produce a barbarous dissonance compared with those round and harmonious closes in which the Italian language is so rich.

"The lyrical drama of France, in elegance and regularity of structure, and refinement

of diction, surpasses that of Italy. A profound knowledge of the principles of the dramatic art, and the unrivalled beauty of their ballet, have enabled the French artists to embellish their opera with all that Apollo and the Graces could bestow. Yet with all these dazzling allurements, it wearies and exhausts the attention of the spectator,* while the *Opera Seria* of Italy recreates and delights him.

"My ears also greatly deceive me, if the musical artists of the former would endure a comparison with those of the latter. An Italian, in witnessing the deafening applauses of a French audience, which were, however, not sufficiently loud to drown the voice of the actress upon the stage, exclaimed '*gli Francesi hanno le orecchie di corno*.' Those who have had their ears wounded by the screaming of *Madame Branchu*, in the character of *Armide*, and have seen *Rinaldo* roused from his voluptuous dream by the stentorian voice of *Dertis*, accompanied with all the cymbals, trumpets and kettle-drums of the orchestra, must have regretted that any thing so offensive should mar the beauty of a performance, which in some measure vindicates, with regard to the French opera, the justness of these beautiful lines of Voltaire,

"Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
Où les beaux vœux, la danse et la musique,
L'art de charmer les yeux par les coupleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

The author witnessed at Trieste the performance of the opera of *Jason and Medea*. His description of it is in his happiest manner, and as we wish him to appear to the best advantage, we present it to our readers.

* "The Grand Opera of Paris, although somewhat caricatured in the following description of Rousseau, is even at the present day not wholly free from some of those faults which exposed it to the ridicule of that unsparring satirist. 'On voit les actrices, presque en convulsions, arracher avec violence ces glapissements de leurs pousmons les poings fermés, contre la poitrine, la tête en arrière le visage enflammé, les vaisseaux gonflés, l'estomac pantelant; on ne sait lequel est le plus disagrablement affecté, de l'œil on de l'oreille, leurs efforts font autant souffrir ceux que les regardant, que leurs chants, ceux que les écoutent;—concevez que cette manière de chanter est employée pour exprimer ce que Quinault a jamais dit de plus galant et de plus tendre. Imaginez les Muses, les Grâces, les Amours, Venus même s'exprimant avec cette délicatesse et jugez de l'effet!—A ces beaux sons aussi justes qu'ils sont doux se marient très dignement ceux de l'orchestre. Figurez vous un charivari sans fin d'instruments sans mélodie; un ronron traînant et perpétuel de basse; chose la plus lugubre, la plus assommante que J'aie entendue de ma vie, et qui Je n'ai jamais pu supporter une demiheure sans gagner un violent mal de tête.'

* "This practice is finally ridiculed in *Madame de Staël's Corinne*. ' Vos musiciens fameux disposent en entier de vos poëtes; l'un lui déclare qu'il ne peut pas chanter s'il n'a dans son ariette le mot *felicità*; le tenor demande la *tomba*; et le troisième chanteur ne peut faire des roulades que sur le mot *calene*. Il faut que le pauvre poëte arrange ces goûts divers comme il le peut avec la situation dramatique.'

"'Est il e'tonnant que d'après ces dispositions universelles, on n'ait en Italie qu'un mauvais opera avec de belle musique; cela doit arriver quand on est passionné pour l'une, et qu'on se soucie peu de l'autre, Voltaire a dit que la musique chez les Italiens avait tué la tragédie et il a dit vrai. Cours de Littérature, par J. F. Le Murpe.'

"The sounds of the orchestra no sooner struck my ears, than I recognized the exquisite execution of the German artists. The opera, entitled *Gli pretendenti delusi*, opened with a charming duet between the *Prima Donna*, and the *Tenore*. The *Primo Buffo* was the first in Italy, and sang the *arias* with inimitable grace and humour. In Italy, it is the fashion to be inattentive to the recitative parts of the opera, but when the orchestra pauses, and the actor comes forward to the front of the stage, and announces to the audience by his looks, that he is going to sing the *aria*, a general silence immediately follows. A similar pause in conversation takes place at the commencement of the ballet, which, as may readily be conceived, has powerful attractions for a people upon whom the spells of beauty and the enchanting power of graceful motion act with an irresistible fascination.

"The subject of the ballet was taken from the story of Jason and Medea. The addition of any novel attractions to a tale, familiar to every school-boy, would at first seem to involve difficulties almost insurmountable. But the resources of art are unlimited, and the history of the chief of the Argonauts and his spouse, although a hackneyed tale, and although degraded from the dignity of the epopee and the drama to a pantomime, appeared with a renovated lustre that instantaneously seized upon the attention of the spectator. The poetry of Euripides does not operate upon the fancy and the heart with a sway more irresistible, than that succession of magical illusions which compose this ballet, and by which the artist reaches through the senses the finer organs and nobler passions of the soul. Terpsichore, on this occasion, showed herself the rival of Melpomene, or rather the latter, abdicating her dignity, and borrowing the enchanting graces of her sister muse, appeared with no less additional loveliness than Juno, when she shone with all those ineffable attractions conferred upon her person by the possession of the zone of Venus. Looks often dart the contagious fire of poetry more than the most forcible and brilliant composition of words; and the music which unites its ravishing spells to the irresistible enchantments of grace, and heightens the expression of eloquent and living attitudes, is a natural language, in its effect analogous to those passionate and sentimental tones in the human voice, which constitute the charm of declamation. The impassioned character of Medea was beautifully portrayed; the *ballerina* who personated it, gave to it all the effect of which it was susceptible.—The discovery of her husband's passion for the daughter of Creon, and its effect upon her mind, were happily conceived and forcibly expressed by this female artist; while the music of the orchestra painted to the ear the furious agitation of the agonized and distracted mind of Medea.

"Thy numbers jealousy to nought were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering strain was mixed,
And now it courted love, now raving called
on hate.

"The struggles of maternal tenderness in the bosom of Medea, before she executes her horrid purpose, and the grief of Jason for the loss of his murdered children, shone in colours truly dramatic, and might elicit tears. The sorceress's visit to the infernal regions, her countenance pale with jealousy, yet meditating revenge, the terror which seemed to shake her whole frame at the moment she is to invoke the powers of hell to assist her in the execution of her diabolical scheme of vengeance,—the dances of the furies around her, their torches illuminating the scene with a terrific glare, and to crown the whole, Medea borne aloft through the air in her car, drawn by fiery dragons, evinced in the Italian artists, a superiority of skill in the machines and decorations of the stage, which made me recollect the French theatre, where I have sometimes in the like manner suffered my spirits to be borne along by a succession of passive enjoyments, and where, encompassed by the illusions of the ballet, or enchanted by the siren song of the opera, I have feasted to satiety at that banquet where reason resigns her authority, and leaves the fancy to indulge in all the luxury of visionary delight.

"The art of pantomime is carried to a high degree of excellence among a people of a lively and ardent imagination. It is so natural for such a people to employ the language of gesture to express their feelings; and a mode of communication to which men at first were led, by a necessity imposed upon them by the limited stores of language, in the earlier stages of its formation, has been continued from choice, and cultivated as an embellishment.

"The highest degree of perfection attainable in this art, may be looked for among the Italians, who appear to possess, beyond any other people, that muscular flexibility of countenance, by means of which it suddenly and spontaneously reflects the emotions of the heart. The causes which render the human countenance so sensitive and delicate an organ of intellectual communication, and which make it so faithful a mirror of what passes within the mind, are not more to be ascribed to a particular physical conformation, than to the prevalence of taste and mental elegance, arising out of a particular state of society.

"Independent of that forcible and impassioned style of gesture, by which nature has characterized the Italian nation, the classic forms of antiquity which they have continually before their eyes, naturally fashion them to a standard of grace; and, indeed, omitting the consideration of a cultivated taste, the continual presence of these models of the *beau ideal* would lead them insensibly

to acquire a habit of expressing their thoughts and sentiments in the most poetical attitudes. Thus the French and Italian ballets frequently recal to the fancy the fine forms of painting and statuary, which acquire additional interest when heightened by every varying expression, and the fugitive and evanescent charms of the living model. Even the ideal fictions of the muse, when clothed with shape and colour, and exhibited in a visible form to the spectator, produce a more pleasing effect than when presented directly to the mind without the intervention of the senses: the creative power of the imagination being slightly, if at all exerted, while it receives passively its impressions through the organs of external perception."

The favourite species of music with the Italians is precisely what might be supposed agreeable to their soft and voluptuous character; a music addressed to the heart—the passions we should rather say—and calculated to melt the soul by its delicious sweetness and melody. The senses are taken captive—the imagination roves in a labyrinth of song and luxury—and every nobler sentiment and feeling dissolves before the influence of a science that was intended to act as the ally of virtue.

From the *Opera* we gladly turn our attention to the dramatic writers of Italy. The author has given an interesting sketch of the three principal modern literati who have devoted their talents to dramatic composition. We regret that we have only room for the portrait of Alfieri, which we do not hesitate to say is drawn with great vigour and felicity, and deserves to be mentioned as a splendid but just eulogium on one in whose productions the fire of genius was fanned by the wings of freedom.

"But the dramatic poet whom the Italians regard with a veneration bordering upon idolatry, is Alfieri. The powerful allurements of Metastasio's poetry, appears to have won for him the privilege of fixing the laws of dramatic composition. He assimilated the genius of tragedy to the softness and languor of pastoral poetry, nor is it difficult to conceive how a people softened by indolence and pleasure, should be inclined to prefer brilliancy of imagination and voluptuousness of sentiment, to depth of feeling and energy of thought. How great then, is the merit of Alfieri, who combated successfully these enchantments, and infused into tragedy her ancient spirit. Since his time the theatre in Italy has been a great school of virtue and moral wisdom. Melpomene no longer appears with her majestic forehead bound with chaplets of flowers and with the voice and smiles of a Siren. Alfieri divested her of these meretricious

charms, restored to her the solemn step, the elevated look, the lofty accent, and clothed her with the flowing majesty of her antique costume.

"But with all his merits, Alfieri does not appear to have seized the justest conception of tragedy. Solicitous chiefly to avoid the effeminacy of Metastasio, he has gone to the opposite extreme. His illustrations and metaphors are employed for sake of strength, more than for ornament, and his aversion to embellishment led him to the adoption of a style harsh and unpoetical. To borrow an illustration from painting, all his pieces are deficient in repose. The mind is kept too continually on the stretch. This tragical uniformity renders his dramas, in spite of their great beauties, heavy and tedious. I cannot conceive why the tragic poet should not be permitted occasionally to step aside to regale his reader with a description or an episode, and why a liberty allowed in epic composition, should be considered inconsistent with the laws of the drama. In the seventh book of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, after a series of sanguinary battles and martial exploits, how refreshing to the imagination is the solitary retreat on the banks of the Jordan, and the adventures of Erminia and the Shepherd among scenes of pastoral innocence and simplicity. 'A beauty of this kind in Shakespeare,' says Dugald Stewart, 'has been finely remarked by sir Joshua Reynolds. After the awful scene in which Macbeth relates to his wife the particulars in his interview with the weird sisters, and where the design is conceived of accomplishing their predictions that very night, by the murder of the king, how grateful is the sweet and tranquil picture presented to the fancy in the dialogue between the king and Banquo before the castle gate:—

"This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and swiftly recommends itself
Unto our general sense.

This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionary, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttress nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant
cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

"Although terror and sublimity are the emotions which Shakespeare is most successful in raising, yet as images of horror, when the mind dwells on them too long become painful, the scene from time is shifted, and the gloom of the imagination occasionally relieved by a succession of gay and exhilarating impressions. He knew every secret avenue to the heart, which he alternately pierces with the most poignant anguish, melts with compassion, or convulses with laughter. But the strain of Alfieri is un-

varied. All his dramas are modelled after the same pattern. When you have read his conspiracy of the Paszi, and his Philip the Second, you appear to have exhausted all the treasures of his fancy. The love of liberty with which some of his pieces are so strongly marked, and which is the predominant sentiment throughout most of them, have acquired for him a great reputation among a people who know nothing of liberty but its false and splendid visions, which are often not more happily suited to the purposes of the dramatic poet, than they are repugnant to the sober realities of life. Nevertheless, with all his defects, he has erected, on a durable basis, a monument over which unceasing honours are destined to accumulate, and the name of Alfieri, when his works shall be better understood abroad, will share with Shakspeare, Racine and Schiller, that universal admiration which the consent of ages and the voice of experience confirms.

"The change which the moral and political principles of his tragedies, have effected in the modes of feeling and thinking throughout Italy, has evidently created a spirit which its present government must be fearful of provoking. They discountenance, as far as they can with policy, the representation of those pieces in which the principles of liberty are forcibly inculcated. His dramas, however, produce their most powerful impression in the closet, as there are few declaimers in Italy capable of conceiving the depth of his sentiments, or of reciting his verses so as to mark the beauties of his forcible and sententious style. Yet he has invigorated the sentiments of the Italian people, and infused into them a portion of their ancient spirit. The bold and fearless manner in which they quote his verses, as applicable to themselves and their present situation, authorize me to believe, that Alfieri has helped to sow the seeds of that restlessness which they discover under the yoke of their present governments, and the sources of which must be extinguished before Italy can enjoy a lasting repose. They feel and act as if nothing was wanting but a resolute chief to lead them to the possession of that liberty which is the object of their sighs.

"Gia in alto stan gli ignudi ferri; accenna, Accenna sol: gia nei devoti petti, Piomber gli vedi; e a liberta dar via."

"No poet, since the time of Lucan, has worshipped with truer devotion at the shrine of liberty, or painted its effects on the heart with more genuine enthusiasm than Alfieri. If his strains shall not kindle a flame to consume the structures of despotism, they will, however, keep alive the sacred flame on the altar of his country."

At Trieste the author saw the Emperor Francis, who at that period was making

a tour through his recovered dominions of Italy and Dalmatia.

"He was met at a distance from the city by the public functionaries, and escorted through the *corso* or principal street, along the sides of which the military were drawn up. The martial music of the German regiments, which is so noble, and the incessant firing from the fort and harbour, gave no small degree of solemnity to this event. A thousand white handkerchiefs waved by the fair hands of ladies, streamed from the windows under which he passed, and the multitude shouted *viva nostro sovrano*. The front of the exchange, which terminates the *corso*, was decorated with a large transparent painting representing the mixed population of Trieste, with wreaths and presents in their hands, which they offered as a testimony of their gratitude and loyalty to the emperor. Between the imperial residence and the theatre, a beautiful triumphal arch was constructed, bearing this inscription,

"Carri patriæ patri adventum
Læti celebrant Tergestini."

"Francis witnessed all these expressions of zeal to his house, with the air of a man whose ruling passion was not that of empire and command. He returned the *risos* of the populace by a quick and awkward inclination of his head, and a mechanical movement of his hand to his hat. As I saw him descend from his carriage, his countenance and person impressed me with the idea of a plain artless man, marked with none of the terrific or captivating traits of superior genius. None of those royal and martial graces which played around the person of Buonaparte, or of Louis the fourteenth. His equipage was plain, he wore a uniform of grey blue, and was decorated with the golden fleece, and the orders of St. Stephen, and Maria Theresa. His hat was three cornered, and ornamented with a bunch of heron's feathers. He was remarkably condescending and familiar with the persons who were presented to him. An American gentleman who had an interview of half an hour with him at Vienna, in which he spoke with much interest on the subject of American commerce, told me that at the end of the conversation, he thanked him, with an air of great cordiality and politeness, for the information he had so kindly communicated. He partook but little in the public amusements that had been got up for his entertainment. The provincial nobles and the merchants of Trieste, were candidates for his smiles; the former endeavouring with 'the faded remains of their courtly graces,' to withdraw his attention from the latter, whose immense riches obscured the boast of heraldry. At the public balls and *conversazioni*, the ladies both

* "Congiura de' Paszi.

* "Tergestum was the ancient name of Trieste.

mobile and *bourgeois*, exerted all the power of their wit and charms to draw from him a compliment, or to ensnare some of the young officers in his train, the magic lustre of whose stars and military decorations played among crowds of beauty, and overpowered many a bright eye, and fascinated many an aspiring heart. These *filles* were concluded by a magnificent illumination, of which it is scarcely too bold an expression to say, that it restored daylight to the streets of Trieste. The masts and rigging of the ships anchored in the Adriatic, hung with innumerable lamps, looked like another hemisphere of constellations rising from the sea.

"The mind on such occasions is prone to indulge in reflections on the instability of human greatness, and never did I feel more disposed to moralize on the eventful scenes of the great political drama, from the stupefaction and horror of whose bloody catastrophe mankind have scarcely yet recovered. To compare great things with small, I had witnessed at Paris similar honours paid to Napoleon when in the height of his prosperity, and I remembered him in the decline of his glory, in all the array of imperial pageantry, passing down the avenue of the Thuilleries, and entering the palace of the *corps Legislatif*, not like a fugitive, but like a triumphant conqueror, demanding of that body its assent to another conscription to rescue his laurels from disgrace. When I heard him impute the disasters of his army not to human foes, but to the hostility of the elements, there

was an imposing grandeur in the peculiarity of his situation, which appeared to give the stamp of veracity to his assertion. He alone, of all the nation, seemed to stand erect at that desperate crisis, animating her to another contest, transfusing into her his own inextinguishable love of glory, and upholding by the power of his genius the mighty fabric of empire, which was then tottering to its base, and ready to crush him with its ruins."

In this last paragraph we recognise an honest feeling of admiration for great and lofty talents, environed with difficulties that feeble minds, possessed of all the apparent resources of Napoleon, would have sunk under, without an effort. The chief resource of that wonderful personage was in himself. In his rise great, but greater in his decline, and in his fall greatest, the mind of Napoleon always soared above the level of his fortunes:—Unmoved, he beheld with equal indifference the desertion of his allies, the malice of his foes, and had he fought like Washington, for liberty, who would not weep over the fall of so mighty a spirit? but he was a despot, and while we execrate the use which the allies have made of their success, we regret the fate of Napoleon only, because it has involved so many nations—but temporarily, we trust—in the gloom of a denser and more ignominious tyranny than his own. G.

ART. 2. *The Brownie of Bodsbeck; and other Tales.* By JAMES HOGG, *Author of "The Queen's Wake," "Pilgrims of the Sun," &c. &c.* pp. 280. New-York. Wiley & Co.

TO most of our readers the name and merits of Mr. Hogg are, we presume, sufficiently known. As a poet, his claims to applause are founded principally on the possession of an exuberant and felicitous imagination, and a command of verse that is not exceeded by any of his brother minstrels. His powers of description are considerable—occasionally he is sublime—but his *forte*, we think, lies in the pathetic. He is uniformly chaste in sentiment and diction; intuitively he seems to shrink, with the virgin modesty of unsophisticated nature, from thoughts and expressions which irresistibly besiege the voluptuous genius of many of our modern poets, and he is eminently entitled to the praise of having drawn some of the finest and most glowing pictures that can be presented to the fancy, without mixing up in his descriptions a word or idea that can be construed into a breach of the

most delicately-constituted virtue. He is warm, but he is also pure. The fire he communicates to the imagination of his readers, is borrowed from no *earthly* source—and while he prepares for the heart and the fancy many a delicious banquet, he disdains to flatter and feed the senses by the prostitution of his muse.

It is not our intention to enter at present into a more lengthened exposition of his qualities as a poet, though we hope shortly, to have both opportunity and leisure to gratify our readers with a fuller analysis of Mr. Hogg's poetical talents. The production which now calls for our attention displays him in a new, and we think, very favorable point of view; the subject, taken from the persecution of the old Covenanters of Scotland, under James the second, is full of interest; the characters, more particularly that of the generous, open-hearted farmer, Walker

Laidlaw, and his lovely daughter Katherine, are sketched with no mean hand; the incidents are varied with skill, and the language, both in description and dialogue, is easy, chaste, and not infrequently eloquent. In speaking of the characters, we ought not to have omitted Nanny Elshinder, nor the rough but kindly Roy Macpherson. The first is a fine sketch of a heart and mind of no common order, borne down and distracted by the severest sorrows, and supported only by the hope of meeting in a blissful eternity, the recompense of her earthly sufferings: and Macpherson is an ably-drawn portrait of a man of warm and compassionate feelings, compelled by his situation to act in opposition to his sentiments, and at the same time unable to stem the effusions of a disposition naturally humane and benevolent; and giving vent to his feelings in a dialect pretty nearly as uncouth and rugged as that of Caliban. The supernatural part of the story is managed with extraordinary ability, and it is not till we reach the conclusion of the tale, that we discover the Brownie and his brother spirits to be as human as the superstitious peasantry whom they terrified in their evening and midnight perambulations.

We will now endeavour to give our readers the substance of this interesting story, in as full and particular a manner as our limits will permit, condensing the main part of the narrative, and interweaving with our abstract such passages as appear best adapted to display the author's talents, and those powers of original genius with which we have been forcibly struck in the perusal of his book.

Walter Laidlaw, the hero of the tale, is a substantial and even opulent farmer—possessing three thousand head of cattle, sheep, and horses—and considerable property in money, outstanding in loans to the neighbouring farmers, whose incapacity to meet the expenses of their establishments, the benevolence of Laidlaw prompted him to relieve. His family consists of two sons, and a daughter, “lovely as youthful poets dream of,” the idol of her father, possessed of superior abilities, better educated than any of the damsels of the vicinity, graceful and modest in her manners, and endowed with resolution and fortitude beyond that of woman, and surpassing that of nine-tenths of the hardier sex.

The political feelings of Walter are all on the side of the government, and while he is what would now be termed a *liberalist* in matters respecting religion, the name of an old Covenanter is associated in the

mind of the honest farmer with all the hideous ideas of anarchy and rebellion. The natural benevolence of Laidlaw always inducing him to lean toward the side of misfortune, counteracts the strength of his loyalty, and the miseries endured by the persecuted covenanters, excite in his bosom the warmest emotions of compassion for their desolate condition. In one of his excursions he falls in with some of this conscientious and harmless race; whom at first he mistakes for robbers; but discovering them to belong to the sect whose sufferings had so frequently called forth the tribute of his sympathy, and actuated by the warm impulse of a generous heart, he resolves not only to screen them from the cruel vigilance of the government, but to render them every assistance which their wretched state requires. His own account of their meeting is the best that can be given.

“It was on a mirk misty day in September,” said Walter, “I mind it weel, that I took my plaid about me, and a bit gay steeve aik stick in my hand, and away I sets to turn aff the Winterhopeburn sheep. The wind had been east—about a’ that harst, I hae some sma’ reason ne’er to forget it, and they had amaist gane wi’ a’ the gairs i’ our North Grain. I weel expected I wad find them a’ in the scaithe that dark day, and I was just amind to tak them hame in a drove to Aidie Anderson’s door, and say, ‘Here’s yer sheep for ye, lad; ye manna outhier keep them better, or else, gude faith, I’ll keep them for ye.’—I had been crost and put about wi’ them a’ that year, and I was just gaun to bring the screw to the neb o’ the mire-snipe. Weel, off I sets—I had a special dog at my feet, and a bit gay fine stick in my hand, and I was rather cross-natured that day—‘Auld Wat’s no gaun to be o’er-trampit wi’ nane o’ them, for a’ that’s come and gane yet,’ quo’ I to mysel as I gaed up the burn. Weel, I slings aye wi’ a gay lang step; but, by the time that I had won the Forkings, I gat collid amang the mist, ane derk, that hent a spark I could see—Stogs aye on through cleuch and gill, and a’ the gairs that they used to spounge, but, to my great mervel, I can nouthier see a hair of a ewe’s tail, nor can I hear the bleat of a lamb, or the bell of a wether—No ane, outhier of my ain or ither folks!—‘Ay,’ says I to mysel, ‘what can be the meaning o’ this? od, there has been somebody here afore me the day!’ I was just standin looking about me amang the lang hags that lead out frae the head o’ the North Grain, and considering what could be wort of a’ the sheep, when I noticed my dog, Reaver, gaun coursing away forrit as he had been, setting a fox. What’s this, thinks I—On he gangs very angry like, cocking his tail, and

setting up his birses, till he wan to the very brink of a deep hag; but when he gat there, my certy, he wasna lang in turning! Back he comes, by me, an' away as the deil had been chasing him; as terrified a beast I saw never—Od, sir, I fand the very hairs o' my head begin to creep, and a prinkling through a' my veins and skin like needles and preens. 'God guide us!' thinks I, 'what can this be?' The day was derk, derk; for I was in the very stamoch o' the cludd, as it were; still it was the day time, an' the e'e of heaven was open. I was as near turned an' run after my tike as ever I'll miss, but I just fand a stound o' manheid gang through my heart, an' forrit I sets wi' a' the vents o' my head open. 'If its flesh an' blude,' thinks I, 'or it get the owrance o' auld Wat Laidlaw, ed it sal get strength o' arm for aince.' It was a deep hag, as deep as the wa's o' this house, and a strip o' green sward along the bottom o't; and when I came to the brow, what does I see but twa lang flesh chaps lying sleeping at ither's sides, baith happit wi' the same maud. 'Hallo!' cries I, wi' a stern voice, 'wha hae we here?' If ye had but seen how they lookit when they sterit up; od, ye wad hae thought they were twa scoundrels wakened frae the dead! I never saw twa mair hemp-looking dogs in my life.

"What are ye feared for, lads? Whaen twa blades are ye? Or what are ye seeking in sic a place as this?"

"This is a derk day, gudeman."

"This is a derk day, gudeman! That's sic an answer as I heard never. I wish ye wad tell me something I dinna ken—and that's wha ye are, and what ye're seeking here."

"We're seeking nought o' yours, friend."

"I dinna believe a word o't—ye're nae folk o' this country—I doubt ye ken o'er weel what stealing o' sheep is—But if ye winna tell me plainly and honestly your business here, the deil be my inmate gin I winna knock your twa heads thegither."

"There is a gude auld say, honest man, *It is best to let sleeping dogs lie, they may rise and bite you.*"

"Bite me, lad!—Rise an' hite me!—I wad like to see a dog on a' the heights o' Chapelhope that wad snarl at me, let be to bite!"

"I had a gay steeve dour aik stick in my hand, an' wi' that I begond to heave't up, no to strike them, but just to gie them a glisk o' the coming-on that was in't. By this time they were baith on their feet; and the one that was neist me he gie's the tabie of his jocky-coat a fang back, and out he pu's a braid sword frae aneath it—an' wi' the same blink the ither whups a sma' spear out o' the heart o' his aik stick, 'Here's for ye then, auld camstary,' says they; 'an unlucky fish gets an unlucky bait.' Od sir, I was rather stoundit: I began to look o'er my shoulther, but there was naething there but the swathes o' mist. What wad I hae gien

for twa minutes of auld John o' the Muohrah! However, there was nae time to loose—it was come fairly to the neb o' the mire-snipe wi' me. I never was gude when taken by surprise a' my life—gie me a wee time, an' I turn quite foundemental then—sae, to tell the truth, in my hurry I took the fier's part, flang the plaid frae me, and ran off up the hag as fast as my feet could carry me, an' a' the gate the ragamuffin wi' the sword was amaist close at my heels. The bottom o' the hag was very narrow, twa could hardly rin abreast. My very bluid began to rise at being chased by twa skebels, and I thought I heard a voice within me, crying, 'Dinna flee, Wat Laidlaw! dinna flee, auld Wat! ye hae a gude cause by the end!' I wheeled just round in a moment, sir, and drew a desperate straik at the foremost, an' sae little kend the haniel about fencing, that instead o' sweetening aff my downcome wi' his sword, he held up his sword-arm to save his head—I gart his arm just snap like a pipe-stapple, and down fell his bit whittle to the ground, and he on aboon it. The ither, wi' his sma' spear, durstna come on, but ran for it; I followed, and was mettler o' foot than he, but I durstna grip him, for fear he had run his bit spit through my sma'-fairs i' the struggle, for it was as sharp as a lance, but I keptit a little back till I gat the end o' my stick just i' the how o' his neck, and then I gae him a push that soon gart him plew the flow with his nose. On aboon him I gets, and the first thing I did was to fling away his bit twig of a sword—I gart it shine through the air like a fiery dragon—then I took him by the cuff o' the neck, and lugged him back to his neighbour, wha was lying graning in the hag. 'Now, billies, says I, ye shall answer face to face, it wad hae been as good soon as syne: tell me directly wha ye are, and what's your business here, or, d'ye hear me, I'll tye ye thegither like twa tikes, and tak ye to them that will gar ye speak.'

"Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day!" said the wounded man, 'ye're a rash, foolish, passionate man, whae'er ye be.'

"Ye're may be a very far wrang there, quo' I; 'but for aince, I trow, I had gude reason. Ye thought to kill me wi' your bits o' shabbles o' swords!'

"In the first place then," said he, 'ken that we wadna hae shed ae drop o' your blood, nor wranged a hair o' your head—all that we wanted was to get quit of ye, to keep ye out o' danger an' scaith. Ye hae made a bonny day's wark on't truly, we had naething in view but your ain safety—but sin' ye will ken ye maun ken; ye belang to a poor proscribed remnant, that hae fled from the face of a bloody persecution. We have left all, and lost all, for the cause of our religion, and are driven into this dismal wilderness, the only miserable retreat left us in our native land.'

"Od, sir! he hadna weel begun to speak

till the light o' the truth began to dawn with-
in me like the brek o' the day-sky, an' I
grew as red too, for the devil needna hae
envied me my feelings at that time. I
couldna help saying to mysel, 'Whow,
whow, Wat Laidlaw! but ye hae made a
bonny job o't this morning!—Here's twa
puir creatures, worn out wi' famine and
watching, come to seek a last refuge amang
your hags and mosses, and ye maun fa' to
and be pelting and threshing on them like
an incarnate devil as ye are.—Oh, wae's
me! wae's me!'—Lord, sir, I thought my
heart wad burst—there was a kind o' yuke
came into my een that I could hardly bruke;
but at length the muckle tears wan out wi'
a sair faught, and down they came down
ower my head, dribble for dribble. The
men saw the pliskie that I was in, and there
was a kind o' ruefu' benevolence i' their
looks, I never saw ony thing like it.

"'Dinna be wae for us, honest man,'
said they; 'we hae learned to suffer—we
hae kend nought else for this mony a long
and bloody year, an' we look for nought else
for the wee while we hae to sojourn in this
weary world—we hae learned to suffer pa-
tiently, and to welcome our sufferings as
mercies.'

"'Ye've won a gude length, man,' quo'
I; 'but they're mercies that I'm never very
fond o'—I wish ye had suffered under ony
hand but mine, sin' it be your lot.'

"'Dinna be sorry for us, honest man;
there never was an act o' mair justice than
this that ye hae inflicted. Last night there
were fifteen o' us met at evening worship—
we hadna tasted meat for days and nights;
to preserve our miserable lives, we stole a
sheep, dressed, and ate it; and wi' this very
arm that you hae disabled, did I grip and
kill that sheep. It was a great sin, nae
doubt, but the necessity was also great—I
am sae far punished, and I hope the Lord
will forgie the rest.'

"'If he dinna,' quo' I, 'he's no what I
think him.' Then he began a lang serious
harangue about the riches o' free grace, and
about the wickedness o' our nature; and
said, that we could do naething o' ourselts
but sin. I said it was a hard 'construction,
but I couldna argy the point ava wi' him—
I never was a dab at these lang-winded
stories. Then they cam on about prelacy
and heresies, and something they ca'd the
act of abjuration. I couldna follow him
out at nae rate; but I says, 'I pit nae
doubt callants, but ye're right, for ye hae
proven to a' the warld that ye think sae;
and when a man feels conscious that he's
right, I never believe he can be far wrang in
sic matters. But that's no the point in ques-
tion; let us consider what can be done for
ye e'en now—Poor souls! God kens, my
heart's sair for ye; but this land's mine, an'
a' the sheep around ye, an' ye're welcome
to half-a-dozen o' the best o' them in sic a
case.'

"'Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day! If ye be the
VOL. III.—No. 5. 43

gudeman o' the Chapelhope, ye'll rue the
day that ever ye saw us. If it's kend that
ye countenanced us in word or deed,
ye're a ruined man; for the blood-hounds
are near at hand, and they'll herry ye out
and in, but and ben—Lack-a-day! lack-a-
day! in a wee while we may gang and
come by the Chapelhope, and nouth see a
lum reek nor hear a cock craw; for Clavers
is on the one hand and Lag on the other,
and they're coming nearer and nearer us
every day, and hemming us in sair and
sairer—renounce us and deny us, as ye wish
to thrive.'

"'Na, na, lads, let them come—let them
come their ways! Gin they should take a'
the ewes and kye on the Chapelhope, I can
stock it o'er again. I dinna gie a bawbee
about your leagues, and covenants, and as-
sociations, for think aye there's a good deal
o' faction and dourness in them; but or
I'll desert a fellow a creature that's oppress-
ed, if he's an honest man, and lippens to me,
od, I'll gie them the last drap o' my heart's
bluid.'

"'When they heard that, they took me out
to the tap of a knowe, and began to whistle
like plovers—nae herd alive could hae kend
but they were plovers—and or ever I wist,
ilka hag, and den, and tod-hole round about,
seem'd to be fu' o' plovers, for they fell a'
to the whistling an' answering ane another at
the same time. I had often been wondering
how they staid sae lang on the heights that
year, for I heard them aye whewing e'en
an' morn; but little trowed I they were a'
twa-handed plovers that I heard. In half
an hour they had sic a squad gathered to-
gether as e'e never glimed on. There ye
might hae seen auld gray-bearded ministers,
lairds, weavers, and poor hinds, a' sharing
the same hard fate. They were pale, rag-
ged, and hungry, and several o' them lame
and wounded; and they had athegither
sic a haggard severity i' their demeaner,
Lord forgie me, gin I wasna feared to look
at them! There was ane o' them a doctor
blade, wha soon set the poor chield's arm;
and he said, that after a' it wasna broken,
but only dislockit and sair brizzed. That
doctor was the gabbiest body ever I met
wi'; he spake for them a', and I whiles fear-
ed that he sclented a wee. He tried a' that
he could to make me a Cameronian, but I
wadna grip; and when I was coming away
to leave him, 'Laidlaw,' quo' he, 'we kem
ye to be an honest, honourable man; here-
you see a remnant of poor, forlorn, misre-
presented creatures, who have thrown them-
selves on your mercy: if ye betray us, it
will be the worse for ye both here and here-
after; if you save and protect us, the pray-
ers of the just win their way to Heaven,
though fiends should be standing by to op-
pose them—Ay, there's naething can stop
their journey, Laidlaw!—The winds canna
blaw them aside, the clouds canna drown
them, and the lights o' Heaven canna
burn them; and your name will stand at

that bar where there's nae cruel and partial judge—What ye gie to us, ye gie to your Maker, and he will repay you sevenfold.' Od, the body was like to gar me play the bairn and greet even out. Weel, I canna mind the half that he said, but he endit wi' this:—'We have seen our friends all bound, banished, and destroyed; they have died on the field, on the scaffold, and at the stake; but the reek o' their blood shall drive the cruel Stuarts frae the land they have disgraced, and out of it a church of truth and liberty shall spring. There is still a handfu' remaining in Israel that have not yet bowed the kneel to Baal, nor yet kissed him—That remnant has fled here to escape the cruelty of man; but a worse fate threatens us now—we are all of us perishing with famine—For these three days we have tasted nothing but the green moss, save a few wretched trouts, eels, and adders.' 'Ethers, man!' quo' I, 'For the love o' God take care how ye eat the ethers—ye may as weel cut your throats at aince as eat them. Na na, lad, that's meat that will never do.' I said nae mair, but gae just a wave to my dog. 'Reaver,' quo' I, 'yon's away.'—In three minutes he had ten score o' ewes and wedders at my hand. I grippit twa o' the best I could wale, and cut aff their heads wi' my ain knife. 'Now, doctor,' quo' I, 'take these and roast them, and part them amang ye the best way ye can—ye'll find them better than the ethers—Lord, man, it will never do to eat ethers.'"

The savage ferocity with which the Covenanters were pursued by the Stuart government—their patience in sufferings and the unshrinking fortitude they evinced whenever they fell into the hands of their merciless enemies—are too well known to require being dwelt upon. The year 1685, however, the period in which the events recorded in this tale occurred, was distinguished by the more than ordinary cruelty with which, through the southern and western parts of Scotland, they were oppressed. The persecution on religious accounts, rose to its acme in that disastrous year, and a seal of proscription was set upon the Covenanters, and all who were suspected of harbouring them, or rendering the slightest succour to that unfortunate race. Among the agents of this infernal persecution, Graham, viscount of Dundee was the chief. He is more familiarly known by the abhorred name of Clavers or Claverhouse. The character of this man seems to have been more decisively execrable than we usually meet with even among villains, and, armed with power, he exercised it with a ferocious, yet cold blooded brutality of which we recollect scarcely an example, and which not infrequently

revolted those whom he commissioned on his errands of blood and destruction. All who have perused the "Tales of my Landlord"—and who is there that has not—must be tolerably conversant with the character of this heartless miscreant, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hogg has set him before us, in a fuller costume than even the very powerful writer to whom we have alluded. A sterner malignity darkens in his eye—the spirit of a direr vengeance compresses or convulses his lip—his derision of the calamities he creates is expressed with a more savage indifference—a more intolerable arrogance accompanies his every word, movement, and gesture—a deeper and more sanguinary misanthropy shades his every feature—and he rushes forth in chase of his victims with a feller animosity;—in short, there is more of the absolute devil in the Clavers of Mr. Hogg than in the same portraiture by the author above referred to, and a complete incorporation of every fiendish attribute is effected by the former, not assuredly by the superiority of his genius, but rather as it appears to us, in consequence of his having more diligently and deeply studied the character whose wild and atrocious features he has so finely painted. Of this man more hereafter. We shall now give our author's description of the district in which the Covenanters of the south and west had taken refuge at the period when Clavers, roused to a pitch of demoniac frenzy by the death, at the hands of the fugitives, of an officious "priest of the kirk" who was about to betray their haunts.

"All the outer parts of the lands of Chappelhope are broken into thousands of deep black rats, called by the country people *moss hags*. Each of the largest of these has a green stripe along its bottom; and in this place in particular they are so numerous, so intersected and complex in their lines, that as a hiding-place, they are unequalled—men, foxes, and sheep, may all find there cover with equal safety from being discovered, and may hide for days and nights without being aware of one another. The neighbouring farms to the westward abound with inaccessible rocks, caverns, and ravines. To these mountains, therefore, the shattered remains of the fugitives from the field of Bothwell Bridge, as well as the broken and persecuted whigs from all the western and southern counties, fled as to their last refuge. Being unacquainted, however, with the inhabitants of the country in which they had taken shelter—with their religious principles, or the opinions which they held respecting the measures of government—they durst not trust them with the secret of their

retreat. They had watches set, sounds for signals, and skulked away from one hiding-place to another at the approach of the armed troop, the careless fowler, or the solitary shepherd; yea, such precautions were they obliged to use, that they often fled from the face of one another.

"From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness—from those dark mosses and unfrequented caverns—the prayers of the persecuted race nightly arose to the throne of the Almighty—prayers, as all testified who heard them, fraught with the most simple pathos, as well as the most bold and vehement sublimity. In the solemn gloom of the evening, after the last rays of day had disappeared, and again in the morning before they began to streamer the east, the song of praise was sung to that Being, under whose fatherly chastisement they were patiently suffering. These psalms, always chanted with ardour and wild melody, and borne on the light breezes of the twilight, were often heard at a great distance. The heart of the peasant grew chill, and his hairs stood all on end, as he hastened home to alarm the cottage circle with a tale of horror. Lights were seen moving by night in wilds and caverns where human thing never resided, and where the foot of man seldom had trode.

"The shepherds knew, or thought they knew, that no human being frequented these places; and they believed, as well they might, that whole hordes of spirits had taken possession of their remote and solitary dells. They lived in terror and consternation. Those who had no tie in the country left it, and retreated into the vales, where the habitations of men are numerous, and where the fairy, the brownie, or the walking ghost, is rarely seen. Such as had friends whom they could not leave, or sheep and cattle upon the lands, as the farmers and shepherds had, were obliged to remain, but their astonishment and awe continued to increase. They knew there was but one Being to whom they could apply for protection against these unearthly visitants; family worship was begun both at evening and morning in the farmer's hall and the most remote hamlet; and that age introduced a spirit of devotion into those regions, which one hundred and thirty years continuance of the utmost laxity and indecision in religious principles has not yet been able wholly to eradicate.

"It is likewise necessary to mention here, though perfectly well known, that every corner of that distracted country was furnished with a gownsman, to instruct the inhabitants in the *mild and benignant* principles of prelacy, but chiefly to act as spies upon the detested whigs. In the fulfilment of this last task they were not remiss; they proved the most inveterate and incorrigible enemies that the poor Covenanters had, even though heaven, earth and hell seemed to have combined against them.

"The officiating priest at the kirk of Saint Mary of the Lowes had been particularly active in this part of his commission. The smallest number could not be convened for the purposes of public devotion—two or three stragglers could not be seen crossing the country, but information was instantly sent to Clavers, or some of his officers; and at the same time, these devotional meetings were always described to be of the most atrocious and rebellious nature. The whigs became grievously incensed against this ecclesiastic, for, in the bleakest mountain of their native land, they could not enjoy a lair in common with the foxes and the wild-goats in peace, nor worship their God without annoyance in the dens and caves of the earth. Their conventicles, though held in places ever so remote, were broke in upon and dispersed by armed troops, and their ministers and brethren carried away to prisons, to banishment, and to death. They waxed desperate; and what will not desperate men do? They waylaid, and seized upon one of the priest's emissaries by night, a young female, who was running on a message to Grierson of Lag. Overcome with fear at being in custody of such frightful looking fellows, with their sallow cheeks and long beards, she confessed the whole, and gave up her despatches. They were of the most aggravated nature. Forthwith two or three of the most hardy of the whigs, without the concurrence or knowledge of their brethren, posted straight to the Virgin's chapel that very night, shot the chaplain, and buried him at a small distance from his own little solitary mansion; at the same time giving out to the country, that he was a sorcerer, an adulterer, and a character every way evil. His name has accordingly been handed down to posterity as a most horrid necromancer.

"This was a rash and unpremeditated act; and, as might well have been foreseen, the cure proved worse than the disease. It brought the armed troops upon them both from the east and the west. Dundee came to Traquair, and stationed companies of troops in a line across the country. The Laird of Lag placed a body of men in the narrowest pass of Moffatdale, in the only path by which these mountains are accessible. Thus all communication was cut off between the mountain-men and the western counties; for every one who went or came by that way, these soldiers took prisoner, searched, and examined; and one lad, who was coming from Moffat, carrying more bread than they thought he could well account for, they shot dead on the spot just as he had dropt on his knees to pray.

"A curate, named Clerk, still remained, to keep an eye upon the whigs and pester them. He had the charge of two chapels in that vicinity; the one at a place now called Kirkhope, which was dedicated to Saint Irene, a saint of whom the narrator of this story could give no account. The other

was dedicated to Saint Lawrence ; the remains of it are still to be seen at Chapelhope, in a small circular enclosure on the west side of the burn. Clerk was as malevolent to the full against the proscribed party as his late brother, but he wanted the abilities of the deceased ; he was ignorant, superstitious, and had assumed a part of the fanaticism in religion of the adverse party, for it was the age and the country of fanaticism, and nothing else would take. By that principally he had gained some influence among his hearers, on whom he tried every stimulant to influence them against the whigs. The goodwife of Chapelhope was particularly attached to him and his tenets ; he held her completely in leading-strings : her conscience approved of every thing, or disapproved, merely as he directed ; he flattered her for her deep knowledge in true and sound divinity and the Holy Scriptures, although of both she was grossly ignorant. But she had learned from her preceptor a kind of cant—a jargon of religious terms and sentences of Scripture mixed, of which she had great pride but little understanding. She was just such a character as would have been a whig, had she ever had an opportunity of hearing or conversing with any of that sect. Nothing earthly could be so truly ludicrous as some of her exhibitions in a religious style. The family and servants were in general swayed by their mistress, who took a decided part with Clerk in all his schemes against the whigs, and constantly despatched one of her own servants to carry his messages of information to the king's officers. This circumstance soon became known to the mountain-men, and though they were always obliged to take refuge on the lands of Chapelhope by day, they avoided carefully all communication with the family or shepherds (for several of the shepherds on that farm lived in cottages at a great distance from one another and from the farm-house.)

This same Clerk and his opinions are regarded by Walter with equal contempt—his hypocrisy, egotism, and ignorance of the principles he professed, standing in naked deformity before the eyes of the blunt but sagacious farmer, and the priest's influence in the family was, consequently, a matter of sore and serious regret to him. We have previously stated Laidlaw's sentiments respecting the Covenanters—viewing them in the light of bigots and rebels, he was conscientiously their enemy, but while he wished their subjection to the government, he was far, as we have already seen, from desiring either their destruction or persecution. Without being over scrupulous himself, he revered the sincere profession of religion in others—and Walter, notwithstanding the infrequency of his

visits to the kirk, contrived to sustain with his neighbours the character of an upright, honest, active, kind-hearted man.

As soon as he heard of the death of the curate, Clavers dispatched a party of military from Traquair to gain information concerning the event, and to secure the perpetrators, if possible. They proceeded, in the first instance, to the residence of the deceased, and commenced their task with the examination of the girl who bore the chaplain's despatches, and who, when seized by the whigs, heard their contents, as they were imprudently read aloud by one of the party, to his listening comrades. The letter informed Clavers that considerable numbers of the "traitors," as the ecclesiastical satellites called the Covenanters, had sought shelter in the wilds of Loch-Skene, whence they issued to make depredations in the vicinity, where they were also succeeding in making proselytes.—It also informed him that on a particular day, one of the most celebrated of their preachers was to pronounce a discourse at Kirkinhope Linn, and concluding by stating that though they were armed with guns, bludgeons, &c. such was their unanimity, that he (the writer) would undertake to clear the country of them with a single company of soldiers—a service for which, his intimate knowledge of their places of refuge, peculiarly adapted him.

Copland, the commandant of the party, now began to think his force inadequate to the business in hand—he determined, however, to scour the wild, and endeavour to make some prisoners, from whom he might gain farther intelligence. Dividing his men into two parties, one he heads himself, and ordering the other upon a different route, with directions to meet him at an appointed spot by noon, he proceeds on his search, accompanied by two guides. All his endeavours, however, fortunately prove unsuccessful. The party he sent out, capture one victim, a weak emaciated youth, whose feebleness rendered him unable to fly, and whom they slaughter with circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity. But in this instance, blood was avenged by blood, for when Copland repaired to his appointed rendezvous, he found only ten of his associates, and when the guide led him through the path by which they ought to have come (a narrow pass in Chapelhope) there he discovered four of his soldiers with their guide "done to death," as they used to say in the older time ; and now, tolerably content with his adventures in the wilds of Loch-Skene, and

rather reluctant to tempt the fates, he posted back with all convenient speed to Traquair, to make Clavers acquainted with the result of his expedition. The gentle viscount of Dundee receives the intelligence with his customary *sang froid*, and utters a polished exclamation intimated of his determination, by the help of "the blessed and all Holy Trinity," utterly to extirpate the seed of the d—d whining psalm-singing race from the face of the earth, and expressive of his resolution, "that ere Beltein there should not be as much whig blood in Scotland as would make a dish of soup for a dog." His prudence, however, induced him to conceal the sudden and unaccountable loss of the soldiers from the council, then sitting at Edinburgh.

We must now return to Walter Laidlaw, whom we left in earnest conference with the fugitives in the vicinity of Chapelhope. The benevolence of this rough but noble-hearted fellow, breaking through all the barriers of prejudice and narrow rustic notions, is really refreshing, and there is something positively delightful in the warm and generous gushing of his sympathy towards the lamentable distresses of the persecuted but high-souled opponents to the party with whom he is conscientiously connected,—and then his munificence—not doled out with the cold and scanty hand of ostentatious charity,—no—but lavished with the liberality of a prince!—and the fine careless independence of his character!—we are, to say the truth, so taken with these qualities in honest Walter, that all we have to regret about him is that he should belong in any way, shape, or name, to the faction then in power. To use his own words, the meeting we have related in the language appropriated to him by Mr. Hogg, "cost me twa or three hunder round bannocks, and mae gude ewes and widders than I'll say; but I never missed them, and I never rued what I did. Folk may say as they like, but I think aye the prayers out amang the hags and rash-bushes that year did me nae ill—It is as good to hae a man's blessing as his curse, let him be what he may."

The good farmer continues to afford to the miserable fugitives all the succour his situation will allow him to bestow. The day succeeding his first interview with them, he visits their retreat, taking with him as much provision as he can carry. His pensioners, of course, entertain for him all those sentiments of gratitude to which his warm and disinterested servi-

ces give him such strong claims. And now, Walter begins to feel some curiosity respecting events that had lately taken place in the vicinity of Chapelhope. The death of the soldiers they unanimously deny to have had the least concern with, but acknowledge that the murder of the meddling priest was perpetrated by a few of their more rash associates, though contrary to the inclinations of the majority. They farther inform him that these men had since retired from their society, and that two of their most distinguished members were now employed in drawing up for the public eye a vindication of their general conduct, containing a particular refutation of the calumnious reports relating to their alleged murder of the soldiers.*

Their candour fails not to make its due impression on the heart of Walter, and he continues to supply them with provisions, and to inform them of the motions of the troops that beset their retreats—of the martyrdom endured by such of their companions as fell into the hands of the

* "This curious protest is still extant, and shows the true spirit of the old Covenanters, or Cameronians; as they have since been called, better than any work remaining. It is called in the title page, '*An informatory Vindication of a poor, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering Anti-popish, Anti-prelatic, Anti-erastian, Anti-sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.*' It is dated at Leadhills, in 1687, and is the conjoint work of Mr. James Renwick, and Mr. Alexander Shiels, author of *The Hind let loose*. The following is an extract from it, p. 107:—

"And in like manner we do hereby disclaim all unwarrantable practices committed by any few persons reputed to be of us, whereby the Lord hath been offended, his cause wronged, and we all made to endure the scourge of tongues; for which things we have desired to make conscience of mourning before the Lord, both in public and private. As the unwarrantable manner of killing that curate at the Corsephairn, though he was a man of death both by the laws of God and man, and the fact not materially murder; it being gone about contrary to our declaration, common or competent consent, (the conclusion and deed being known only to three or four persons,) in a rash and not a Christian manner, and also other offences being committed at the time; which miscarriages have proven a mean to stop and retard lawfull, laudable, and warrantable proceeding, both as to matter and manner."

"These other offences committed at the time, unquestionably refer to the slaughter of the Highland soldiers; about which, there was great stir and numerous conjectures in the country; although, owing to the revolution that immediately followed, the perpetrators were never taken, nor the cause tried in a court of justice, nor indeed was the incident ever generally known."

government officers—and every thing that he can gather respecting the state of the country generally. He visits them daily, but secretly, as the vigilance of their enemies, and the severity exercised towards every one discovered to assist or hold communion with them, determine him to keep even from his family the knowledge of his connexion with the persecuted Covenanters. The superstitious credulity of the peasantry, and which, with the exception of his beautiful daughter, was equally prevalent with every member of his household, proves of considerable utility to Walter in his intercourse with his new friends. The belief in the Brownie of Bodsbeck, and of his nightly maraudings among the farms of the district, is universal, and the diurnal disappearance of bread, butter, cheese, cattle, &c. from the premises of Chapelhope, is uniformly attributed to the agency of this powerful and malignant spirit.

It is now time to bring forward this strange and supernatural being. He had been seen by several—at least several insisted they had seen him—and the fears of each had invested him with some new attribute of a frightful and alarming nature. Rarely, however, did their fancy endow him with the faculty of assuming the human form—that was a shape by no means customary with him;—the grave and respectable aspect of the owl—the large prominent eyes of the hare—or the staid and solemn countenance of grimalkin—such were the usual disguises in which the Brownie presented himself, and generally in the shades of evening, to the intelligent and enlightened inhabitants of Chapelhope and its vicinity. Sometimes he showed himself in a more terrific form, and came in closer contact with the agitated rustics. The adventure of Jasper, one of Laidlaw's occasional assistants, and his rescue from the fiend's unhallowed clutches, is really amusing.

"Jasper, son to old John of the Muchrah, was the swiftest runner of his time; but of all those whose minds were kept in continual agitation on account of the late inundation of spirits into the country, Jasper was the chief. He was beset by them morning and evening; and even at high noon, if the day was dark, he never considered himself as quite safe. He depended entirely upon his speed in running to avoid their hellish intercourse; he essayed no other means—and many wonderful escapes he effected by this species of exertion alone. He was wont to knit stockings while tending his flock on the mountains; and happening to drop some yarn one evening, it trailed after him in

a long ravelled coil along the sward. It was a little after the sun had gone down that Jasper was coming whistling and singing over the shoulder of the Hermon-Law, when, chancing to cast a casual glance behind him, he espied something in shape of a horrible serpent, with an unequal body, and an enormous length of tail, coming stealing along the bent after him. His heart leapt to his mouth, (as he expressed it,) and his hair bristled so that it thrust the bonnet from his head. He knew that no such monster inhabited these mountains, and it momentarily occurred to him that it was the Brownie of Bodsbeck come to seize him in that most questionable shape. He betook him to his old means of safety in great haste, never doubting that he was well qualified to run from any object that crawled on the ground with its belly; but, after running a considerable way, he perceived his adversary coming at full stretch along the hill after him. His speed was redoubled; and, as he noted now and then that his inveterate pursuer gained no ground on him, his exertion was beyond that of man. There were two shepherds on an opposite hill who saw Jasper running without the plaid and the bonnet, and with a swiftness which they described as quite inconceivable. The cause set conjecture at defiance: but they remarked, that though he grew more and more spent, whenever he glanced behind he exerted himself anew, and strained a little harder. He continued his perseverance to the last, as any man would do who was running for bare life, until he came to a brook called the Ker Cleuch, in the crossing of which he fell down exhausted; he turned on his back to essay a last defence, and, to his joyful astonishment, perceived that the serpent likewise lay still and did not move. The truth was then discovered; but many suspected that Jasper never overcame that heat and that fright as long as he lived.

"Jasper, among many encounters with the fairies and brownies, had another that terminated in a manner not quite so pleasant. The Brownie of Bodsbeck, or the Queen of the Fairies, (he was not sure which of them it was,) came to him one night as he was lying alone, and wide awake, as he conceived, and proffered him many fine things, and wealth and honours in abundance, if he would go along to a very fine country, which Jasper conjectured must have been Fairyland. He resisted all these tempting offers in the most decided manner, until at length the countenance of his visitant changed from the most placid and bewitching beauty to that of a fiend. The horrible form grappled with him, laid hold of both his wrists, and began to drag him off by force; but he struggled with all the energy of a man in despair, and at length, by violent exertion, he disengaged his right hand. The enemy still continuing, however, to haul him off with the other, he

was obliged to have recourse to a desperate expedient. Although quite naked, he reached his clothes with the one hand and drew his knife ; but, in endeavouring to cut off those fingers which held his wrist so immovably fast, he fairly severed a piece of the thumb from his own left hand."

Another rencontre with some of the Brownie's attendant spirits happened to a young man called Kennedy. This youth chanced one evening to be out upon the heath shooting grouse. He imitated the cry of the hen to perfection, and employed this delightful talent to inveigle the heath-fowl. Having taken his station with this intention, he had scarcely commenced to call, ere his voice was drowned in the sudden whistling of innumerable plovers. He ceased, and listened for some time, expecting the termination of this undesired concert. Presently, his ear caught distinctly the sound of voices resembling the human, whispering close by him, and the noise of feet, like those, he afterwards said, of horses—he became convinced that he had fallen in with the fairies, and in mortal terror, crouched closer to the ground ; shortly he heard a strain of the softest and sweetest music, rising from the bosom of the earth. Nearly distracted with fear, he rose, and flew away from the unholy spot, but had not proceeded far when he fainted from alarm. In the meanwhile two of Laidlaw's men, who slept in the stable of Chapelhope, close to which this event took place, being waked by a noise without, looked forth from their dormitory, and beheld with inexpressible horror four figures advancing toward that part of the stable where they stood, and supporting a coffin between them. Arrived at the stable, one of them whispered distinctly, "Where shall we lay him?"

"We must leave him in the barn," said another.

"I fear," said a third, "the door of that will be locked;" and they passed on.

Trembling with fear, the men dressed themselves, but to move was beyond their power. In a few minutes, the cries of one in extreme anguish smote upon their ear, and roused the whole family—every one rushed out, and Kennedy was found lying upon the ground close by the stable, in a miserable condition, and absolutely insane. The whole of that night and the next morning he continued in a high fever—gradually he recovered sufficient composure to relate the following miraculous particulars :

"He said, that the time he arose to fly from the sound of the music, the moon was

become extremely dark, and he could not see with any degree of accuracy where he was running, but that he still continued to hear the sounds, which as he thought, came still nigher and nigher behind him. He was, however, mistaken in this conjecture ; for in a short space he stumbled on a hole in the heath, into which he sunk at once, and fell into a pit which he described as being at least fifty fathom deep ; that he there found himself immediately beside a multitude of hideous beings, with green clothes, and blue faces, who sat in a circle round a golden lamp, gazing and singing with the most eldritch yells. In one instant all became dark, and he felt a weight upon his breast that seemed heavier than a mountain. They then lifted him up, and bore him away through the air for hundreds of miles, amid regions of utter darkness ; but on his repeating the name of Jesus three times, they brought him back, and laid him down in an insensible state at the door of Chapelhope."

The poor fugitives of Chapelhope resolve to remain no longer a burden on Walter's hands, and at their next conference acquaint him with their intention of quitting his neighbourhood, and disperse themselves over the country—as their farther stay would infallibly ruin the generous farmer, and if discovered, subject him and his family to the unrelenting rage of their persecutors. Sensible as he is to the truth of their representations, Laidlaw feels, nevertheless, reluctant to part with them, and endeavours to persuade them that by adopting a quiet and peaceable mode of conduct, they might continue in safety in their present asylum, escape the notice of the government, and at length return to their homes in security. But he is hurt to find they consider it as a duty, and one of a most imperious and indispensable kind, not to live in peace, but on the contrary, by every means in their power, to labour in disseminating their tenets far and wide, and, spite of persecution and suffering, to publish to the whole world the dreadful grievances brought on the Church of Scotland by her oppressors. All Walter's remonstrances and kindly arguments prove at first ineffectual, and at length when Laidlaw concluded by intimating his hope of the persecution being about to cease,

"A thin spare old man, with gray dishevelled locks and looks, Walter said, as stern as the adders that he had lately been eating, rose up to address him. There was that in his manner which commanded the most intense attention.

"Dost thou talk of our rulers relaxing?" said he, "Blind and mistaken man! thou dost not know them. No ; they will never

relax till their blood shall be mixed with their sacrifices. That insatiate, gloomy, papistical tyrant and usurper, the Duke of York, and his commissioner, have issued laws and regulations more exterminating than ever. But yesterday we received the woful intelligence, that, within these eight days, one hundred and fifty of our brethren have suffered by death or banishment, and nearly one half of these have been murdered, even without the sham formality of trial or impeachment, nor had they intimation of the fate that awaited them. York hath said in full assembly, 'that neither the realm nor the mother-church can ever be safe, until the south of Scotland is again made a hunting forest;' and his commissioner hath sworn by the living God, 'that never a whig shall again have time or warning to prepare for heaven, for that hell is too good for them.' Can we hope for these men relaxing? No! The detestable and bloody Clavers, that wizard! that eater of souls! that locust of the infernal pit, hems us in closer and closer on one side, and that Muscovite beast on the other! They thirst for our blood; and our death and tortures are to them matter of great sport and amusement. My name is Mackail! I had two brave and beautiful sons, and I had but two; one of these had his brains shot out on the moss of Monyhive without a question, charge, or reply. I gathered up his brains and shattered skull with these hands, tied them in my own napkin, and buried him alone, for no one durst assist me. His murderers stood by and mocked me, cursed me for a dog, and swore if I howled any more that they would send me after him. My eldest son, my beloved Hew, was hung like a dog at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, I conversed with him, I prayed with him in prison, kissed him, and bade him farewell on the scaffold! My brave, my generous, my beautiful son! I tell thee, man, thou who preachest up peace and forbearance with tyrants, should ever the profligate Charles, or his diabolical brother—should ever the murderer Clavers, or any of his hell-hounds of the north, dare set foot in heaven, one look from the calm benignant face of my martyred son would drive them out howling!"

"All this time the old man shed not a tear; his voice was wildly solemn, but his looks were mixed with madness. He had up his hand to swear, to pray, or to prophesy, Walter knew not which, but he was restrained by his associates, and led aside, so that Walter saw no more of him; but he said he could not get him out of his mind for many a day, for sic another desperate auld body he had never seen."

At last finding that their chief inducement to depart arises from their unwillingness to consume the property of their liberal protector, Walter suggests a method by which they may obtain food in suf-

ficient quantity without peculiarly distressing himself, and thus persuades them to remain in Chapelhope. He directs them to an extensive common not far off, called Gernsop, formerly a royal forest, where the flocks of many gentlemen, and wealthy farmers, himself one of them, pastured together. There he advised them to go, and take as many as their wants required. Necessity, he said, justified them—the loss, instead of one, would fall on many—and he was willing to take his chance with the rest. To this proposal they at length reluctantly but gratefully acceded.

We must now revert to the sweet little enchantress, Katharine. Have we not portrayed her as combining in her person and deportment every feminine charm and grace? Alas! y.—but now we have to dwell on the darker side of the picture, and to show all the soft and ethereal glories of this lovely maiden shaded by the untoward aspect of the scenes that surrounded her, and with, and in, which we shall presently behold her intricately connected and earnestly interested. A report had spread abroad of her holding communion with the supernatural beings that were said to haunt the precincts of Chapelhope—her mother, too, had also assured Laidlaw that the rumour was founded on fact, and told her husband some strange stories of his daughter's interviews with spirits, and dwelt with particular earnestness on her conferences with the *Brownie*. Walter, though a sagacious man, was not wholly free from the prejudices of those with whom he was in the daily habit of associating, and, as may be well supposed, was considerably alarmed by his wife's intelligence. Time passes on—and Walter, who next to his God adores his daughter—forgets all that he has heard to her prejudice. One night, however, after sundry alarms from his dog Reaver, he overhears Katharine conversing with some one in her apartment—and this in the dead of night;—his whole household had been thrown into the uttermost confusion by the events of the preceding evening—and all his servants were preparing to depart excepting one Nanny Elshinder, whom we cannot refrain from introducing to our readers.

"She was a character not easily to be comprehended. She spoke much to herself, but little to any other person—worked so hard that she seldom looked up, and all the while sung scraps of old songs and ballads, the import of which it was impossible to understand; but she often chanted these with a pathos that seemed to flow from the

heart, and that never failed to affect the hearer. She wore a russet worsted gown, elouted shoes, and a quof, or mutch, upon her head, that was crimped and plaited so close around her face that very little of the latter was visible.

A sort of secret understanding begins to grow up between Nanny and her beautiful young mistress. The characters of both are, indeed, not a little singular, and there is almost as much mystery about the conduct of Katharine as that of her strange and unaccountable friend. That she is engaged in some affair that she is fearful of communicating to her parents, we soon discover, but the exquisite purity and sweetness of her character forbids the supposition of any thing criminal attaching itself to her. From her mother she is completely estranged, the good old dame being firmly convinced that her daughter is in league with the infernal spirits that haunt the neighbourhood, and, more dreadful still, holds communion with the terrible and plundering Brownie.

While things are in this state at Chapelhope, the amiable viscount of Dundee makes his appearance there with fifty of his myrmidons, to inquire concerning the sudden and well-deserved fate of the soldiers belonging to the party sent out with Copland, who, with a sir Thomas Livingston, and a captain Bruce, accompanies the ruffian. Walter is absent, and they proceed, in their usual brutal manner, to interrogate poor old Nanny, who, however, outwits and makes them all look very silly. They search—Clavers and Livingston taking one direction, and Bruce and Copland another.

"In the Old Room they found the beautiful witch Katharine, with the train of her snow-white joup drawn over her head, who looked as if taken in some evil act by surprise, and greatly confounded when she saw two gentlemen enter her sanctuary in splendid uniforms. As they approached, she made a slight curtsy, to which they deigned no return; but going straight up to her, Clavers seized her by both wrists. 'And is it, indeed true,' said he, 'my beautiful shepherdess, that we have caught you at your prayers so early this morning?'"

"'And what if you have, sir?' returned she."

"'Why, nothing at all, save that I earnestly desire, and long exceedingly to join with you in your devotional exercises,' laying hold of her in the rudest manner."

"Katharine screamed so loud that in an instant old Nanny was at their side, with revenge gleaming from her half-shaded eyes, and heaving over her shoulder a large green-kale gully, with which she would doubtless have silenced the renowned Dundee for

ever, had not Livingston sprung forward with the utmost celerity, and caught her arm just as the stroke was descending. But Nanny did not spare her voice; she lifted it up with shouts on high, and never suffered one yell to lose hearing of another.

"Walter, having just then returned from the hill, and hearing the hideous uproar in the Old Room, rushed into it forthwith to see what was the matter. Katharine was just sinking, when her father entered, within the grasp of the gentle and virtuous Clavers. The backs of both the knights were towards Walter as he came in, and they were so engaged amid bustle and din that neither of them perceived him, until he was close at their backs. He was at least a foot taller than any of them, and nearly as wide round the chest as them both. In one moment his immense fingers grasped both their slender necks, almost meeting behind each of their windpipes. They were rendered powerless at once—they attempted no more struggling with the women, for so completely had Walter's gripes unnerved them, that they could scarcely lift their arms from their sides; neither could they articulate a word, or utter any other sound than a kind of choaked gasping for breath. Walter wheeled them about to the light, and looked alternately at each of them, without quitting or even slackening his hold."

"'Callants, wha ir ye ava?—or what's the meanin' o' a' this unmeencefu' rampaging?'"

"Sir Thomas gave his name in a hoarse and broken voice; but Clavers, whose nape Walter's right hand embraced, and whose rudeness to his daughter had set his mountain-blood a-boiling, could not answer a word. Walter, slackening his hold, somewhat, waited for an answer, but none coming—

"'Wha ir ye, I say, ye bit useless weasel-blawn like urf that ye're?'"

The haughty and insolent Clavers was stung with rage; but seeing no immediate redress was to be had, he endeavoured to pronounce his dreaded name, but it was in a whisper scarcely audible, and stuck in his throat—"Jo—o—o Graham," said he.

"'Jock Graham do they ca' ye?—Ye're but an unmannerly whalp, man. And ye're baith king's officers too!—Weel, I'll tell ye what it is, my denty clever callants, if it warna for the blood that's i' your master's veins, I wad nite your twa bits o' pows thegither.'"

"He then threw them from him; the one the one way, and the other the other, and lifting his huge oak staff, he strode out at the door, saying, as he left them—"Heh I are free men to be guidit this gate?—I'll step down to the green to your commander, an' tell him what kind o' chaps he keeps about him to send into fock's houses.—Dirty unmeencefu' things!'"

The result of this visit is the seizure of Walter, to take his trial at Edinburgh.

for disaffection. The conduct of Clavers and his gang during their stay was marked by every token of the most confirmed and diabolical turpitude. The chief pretext for Walter's imprisonment is furnished by a large quantity of ready-dressed provisions, which had been provided by his directions to entertain Clavers and his men on their expected arrival, but which Dundee insists had been prepared for the objects of his persecution. After many vain endeavours to obtain farther information, torturing a poor old shepherd, almost frightening Walter's sons, both mere children, out of their lives, plundering Laidlaw's house, and committing all sorts of depredations in the neighbourhood, Clavers departs, taking Walter with him. The country is scourged by Dundee in search of the Cameronians, and in this pursuit he displays a keenness and indefatigability worthy a truly infernal nature. Many fell into the villain's hands—and were instantly murdered.

"Four were surprised and taken prisoners on a height called Cer-Cleuch-Ridge, who were brought to Clavers and shortly examined on a little crook in the Erne Clouch, a little above the old steading at Hopertoudy.

"Macpherson kept the high road, such as it was, with his prisoner; but travelled no faster than just to keep up with the parties that were scouring the hills on each side; and seeing these unfortunate men hunted in from the hill, he rode up with his companions and charge to see the issue, remarking to Walter, that, 'he woold not pe much great deal te worse of scheeing fwat te Cot t—n'd fwigs would pe getting.'

"How did Walter's heart smite him when he saw that one of them was the sensible, judicious, and honourable fellow with whom he fought, and whose arm he had dislocated by a blow with his stick! It was still hanging in a sling made of a double rash rope.

"They would renounce nothing, confess nothing, nor yield, in the slightest degree, to the threats and insulting questions put by the general. They expected no mercy, and they cringed for none; but seemed all the while to regard him with pity and contempt. Walter often said that he was an ill judge of the cause for which these men suffered; but whatever might be said of it, they were heroes in that cause. Their complexions were sallow, and bore marks of famine and other privations; their beards untrimmed; their apparel all in rags, and their hats slouched down about their ears with sleeping on the bills. All this they had borne with resignation and without a murmur; and, when brought to the last, before the most remorseless of the human race, they showed no

symptoms of flinching or yielding up an item of the cause they had espoused.

"When asked, 'if they would pray for the king?'

"They answered, 'that they would with all their hearts;—they would pray for his forgiveness, in time and place convenient, but not when every profligate bade them, which were a loathful scurrility, and a mockery of God.'

"Would they acknowledge him as their right and lawful sovereign?'

"No, that they would never do! He was a bloody and designing papist, and had usurped a prerogative that belonged not to him. To acknowledge the Duke of York for king, would be to acknowledge the divine approbation of tyranny, oppression, usurpation, and all that militates against religion or liberty, as well as justifying the abrogation of our ancient law relating to the succession; and that, besides, he had trampled on every civil and religious right, and was no king for Scotland, or any land where the inhabitants did not choose the most abject and degrading slavery. For their parts, they would never acknowledge him; and though it was but little that their protestations and their blood could avail, they gave them freely. They had but few left to mourn for them, and these few might never know of their fate; but there was One who knew their hearts, who saw their sufferings, and in Him they trusted that the days of tyranny and oppression were wearing to a close, and that a race yet to come might acknowledge that they had not shed their blood in vain.'

"Clavers ordered them all to be shot. They craved time to pray, but he objected, sullenly alleging, that he had not time to spare. Mr. Copland said,—'My lord, you had better grant the poor wretches that small indulgence.' On which Clavers took out his watch, and said he would grant them two minutes, provided they did not howl. When the man with the hurt arm turned round to kneel, Walter could not help crying out to him in a voice half stifled with agony—

"Ah! lak-a-day, man! is it come to this with you, and that so soon? This is a sad sight!'

"The man pretended to put on a strange and astonished look towards his benefactor.

"Whoever you are,' said he, 'that pities the sufferings of a hapless stranger, I thank you. May God requite you! but think of yourself, and apply for mercy where it is to be found, for you are in the hands of those who-e boast it is to despise it!'

"Walter at first thought this was strange, but he soon perceived the policy of it, and wondered at his friend's readiness at such an awful hour, when any acknowledgment of connexion would have been so fatal to himself. They knelted all down, clasped their hands together, turned their faces to

Heaven, and prayed in a scarce audible whisper. Captain Bruce, in the mean time, knelt behind the files, and prayed in mockery, making a long face, wiping his eyes, and speaking in such a ludicrous whine, that it was impossible for the gravest face to retain its muscles unaltered. He had more to attend to him than the miserable sufferers. When the two minutes were expired, Clavers, who held his watch all the time, made a sign to the dragoons who were drawn up, without giving any intimation to the sufferers, which, perhaps, was merciful, and in a moment all the four were launched into eternity.

"The soldiers, for what reason Walter never understood, stretched the bodies all in a straight line on the brae, with their faces upwards, and about a yard distant from one another, and then rode off as fast as they could to get another hunt, as they called it. These four men were afterwards carried by the fugitives, and some country people, and decently interred in Ettrick church-yard. Their graves are all in a row a few paces from the south-west corner of the present church. The Goodman of Chapelhope, some years thereafter, erected a head-stone over the grave of the unfortunate sufferer whose arm he had broken, which, with its rude sculpture, is to be seen to this day. His name was Walter Biggar. A small heap of stones is raised on the place where they were shot."

We shall give but one more instance of the horrible cruelties committed by the government agents at this period. The priest of Tweedsmuir had given information of a meeting of Covenanters at a place called Tallo-Lins. Thither a party of military were despatched. The commanding officer, a serjeant Douglas, had been told by this wretched fellow that in a cottage hard by there was an individual whom he suspected to be a Covenanter, and to have attended at the above meeting.

"About the break of day, they went and surrounded a shepherd's cottage belonging to the farm of Corehead, having been led thither by the curate, where they found the shepherd, an old man, his daughter, and one Edward McCane, son to a merchant in Lanarkshire, who was courting this shepherdess, a beautiful young maiden. The curate having got intelligence that a stranger was at that house, immediately suspected him to be one of the wanderers, and on this surmise the information was given. The curate acknowledged the shepherd and his daughter as parishioners, but of McCane, he said, he knew nothing, and had no doubt that he was one of the rebellious whigs. They fell to examine the youth, but they were all affected with the liquor they had drunk over night, and made a mere farce of it, paying no regard to his answers, or, if

they did, it was merely to misconstrue or mock them. He denied having been at the meeting at Tallo-Lins, and all acquaintance with the individuals whom they named as having been there present. Finding that they could make nothing of him whereon to ground a charge, Douglas made them search him for arms; for being somewhat drunk, he took it highly amiss that he should have been brought out of his way for nothing. McCane judged himself safe on that score, for he knew that he had neither knife, razor, bodkin, nor edged instrument of any kind about him; but as ill luck would have it, he chanced to have an old gun-flint in his waistcoat pocket. Douglas instantly pronounced this to be sufficient, and ordered him to be shot. McCane was speechless for some time with astonishment, and at length told his errand, and the footing on which he stood with the young girl before them, offering at the same time to bring proofs from his own parish of his loyalty and conformity. He even condescended to kneel to the ruffian, to clasp his knees, and beg and beseech of him to be allowed time for a regular proof; but nothing would move him. He said, the courtship was a very clever excuse, but would not do with him, and forthwith ordered him to be shot. He would not even allow him to sing a psalm with his two friends, but cursed and swore that the devil a psalm he should sing there. He said, 'It would not be singing a few verses of a psalm in a wretched and miserable style that would keep him out of hell; and if he went to heaven, he might then lift as much at psalm-singing as he had a mind.' When the girl, his betrothed sweet-heart, saw the muskets levelled at her lover, she broke through the file, shrieking most piteously, threw herself on him, clasped his neck and kissed him, crying, like one distracted, 'O Edward, take me wi' ye—take me wi' ye; a' the warld sanna part us.'

"'Ah! Mary,' said he, 'last night we looked forward to long and happy years—how joyful were our hopes! but they are all blasted at once. Be comforted, my dearest, dearest heart!—God bless you!—Farewell for ever.'

"The soldiers then dragged her backward, mocking her with indelicate remarks, and while she was yet scarcely two paces removed, and still stretching out her hands towards him, six balls were lodged in his heart in a moment, and he fell dead at her feet. Deformed and bloody as he was, she pressed the corpse to her bosom, moaning and sobbing in such a way as if every throb would have been her last, and in that condition the soldiers marched merrily off and left them."

On the way to Edinburgh, Laidlaw has occasion to observe in Roy Macpherson symptoms of a kinder disposition than he supposed him to possess. The blunt sol-

dier soon begins to feel an esteem for Walter, which by degrees ripens into friendship, and before they part, he gives him advice as to his behaviour before the council, which proves of the utmost importance to him, and in all probability saved his life. In the meanwhile Katharine is in the deepest distress for the fate of her father, when she receives a letter from him, directing her to repair with all speed to the Laird of Drummelzier, Walter's landlord, and who held him in high esteem, inform him of the predicament in which he stood, and beseech his advice and good offices in his behalf with the government. In this he followed Macpherson's counsel, Drummelzier being a man of considerable consequence, high rank, powerful connexions, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety. Katharine, on the receipt of this letter, is thrown into considerable perplexity,—on the one hand, her father's danger is too urgent to admit of delay, and on the other circumstances at home, connected with the fate of several worthy and distressed individuals, belonging to the Cameronians, (among them one of their most celebrated preachers,) render it almost equally imperative upon her to remain at Chapelhope; the only means of extricating from this dilemma is to find one capable of officiating for her during her absence, and in whose fidelity she can confide. Among the ignorant and bewildered rustics of the neighbourhood this is impossible—her brothers are too young—and with respect to her mother, the alarm with which the "gudewife" already regards her daughter as the associate of evil spirits, independently of her natural incapacity to keep a secret, makes her just the least proper person in the world to be intrusted with so important a commission. In this situation her thoughts turn to Nanny Elshinder.

"Nothing could be more interesting than her character was now to the bewildered Katharine—it arose to her eyes, and grew on her mind like a vision. She had been led previously to regard her as having been crazed from her birth, and her songs and chants to be mere ravings of fancy, strung in rhymes to suit favourite airs, or old scraps of ballads void of meaning, that she had learned in her youth. But there was a wild elegance at times in her manner of thinking and expression—a dash of sublimity that was inconsistent with such an idea. 'Is it possible,' (thus reasoned the maiden with herself,) 'that this demeanor can be the effect of great worldly trouble and loss? Perhaps she is bereft of all those who were near and dear to her in life—is left alone as

it were in this world, and has lost a relish for all its concerns, while her whole hope, heart, and mind, are fixed on a home above, to which all her thoughts, dreams, and even her ravings insensibly turn; and to which the very songs and chants of her youthful days are modelled anew. If such is really her case, how I could sympathise with her in all her feelings! "

She sounds Nanny—assures her of the deep interest and tender concern she takes in her sorrows—and gradually approaching the subject on which she wishes to consult her, questions her as to her notions concerning spirits and supernatural appearances, and asks her if one of these unearthly beings should appear before her, "Would she be frightened?"

"In my own strength I could not stand it, yet I would stand it."

"That gives me joy.—Then, Nanny, list to me: You will assuredly see one in my absence; and you must take good heed to my directions, and act precisely as I bid you."

"Nanny gave up her work, and listened in suspense. 'Then it is a' true that the fock says!' said she, with a long-drawn sigh. 'His presence be about us!'

"How sensibly you spoke just now! Where is your faith fled already? I tell you there will one appear to you every night in my absence, precisely on the first crowing of the cock, about an hour after midnight, and you must give him every thing that he asks, else it may fare the worse with you, and all about the house."

"Nanny's limbs were unable to support her weight—they trembled under her. She sat down on a form, leaned her brow upon both hands, and recited the 63d Psalm from beginning to end in a fervent tone.

"'I waana prepared for this,' said she. 'I fear, though my faith may stand it, my wits will not. Dear, dear bairn, is there nae way to get aff frae sic a trial?'

"There is only one, which is fraught with danger of another sort; but were I sure that I could trust you with it, all might be well, and you would rest free from any intercourse with that unearthly visitant, of whom it seems you are so much in terror."

"For my own sake ye may trust me there: Ony thing but a bogle face to face at midnight, an' me a' my lane. It is right wonderfu', though I ken I'll soon be in a world o' spirits, an' that I maun mingle an' mool wi' them for ages, how the nature within me revolts at a communion wi' them here. Dear bairn, gie me your other plan, an' trust me for my own sake."

"It is this—but if you adopt it, for your life and soul let no one in this place know of it but yourself.—It is to admit one or two of the fugitive whigs,—these people that skulk and pray about the mountains, privily into the house every night,

until my return. If you will give me any test of your secrecy and truth, I will find ways and means of bringing them to you, which will effectually bar all intrusion of bogle or Brownie on your quiet; or should any such dare to appear, they will deal with it themselves.

" 'An' can the presence o' ane o' *them* do this?' said Nanny, starting up and speaking in a loud eldritch voice. 'Then heaven and hell acknowledges it, an' the earth maun soon do the same! I knew it!—I knew it!—I knew it!—ha, ha, ha, I knew it!—Ah! John, thou art safe!—Ay! an' mae than thee; an' there will be mae yet! It is but a day! an' dark an' dismal though it be, the change will be the sweeter! Blessed, blessed be the day! None can say of thee that thou died like a fool, for thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters.' Then turning close round to Katharine, with an expression of countenance quite indescribable, she added in a quick maddened manner,— 'Eh? Thou seekest a test of me, dost thou? Can blood do it?—Can martyrdom do it?—Can bonds, wounds, tortures, and mockery do it?—Can death itself do it? *All these have I suffered for that cause in this same body*, mark that; for there is but one half of my bone and my flesh here. But words are nothing to the misbelieving—mere air mouthed into a sound. Look at this for a test of my sincerity and truth.' So saying, she gave her hand a wild brandish in the air, darted it at her throat and snapping the tie of her cap that she had always worn over her face, she snatched it off, and turning her cheek round to her young mistress, added, 'Look there for your test, and if that is not enough, I will give you more.'

"Katharine was struck dumb with astonishment and horror. She saw that her ears were cut out close to the skull, and a C. R. indented on her cheek with a hot iron, as deep as the jaw-bone. She burst out a crying—clasped the old enthusiast in her arms—kissed the wound and steeped it with her tears, and without one further remark, led her away to the Old Room, that they might converse without interruption."

Katharine now departs for Drummelzier—and informs the Laird of her father's situation. Drummelzier receives the intelligence with great wrath, and regrets that Laidlaw's seizure in a part of the country to which his jurisdiction did not extend, prevents him from setting his tenant at liberty. However, all that he can do, he does. He writes to the council in his behalf, interests several gentlemen of the first character in his favour, and moreover gives Katharine a bond to a high amount, and signed by himself, as security for his appearance in any court—this was to be used only in case Walter should not be conveyed to Edinburgh; if taken to the metropolis

Katharine was to leave the affair entirely to the Laird.

Katharine endeavours, in vain, to find her father, who, as we have already said, has been taken to Edinburgh. There, partly through Drummelzier's intercession, partly through his own firm spirit and adoption of Macpherson's counsel, he fares better than he had reason to expect. He is acquitted, or rather released upon bail, and takes his way back to Chapelhope.

On her return, Katharine finds every thing in confusion—Nanny—and all the family and household flown—and an aspect of desertion spread over the whole establishment. 'Nanny had seen frightful things while her dear Katharine was away,—but it is here necessary to go back somewhat in our story.—

The curate Clerk,—we have already introduced him to the notice and contempt of our readers—had beheld and been inflamed by the exquisite loveliness of Katharine's person, and the low servile parasite lusted for the possession of her virgin charms. He was a favorite with the credulous and priest-ridden mother—acquainted with all the rumours circulated in the neighbourhood to Katharine's prejudice—and in a conversation with Laidlaw's wife, proposes, after a long conversation upon Katharine's correspondence with infernal spirits, to sit up with her *during the night*, to drive the unholy influence from the sweet damsel. The mother assents with rapture—and the scoundrel takes his station in Katharine's room at midnight—he informs her of the base trick he has played off upon her mother, and after letting her understand that all resistance will be vain, for that he has settled that no interruption is to be made, whatever noises may be heard, unblushingly avows his intentions—Katharine, at first repulses him with astonishment—but on the renewal of his licentious suit, serenely requests him to wait for half an hour, at the end of which, *if his mind changes not*, she will surrender to his wishes; Clerk consents—the allotted time expires—and—but this is a scene that we must give Mr. Hogg the advantage of relating.

"The hour of midnight was now passed,—the sand had nearly run out for the second time since the delay had been acceded to, and Clerk had been for a while tapping the glass on the side, and shaking it, to make it empty its contents the sooner. Katharine likewise began to eye it with looks that manifested some degree of perturbation; she clasped the Bible, and sat still in one position, as if listening attentively for some sound or signal. The worthy curate

at length held the hour glass up between her eye and the burning lamp,—the last lingering pile fell reluctantly out as he shook it in that position,—anxiety and suspense settled more deeply on the lovely and serene face of Katharine; but instead of a flexible timidity, it assumed an air of sternness. At that instant the cock crew,—she started,—heaved a deep sigh, like one that feels a sudden relief from pain, and a beam of joy shed its radiance over her countenance. Clerk was astonished,—he could not divine the source or cause of her emotions, but judging from his own corrupt heart, he judged amiss. True however to his point, he reminded her of her promise, and claimed its fulfilment. She deigned no reply to his threats or promises, but kept her eye steadfastly fixed on another part of the room. He bade her remember that he was not to be mocked, and in spite of her exertions, he lifted her up in his arms, and carried her across the room towards the bed. She uttered a loud scream, and in a moment the outer door that entered from the bank was opened, and a being of such unearthly dimensions entered, as you may never wholly define. It was the Brownie of Bodsbeck, sometimes mentioned before, small of stature, and its whole form utterly misshaped. Its beard was long and gray, while its look, and every lineament of its face, were indicative of agony—its locks were thin, dishevelled, and white, and its back hunched up behind its head. There seemed to be more of the same species of haggard beings lingering behind the door, but this alone advanced with a slow majestic pace. Mass John uttered two involuntary cries, somewhat resembling the shrill bellowsings of an angry bull, mixed with inarticulate rumblings,—sunk powerless on the floor, and, with a deep shivering groan, fainted away. Katharine, stretching forth her hands, flew to meet her unearthly guardian;—‘Welcome, my watchful and redoubted Brownie,’ said she; ‘thou art well worthy to be familiar with an empress, rather than an insignificant country maiden.’

‘Brownie’s here, Brownie’s there,
Brownie’s with thee every where,’

said the dwarfish spirit, and led her off in triumph.”

The sequel of this singular adventure is still more extraordinary and satisfactory. After the departure of the lovely Katharine to Drummelzier, Nanny, her dress arranged with greater care than was usual, was sitting by the fire,

“expecting every minute the two covenant-men, whom her young mistress had promised to send to her privily, as her companions and protectors through the dark and silent watches of the night until her return. Still nothing of them appeared; but, confident that they would appear, she stirred the embers of the fire, and continued to keep watch with patient anxiety. When it drew towards midnight, as she judged, she heard a noise without, as of some people entering, or trying to enter, by the outer door of the Old Room. Concluding that it was her expected companions, and alarmed

at the wrong direction they had taken, she ran out, and round the west end of the house, to warn them of their mistake, and bring them in by the kitchen door. As she proceeded, she heard two or three loud and half-stifled howls from the interior of the Old Room. The door was shut, but, perceiving by the seam in the window-shutters that the light within was still burning, she ran to the window, which directly faced the curate’s bed; and there being a small aperture broken in one of the panes, she edged back the shutter, so as to see and hear the most part of what was going on within. She saw four or five figures standing at the bed, resembling human figures in some small degree—their backs towards her; but she saw a half-face of one that held the lamp in its hand, and it was of the hue of a smoked wall. In the midst of them stood the deformed little Brownie, that has often been mentioned and described in the foregoing part of this tale. In his right hand he brandished a weapon, resembling a dirk or carving-knife. The other hand he stretched out, half-raised over the curate’s face, as if to command attention. ‘Peace!’ said he, ‘thou child of the bottomless pit, and minister of unrighteousness; another such sound from these polluted lips of thine, and I plunge this weapon into thy heart. We would shed thy blood without any reluctance—nay, know thou that we would rejoice to do it, as thereby we would render our master acceptable service. Not for that intent or purpose are we now come; yet thy abominations shall not altogether pass unpunished. Thou knowest thy own heart—its hypocrisy and licentiousness—Thou knowest that last night, at this same hour, thou didst attempt, by brutal force, to pollute the purest and most angelic of the human race—we rescued her from thy hellish clutch, for we are her servants, and attend upon her steps. Thou knowest that still thou art cherishing the hope of succeeding in thy cursed scheme. Thou art a stain to thy profession, and a blot upon the cheek of nature, enough to make thy race and thy nation stink in the nose of their Creator!—To what thou deservest, thy doom is a lenient one—but it is fixed and irrevocable!’

“There was something in this misshapen creature’s voice that chilled Nanny’s very soul while it spoke these words, especially its pronunciation of some of them; it sounded like something she had heard before, perhaps in a dream, but it was horrible, and not to be brooked. The rest now laid violent hold of Mass John, and she heard him mumbling in a supplicating voice, but knew not what he said.

“As they stooped forward, the lampshone on the floor, and she saw the appearance of a coffin standing behind them. Nanny was astonished, but not yet overcome; for, cruel were the scenes that she had beheld, and many the trials she had undergone!—but at that instant the deformed and grimy being

turned round, as if looking for something that it wanted—the lamp shone full on its face, the lineaments of which when Nanny beheld, her eyes at once were darkened, and she saw no more that night."

Thus was the wretch punished—and we have only occasion to say that for two years nothing was heard of him;—in the famous year 1688, he fell in with a miscreant of another description—the renowned Clavers—to whom he related his wrongs, and received assurance from his brother in iniquity that if ever it fell in his power, he would revenge them.

This event banished all the inhabitants of Chapelhope—The "gudewife" went to her brother's residence at Gilmanscleugh—and the rest of the inmates fled in various directions.

At length Katharine procures admittance—Walter returns—but not altogether pleased with his daughter, whom events on his way homeward induced him to suspect of still maintaining intercourse with beings of the infernal world. She persuades him, nevertheless, to relate to her the events of his reluctant pilgrimage, and such is the ascendancy of this beautiful girl over her adoring father, that he consents to accompany her to the moor, where she promises to make him acquainted with all her errors, and unveil to him every thing mysterious in her conduct. At first he is rather obstinate—but is soon vanquished by the uncommon powers of his exquisite daughter.

"Katharine's mein had a tint of majesty in it, but it was naturally serious. She scarcely ever laughed, and but seldom smiled; but when she did so, the whole soul of delight beamed in it. Her face was like a dark summer day, when the clouds are high and majestic, and the lights on the valley mellowed into beauty. Her smile was like a fairy blink of the sun shed through these clouds, than which, there is nothing in nature that I know of so enlivening and beautiful. It was irresistible; and such a smile beamed on her benign countenance, when she heard her father's wild suspicions expressed in such a blunt and ardent way; but it conquered them all—he went away with her rather abashed, and without uttering another word."

She takes him over the moor, and through the moss-hags—through paths scarcely ever trodden by mortal—over rocks and precipices—till they reach the top of an acclivity beneath which a burn, or brook, raved with a deafening sound—Walter stands in almost stupid amaze, while Katharine begins to pull a bush of heath that grows between the rocks, "when instantly a door opened, and showed

a cavern that led into the hill. It was a door wattled with green heath, with the tops turned outward so exactly, that it was impossible for any living to know but that it was a bush of natural heath growing in the interstice. 'Follow me, my dear father,' said she, 'you have still nothing to fear;' and so saying she entered swiftly in a stooping posture. Walter followed, but his huge size precluded the possibility of his walking otherwise than on all fours, and in that mode he fairly essayed to follow his mysterious child; but the path winded—his daughter was quite gone—and the door closed behind him, for it was so constructed as to fall too off itself, and as Walter expressed it—'There was he left gaun boring into the hill like a moudiwort, in utter darkness.' The consequence of all this was, that Walter's courage fairly gave way, and, by an awkward retrograde motion, he made all the haste he was able back to the light. He stood on the shelf of the rock at the door for several minutes in confused consternation, saying to himself, 'What in the wide world is com'd o' the wench? I believe she is gane away down into the pit bodily; an' thought to wile me after her; or into the heart o' the hill, to some enchantit cave, amang her brownies, an' fairies, an' hobgoblins. L—d have a care o' me, gin ever I saw the like o' this!' Then losing all patience, he opened the door, set in his head, and bellowed out—'Hollo, lassie!—What's com'd o' ye? Keatie Laidlaw—Hollo!' He soon heard footsteps approaching, and took shelter behind the door, with his back leaning to the rock, in case of any sudden surprise, but it was only his daughter, who chided him gently for his timidity and want of confidence in her, and asked how he could be frightened to go where a silly girl, his own child, led the way? adding, that if he desired the mystery that had so long involved her fate and behaviour to be cleared up, he behoved to enter and follow her, or to remain in the dark for ever. Thus admonished, Walter again screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and entered in order to explore this mysterious cave, following close to his daughter, who led him all the way by the collar of the coat as he crept. The entrance was long and irregular, and in one place very narrow, the roof being supported here and there by logs of birch and alder.—They came at length into the body of the cave, but it was so dimly lighted from above, the vent being purposely made among rough heath, which in part overhung and hid it from view without, that Walter was almost in the middle of it, ere he was aware, and still creeping on his hands and knees. His daughter at last stopped short, on which he lifted his eyes, and saw indistinctly the boundaries of the cave, and a number of figures standing all around ready to receive him. The light, as I said, entered straight from above, and striking on the caps and bonnets which they

wore on their heads, these shaded their faces, and they appeared to our amazed Goodman so many blackamoors, with long shaggy beards and locks, and their garments as it were falling from their bodies piece-meal. On the one side, right over against him, stood a coffin, raised a little on two stones; and on the other side, on a couch of rushes, lay two bodies that seemed already dead, or just in the last stage of existence; and, at the upper end, on a kind of wicker chair, sat another pale emaciated figure, with his feet and legs wrapped up in flannel, a napkin about his head, and his body wrapped in an old duffel cloak that had once belonged to Walter himself. Walter's vitals were almost frozen up by the sight—he uttered a hollow exclamation, something like the beginning of a prayer, and attempted again to make his escape, but he mistook the entrance, and groped against the dark corner of the cavern."

His daughter implores him to stay, and, addressing the inhabitants of this horrible place, conjures them to address her father, and calm his apprehensions.

" 'That we will do joyfully,' said one, in a strong intelligent voice.

"Walter turned his eyes on the speaker, and who was it but the redoubted Brownie of Bodsbeck, so often mentioned before, in all his native deformity; while the thing in the form of a broad bonnet that he wore on his head, kept his features, gray locks and beard, wholly in the shade; and, as he approached Walter, he appeared a being without any definitive form or feature. The latter was now standing on his feet, with his back leaned against the rock that formed the one side of the cave, and breathing so loud, that every whiff sounded in the caverned arches like the rush of the winter wind whistling through the crevices of the cascade."

Walter's fears are somewhat calmed, at length by the assurances of the speaker, (whom we now discover to be the celebrated John Brown, and who, to ensure the safety of himself and companions, had assumed the disguise under which we have hitherto beheld him as the Brownie of Bodsbeck) and recovers in some degree his composure. At the request of Katharine, Brown relates his own and friends' adventures—their sufferings—and their being compelled to take refuge in that miserable place;—

" 'In this great extremity, as a last resource, I watched an opportunity, and laid our deplorable case before that dear maid your daughter—Forgive these tears, sir; you see every eye around fills at mention of her name—She has been our guardian angel—She has, under Almighty Providence, saved the lives of the whole party before

you—has supplied us with food, cordials, and medicines; with beds, and with clothing, all from her own circumscribed resources. For us she has braved every danger, and suffered every privation; the dereliction of her parents, and the obloquy of the whole country. That young man, whom you see sitting on the wicker chair there, is my only surviving son of five—he was past hope when she found him—fast posting to the last goal—her unwearied care and attentions have restored him; he is again in a state of convalescence—O may the Eternal God reward her for what she has done to him and us!

" 'Only one out of all the distressed and hopeless party has perished, he whose body lies in that coffin. He was a brave, noble, and pious youth, and the son of a worthy gentleman. When our dear nurse and physician found your house deserted by all but herself, she took him home to a bed in that house, where she attended him for the last seven days of his life with more than filial care. He expired last night at midnight, amid our prayers and supplications to heaven in his behalf, while that dear saint supported his head in his dying moments, and shed the tear of affliction over his lifeless form. She made the grave clothes from her own scanty stock of linen—tied her best lawn napkin round the head; and'—

" 'Here Walter could retain himself no longer; he burst out a crying, and sobbed like a child.

" 'An' has my Katie done a' this?' cried he, in a loud broken voice—'Has my woman done a' this, an' yet me to suspect her, an' be harsh till her? I might hae kend her better!' continued he, taking her in his arms, and kissing her cheek again and again. 'But she sall hae ten silk gowns, an' ten satin anes, for the bit linen she has bestowed on sic an occasion, an' a' that she has wared on ye I'll make up to her a hunder an' fifty fauld.'

" 'O my dear father,' said she, 'you know not what I have suffered for fear of having offended you; for I could not forget that their principles, both civil and religious, were the opposite of yours—that they were on the adverse side to you and my mother, as well as the government of the country.'

" 'Deil care what side they war on, Kate!' cried Walter, in the same vehement voice; 'ye hae taen the side o' human nature; the suffering and the humble side, an' the side o' feeling, my woman, that bodes best in a young unexperienced thing to tak. It is better that to do like yon bits o' gillies about Edinburgh: poor shilly-shally milk-an'-water things! Gin ye but saw how they cock up their noses at a whig, an' throw their bits o' gabs; an' downa bide to look at aught, or hear tell o' aught, that isna i' the top fashion. Ye hae done very right, my good lassie—od, I wadna gie ye for the hale o' them, an' they war a' bung in a strap like ingans.'

"Then, father, since you approve I am happy. I have no care now save for these two poor fellows on that couch, who are yet far from being out of danger.

"*L—d sauf us!*" said Walter, turning about, "I thought they had been twa dead corpses. But now, when my een are used to the light o' the place, I see the chaps *are* living, an' no that unlife-like, as a body may say."

"He went up to them, spoke to them kindly, took their wan bleached sinewy hands in his, and said, he feared they were still very ill?"

"Better than we have been," was the reply—"Better than we have been, goodman. Thanks to you and yours."

"Dear father," said Katharine, "I think if they were removed down to Chapelhope, to dry comfortable lodgings, and had more regular diet, and better attendance, their health might soon be re-established. Now that you deem the danger over, will you suffer me to have them carried down there?"

"Will I no, Kate? My faith, they shall hae the twa best beds i' the house, if Maron an' me should sleep in the barn! An' ye sal hae naething ado but to attend them, an' nurse them late an' airt; an' I'll gar Maron Linton attend them too, an' she'll rhame o'er blads o' scripture to them, an' they'll soon get aboon this bit dwam. Od, if outhir gude fare or drugs will do it, I'll hae them playin' at the pennystane wi' Davie Tait, an' prayin' wi' him at night, in less than twa weeks."

"Goodman," said old Brown, (for this celebrated Brownie was no other than the noted Mr. John Brown, the goodman of Caldwell)—"Goodman, well may you be proud this day, and well may you be uplifted in heart on account of your daughter. The more I see and hear of her, the more am I struck with admiration; and I am persuaded of this, that, let your past life have been as it may, the Almighty will bless and prosper you on account of that maid. The sedateness of her counsels, and the qualities of her heart, have utterly astonished me—She has all the strength of mind and energy of the bravest of men, blent with all the softness, delicacy, and tenderness of femininity—Neither danger nor distress can overpower her mind for a moment—tenderness does it at once. If ever an angel appeared on earth in the form of a woman, it is in that of your daughter—"

"I wish ye wad haud your tongue," said Walter, who stood banging his head, and sobbing aloud. The large tears were now dropping from his eyes—they were trickling in torrents. "I wish ye wad haud your tongue, an' no mak me ower proud o' her. She's weel enough, puir woman—It's a—It's a shame for a great muckle auld fool like me to be booin an' greetin like a bairn this gate! but dell tak the doer gin I can help it! I watna what's ta'en me the day!"

Vol. III.—No. v.

45

She's weel enough, puir lassie. I daresay I never learned her ony ill, but I little wat where she has gotten a' the gude qualities ye brag sae muckle o', unless it hae been frae Heaven in gude earnest; for I wat weel, she has been brought up but in a ram-stampish hamely kind o' way wi' Maron an' me. But come, come! let us hae done wi' this fuffing an' blowing o' noses, an' making o' wry faces. Row the twa puir sick lads weel up, an' bring them down in the bed-claes to my house. An' d'ye hear, callants—gudesake get your beards clippit or shaven a wee, an' be something warid like, come a' down to Chapelhope; I'll kill the best wedder on the Hermon-Law, an' we shall a' dine heartily thegither for ance; I'll get ower Davie Tait to say the grace, an' we'll be as merry as the times will allow."

"They accepted the invitation, with many expressions of gratitude and thankfulness, and the rays of hope once more enlightened the dejected countenances that had so long been overshadowed with the gloom of despair."

"But there's ae thing, callants," said Walter, "that has astonished me, an' I canna help speering. Where got ye the coffin sae readily for the man that died last night?"

"That coffin," said Brown, "was brought here one night by the friends of one of the men whom Clavers caused to be shot on the other side of the ridge there, which you saw. The bodies were buried ere they came; it grew day on them, and they left it; so, for the sake of concealment, we brought it into our cave. It has been useful to us; for when the wretched tinker fell down among us from that gap, while we were at evening worship; we pinioned him in the dark, and carried him in that chest to your door, thinking he had belonged to your family. That led to a bloody business, of which you shall hear anon. And in that coffin, too, we carried off your ungrateful curate so far on his journey, disgraced for ever, to come no more within twenty miles of Chapelhope, on pain of a dreadful death in twenty-four hours thereafter; and I stand warrandice that he shall keep his distance. In it we have now deposited the body of a beloved and virtuous friend, who always foretold this, from its first arrival in our cell. But he rejoiced in the prospect of his dissolution, and died as he had lived, a faithful and true witness; and his memory shall long be revered by all the just and the good."

Such is the tale of the Brownie of Bodsbeck. There are two other stories contained in this very interesting volume, but we have dwelt so long on the superior merits of the first, that we cannot afford to speak of them. We must content ourselves with saying that "The Wool-Gatherer" is a delightful tale of pure and simple love, and that the "Hunt of Eildon" embodies in a very striking and pic-

turesque manner, some of the wildest witcheries of a country that for ages has been known and celebrated as the land of romance. The whole volume, in short, does infinite credit to Mr. Hogg, and we

cannot close without expressing our most earnest wish that he will not be long before he presents us with some more of his attractive and beautiful stories.

G.

ART. 3. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Discoveries in Natural History, made during a Journey through the Western Region of the United States, by Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, Esq. Addressed to Samuel L. Mitchill, President, and the other Members of the Lyceum of Natural History, in a Letter dated at Louisville, Falls of Ohio, 20th July, 1818.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you that my discoveries during my journey through the western states, have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, particularly in conchology and ichthyology. I beg leave to hand you a short view of them so far; I am yet in hopes to increase them, and to lay before the Lyceum, on my return, a rich collection of animals, fossils and plants.

1. *Quadrupeds*. I have discovered and described 3 new species: 1. *Musculus leucopus*; 2. *Gerbillus Sylvaticus*; and, 3. *Noctilio myrtaz*, Raf.

2. *Reptiles*. I have seen already 6 species of turtles, whereof 3 are new: 1. *Testudo bigibbosa*, from the Ohio river; 2. *Testudo chlorope*, a small land turtle from Kentucky; 3. *Trionyx Ohienis*, or the large soft shell turtle of the Ohio. The *Testudo ferox*, and *T. picta*, are common in the Ohio. I have seen some lizards and snakes which I presume new, among which is a *Lacerta erythrostoma*.

3. *Fishes*. I have pretty nearly explored the ichthyology of the river Ohio, and the following catalogue of its fishes, is complete, with the exception of a very few small nameless species which I have not yet seen. Out of about 32 species, more than 20 are new ones, and I have even discovered a new genus.

Scientific Names.

1. *Perca Salmoena*, Raf.
2. *P. chrysops*, R.
3. *Sciena granulosa*, R.
4. *S. caprodes*, R.
5. *Bodianus calliurus*, R.
6. *Sparus eyanelus*, R.
7. *Sp. nigropunctatus*, R.
8. *Silurus punctatus*, R.
9. *S. olivaris*, R.
10. *S. ambodon*, R.

Vulgar Names.

- Salmon.
- Rock-fish.
- White-Perch.
- Hog-fish.
- Bass.
- Sun-fish.
- Batchelor-fish.
- Mud Cat-fish.
- Yellow Cat-fish.
- Black Cat-fish.

Scientific Names.

11. *Catostomus bubalus*, R.
12. *C. erythrus*, R.
13. *C. macropterus*, R.
14. *C. duquesni*, Lesueur.
15. *Clupea heterurus*, Raf.
16. *Cl. alosoides*, R.
17. *(N. G.) Glossodon harengoides*, R.
18. *Gl. heterurus*, R.
19. *Hydrargyra dinema*, R.
20. *H. notata*, R.
21. *H. amblops*, R.
22. *Lepiscosteus fluviatilis*, Lacep.
23. *Polyodon folium*, Lacep.
24. *P. pristis*, Raf.
25. *Accipenser platyrhynchus*, Raf.
26. *(Supt.) Silurus pallidus*, Raf.

Vulgar Names.

- Buffalo-fish.
- Red-horse.
- Carp.
- Sucker.
- Gizzard.
- Shad.
- Spring-herring.
- Summer-herring.
- Munny.
- Chub.
- White Chub.
- Gar-fish.
- Shovel-fish.
- Spade-fish.
- Sturgeon.
- White Cat-fish.

Not seen yet: Pike, Eels, Lamprey, Black-Perch, Yellow-Perch, Red-Perch, &c.

I shall add the descriptions of some of the most remarkable new species.

N. G. *Glossodon*, R. Body compressed scaly, head without scales, jaws toothless, tongue with large teeth and bony, seven faint rays to the gills, abdominal fins with a large adipose appendage and 7 rays; dorsal fin behind the equilibrium.

1. *Glossodon harengoides*, R. Diameter one-fourth of the length, jaws nearly equal, lateral line straight, tail equal, dorsal fin beginning before the anal, and with 13 rays, anal fin falcated 28 rays.

2. *Glossodon heterurus*, R. Diameter one-fifth of the length, lower jaw longer, lateral line rather bent downwards, tail unequal, lower lobe longer, dorsal fin above the anal, 12 rays, anal fin falcated, 34 rays.

Sp. 1. *Perca Salmoena*, R. Body cylindrical, yellow with brown patches, jaws equal, one spine on the operculum, and one above the pectoral fins, lateral line curved upwards, first dorsal fin with 14 spiny rays, the second with 20 soft rays, anal fin 12, tail forked yellow with brown spots.

Sp. 4. *Sciena caprodes*, Raf. Body cylindrical whitish, with 20 transverse brownish stripes, alternately smaller, a black dot at the base of the tail, tail forked, upper jaw longer, operculum acute, a single spine on it, first dorsal fin 15 spiny rays, second 12 rays, anal fin 12 rays, whereof 2 are spiny.

Sp. 8. *Silurus punctatus*, Raf. Body whitish with gilt shades and many brown unequal dots on the sides, 3 barbs, 4 underneath, 2 lateral long and black, dorsal fin 7 rays, 1 spiny, pectoral fins 6 rays, 1 spiny, anal 27 rays, lateral line a little curved beneath at the base, tail forked unequal, upper lobe longer.

Sp. 9. *Silurus olivaris*, R. Body olivaceous, shaded with brown, 3 whole barbs, 4 beneath, 2 lateral thick brown, dorsal fin with 7 soft rays, pectoral fin 10 soft rays, anal fin 12 rays, tail roundly notched, teeth acute.

Sp. 11. *Catostomus bubalus*, Raf. Body oblong, olivaceous brown, pale beneath, fins blackish, dorsal 28 rays, anal 12 rays, snout thick truncated, lateral line straight, tail whitish bilobate.

Sp. 12. *Catostomus erythrus*, Raf. Body oblong conical, rufous brown above, whitish beneath, scales very large, dorsal fin reddish 12 rays, anal fin yellow 7 rays, snout rounded gibbous, lateral line straight, tail forked and red.

Sp. 15. *Clupeo-laterurus*, Raf. Diameter one-fifth of total length, entirely silvery, a large brown spot at the base of the lateral line, head obtuse, belly serrate, dorsal fin 15 rays above the abdominal fin, anal fin 40 rays, tail unequal, lower lobe the longest, lateral line straight, scales small.

4. *Conchology or the Shells*. I trust I have discovered likewise the greatest proportion of the shells of the Ohio, having already collected and described over 30 species, the whole of which appear to be new; they consist of 24 bivalve and 8 univalve shells. It is strikingly singular that those shells belong only to 3 genera, that the 24 species of bivalve belong all to a single natural genus; and that those genera are all different from European fluviatile genera, which I have ascertained beyond a doubt by the shells and animals thereof. I shall add the characters of those new genera.

I. *POTAMILUS*.* Bivalve. Shell equi-valve unequalateral, commonly transverse, rugose transversely, sloping posteriorly, shape variable, margin thickened, two muscular impressions, an epidermis surrounding the margin by a membranaceous brim, connective oblong convex membranaceous. Ligament with two teeth on one side, and a deep furrow on the other, between two carina in the left

shell, while the right shell has two unequal teeth, and two unequal carinas.

Animal with a mantle open and bilobe, branchias as a second interior mantle, body compressed tough, two openings or siphons anterior on each side, not tubular, one foot on each side commonly bilamellose, next to the openings.

1. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, not truncated, thick and without knobs; 1. *Potamitus latissimus*; 2. *P. violacinus*; 3. *P. niger*; 4. *P. fasciolaris*; 5. *P. phaeiderus*; 6. *P. ellipticus*; 7. *P. zonatus*; 8. *P. obliquatus*.

2. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, truncated posteriorly, thick and without knobs. 9. *Potam. retusus*; 10. *P. truncatus*; 11. *P. triquetus*.

3. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, thin, not truncated. 12. *P. alatus*; 13. *P. leptodon*; 14. *P. fragilis*; 15. *P. nervosus*; 16. *P. fasciatus*; 17. *P. auratus*.

4. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, thick, not truncated, knobby or warty. 18. *P. gibbosus*; 19. *P. verrucosus*; 20. *P. tubercularis*; 21. *P. nodosus*.

5. Sub-genus. Shell rounded or longitudinal. 22. *P. pusillus*; 23. *P. subrotundus*; 24. *Potamius obovatus*. Raf.

II. G. *PLEUROCOMA*. Univalve. Shell variable oboval or conical, mouth diagonal crooked, rhomboidal, obtuse and nearly reflexed at the base, acute above the connection, lip and columelle flexuose entire. Animal, with an operculum membranaceous, head separated from the mantle inserted above it, elongated, one tentaculum on each side at its base, subulate acute, eyes lateral exterior at the base of the tentacula. 6 species. 1. *Pl. retusa*; 2. *Pl. saxatilis*; 3. *Pl. fasciata*; 4. *Pl. concola*; 5. *Pl. angulata*; 6. *Pl. turricula*. Raf.

III. G. *AMELOXIS*. Univalve. Shell thick oboval, mouth oval, rounded at the base, obtuse above with a thick appendage of the lip, columelle flexuose, a small rugose umbilic. 2 Species, 1. *A. eburnea*; 2. *A. ventricosa*. Raf.

5. *Fossil remains of Animals*. These are numberless in the valley of the Ohio, and particularly at the falls; but it is very difficult to ascertain what is new among them, however a great proportion appear to me undescribed. I have already seen or collected about 60 different species, among which are about 12 sp. of Tubiporites, 15 sp. of Madriporites, 2 sp. of Turbites, 12 sp. of Terebratulites, 8 sp. of Gryphulites, 3 sp. of Celleperites, 3 sp. of Encrinurites, 1 Eurycephalites, and several unknown shells, besides fossil wood and real petrified walnuts.

* If I remember right this genus is also found in the Hudson river, where 3 or 4 species are to be seen, which have been mistaken for *Mya* or *Cardium*.

6. *Botany*. The vegetation of the Western States has some peculiar features—the most striking is its monotony, a few species being spread by millions over large tracts of country, while but few spots rich in a variety of plants, are to be met with. I have collected, however, a rich herbarium both on the Ohio and in crossing the Alleghany mountains. On those mountains I found the following new species. *Uvulana angulata*, *Streptopus undulatus*, *Violeta gibbosa*, *V. nephrodes*, *Prunus cuneatus*, *Trillium lirioides*, *Delphinidium flexuosum*, *Dentaria parvifolia*, *Agrastis viridis*, &c. I believe I have altogether already 4 new genera and 35 new species of plants, among which are the following. *Stelzky longifolia*, *Podostemon repens*, *Hieracium strictum*, *Plantago compressa*, *Aira compressa*, *Scutellaria parviflora*, *Scutellaria macrophylla*, *Agaricus ellipticus*, *Gratiola catafracta*, *Alyssum gracile*, *Silene miniata*, &c. My new genera are the following:

1. *G. ENDIPLUS*. Calyx 5 parted. Cor. tubular campanulate, 10 angular, 5 fid, a longitudinal oblong bilamellar nectarium under each division. 5 Stamens equal jutting, filaments bearded in the middle. Style long, 2 stigmas. Ovary hairy. Fruit a double capsul, the exterior one monolocular bivalve hairy; the interior one bilocular bivalve 4 seeded, seeds one above the other. This genus has much affinity with *Hydrophyllum*, *Phacelia*, and *Decemium*, it contains only 1 sp. *E. bifidus*. Leaves pinnate, pinules ovate lanceolate entire or divided, glaucous underneath. Flowers purplish blue.

2. *G. TORREYA*. Calyx quadrifid, unequal nearly labiate. Corolla labiate, upper lip concave entire, lower lip trilobe, lobes notched. 4 Stamina didynamous, anthers monolocular mucronate beneath, hairy, connected. Stigma bifid. Four naked seeds. The type of it is the *Torreya grandiflora*, which is perhaps the *Lamium hispidulum* of Michaux, but not a *Lamium*.

3. *G. CYANOTRIS*. Perigone 6 parted persistent, membranaceous, petals equal open linear, spatulate. 6 Stamina, filaments filiform smooth, ovary trigone, style filiform, stigma trifid. Capsul trigone, oblong, trilocular, trivalve, trispermous. One species *Cyanotris scilloides*, with a long raceme of blue flowers, bractees scarious shorter, leaves radical oblong lanceolate. Affinity with *Notina*.

4. *G. POTIACUS*. A fleshy fluviatile substance, flat, without fibres, with a few

flat cells beneath and inside, covered above with a thick fleshy epidermis. One species found at the falls of the Ohio floating. *Potarcus bicolor*, rounded very flat nearly entire, smooth, dark green above, sienna brown beneath. Next to the genus *Risularia* of Roth, differing by epidermis only above, &c.

I remain, respectfully, Gentlemen,
Your corresponding member,
C. S. RAFINESQUE.

For the American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review.

Facts concerning the Engrafting of the Spurs of Cocks upon their Combs. By Samuel L. Mitchill. Read to the Lyceum, June 15, 1818.

Capt. Shaw brought from New-Orleans, in May, 1818, to New-York, a Barn-door-Cock (*Phasianus gallus*.) that was reported to bear upon his head a pair of horns.

I was requested to see the bird, and I availed myself of the opportunity to examine the head, in the most satisfactory manner.

There were two excrescences of a horny nature, about three inches long, and of a curved figure. They inclined to the right and left one each way. They did not grow side and side, but one was in front of the other.

They were not attached to the skull, but were merely rooted in the flesh of the comb. In this, however, they had taken firm root, and had derived abundant nourishment from the blood vessels.

I became satisfied that the horns as they were called, and believed by the owner to be, were the spurs of another cock, that had been amputated and transplanted. In their living and bleeding state it is easy to comprehend how the wounded surfaces may have united by the first intention, and the spurs of one cock grow upon the comb of another, as the teeth of one human being may be associated with the jaw of another.

It is worthy of remark in the present case, that the inoculated or transplanted spurs, had received nourishment and acquired growth, in their new situation. They were longer and stouter than the leg-spurs of the individual cock himself; and indeed of any cock I had ever seen. They were also more crooked, and less pointed. Their form and magnitude had both been changed by their translation from the legs to the comb.

The bird was four years old, and perfectly healthy. His appearance was

odd, as he exhibited his horny excrescences.

The appearances were, in all the memorable particulars, exactly like those which I observed in the cock brought last summer, from New-Orleans, by Mr. Giraud, to New-York. In that breed, all the facts and circumstances were substantially the same as in this. The horns were loose in the comb, and had no connection with the cranium. Their size and figure, however, were somewhat changed from spurs. The health was good, and the most striking incident was the whimsical appearance.

It would appear probable from these two cases, that there is an operator in Louisiana, who is very successful in these experiments upon cocks.

On the Mongrel Races of Animals. In a Letter from Dr. Allen, of Onondago, to Dr. Mitchell. Read before the Lyceum, June 15th, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot forbear to give you an account of a singular phenomenon in natural history, well knowing your attachment to every circumstance of philosophical research. Sometime in the spring, now past, a sow, the property of a Mr. Reed, within two miles of this place, was delivered of a litter of animals, the appearance of which, has excited much speculation and surprise. The litter consisted of six in number, one of which was a perfect pig in every respect excepting one of the hind feet, which instead of a hoof, terminated with three claws resembling a dog's.

The other five were perfect dogs, as to feet, tail, hair, shape, &c. to the fore-shoulders which resembled a pig's; the head was short like a dog's, the eyes and nose exactly in appearance like a pig, except as I observed before, rather shorter. They resembled a pig in nothing, except the shape of the nose, the appearance of the eyes, and the shape of the fore-shoulders; they were all born alive, four of them died in fifteen minutes. But the most perfect of the dogs and the pig, lived and sucked until several hours elapsing, were killed by the owner, and to all appearance would have lived to arrive at maturity. The sow was a likely young white animal, this being her first litter, and was put with a male equally well formed and handsome. About the time she went to the male, the owner had a bitch, and the yard was frequented for a number of nights, by numbers of dogs,

these were all the circumstances I now recollect attending.

I regret I was unable to dissect those animals, in order to ascertain their analogy to either class of animal in the viscera. This is a simple statement of the facts, I forbear to comment in the least, mean time I should be happy (should your avocations admit,) to receive your opinion on the subject, so much out of the common order of the nature of the brute creation, and on the union of two animals so dissimilar in their habits and nature. Accept, sir, the assurance of my particular regard and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES MEASE ALLEN, M. D.

S. L. MITCHELL, M. D.

Clintonville, Onondaga County, N. Y.
June 6th, 1818.

Description of a Phoca Vitulina, or Common Seal of the Long-Island and New-York Coast. By Samuel L. Mitchell.

Account of a Seal or Phoca, caught at South-Amboy, near New-York, June 13, 1811.

The length was 5 feet and 6 inches, and the girth around the thorax 4 feet and 4 inches.

There were no external ears, but only orifices for admitting sounds through the air and the water, in which the creature subsisted by turns.

The animal could live more than three minutes under water, without breathing. To enable it to sustain itself in this way, the extremity of the snout was so contracted as to enable the nostrils to be accurately closed at pleasure, and thereby to exclude the liquid element.

The back was of a dusky or iron gray when out of water and dry; though much darker when immersed. Belly whitish gray, or dirty white. Both have an undulated variegation of hue, in a transverse direction. Under the chin and along the throat, the hair is rather longer, and approaches nearer to a cream colour.

Head and face roundish. Neck thick and round, though susceptible of much elongation and contraction. Whiskers stiff, thick and plaited in five or six rows.

Eyes globose, nearly black, and capable of being accurately covered by the lids. Above each eye a patch of about five bristles.

The anterior extremities about ten inches long, and capable of being employed to scratch the head and the side. They are capable of being so expanded as to answer the double purpose of feet

and fins: have on each five distinct white nails, obliquely situated. Resemble the fins of the marine tortoise. The posterior extremities terminal, and webbed like the feet of a water fowl. When at rest, their soles touch each other. There are on each five nails, the middle one of which is situated on a toe shorter than the rest.

Tail flat and tapering, but not more than four inches long.

Mouth capacious, teeth small and sharp. The creature devours herrings with voracity. Two teats on the abdomen, which are retracted within the skin.

There are several varieties, such as that found in the gulf of Bothnia, in lake Baikal of Siberia, in the Caspian sea, and in the ocean, more especially the north Atlantic, and of very different sizes and colours.

ART. 4. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The Progress of the Human Mind from Rudeness to Refinement; exemplified in an Account of the Method pursued by Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, under the Authority of the Government of the United States, to civilize certain Tribes of Savages within their Territory; drawn up by Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. LL. D. &c. &c.

THE war which in 1814 led the inhabitants of Tennessee and Georgia, to destroy, in their own defence, a considerable part of the Creek nation, has been interpreted by some persons as proving the mutuality of attempts to civilize savages. This conclusion is incorrect. The Cherokees have been initiated into the arts of improved life as well as the Creeks; and yet the Creeks only have engaged in hostility against the United States. There must therefore have been some other cause than the lessons they have learned from our agents. And this was probably the instigation of our secret and avowed enemies.

Until this exterminating warfare arose, the great problem of civilizing the aborigines was believed by many to have been in a fair way of being solved, or rather that it was already solved in the United States. The subjects of this philanthropic and instructive experiment were the Creeks and Cherokees. The former of these nations of Indians came from the west of the Mississippi. There is a tradition among them, that there are in the fork of Red-River, two mounds of earth, and that at that place the Cussatuls, Cowetuls and Chickasaws found themselves; that being distressed by wars with red-men, their forefathers crossed the Mississippi, and travelling eastward, they passed the falls of Tallapoosa above Tookaubatche, and settled below the rapids of Chatapooche. Hence they spread out to Ocmulgee, Oconee, Savannah, and down the sea coast towards Charleston, where they first saw white people. By

those they were resisted and compelled to retreat to their present settlements.

This nation possessed a tract of country about three hundred miles square. It is for soil and climate, as well as natural advantages in general, not surpassed perhaps by any spot of equal extent, upon the face of the earth. The number of warriors at the last enumeration amounted to about four thousand. Their settlements have been surrounded for many years by the Americans, the French, Spaniards and English. They were tempted in various ways to be concerned in the leagues and stratagems of their neighbours, who wished to get possession of their lands. They, however, generally conducted themselves with remarkable prudence, and avoided such alliances as might implicate them in depopulating wars. Accordingly, they preserved their national existence, and at the commencement of our federative government, attracted a large and early attention.

The greatness of their numbers, the value of their lands, and their contiguity to the colonies of the enterprising nations of Europe, made it necessary to have a seasonable and full explanation with them. At that time George Washington was President of the United States; and the Creeks were in an hostile mood. Congress was sitting in the city of New-York; and the principal subject then under consideration was, whether they should be treated by forcible and warlike operations, or by gentle and pacific means. The considerate statesmen of the United States were divided in opinion on these points. Some were in favour of the exterminating, and others of the conciliatory plan. Among the latter was Benjamin Hawkins, then a Senator in Congress from North Carolina, who dissuaded in strong terms the project of hostile operations against the Creeks. By his interference a military expedition was withheld until a negotiator could be sent

into the nation, and invite them to a peaceful parley. The man selected for this service was Marinus Willet. He was employed in preference to a clergyman whom it was originally intended to send. Willet penetrated their country, obtained a hearing, and brought with him M'Gillivray, and a deputation of the nation to New-York. Here a treaty was held, and a peace established in the year 1794.

The meditated war having thus failed, the next thing to be done was to regulate trade and intercourse between the red men and the white. For this purpose Congress passed a law directing the manner of dealing with them, delineated the boundaries, and appointed an agent to superintend the department of Indian affairs south of the river Ohio. This was during the administration of Mr. Adams. Mr. Hawkins was appointed the manager of this business. He had previously acted a distinguished part in several negotiations with the natives, and had acquired much knowledge of their situation, their wants, and the mode of doing business with them. Accepting the commission, this gentleman left the Senate, quitted polished society, and entered upon the arduous work of protecting and civilizing the Indians.

An undertaking of this sort has of late been deemed chimerical or impossible. The labours of the zealous Jesuits and the industrious Moravians had so frequently proved abortive, that few even of the well wishers of the experiment entertained much expectation of its success. The agent however was sanguine in the cause, and the government seconded his views. In the course of about ten years, he succeeded in advancing some of these people from the state of hunters to those of herdsmen, cultivators of the soil, and manufacturers; and the changes in their moral, intellectual and social disposition, have been effected without the assistance of other missionaries, and of scholastic or collegiate education. Indeed Mr. Hawkins entertained an opinion that an introduction to the mysteries of religion, and an acquaintance with the intricacies of literature, ought to follow, and not precede, an initiation into the more useful and necessary arts, such, for example, as those of procuring food and clothes.

This active reformer did not commence his undertakings by teaching his pupils the shapes and sounds of letters in the alphabet, nor the dogmas and doctrines in the catechism. He omitted these things altogether; or rather he studiously forbade their introduction. He adhered to

a rule of interdiction against all preachers of every sect, from holding converse with the Creeks, but treated members of the church with great politeness, in other respects, whenever they visited the agent at the factory; and for several years, the alarms of the natives were not excited by the discipline and lessons of schoolmasters. When Mr. H. first presented himself among the Indians, and talked to the assembled chiefs on his project of civilizing them, they replied to him in the most insulting terms, reproached his scheme with great bitterness; and concluded by uttering sounds of the most contemptuous signification around the circle.

After their disgust and merriment had in some measure subsided, he told them in a mild and frank discourse, that he was now done with *the men*; but that, as he was by no means discouraged, he should quit them, and address himself to the other sex. This he soon found means to accomplish; and by soothing arts, by kind treatment, and by assuring them that he could teach them how to procure plenty of provisions and clothes with their own hands, he gained the confidence of several girls and women. To them he imparted the arts of *carding, spinning and weaving*; and to these they became soon attached, because petticoats, jackets and other articles of dress could thereby be easily procured.

But it was not possible to make all the females spinsters. Some for want of inclination or opportunity, and others through lack of machinery, could not practise those domestic employments. They still laboured, after the manner of Indian women; and among other occupations tended a little patch of maize for subsistence. Finding that sometimes, the women had a surplus of corn, the agent's next point was to teach them to exchange it for something to make petticoats, and other raiment. With this view he instructed them in the use of measures, and these he reduced to an intelligible value in money. A bushel of corn, for example, was valued at a quarter of a dollar; and where this precise coin was not at hand, the sign of it was a single white mark, called a *chalk*. This word thence became a nominal coin, or rate of value; and as a *chalk of corn* denoted a "bushel," so a *chalk of calico, tobacco*, or any thing else would signify as much of either of these articles as could be bought by a quarter of a dollar, the estimated value of a bushel of corn.

While this agent was proceeding by these means to improve and enlarge the

minds of the Creeks, he was not neglectful of the use and application of *weights*. He made figures to illustrate the construction of steelyards, on a piece of paper. He explained this to one woman, and after making her comprehend it, handed it to another. And by ascertaining the weight of hogs, and other things, which used always to be sold by tale, and reducing them to *chalks* or quarter dollars, he made his learners understand that a heavy hog was worth more than a light one; and by actually paying them in proportion to the weight, demonstrated to them the difference in value between things heretofore rated alike. This gave them great satisfaction, and made them more careful to fat their hogs. The like happened in respect to corn. This was formerly sold by the varying quantity of a basket full, till Mr. H. instructed them in the use of an established and unvarying measure, the half bushel; taught them to reduce such a measure to a certain weight by the steelyard; and then again to calculate this weight in *chalks* or quarter dollars.

At the same time, as much pains was taken as possible to instruct the boys and girls about the agent's house, and in his family, in the practice of the English tongue. In like manner the Indian children who lived with his negroes, were taught to speak our tongue. But all this was accomplished by rote, and without the sight or mention of a book.

Progressing in these ways, the spinning and weaving of cotton increased rapidly. There were in 1805, *twenty* looms in the lower, and *ten* among the upper towns. Of the former, twelve were wrought by Indians, and eight of them were constructed by Indians. Of the latter, three were worked by natives, and three were built by them. Three of the looms in the upper towns were kept agoing by white women for a toll which was fixed at every fifth yard. The women on the Flint river had then applied for fifty additional spinning wheels. And such was the power of example prompted by interest, that some old men and boys learned to spin and seemed to take pleasure in the exercise. In the upper towns there was at that time a demand for five more looms and one hundred and fifty more spinning wheels. Several men of the half breed, had both constructed looms and wove cloth in them, with their own hands.

Encouraged by these prospects and successes, the women appointed a time and solicited a talk with the agent. They appointed one of their venerable matrons

to deliver the talk to him in their behalf. He met them, and in the assembly of the women, was thus addressed: "Father, we women are poor and foolish; but you, as our great father, will excuse our poverty, and pardon our folly. When white men have come into our nation, they have never studied the good of the women, nor endeavoured to better their oppressed condition. All they have hitherto done is to make our situation more wretched. They have employed every art to raise and shorten our petticoats, and have thereby left us more exposed and naked than they found us. But you, father, commiserate our condition; you pity our nakedness and weakness; you say you will instruct us to cover ourselves, and be decent and warm; you will enable us to support ourselves, so that we and our children shall be in no danger of starving in the swamps. You come to lengthen our petticoats, and extend them over us from the hips to the ancles. Father, we will follow your advice: speak and we will obey."

He by degrees encouraged them to split rails, to make fences of them, to inclose their fields, and to till them with their own hands; himself showing them how, and by his example, convincing them that it was at once respectable and useful. Among the Creeks there was a peculiar difficulty in overcoming the aversion of the men to labour. Inured alternately to hunting, indolence and war, they threw all the toil of domestic affairs, the carrying of burthens and the drudgery of life upon their females. It was therefore a hard lesson to make the men work at all; and particularly to assist the women in their laborious occupations. The men, however, had learned by this time, that as game grew scarce in the forests, the employments of the women and girls turned to much better account than their own, and that with their pigs, maize and cotton, the females had already rendered themselves in a good degree independent of the men. It was now that the agent advised the young women to refuse favors to their sweethearts, and the married women to repel the caresses of their husbands, unless they would associate with them, and assist them in their daily labours. This expedient though perhaps not rigidly enforced, nor in all cases adhered to, was however not without its effect in breaking the ferocity of the masculine temper, and reducing it to a milder and softer tone.

To enforce the necessity of industry, Mr. H. availed himself of the scantiness

of provisions to give them an exhortation. Some instances had been reported of children dying of hunger, and particularly, of two little girls, as he was on his way to a conference with the chiefs. At the conference, the subject was mentioned by Mr. Cornells the interpreter, and after some observations made by the chiefs, Mr. H. stated that these events had made a serious impression upon his mind, and on the way to the conference he had put the question to himself, who killed these little girls? This answer immediately obtruded itself; "You Mr. Hawkins, you murdered these little girls. You Efaui Haiyo, Oche Haiyo, and Tushinmeggee Tellico, you murdered these little girls. You chiefs and rulers of the nation, you murdered these little girls. In all countries it is the business of the rulers to direct the labour of the community so as to support the people, and if they neglect to do it, they are answerable for the consequences. If a bear, or any man, red or white, had attempted to murder these little girls you would have risked your lives individually or collectively to save theirs. And yet you would not exert yourselves to destroy this enemy called *hunger*."

The presenting the subject in this dress caused some serious conversations among the Indians, and the result was that they would sow wheat, and exert themselves to destroy the enemy called hunger. Preparant to this they had in 1804, committed to the earth one hundred and seventy-six bushels of seed; this afforded an excellent crop, and was instrumental in saving several lives. The agent furnished the seed from his own stock. The wheat crop is ripe in May. And the corn crop, which in favourable seasons is also exceedingly good, comes to maturity in June.

The speaker of the nation has his farm in good fence, staked and ridered. He cultivates his whole crop with the plough. Last year he planted about one hundred and fifty peach trees, and sowed three bushels of wheat. He had also begun the culture of cotton, and had a fine field of it; likewise a promising show of corn, potatoes, pumpkins, ground peas and beans. He had nine females of his family employed in spinning, and a loom in his house with a spring shuttle. The like was done by several other of the most considerable men, who employed the plough in agriculture, and clothed themselves in homespun.

Neat cattle were owned in large numbers by the Indians. Several of them have herds amounting to 100, 500, 1000,

and even 2000 heads. They had become very much attached to this kind of stock, and took great pains to procure them. These creatures are computed to double their numbers every three years. Their owners exchange them with the Georgians for cloths. Butter and cheese have been made at more than an hundred places. In 1804, these arts were rapidly increasing. The men had also become acquainted with the tanning of hides into leather; and the making of the latter into saddles.

They also had negro slaves to work for them. The African temperament which bends to servitude under the dominion of the black and white man, submits also to the sovereignty of the red-man. Several of the more wealthy Indians hold a number of such domestics. They were rapidly acquiring a knowledge of *real estates*, and of the utility of holding their lands and improvements in severalty. In evidence of which, it may be mentioned that a number of them were growing solicitous about deeds and titles.

One remarkable fact concerning their progress in calculation is well worthy of notice. In teaching them the use of the steelyard, they necessarily became acquainted with arithmetical cyphers. By a little practice, not more than other persons are obliged to take, they learned the use of these signs in adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing numbers, and became ready and correct calculators. And this they accomplished without being able to read a single letter. The symbols of numbers being signs of ideas, were acquired with equal ease by persons of all languages, while letters or alphabetical characters being signs of simple sounds, can be comprehended by the persons only who are conversant in the tongue which they are intended to explain. A Muskegee Indian therefore, is exactly in this state of advancement; he can sum up an invoice, or bill of parcels, by virtue of his knowledge of *figures*, but he cannot read a word nor line of the writing on account of his total ignorance of *letters*.

Thus they begin to find the usefulness, and suffer the want of literature. The inconveniences and disadvantages of this situation rendered the older class, and especially those who had property, desirous of procuring a better education for their children. And under the operation of this conviction, they begun to admit schoolmasters, to make their idle and vagrant boys submit to restraint, and to receive regular instruction in reading and writing the English language.

Great solicitude however, was expressed on this subject by the chiefs. Several of their young men had been educated from home, among and by the white people, and had returned into the nation, completely ruined for all the purposes of usefulness at home. They had acquired such a contempt for the Indian life and manners, that they violated the customs of their forefathers, and disobeyed the rulers. Losing public confidence in this manner, they were suffered to wander and prowl through the nation, without being taken notice of, or suffered to have a share in its government. There was no small analogy between these youths, and those of our own nation who go to Europe for instruction. They but too often acquire foreign manners and habits, conceive a dislike for their country, its inhabitants and institutions, and oftentimes mar their own happiness, and turn out useless to the public. So an Indian lad, educated among white people, has never in any instance been known to say one word in recommendation of the wheel, the loom or the plough, of useful arts, or domestic manufactures, or, in short, of any thing conducive to the general welfare. On the contrary, their discourse principally turns on the extravagance in which they lived, and the dissipation in which they shared; but they utter not a sentence on the condition of the greater part of their species, and of the human race who are doomed to live by labour. But education in their own country, of the kind which their state of society requires, and to the degree called for by their actual need, will gradually creep in and be followed by the most salutary changes in their situation.

In many of the villages, particularly of the Lower Creeks, the natives had already made considerable progress in the silver-smith's business. Ornaments of silver, such as spurs, broaches, rings, silver beads, ornaments for the ears and nose, armbands and wristbands were manufactured to a considerable extent.

Considerable steps had also been taken in the gun-smith's art, particularly in stocking the pieces, and doing some of the work about the locks.

These are some of the leading features of Mr. Hawkins' mode of treating these uncivilized tribes, and leading them on from rudeness toward refinement. Indeed, the business of civilizing Indians, however problematical it may once have seemed, was deemed to have been in a train of successful progress. There came in 1805 a deputation of eighteen

Cherokees to the seat of the national government; they were all men of property, and lived, when at home, on enclosed and cultivated farms. They were clad after our manner, in homespun cloth of their own spinning, dyeing and weaving. And several of them speak our tongue. I have seen letters written by Cherokee girls of the half-breed, as well expressed, and in as good a hand as our young females write.

I might relate to you what other measures had been adopted to instil into the minds of these people more correct notions and practises of civil and criminal law, than the barbarous and bloody policy they formerly pursued. The agent had progressed so far as to take punishment out of the hands of the irritated individual, and inflict it upon the offender by the public arm. And he had instituted a court of law, where substantial justice was speedily obtained by a trial upon the naked merits of the case.

The influence of music was tried with remarkable benefit among the Cherokees. The young women had clothed themselves handsomely, after our manner, in cotton fabrics of their own manufacture. They then were qualified to dance to the tunes of the violin. Care was taken to teach the steps, figures and gestures of the white people. They soon became active and graceful dancers. This had a surprising effect upon the young men. For they were excluded from the company, unless they would dress themselves in a decent manner. The attire and the occasion obliged them to behave themselves properly. And thus were their manners softened and refined.

On surveying the efforts of theological missionaries ever since the settlement of our country, it is truly lamentable that they have done so little. Generally speaking, their labours, even those of the early and zealous Jesuits, have been lost or misapplied. Many of our considerate and contemplative men have altogether despaired of either civilizing or christianizing the savages. It now appears what is the cause of so many and such lamentable failures. We discern wherefore, with such mighty efforts, so small an amount of good has been done.

Missionary individuals and societies have begun the work at the wrong end. They have attempted to instil the doctrines of a sublime religion, before they introduced arts and manufactures, and before they tamed man, and made him a settled and domestic animal. And while they proceeded in this way, they either

totally failed, or made but trifling progress—whereas, if they would employ the same amount of capital, and zeal, and talent in humanizing the wild hunters of the forest, their condition would instantly improve; their tribes be preserved from extinction; by degrees the useful arts of agriculture and manufacture would gain an establishment; and upon this foundation every kind of improvement might be erected.

Sketch of a Journey to Paris in the Autumn of 1802, during the Peace of Amiens; in a series of Original Letters, written from memory, by a Lady, in 1810.

DEAR H.

We left Dover at about twelve o'clock, on Thursday morning, the 26th of August, 1802, and, in less than two hours, arrived in sight of the harbour of Calais, but were not able to land until eleven at night, on account of the deficiency of water. The sea was extremely rough, and the beating against wind and tide rendered our voyage tedious and unpleasant; although, I must confess, I was much amused with the different characters in the vessel, the greater part of whom, were going to see France, and judge of the French, by a few hours ramble round Calais, when (if I judge not too harshly,) their astonishment at every thing different from what they had met with in England, must have precluded all possibility of impartial judgment and observation. When our vessel, which was named the Tree Briton, made the harbour, we were obliged to cross a great number of others before we could land; this effected, we were surrounded by waiters from the different inns, with lanterns, each soliciting us to go to their master's house. Some officers of the customs also requested our attendance, and we entered a miserable place, somewhat resembling a barn, near the pier; here our names were written in a book, and our small parcels examined, and we were desired to attend again on the following morning, to be present at the opening of our trunks. I should here observe, that the weather was extremely unfavourable, the night was dark, the streets dirty, and it rained very fast; the inhabitants had sought shelter in their respective homes, and the town appeared deserted and gloomy. We at last arrived at the great gate, at which we knocked, and were asked on the other side, "who we were," and "what was our business?" Having received satisfactory answers, we were

permitted to enter, and again our names were written, and also from whence we came. These trifling matters arranged, we were conducted by our guides to the City of London Inn; the refreshment offered to us was soups. To English tea-drinkers, this appeared rather unreasonable, but we had made up our minds to conform to every custom, and not to make trifles difficulties. The accommodation was very good—a night's rest refreshed us after the fatigues of our voyage, and we were anxious to see every thing worthy of notice in Calais. The first place we went to was the custom-house, where we were treated very politely; (as this is not often the case, I thought fit to observe it,) we afterwards went to the police office, where our passports were signed. The day being uncommonly serene, we were advised to visit the Tour de Guet, a high building, similar to the monument in London, from which we clearly observed the white cliffs of old England, and though the pleasure arising from novelty had made me leave it without a single regret, yet the reflections that a few days would take me still farther from my native land, rather depressed my spirits: but new objects which attracted my attention every moment, soon made me forget my sorrows, and almost that such a place existed. The town of Calais is not extensive, but strongly fortified. The form I conceive to be somewhat triangular; the citadel is large, and secured by fosses filled by the sea. The population appeared great, and it is a pity that destructive war should so much have diminished the commerce of a place, which seems so well situated for its purposes. The houses are tolerable, some very good, the streets wide but badly formed. Many of the buildings have suffered much from the revolution, and some of the inhabitants themselves were sinking under the evils it had caused them. The beautiful edifice of *Notre Dame*, still remains, notwithstanding the various changes it underwent at that period. In one part, religious ceremonies were performed, and in another was erected a temple to reason. On every public building was the motto of "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité." I should now imagine, l'Empereur Français, would be the only inscription, as Liberté and Egalité are unknown to Buonaparte, such a motto must be as inconsistent as the inscription which was printed at the head of their official papers when I was at Paris, viz. "Buonaparte Empereur de la République Française." When we returned to

our inn, we were informed that dinner was ready, and we were placed at a long table called the table d'hôte. To each person was placed a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, and a piece of bread, which I thought alone sufficient for a reasonable person's dinner. The first course consisted of soups, the second of roast and boiled, the third of made dishes, and the fourth of vegetables, which are never eaten with the meat. We had afterwards an elegant dessert, and music was playing during our repast in an adjoining room; the charge was three livres, or two shillings and sixpence English money, for each person. I observed in the inn-yard, after dinner, a curious carriage, on which was written Paris—*Diligence*, though from its appearance, it ought rather to have borne any other name. I exclaimed "I am glad I am not forced to ride in such an one," when a gentleman who was with us, said "that is the coach in which you will proceed, so pray do not condemn it." It was necessary to mount a ladder in order to get into it, thus you can easily judge of its height, the width is in proportion, and there are only two small panes of glass, called windows. Disgusted with the appearance of this vehicle, I dreaded the next day's journey. After having paid a few visits to some persons, for whom we had letters, we returned to the inn, and retired at an early hour, that we might be ready to depart at four o'clock the next morning.

L. M. B.

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Suppose us seated in the Paris *Diligence*—having just left the inn-yard, where we had nearly been stunned with the repeated cries of "bon voyage! heureux voyage." Our party consisted of my mother, myself, the lady to whose house we were going; a daughter of Mr. Smith the artist, a lively little girl, who, to make use of a French expression had *beaucoup d'esprit*; and an Italian gentleman, who really was a most sensible and agreeable companion, and having frequently travelled from England to Paris, was enabled to point out to our notice, many things which we might otherwise have passed without observing. Next, was an inanimate English lady, whose faculties seemed absorbed in apathy; and lastly, a lady who talked incessantly, but I must add, though I do not wish to be thought severe, her conversation was neither edifying nor agreeable. In the Cabriolet were three gentlemen. On the roof was the guide—the horses were harnessed with thick ropes.

The first place we arrived at worthy of particular attention was Bologne, from whence we had a delightful sea view. There was a small fleet of flat bottomed boats in the harbour. It was market day and the town was extremely gay. We remained there near two hours, and observed several buildings which had been much injured by cannon balls during the time of Nelson's command off Bologne. The dress of the market and inferior class of women throughout Picardy, is very strange. They wear large caps, short jackets, and wooden shoes, and a very large gold cross, suspended from the neck. This last they consider as a necessary appendage to their dress, and would make the greatest sacrifice, in order to obtain so valuable and indispensable an ornament. Hunger had made us rather anxious to return to the inn, and after having taken a farewell of the English cliffs, which, from the clearness of the weather, we could plainly discern, and having received a summons from our smart postillion, with his immense jack-boots, we re-ascended the *Diligence*, which contrary to the name it bore, proceeded but slowly.

We were told at Abbeville, that this town was formerly well fortified and carried on a great trade, but that the revolution had reduced it from its former state of opulence to poverty, and that the inhabitants were sinking fast under the misery which oppressed them. We only remained at this place till the horses were changed, therefore, I can give but a very imperfect account of it. We stopped three hours at Amiens. I was much pleased with this town—it has a cathedral, the gothic architecture of which, has been very generally admired. The city is large and tolerably clean, the streets are wide, and I observed one or two good squares: I was told there were several. The inns and attendance were much better here than at Abbeville. I cannot compare the villages of France to those in England; instead of that air of cleanliness and comfort so frequently seen among the English cottagers, the dire effects of the revolutionary horrors are too visibly manifested. These scenes could not afford us any pleasure, and pity was, at last, all we could offer, for our charity was supplicated as continually as we passed through them, while each tale of woe seemed more affecting than the last, and though they extolled the liberality of *mi-lord Anglois*, had our purses been ever so long and abundantly filled, they must have been exhausted long before every petitioner could have been

relieved. Some parts of the country, from Amiens to Chantilly, are very beautiful, others much the reverse, and as few places between the former and latter afford much to amuse or edify us, I shall lead you to the palace of Chantilly, which belonged to the *oi-devant* prince de Condé. I have heard much of the outrages committed by a desperate mob on this venerable palace. I have also heard that, previously to these ravages, its architecture was greatly admired. The gardens are spacious and very elegant. There is also a *Ménagerie*, and magnificent stables. But the noble statues as well as most of the works of art now lie in scattered fragments. So much for human grandeur!

L. M. B.

I shall suppose myself just quitting Chantilly, after having received a summons to proceed, and having re-entered the Diligence, and seated myself in due form and order, the first thing that struck my notice after an agreeable ride, through a pleasant country, was St. Denys, about two leagues, or two leagues and a half from the illustrious city of Paris. It is almost unnecessary to inform you that St. Denys was formerly the burial place of the royal family, and has, I believe, been much spoken of in the history of *France*. The abbey called the Benedictine is still held in great veneration by the more rational part of the Parisians, and they say that the gothic architecture of this structure must ever be highly esteemed, though now in a ruined state. The revolutionists attacked this place with great fury, and according to their plan of abolishing *royalty*, and every thing royal, they greatly defaced it, but their attention having been drawn to another quarter, it was not entirely demolished, and I should think it more than probable, that his *imperial majesty* may cause it to be repaired, as he possibly, "*ere his hour shall come*," will select some *royal* spot for his august remains.

Having left St. Denys, in about an hour and a half we entered Paris. The day was extremely hot, the hour of our arrival twelve. It was the market day at the Porte St. Denys, and the novel appearance of one street, with immense umbrellas, covered with red canvass, ranged on each side, and the noise of all the market women, speaking, or more correctly, bawling at the same time, struck us with surprise, but I cannot say it was a pleasing one; and we thought Paris was not very agreeable. Yet, as a convincing

proof, that hasty judgments seldom prove correct, I very quickly changed my opinion, and when our elegant vehicle turned out of the Rue St. Denys we were gratified with a sight of the Boulevards, and a partial view of those elegant buildings with which Paris abounds. I then could only express myself by exclamations of "Oh mamma, did you see such a place? Did you see such a building?" The arrival of the Diligence at its place of destination put a stop to our remarks; and when we alighted we were led to an inner apartment, where we were obliged to sign our names, present our passports, and give a *good account of ourselves*. Here we were met by Mr. Haines, the gentleman to whose house, we were going. When all our business with police officers, custom-house officers, officers du bureau des Diligence de Londres à Paris, was settled, our luggage was removed into a *fiacre*, or hackney coach, and we drove through a number of streets ere we arrived at the Fauxbourg St. Honore, but having passed the Barrier, we at last observed the name of the street Rue-Cisalpine, which we had been so earnestly looking for: as the fatigue of a long journey, over paved roads, during two days and two nights, added to the excessive heat of the weather, had made us anxious for a few hours repose. After the necessary introduction, and answers to "what sort of a journey have you had?" we were conducted to our respective apartments; when, notwithstanding our surprise at finding, instead of carpets, a luxury the English are used to, red brick floors, we enjoyed some hours rest, and were quite refreshed when we were summoned to dinner. I thought it was now time to look about me and see in what part of the city I was situated, and in opening the window, I observed a beautiful park, called *le parade Monceau*, or *la folie de Charteres*. It belonged, formerly, to the Duke of Orleans, who had every tree, stone, plant, and shrub brought from England, also the furniture of the palace; and as most of the materials and other articles were prohibited, and the difficulty of getting them to Paris consequently great, as well as the heavy duty charged on those which were permitted to pass, the Duke's fortune was nearly exhausted, and the establishment has borne the name of *La folie* ever since. The palace, at the time of the revolution, was converted into a house of entertainment, and the Park into a public walk; the different objects contained in the latter, could not fail to excite some interest. In one

place are the remains of a beautiful temple, in another the ruins of an amphitheatre, in other parts caverns, and rude specimens of gothic architecture; in a word, every thing which fancy could invent or whim devise. I have taken many pleasant walks in the park; the novelty of which greatly pleased me, although reflection convinced me that the design was ridiculous. During my six month's stay at Monceau, I went out frequently, and consequently saw many parts of Paris. A friend of our's (Mr. Priestly, nephew to the celebrated Dr. Priestly) who had been some time in Paris, accompanied us to those places most worthy of attention. The Thuilleries was the first we went to; The gardens are handsome and extensive; the great walk, facing the palace, has two fountains, the water of which is constantly playing; on each side is a range of orange trees, one entrance is in the Champs élysées, or Elysian fields; and the other by the Louvre. On the right, and on the left of this walk, is a terrace, and a great number of statues; there are also a number of seats for the accommodation of the public. The gardens of the Thuilleries form as fashionable a promenade as Hyde-park in London, and the greatest order presides. All persons enter at one gate and quit the gardens at another. Thus, on any particular occasion, such as the fête of Buonaparte, when the palace is elegantly and brilliantly illuminated, and the trees covered with lights, and the concourse of people almost incredible, still there is no crowding at the gates, and it is possible to walk without fear of personal injury, or of having pockets picked. The police of Paris is certainly very good, and might occasionally be of service in London. The sobriety too of the lower orders adds greatly to tranquility on all public festivities. The palace is a dirty heavy building (I should have said *was*; as it has been greatly beautified and adorned since I left France) at least, I thought it so; but this opinion might have been formed for want of judgment and of taste, I shall therefore leave the decision to better judges than myself. Behind the Thuilleries, is the *Place Carrousel*, where, Buonaparte reviewed his troops, to the number of 15,000, on the 15th of every month. Here, I have very often had the honour of viewing this wonderful hero of modern times. I wish it were in my power to give you a description of the triumphal arch now erected near the grand entrance to the palace; but I have only had an imperfect account of it myself,

and must therefore confine my detail to what I have really seen.

As the Louvre is situated so near to the Thuilleries, I cannot avoid speaking of it, ere I shall conclude this long epistle. This celebrated palace is now the appointed receptacle for the national collection of statues and pictures. In the long gallery of the palace are arranged some of those master pieces of painting, brought from Italy, and other subjugated nations; as well as those of the French artists. In the hall of Apollo are many beautiful statues. It is fitted up in an elegant style, and so indeed are most of the apartments. Strangers, and particularly the English, must feel delighted and astonished when they enter this palace. Over the entrance is written the "Central Museum of Arts." I paid it many visits, and always felt regret on quitting it. There are several paintings of battles, in which his Majesty shone conspicuous, previously to his being made first Consul. In some, there is a very striking likeness of himself. But flattery, where majesty is concerned, generally guides the pencil of the artist, and in almost all the others the resemblance is but small. L. M. B.

I think I left you at the Louvre in my last. I am almost at a loss to know which place I shall first carry your attention to. The council chamber of five hundred held in the Palais de Bourbon, so called in the reign of Louis the XVI. and named at the time of the revolution, Palais de liberté, during the consulship, attracted our observation. The chamber was fitted up very elegantly. There were three chairs more elevated than the rest, which were occupied, on particular occasions, by Buonaparte, Cambaceres, and Le Brun—I had the honour (if so it may be considered) of placing myself in each of these chairs. Yet believe me, I did not envy one of the above mentioned gentlemen their titles nor their magnificence. The cap of liberty was suspended over the chairs; but all this most long since have been abolished, and the palace, I should suppose, have changed its name. We next proceeded to the *Hôtel des Invalides*. This is a beautiful building, the dome of which is magnificent. Around it are placed the flags taken from different nations, and our guide had particular pleasure in drawing our attention to some English colours, observing at the same time, "*Vous voyez, Mesdames, la gloire et la Bravoure Française.*" There is a beautiful chapel and very good library. The invalids appeared comfortable,

contented, and happy. This institution is as honorable to the French nation, as the hospitals of Chelsea and Greenwich are to the English.

The *Jardin des plantes*, in which is situated the national museum of natural history, was one of those places which interested me the most. In this spacious garden are hot-houses and green-houses, containing all the trees, plants and shrubs that could be procured from various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and a charming room for botanical students. At another part of the garden is the national menagerie, where beasts enjoy much more liberty and a better air than they can possibly have in the tower of London. Each animal has a spacious apartment, and the collection is very good. There is also a great variety of curious birds. In another spot is a monument erected to the memory of Rousseau. The museum consists of a spacious room and two smaller apartments, in which are arranged, with the greatest taste, natural curiosities of every description. A botanical student whom we met by chance in the garden, observing we were strangers, kindly devoted an hour or two to explain to us every thing most worthy of attention. "*La politesse Française!*"

The manufactory of tapestry is well worth seeing. It is said to require the practice of twenty years to become proficient in the work, and the smallest piece there had occupied seven men nine years to bring it to completion; but when done, the beauty is exquisite. The artists work at the back of the frame, while the subject is traced on the front. I saw the judgment of Solomon completed; also, the miracle of the fishes, and Esther appearing before the king in behalf of Mordecai; also some representations of ancient battles. At that time they were employed, about a piece for the *Thuileries*; the subject was the death of *Dessaix*.

The national library can scarcely be seen in two or three visits. There is a suite of rooms, very spacious, filled with valuable manuscripts, and ancient and modern publications in all languages. There are two immense globes, which occupy two stories (the intermediate floor being pierced to receive them), of which I dare say you have heard frequent mention. There are public lectures twice a week on geography and astronomy. And persons, free of expense, are admitted into the library to read and study. A privilege, I believe rather difficult to be obtained in London, on such a liberal

plan. It is certainly a great pity this valuable building should be situated immediately opposite the opera house, which has been already twice burnt, and the books and edifice, I have understood, were saved almost by a miracle. And now I am so near the opera, and having given you, in an unconnected manner, an account of those places which I recollect, I shall observe that I was much entertained with the performances at the opera, and being in a language I could understand (French) I was as much gratified as I ever should be at a theatre, because I am not extremely partial to public places. The dancing, in which the French are known to excel, was really wonderful, and the effect of the stage splendid, though a spacious house must naturally look dismal from the lights being so disposed as to reflect only on the stage and performers. I approve of this plan, for surely that ought to be the attracting object, any other place might do as well for the purpose of gazing, or being gazed at, a fashion much adopted by the English at their places of entertainment. I will confess I have also received peculiar pleasure in seeing the tragedies of Racine, in which Talma and Made-moiselle Duchésnois were very great. The Theatres Comiques, did not interest me greatly, in most of their ludicrous pieces a John Bull was introduced, the character was always rendered either extremely ridiculous, or otherwise derogatory to the English, and however I may take the part of the French, I always felt hurt when my countrymen were represented in an unfavorable light.

I went one morning with Mr. Priestly to the Pantheon; there were many monuments to the memory of illustrious characters, but most of them so much destroyed, and the place then in such confusion, that I retain but an imperfect idea of the whole. In a letter which I received some time since from Paris, they say "I wish we could now take you to many of these places, the sight of which afforded you pleasure when with us, they would now greatly delight you, as all are arranged in the most perfect order."

The character of the French has been too often portrayed by competent judges of human nature, for me to presume to offer more than my real opinion of them, not desiring that others should form from that any decided idea of their character, which I consider to be (notwithstanding you affirm that I think them superior to every other nation) a compound of contradiction. They are mean, yet extravagant. Polite, yet rude. Fearful of offending,

yet apt to wound the feelings. They welcome strangers, and yet are themselves strangers to the true rites of hospitality. Premature and warm in their friendship, yet not generally to be confided in. It would be ingratitude in me, were I not loudly to proclaim, there are Parisians, who, understanding the sacred title of friend, are justly entitled to bear it. Their feelings are easily roused, and a tale of woe generally meets an ear of pity; yet, when offended, they are revengeful in the extreme. Not content with punishing the object who has offended them, they will extend their malice towards the several branches of a deserving family. The ladies are graceful and fascinating, nevertheless, in some points vulgar and inelegant; the slaves of pleasure, more perhaps from the effect of education and custom than of choice; but when a French lady (which is frequently the case) possesses some of the more solid feminine virtues, I think she shines superior to an English woman, inasmuch as her natural *naviété*, tempered by prudence, renders her a lively and agreeable companion; unlike the English, always inclined to view the brighter side of events, her temper is more equal, her several duties are performed with ease and cheerfulness, and, I think I may add, she approaches as near perfection as human nature can hope to attain. Paris may boast several charitable institutions, but poverty and misery are very general. External grandeur is sought by most with avidity. Comfort seems here a secondary consideration with all. To the honour of the nation they are very sober. To the dishonour of the nation they are great gamblers. They, like all other people, have many virtues and many failings; much to be admired, much to be condemned. They are the professed lovers of liberty, and the victims of slavery. Such is my opinion of the French. Their principles I do not generally admire, nor wish to imitate, but their merits, I think, are far more numerous than the English would willingly allow them.

L. M. B.

The following communication is inserted that both parties may be placed on an equal footing as far as respects the Magazine.

To the Editors of the *American Monthly Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

In the last number of your Magazine, Mr. Busby thought proper, by a post-

script to some of his remarks on propulsion, to give at least a hint, that the whole subject matter contained in my Essay, published in the July number, was not only visionary and futile, but wholly borrowed. It is in fact a copy of what he published in a daily paper, and which would never have been replied to, but by the earnest solicitation of my friends, and if my reply was severe, as he supposes it to have been, it was so by necessity;—he called it forth by the unqualified nature of his positions. A subsequent and short communication of his, through the same public print, has excited feelings on this occasion quite different from what otherwise might have been indulged. I can never wound a “fallen foe”—and should not now make any reply if it was not that yours is a *standard work*, where the pros and the cons should all appear together. My Essay, though *drawn up* in haste, was not drawn from *hasty deductions*—the subject was familiar to me, and I gave it to the public open to fair and candid animadversion. I claimed no originality, other than a *new application of known principles*. To have received, therefore, an impartial criticism from learned men, would have been pleasing, and no doubt, in some respects, might have been advantageous;—but I never did, and I never will, attempt to establish any plan of mine by derogating from the merit of others. What Mr. Busby means by saying (in the last communication in the public paper) that “the point had been abandoned and now taken up again in despair,” is to me inexplicable—I must consider it, however, I suppose, as a “*ruse de guerre*” to draw off attention and make a *safe retreat*. If Mr. Busby thinks that the communications in the public prints, signed “*A friend to merit*,” came from me, he is mistaken, and the publisher of the paper may satisfy him of that fact.

Now, in return, if Mr. Busby wishes his work to be examined with a candour which I court towards mine, I will undertake to point out some *supposed* imperfections in his arrangement—particularly as regards the *action of the syphon*, and perhaps may do him some essential service.

The following is the answer alluded to in the beginning of these remarks, nearly in the words in which it appeared in the “*Commercial Advertiser*.”

“*Messrs. Lewis and Hall,*

“In your paper of the 7th inst. your correspondent, Mr. Busby, has made an effort to impress the public mind with the

idea of the fallacy of my system for propelling vessels, by the power of fixed air, as published in the current number of the American Monthly Magazine.

Although this really merits no serious reply, and I have hitherto thought it wholly superfluous to make any, yet I have so far yielded to the advice of my friends, as to endeavour to place Mr. Busby and his authorities in a proper point of view. And till I have time to give ocular demonstration, I trust the following will serve to remove doubts imbibed by those who may have but partially considered the subject. The following are the particulars of his first reference :

Extract from Dr. Franklin's letter to Mr. Ley Roy, dated Paris, Dec. 22, 1785.

" Among the various means of giving motion to a boat, that of M. Bernoulli appears one of the most singular, which was to have fixed in the boat a tube in the form of an L, the upright part to have a funnel kind of opening at top, convenient for filling the tube with water, which descending and passing through the lower horizontal part, and issuing in the middle of the stern, but under the surface of the river, should push the boat forward. There is no doubt that the force of the descending water would have a considerable effect, greater in proportion to the height from which it descended, but then it is to be considered that every bucket-full pumped or dipped up into the boat, from its side or through its bottom, must have its *vis inertiae* overcome so as to receive the motion of the boat, before it can come to give motion by its descent — To remedy this I would propose the addition of another side L pipe, and that they shall stand back to back in the boat, the forward one being worked as a pump, and sucking in the water at the head of the boat, would draw it forward, while pushed in the same direction by the force of the stern.' And after all it should be calculated whether the labour of pumping would be less than that of rowing.—Perhaps this labour of raising water might be spared, and the whole force of a man applied to the moving of a boat by the use of air instead of water:—suppose the boat constructed on this form—a tube, round or square, of two feet diameter, in which a piston may be moved up and down, the piston to have valves in it opening inward to admit air when the piston rises, and shutting when it is forced down, and let the air pass out, which, striking forcibly against the water abaft, must push the boat forward."

VOL. III.—No. 7.

47

Extract from the specification of James Linaker, Master Millwright of the Dock-yard at Portsmouth.

" First method, consists in applying a bucket similar to the bucket of a lifting pump, to be moved by any sufficient power backwards and forwards in a tube attached to said vessel, in a direction parallel or nearly so to the direction of the intended motion of said vessel, which is to be moved forward upon the water by the effect of this bucket drawing in the water at one end of this tube and delivering it out at the other in a direction of the motion of the said vessel; for this purpose the bucket and tube must be provided with valves, after the manner of a lifting pump. Second method consists of an improvement upon a method where a forcing pump has been used for the same purpose, but in lieu of admitting or drawing in the water by the piston of the forcing pump perpendicular to the direction of the intended motion of the vessel, I admit or draw in the water by the said piston of the forcing pump in a direction parallel or nearly so, but *contrary* to the direction of the intended motion of the vessel, through a tube attached thereto, by this means combining the effect of admitting or drawing the water in, along with the effect of forcing the water out in the best direction for giving the intended motion or impulse to the vessel."

It is now necessary to show the difference between these theories and mine. It will be observed, that the means described by Doctor Franklin, as employed by Mr. Bernoulli, to give motion to his boat, are very simple, merely by the weight of the water which was poured into the top of the funnel part of a tube; and by its pressure on the water, under the surface of the stern, to push the boat forward. This idea of Mr. Bernoulli, is good as far as it goes, but does not resemble either of the methods exhibited in my Essay. Dr. Franklin's suggested improvements on Mr. Bernoulli's plan, are intended to facilitate its operation and increase its effects; and his proposition of substituting air for water, seems intended to save the labour of raising the water—but, in this respect, he appears not to have given the subject all that attention he was accustomed to bestow on philosophical researches. The doctor's idea of bringing the water in at the *bows* of the boat, to supply the pump, certainly exhibits the "negative" principle of applying power, and shows, though in an imperfect manner, one of the three operations of my plan. His application of

the water thus obtained, is by the operation of its *gravity below* the surface under the stern of the vessel; whereas, in mine, the water is discharged at the stern, on the *surface*, and produces propulsion by the combination of the three following operations:—

1st. By the effect produced by *removing from the bows of the boat the pressure* of a part of the water displaced by the gravity of the vessel.

2d. By increasing that *pressure* by the *weight* of the water discharged on the surface at the stern.

3d. By the *re-action* of the water when *discharging*, on the *side* of the trunk opposite to the discharging orifice.

The union of these three forces gives motion to the vessel, and her speed will be in proportion to the quantity of water raised, and the velocity with which that operation is performed.—Thus it appears that the venerable Franklin was the *first* to originate this “*negative*” principle of the application of power, and the “*rejection* of its *immediate* use,” as applied to navigation and the “*opening* of a new era in one of the most important arts yet practised by mankind,” (vide, Mr. Busby’s Essay, page 14,) commenced in the decline of his long and highly useful life. “It would be impossible (continues Mr. Busby,) for me to detail the successive gradations of idea that led to the conception of a discovery, great in its consequences. Impeded by mental inertia, it came slowly at first, and with reluctance, but once in motion, it advanced with the accelerated impetus of truth, and bore conviction before it.”—Astonishing! A Yankee with a “*Catalogue of Schemes*” before him, would not have taken half the trouble.

Again, (page 16,) “Every attempt, therefore, not excepting my own, has heretofore been made on a false basis—namely, that of operating upon the water, with a view to benefit from the resistance of its inertia.”

Again, (page 20,) “It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that the idea of this ‘*negative*’ application of power seems never to have suggested itself either to the ancients or moderns; the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, had their biremes and triremes, &c. all moving by operation against the inertia of the water. The Italian gondolas are still navigated on a similar principle,” &c. &c. Why not tell us plainly the important truth that the ancients did, and the moderns do—**ROW THEIR BOATS.**

I will next notice Mr. Linaker:—He, in attempting to realize the doctor’s ideas, exhibits a want of talent seldom found in a good practical mechanic. His experiments appear to me to be a series of blunders; his first method is precisely the one recommended by Dr. Franklin, and, as far as it goes, resembles mine. But instead of confining the water as I do, in a *set* of trunks *adapted to that purpose*, in such quantity as to make it equal to a *solid substance*, and then cause the engine to push *inclined plungers against it*, as *firmly* as a boatman would push against a *wharf or pier-head*, when putting off, and causing the vessel to *recede* from the water, as the boat does from the *wharf*, with a velocity equal to the whole force of the engine, a desideratum *hitherto* not deemed *attainable*. Mr. Linaker operates upon the water as a *yielding* substance, by “drawing it in at one end of a tube and delivering it out of the other, by means of a lifting pump working horizontally.” Thus, besides the loss of power sustained by the *yielding* of the water, in Mr. L.’s experiment, the progress of the boat was impeded by the *resistance* of the *water ahead*, into which the boat was advancing, operating *against the bucket frame*, in its *forward* motion, in proportion to its *resisting surface*, and the *speed* of the vessel—a sufficient cause for not “pursuing this method any further.”

In his second method he proposes, as an *improvement*, to draw the water in at the *stern* instead of the *bows* of the boat, by means of a forcing pump in a *perpendicular* position, (an inclined one would have been better,) and by some arrangement of his valves, he has given Mr. Busby an opportunity to say, very truly, that it had “an effectual tendency to impede the boat’s progress.” What else could have been expected!

If Mr. Linaker had, in this last operation, employed more than *one* pump, of suitable dimensions, and placed in an *inclined* instead of *perpendicular* position, drawing in the water from the *bows* instead of the *stern*, and exhibited a method of operating on this water as on solid columns, in rotation, with the *full force* of the engine, I confess there would have been a strong analogy between such a plan and my *direct application* of power. How could Mr. Busby, who professes so much discernment, confound two plans so evidently different!

I could go into many particulars, to show the difference between my plans, and those which Mr. Busby chooses to call analogous; but it would too much

swell this article for an ordinary communication—those who may feel desirous to investigate the subject, can examine my essay, and draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Busby has also referred to the Report of Arts, of 1815, for a description of an "Air Engine patented about four years since in England." "Although I have searched diligently that volume, and others that immediately preceded and followed it, I find no other allusion to the subject than an account of experiments made with *condensed air*, but not *rarefied*, which did not succeed for reasons already given in my essay. But as he says, the "ingenious Mr. Murray, of Leeds, England," was engaged, for many years in *similar pursuits*, I take it for granted that the "Air Engine" alluded to, was like Mr. Murray's, and I find in Dr. Rees's Cyclopaedia, under the article *Steam Engine* that this gentleman has obtained a patent for a new air pump, but (says the writer of the article) "as the ingenious inventor does not adopt it in the steam engines which he makes, we may presume it is not of great importance." Hence it clearly appears, that Mr. Murray's air pump was only intended as an improved auxiliary to the steam engine, and not an "Air Engine" as "a *primum mobile*," which Mr. Busby appears to consider it.

Mr. Busby further states, that "many expensive experiments (some of which he witnessed) have been made in England under the superintendence of the first mathematicians and mechanicians, but finally the idea was abandoned." Now I hold him in candour bound to state, whether these were *aerial* experiments, with a view to improvements in *aerostation*, as the aeronaut M. Montgallier seems to have been concerned in them, or such as relates *particularly to my system*. I want to know *what kind of air* these great men experimented with, whether common atmospherical air in its *natural, compressed or rarefied* state, and if condensed, *how many* atmospheres; if gases were employed, *what kind*, and under *what peculiar* circumstances; whether these gases were *condensed* or *rarefied*, when used, and whether they were *expanded*; as in the case of steam, or alternately expanded and contracted, and not *expanded*; and also, *what kind of instruments or engines* were employed, and *what were the peculiar* results. He witnessed them, probably recorded them, and doubtless possesses sufficient knowledge to unfold them. I must, however, give Mr. Busby credit for referring me to

the "matters of record" alluded to, for I confess myself to have been a total stranger to them, and if he can give some others from his "*Catalogue*," particularly if they can touch or be assimilated to my plans, he will in this respect confer an additional favour—the "zeal" of my friends cannot half so much help me.

By the preceding account it would appear that the "negative" method suggested by Dr. Franklin, has not, hitherto, been put in practice; that my two "negative" modes of propulsion are *similar in principle* to his, though more *perfect in their application*, and made without having any *previous knowledge* of his suggestions; that Mr. Busby's method being similar to *one of nine*, though not *quite as perfect*, is of course precisely the same application of the doctor's principle, and was effected *subsequent to his knowledge of this important fact*, and that the wheel which I *now* employ, is a *simple* instrument, having found by experience that the *compound* wheel, such as Mr. Busby uses, was *too bulky*, and that according to a well known axiom in mechanics, that whatever was *gained by its complication*, *one-third* of it was *lost by mere friction*. Hence my present wheel having only *six* paddles instead of *eight*, the usual number, and being so circumstanced in its inclined position, as to admit the motion of the vessel to be *reversed* or suspended at pleasure, without stopping the engine, has an advantage *his wheel* does not appear to possess. As it respects my *second* and most *perfect* application of the "negative" principle, by means of instruments denominated *plungers*, operating upon the combined principles of the *lifting* and *forcing* pump, Mr. Busby has observed a profound silence. How far and with what justice he has by this procedure, denied *this* application of the *doctor's principle*, the surprising advantage he has ascribed to his *own* imperfect method, will, I trust, appear on reference to his essay; and with that intention, I am constrained to say to him, that "out of thy own mouth I will judge thee,"—Luke. "By the removal of the water from within the raceway, (says Mr. B.) the *resistance* (to the boat's motion) has been entirely removed, while the external *pressure* beneath the inclined plane of the raceway remaining unimpaired, urges it forward," page 17. Again, "the object is *now* obviously to *remove* the water from within the raceway as *freely* as possible—the action of the water wheel will then *reduce* the resistance ahead, while the pressure astern remains *undiminished*,

motion must ensue," page 19. Again, "the application of this principle is simple and expeditious. Suppose it were required to make any vessel, say the Chancellor Livingston, travel fifteen miles per hour, ascertain what power applied from the land would be necessary to produce the desired effect; then make the raceway and paddles of such dimensions as to operate upon a column of water, whose lateral pressure against the paddles would be equal to that power, and the object is immediately attained," page 20. Again, "supported as I am, by the fundamental laws of nature, tested by experiment, will I venture to call public attention to a matter fraught with consequences of high importance," page 21.—Now I would simply ask Mr. Busby what kind of difference it would make, whether the water was removed from the bows of a vessel by a *simple or compound wheel*, or by a pair of *suitable pumps*? *Pumps*, we know, are generally preferred to all

other instruments for raising water—they are more simple, less expensive, and not liable to be put out of order when *properly constructed*; and in respect to their *bulk* and the *quantity of water* that may be raised by them in the *same time* and under the *same circumstances*, I am of opinion there is a vast difference in their favour, and that the speed of the boat would be in proportion to the quantity of water raised by them, and the velocity with which that operation was performed. Hence I prefer "*my plungers*," even to *my own simple water wheel*. "These reflections, once originated, (I presume) require no aid of argument, or deductions of logic for their enforcement,—leaving them, therefore, to operate (on the mind of Mr. Busby) by the spontaneous impulse of their intrinsic gravity." I take my leave of him, and am, gentlemen, very respectfully, yours,

JOHN I. STAPLES.

Flushing, July 29th, 1818.

ART. 5. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THERE has recently been established in this city, a new society which promises to render itself of great public utility. It is entitled "*the New-York Corresponding Association, for the promotion of Internal Improvements*." The objects of the institution are thus stated:—

"This association has for its object the acquisition and diffusion of all useful intelligence connected with the inland trade and navigation of the country. Its founders have indulged the hope, that by opening an extensive correspondence with gentlemen of the first distinction throughout the union, and by embodying and sending forth, in a comprehensive form, the information which might be thus acquired, great and permanent benefit could be rendered to the American people, and much incitement given to that noble and munificent spirit of enterprise, in relation to internal improvements which now distinguishes every quarter of the United States.

Officers of the Association.

De Witt Clinton, *President*.

Samuel L. Mitchill, and Cadwallader D. Colden, *Vice-Presidents*.

Committee of Correspondence and Publication.

Thomas Eddy, *Chairman*; William Bayard, Theodorus Bailey, Sylvanus Mil-

ler, James Tallmadge, jun. Robert Bogardus, Pierre C. Van Wyck, John Piattard, James L. Bell, John McKesson, R. H. Bowne.

Charles G. Haines, *Corresponding Secretary*.

Henry Post, jun. *Treasurer*."

The following are the queries contained in the circular issued by the society:—

"1. What roads or canals have been opened in your county, or in your state, to encourage internal trade and navigation?"

"2. What roads and canals are now opening?"

"3. What roads or canals are contemplated?"

"4. What roads or canals might be opened to promote internal trade and navigation, and to what probable extent would any such improvements effect these two sources of industry and wealth?"

"5. What is the extent, character, and course of trade in your immediate vicinity?"

The following is the circular of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the state of New-York.

City of New-York, August 18th, 1818.

Inquiries being frequently made, by persons resident at a distance, relative to the course of studies and requisites for graduation, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of New-

York, as also concerning other matters interesting to the students who resort to this school of medicine, the trustees of the college, with a view of removing the inconvenience of answering so many individual applications, and of gratifying those whom it may concern, have ordered the present *Circular* to be published for general information.

The College opens, annually, on the first Monday in November, and the several courses begin, successively that week, after the introductory lectures of the respective professors. The session closes the last day of February.

Lectures in the Forenoon.

Theory and Practice of Physic, by Dr. Hosack, from nine to ten o'clock, daily.

Principles and Practice of Surgery, by Dr. Mott, from ten to eleven, daily.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, by Dr. Post, from eleven to twelve, daily.

Lectures in the Afternoon.

Natural History, including Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology, by Dr. Mitchell, from one to two, daily.

Chemistry and Materia Medica, by Dr. McNeven, from five to six, daily.

Obstetrics, and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Dr. Hosack, from four to five, on Mondays and Thursdays.

Clinical Practice of Medicine, by Dr. Hamersley, from four to five, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Institutes of Medicine, and Forensic Medicine, by Dr. Francis, from four to five, on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Graduation.

It is expected that a candidate for graduation shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

On or before the first of February, the candidate shall make known his name and intention to one of the professors, by whom he will be informed of the time and place of examination. This first examination is by the board of professors only; it is private and confidential.

A second examination is held before the board of trustees, to whom, on this occasion an appeal lies, and before whom there is offered an opportunity of redress, if a candidate thinks himself in any wise aggrieved.

The names of those who have been approved by the trustees are forwarded to the regents of the University, who return an equal number of diplomas, under the signature of the chancellor. They are afterwards signed by the president of the College and the professors.

By the 20th of March, the candidate shall deliver to one of the professors a

dissertation on some medical subject. He is publicly examined on the same, in the College Hall, the first Monday in April, and may publish, with the approbation of one of the professors, either in the English, French, or Latin languages. The degrees are conferred by the president the next day, at a public Commencement.

From the provision thus made, it will be seen that the various courses of lectures delivered in the College are so arranged, as to constitute a complete system of medical education. The board of trustees, however, think it incumbent on them to state, that it has been their unremitting endeavour to increase, as far as practicable, the means of instruction, and to render the advantages enjoyed by the College, at least equal to those of any other similar establishment in the United States. The anatomical museum, of large extent, has been augmented by some rare and valuable preparations, and very important additions have been made to the chemical apparatus and laboratory. The cabinet of natural history has also been greatly enriched by numerous specimens, native and foreign; and in the illustrations of the geology and mineralogy of the American states, is peculiarly rich. Measures have recently been adopted by the trustees in order to provide a library for the students of the University.

It is proper further to state, that although the most liberal and extensive system of medical and philosophical instruction has thus been provided, the expense of education to the candidate for medical honours is not increased beyond that of any other College in the union, as the courses are not made indispensably necessary for graduation, and the student is at liberty to attend any course or courses he may think expedient: the professors insist upon the attainments of the candidate, and not upon the number of courses, nor the number of years he may have attended at the University. The trustees confidently believe their plan of education satisfactory, and they indulge the hope that nothing will be wanting to fulfil the just expectations and liberal views of their patrons, the honourable the legislature, and the regents of the University of New-York.

By order,

SAMUEL BARD, M. D. President.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. Registrar.

We understand that Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK BUSBY intends giving, in the course of the present month, in this city, a public Lecture on Poetical Literature. The

productions of Mr. Moore and Lord Byron will, we learn, constitute the subject-matter of the discourse, which will be accompanied by illustrative readings from the most admired effusions of those fascinating writers. Mr. Bushy's recitative powers are, we are told, peculiarly vivid and discriminating; and we have no doubt that in the composition of the Lecture his literary talents will be displayed to advantage.

The third half-volume of Mr. Delaplaine's Repository is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will shortly be put to press. As the object of this work is to perpetuate the glory and virtues of those illustrious men who fought and counselled for the liberties of America, we cannot avoid recommending it warmly to the patronage of the public. Mr. Delaplaine has, we understand, been anxiously solicitous to render the present number worthy of the support we trust he will receive, and, by securing the assistance of the most eminent graphic and literary talents in the country, justified his claims to public approbation.

At the late annual commencement of Union College in this state, the degree of LL. D. was conferred on DAVID HOSACK, M. D. F. R. S.

Dr. Hosack's new System of *Nosology* is nearly printed, and will be published early in October next, in one volume, octavo.

The Board of Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of New-York, have recently adopted measures for the purpose of establishing a Medical and Philosophical Library for the more immediate advantage of students who resort to that school for instruction.

E. J. COALE, of Baltimore, has recently published a translation of Jacobsen's LAWS OF THE SEA. The following notice of the work is taken from the Hamburg Journal of Politics and Literature:

"We refer the attention of the public to a work of high interest, entitled, '*Laws of the Sea, in relation to Maritime Commerce during Peace and War, by Frederick J. Jacobsen, Advocate. Altona. 1815.*' Most of our readers will not fail to collect the author's former treatise on the practical sea-laws of the English and French in relation to neutral property. The extensive importance of the contents, and the excellence of the execution of that work, were universally acknowledged. The author's present work, of equal excellence and merit, but of higher import, is presented at the favour-

able moment of a general pacification, and must excite the attention of all maritime powers, in proportion to the unexampled extent to which commercial rights were prostrated during the late eventful wars, and the desire of regenerating a system at once so perfect and universally in force as the *Consolato del Mare*. By the work before us, the author has acquired the praise of having attempted this system on the most solid foundation. Without doubt it is already in the hands of all our readers to whom the German language is familiar; and we indulge a hope ere long of seeing it at least in the English and French. Commercial Law has never before been treated with more perspicuity and system, and compiled from such a variety of authentic documents, and references to judicial authorities—no author before has enriched the subject with more just remarks drawn from extensive professional experience, and an universal acquaintance with the works of the later English and other European systems of legal jurisprudence—not only as it is at this day developed, but also as the principles of equity and justice, and the general interest of commercial nations require it to be established. We are assured we do not say too much, but merely anticipate what a more circumstantial review will confirm and support. Inestimable advantages must arise to maritime commerce, from an observance by all the maritime powers of the principles upon which the work is established; for the neglect and disregard of them has produced incalculable mischief. The intelligent author, in a general review of maritime law, has brought together with unwearied industry, with critical learning and profound judgment, all that might be deemed useful and applicable to the subject from practical jurists, among the Italians, French, English, Dutch and Germans, and particularly from his long professional experience, and a correspondence with men learned in the subject of maritime jurisprudence. The work merits the consideration of all commercial governments, and should be in the possession of every respectable merchant and mariner. Above all, the decisions of the great Admiralty Judge, *Sir William Scott*, are herein adverted to, and the grounds of his decisions estimated according to their high value. The author's own opinions and wishes, which are advanced with a commendable modesty, are as just as they are philanthropic. If, as we conceive, wars are inevitable, may his labours be

rewarded by contributing largely to the establishment of a correct deportment towards neutrals. We are only enabled to advert to the principal heads of the work. 1. Of the origin, the property, and the requisite documents of property in vessels. 2. Of the persons employed to navigate the ship, and the papers and contracts having relation thereto. 3. Of the contracts, in the use of vessels, and papers of lading. 4. Of the ship's disasters, and the responsibilities and papers therein.

"The index and table of contents will be found highly useful—not less so than the author's Introductory Reviews of the literature on the subject of Maritime Law."

FOREIGN.

In a communication from his friend and correspondent Dr. ALBERS, of Bremen, Dr. HOSACK has recently received several highly interesting specimens of the lithographic art. Among the most successful evidences of this kind of engraving may be mentioned a map of the Prussian provinces between the Weser and the Meuse, published at the Lithographic Institution, by Arney & Co. at Dusseldorf. In a letter of the 8th of June last, to Dr. Hosack, Dr. Albers states, that the distinguished Professor Soemmering has just published "distinct treatises on two animals no longer found, viz. the *Lacerta gigantea*, and the *Ornithorynchus brevirostris*; the engravings are in stone (stone prints), which art is brought in Germany, particularly in Munich, to great perfection."

Dr. Albers has also transmitted, through the same channel, for the Literary and

Philosophical Society of New-York, the first part of his *Icones ad illustrandas Anatomen comparatas*.

The third volume of the Journal published by professor Kuff, at Berlin, contains, in the German language, accounts of the late operations for femoral and carotid aneurisms performed in this country by Drs. Hosack, Post, and other American practitioners.

The late number of the Salsburg Medical and Chirurgical Journal contains ample analyses, in the German language, of several of the latest American scientific productions, viz. Dr. Currie's View of the Diseases most prevalent in the United States; Hosack's and Francis' American Medical and Philosophical Register; Drake's Picture of Cincinnati; the New-York edition of Thomas' Practice of Physic, as edited by Dr. Hosack, &c.

By letters from Edinburgh so late as the 22d June, it appears that the typhus fever which not long since prevailed in several of the manufacturing towns of England and in Ireland, has made its appearance in the capital of Scotland and its environs. The mortality with which it is accompanied is unusually great. Among the victims to its influence is the excellent JOHN GORDON, M. D. F. R. S. E. familiarly known as a successful teacher of anatomical and physiological science, and as the able opponent of the craneological theories of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. "The sensations of regret at his premature death, (says a letter to Dr. Francis) were deep and extensive, and every evidence of regard was paid his memory by the Royal, Medical and Physical Societies of his native city."

ART. 5. POETRY.

LINES

BY GEORGE FREDERIC BUSBY, ESQ.

OH! what are kindred's frowning looks
Against a lover's smile or sigh?
The heart that loves contented brooks
All ill but coldness in his eye.

Like streams that swiftly rush through rocks
That fain their gentler course would bar—
'Tis thus the enamoured bosom mocks
The malice that its hopes would mar.

Where dwells its gem of brightest beam,
Its idolizing idol where?
It dwells in Love's ethereal dream,
And search the loved one's heart—'tis there!

On hearing Mrs. B— sing the *Arietta*, "Dolce Conciato," at the late New-York Concerts.

BY THE SAME

Is it the sweet-voiced seraphim,
Whose tones celestial around me swim,
Bathing the senses in dews of delight,
Till the spirit is panting to take its flight
To regions of rapture beyond the sky—
The bowers of bliss and of melody?

Ah, no!—from the lips of a mortal burst
Those trancing tones—the sweetest—the first—
(Save those of ONE who has prisoned my soul)
That e'er chained me in music's delicious control.

A mortal whose form's wavy, glittering lightness
Seemed floating in streams of empyreal bright-
ness,

And shone on the dazzled and captive eye
Like a youthful angel just flown from the sky!

No—no—I knew and know but *one*
Who could bind the soul in links so fast—
And when all that prudence could do was done,
Still I cherished the thought that 'twas not the
last,

The last sweet hour those thrilling sounds
Would waft my soul through enchantment's
bounds.

Oh! such are the voices and charms that give
A glimpse of the joys that are blooming above,
And envelope us, e'en while on earth we grieve,
In a halo of music, and light, and love!

SONNET TO THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY THE SAME.

Fantastic toy! could but my fancy move
With colours lively and as fair as thine,
No foreign muses should awake my love,
But even Grecian graces yield to mine,
Gay as they used to shine.
So brightly fresh thy curious figures flow—
Now like a dew-wet garland loosely twine,
Now like a tiny rosebud glossy glow,
And softly shrink below.
So when the busy memory turns her glass,
Hours long gone by assume their forms
anew;
E'en scattered fragments mingle as they pass
In forms that wear as thine a lovely hue,
Fantastic toy! and ah! as transient too.

ART. 6. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN

LOOKING over a late European Magazine, we found the following statement of the revenues of the dignitaries in the English Church.

Canterbury—The Duke of Rutland's cousin (Dr. C. Mauners Sutton)	£20,000
York—Lord Vernon's and Lord Harcourt's brother (Dr. Edward Venable Vernon)	14,000
Durham—Lord Barrington's uncle (H. S. Barrington)	24,000
Winchester—Lord North's brother (Hon. B. North)	18,000
Ely—The Duke of Rutland's tutor (Dr. Sparke)	12,000
London—(Dr. Howley)	9,000
Bath and Wells—Duke of Gloucester's tutor (Dr. R. Beaden)	5,000
Chichester—Duke of Richmond's tutor (Dr. Buckner)	4,000
Litchfield and Coventry—Lord Cornwallis's uncle (Dr. J. Cornwallis)	9,000
Worcester—(Dr. Cornwallis)	4,000
Hereford—(Dr. Huntingford)	4,000
Bangor—The son of the Queen's English master (Dr. J. W. Majendie)	5,000
St. Asaph—Duke of Beaufort's tutor (Dr. Luxmore)	6,000
Oxford—Brother of the Regent's tutor (Dr. Jackson)	3,000
Lincoln—Mr. Pitt's secretary (Dr. G. P. Tomlins)	5,000
Salisbury—Princess Charlotte's tutor (Dr. Fisher)	6,000
Norwich—(Dr. Bathurst)	4,000
Carlisle—Duke of Portland's tutor (Dr. Goodenough)	3,500
St. David's—(Dr. Burgess)	5,000
Rochester—Duke of Portland's secretary (Dr. King)	1,500
Exeter—Lord Chichester's brother (Hon. G. Pelham)	3,000
Peterborough—(Dr. J. Parsons)	1,000
Bristol—Mr. Percival's tutor (Dr. W. L. Mansel)	1,000
Llandaff—Mr. Marsh (late Dr. Watson)	900

Gloucester—(Hon. Dr. H. Ryder) 1,200
Chester—Lord Ellenborough's brother (Dr. H. Law) 1,000

It appears from the Lord Steward's account, laid before parliament, that the Prince Regent's eight hour's cruise off Brighton, cost 1200!!

It appears by returns from the Scotch presbyteries, that there are in Scotland 3486 lunatics, including the Northern Isles and Zetland, but exclusive of 259 parishes from which no returns have been received. Of the former number 2840 are at large; 649 are confined; 622 are furious, and 2688 are fatuous; 965 are wholly maintained by relations; 781 partly, 523 wholly by parishes.

The cast iron bridge over the Irwell, from Salford to Strangeways, is so nearly complete, that the painters are employed upon it. It is of one arch only, of 120 feet span.

A short time since, a parrot, belonging to a gentleman at Corkjick, near Whitehaven, laid eggs; one of which, being placed under a tame pigeon, has produced a fine lively parrot.

Letters from Gibraltar, dated June 5, state, that alarming accounts had been received of the plague. It had reached Fez. Great apprehensions were entertained that it would overspread the western coast of Africa.

To the astonishment of the oldest member of parliament, the dissolution was announced *in* voice by the Prince Regent, in the name and on behalf of his majesty. This is the first occurrence of the kind since the reign of the STUARTS. It was then the course when parliaments dissatisfied the king, and was always considered as an act of anger.

It appears from English papers, that the election has been unusually riotous. Mr. Maxwell, the ministerial candidate for Westminster, was wounded in a riot. The opposition have increased in number 35.

Sir S. Romilly and Sir F. Burdett are returned from Westminster.—Hunt had only 73 votes. Canning and Gascoigne are elected at Liverpool. Canning had 1654 votes—Lord Selkirk 1280. Mr. Brougham has lost his election in Westmoreland. Grattan has been grossly insulted and wounded in an electioneering squabble in Dublin. The borough of Southwark sends two opposition members. We are told

that 500 of the electors of *Coventry* reside in *London*.

Parliament has, we are informed, granted a sum of money for erecting a chain bridge of 500 feet span, over the river *Medal*, at *Bangor* in *Wales*, to render the communication between this and the sister kingdom of *Ireland*, as complete as it is important.

James Rhodes has been tried, convicted, and fined 500 pounds sterling, for imitating tea by a preparation of the leaves of sloe, ash, elder, and other leaves. A very extensive business of this sort, as well as in the manufacture of many other articles (like money out of rags) has long been carried on in *England*; at the cost of, perhaps, thousands of lives.

FRANCE.

The most perfect tranquillity reigns throughout the dominions of the *Bourbon* monarch, and indeed over the whole continent.

The season in *France* and *Italy*, as in *America*, has been unusually fine, and a rich reward, in all probability, awaits the husbandman and vine dresser.

The heat in *France* and *Ireland* has been so excessive as to drive people from the streets in the middle of the day, unless employed upon the most important business.

Marshal Kellerman, duke of *Valmy*, aged 83 years, is about marrying a lady of 45 years.

At *Caen*, a child ten years old, has been condemned to twenty years imprisonment, for setting fire to two farms.

In *France* there have been struck since the return of *Louis* the 18th, 230 millions of francs bearing the image of the king.

The *Cossacks* very much admire the climate of *France*; several of them are employed in farming, and express their regret at the prospect of their leaving so fine a country, where they have experienced so much hospitality.

The arrest and imprisonment by the king of *Sardinia* of col. *Pionothouski*, supposed to have brought letters from *Napoleon* to his wife, has been noticed. The *Democratic Press* states that on a second application of the emperor of *Austria* to the king of *Sardinia*, for his release, the claim had been admitted, and it was expected that he would be liberated.

According to the *Bibliographie de la France*, there have been published within the year 1817 in that country, four thousand two hundred and thirty seven works; 1179 engravings; and 470 pieces of music. The first three weeks of the present year have produced 280 publications, 63 engravings, and 26 new tunes.

By the explosion of a powder mill at *St. Jean d'Angely*, upwards of 150 houses were destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable—16 persons killed, and 100 wounded.

It is understood in *Paris* that the army of occupation will evacuate the French territory in the beginning of September, and that the English troops, whose effectual strength is between 24 and 25,000 men, will embark successively in the ports of *Calais* and *Boulogne*, with their artillery, equipage, &c.

NETHERLANDS.

A gentleman of *Newburyport*, lately returned from *Europe*, took an opportunity last spring, of visiting the spot where the famous battle of *Waterloo* was fought in June, 1816, which terminated the great European conflict, and was succeeded by the final extinction of *Bonaparte's* military career. The person who

conducted him to the spot, was the same who attended *Bonaparte* and his staff, as topographical guide, on the memorable 18th of June. He informed that on the battle field (an extensive plain) was raised, the last year, an uncommonly luxuriant crop of wheat; and well it might, for it was fertilized by the blood of 80,000 soldiers, who fell in that sanguinary battle. The gentleman picked up an Eagle, such as were worn by the French infantry, and two musket-balls, which are now in his possession. The surface of the ground over the pit in which were thrown many thousands of the slain, both men and beasts, in one undistinguished mass, is sunk considerably lower than the surrounding earth, and distinctly marks the extent of this vast cemetery.

GERMANY.

By the latest dates from the continent of *Europe*, it appears that *Austria* calculates the direct German population, forming the immediate states, as equal to 23,930,000 inhabitants.—*Austria* proposes in time of peace the army shall consist of 120,000 men, which would be at the rate of 4-10 per hundred inhabitants. In time of war she proposes 2 per 100, equal to 579,600 men: besides which, there is to be a corps de reserve of 1 per 100, which would add 239,800—making in all, 869,400. Five pieces of cannon are to be allowed to every 1000 men, making the whole number 4,340 pieces.

A dreadful fire has destroyed the town of *Creutzberg*. Of 231 houses, only 11 remain. Four hundred and seventy-five families, consisting of about 200 persons, are left without an asylum, and reduced to the greatest misery.

The consumption in *Vienna* of 1817, was bullocks 77,963, calves 66,636, flour 77,935 quintals, rye meal 365,390 quintals, oats 150,414 bushels; butter and lard 27,172 quintals, fish 3,082 quintals, eggs 13,812,965. Wine, the produce of *Austria* proper, 139,500 gallons.—Wine, the produce of *Hungary*, 165,065 gallons; beer 271,795 gallons, fire wood 403,835 cords.

There died in *Vienna* in 1817, 12,732 persons, of which only eight died in consequence of the small pox. There were born 11,228 and married 2,205 couple.

The kingdom of *Bavaria* contains 1406 German square miles, and 3,440,000 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Wurtemberg* 346 1-2 square miles, and 2,386,400 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Hanover* 682 square miles, 1,292,958 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Saxony* 338 square miles, and 1,282,644 inhabitants.

The expenses of *Madame Krudener*, the celebrated German prophetess, must have amounted to 180,000 guilders [72,000 dollars] annually. This was indeed too much money for a religious comedy or tragedy. She now lives retired at *Riga*, in *Russia*, her native place; a relation of hers had to defray her expenses from *Menel* to *Riga*, her money having been expended, and her credit gone, and the Prussian government having interdicted her from preaching.

The German states afford fresh proofs of their attachment to the principles of liberty and independence. Among some recent demands addressed to the diet of *Frankfort*, are the establishment of an entire freedom of the press in *Germany*, and the security of commerce, not as hitherto, by the subsidiary aid of a foreign navy, but by vessels of their own, built in their ports and rivers.

RUSSIA.

In 1815 there were born in Russia, *belonging to the Greek Church*, 1,298,461, and died 890,988, giving an increase of 50 per cent. Of the deaths, we are informed there were of the age of 100 years 613; 105 years 209; 110 years 123; 115 years 72; 120 years 31; 125 years 13; 130 years 6; and one of 155 years. The same year there were married 332,703 couple.

The Russian brig *Barie*, *lieut. Kotzebue*, is arrived at Portsmouth, from a voyage of discoveries in the North Pacific Ocean, on which she has been employed upwards of three years. She is coming into harbour to refit, preparatory to returning to Russia. She left Behring's Straits in July, 1817, having proceeded as far as lat. 67°, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope the latter end of March, and left it the 12th of April.

The emperor Alexander, by a decree, has extended the facilities of communicating by water, in every part of his empire, and has laid additional duties on various articles of commerce to cover the expenses.

The grand theatre of St. Petersburg, destroyed by fire in 1811, has been rebuilt. It was opened in February last, when the emperor Alexander was present. It is represented as a beautiful building, elegantly finished in the interior. The pit is furnished with 360 arm chairs, which are numbered according to the Russian custom. A Frenchman was the architect.

ASIA.

At a late Durbar, held by Runjeet Singh, at Lahore, to receive a Vakeel returned from Cashmere, with due honour, the following statement was received—What might be the revenues of the state to meet the expenses of portioning off these descendants of royalty, must be left to the chancellor of the exchequer of that kingdom; certainly no European treasury would be able to meet them.

The Vakeel from Cashmere was introduced, and presented several presents—he expressed the anxiety his sovereign felt to continue on amicable terms with the king of the Sikhs, and on being questioned respecting the resources of the kingdom of Iran, he replied, that the king had a large revenue, *two hundred and fifty sons, and one thousand and eight wives*.

Among the India papers lately received by the editor of the *Salem Gazette*, is a "*Java Government Gazette*," of December, 1816, printed by A. H. Hubbard, from Norwich, (Con.) son of Mr. Hubbard, who formerly published a paper in that town. Mr. H. after one voyage to India, embarked again at this port, determined to pursue fortune in that region, where, from former observation, he was confident of that success he despaired of in America; and we are happy to hear he has not been disappointed.

AFRICA.

A French paper announces, as interesting, the publication of a voyage to Africa, by the Marquis Etourville, who was led by singular circumstances into the interior of that continent during the revolution. He mentions having discovered near the sources of the Nile, a new empire, its legislation similar to that of China, and he supposes its civilization anterior to that of the Egyptians.

SPANISH AMERICA.

It is stated that the two agents of the duke de Alagon, to whom all the unceded lands in East Florida were ceded, had arrived in St. Augustine and claimed the same, and that his excellency governor Coppinger had already placed them in possession of it! They had opened a land office and intended to sell to any purchasers offering; they had also the privilege of purchasing the Indian title to the celebrated Atochaway territory, and had already taken steps to effect the same.

The city of Caracas, before the earthquake in 1812, contained about 45,000 inhabitants—by that calamity and the subsequent and yet desolating war, its population has been reduced to 7000 souls.

The population in many other parts of Venezuela is supposed to have suffered nearly in the same proportion, and from the latter cause.

The report of a duty being laid on vessels arriving at Havana, to support the *inquisition*, is denied—others say that the *Ferdinandish* thing exists.

The cavalry of Buenos-Ayres troops are said to be excellent. Horses are very cheap there, the best never commanding over twenty dollars.

Admiral Brion has notified the governor of St. Thomas, that Cumana, Lagaira, and all the other ports of the Main, in possession of the royalists, are in a state of blockade.

The brig *Chatsworth*, lately arrived at Baltimore from Lisbon, in 33 days, reports that the day she sailed a letter was received from Cadix, stating that there were seven insurgent privateers off that harbour, capturing every Spanish vessel they fell in with. A Portuguese ship arrived there a day before, with 100 Portuguese and Spanish prisoners, released from them.

BRITISH AMERICA.

The duke of Richmond, governor general of British North-America, and sir Peregrine Maitland, lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, have arrived at Quebec.

UNITED STATES.

In an old *Journal of Congress*, printed in 1774, is the following entry, recording one of the most important and interesting events of the revolution:—

"Friday, June, 16, 1775.

"The President informed col. WASHINGTON, that the congress had yesterday unanimously made choice of him to be general and commander in chief of the *American* forces, and requested he would accept of that employment; to which col. WASHINGTON, standing in his place, answered:—

"*Mr. President*—Though I am truly sensible of the high honour done me in this appointment, yet, I feel great distress from a consciousness, that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust: however, as the congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

"But lest some unlucky event should happen unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room,

that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with.

"As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

500 families from Wales and the northern and western parts of Scotland, arrived at the

ports of Greenock and Glasgow on the 1st of May, for the purpose of emigrating to America. They were compelled to form an encampment upon the banks of the Clyde, where the novelty of the sight attracted a number of spectators.

The emigrants to America from Germany and Switzerland continue. From the 29th of April to the end of May, there passed Meutz on their way to America, 334 persons. In this number there were 264 persons from Wurtemberg, 23 from Alsace, and 10 from Switzerland and Baden.

ART. 7. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A TYPE Foundry has recently been established at Boston, by Mr. E. White, type founder at New-York, and placed under the superintendence of Mr. D. Manley. The types are said to be equal to those of any other foundry in the United States.

We learn from Gloucester that on Thursday an attack was made on the sea-serpent with harpoons. Capt. Webber and others in a boat succeeded in hitting him twice, but owing to the thickness of his scales or coat, the harpoon did not penetrate. On one occasion the serpent ran down for the boat, and when within a short distance sunk, so near, that the draught caused by his sinking came near drawing the boat under after him.

The serpent has been harpooned by some enterprising adventurers from Boston.

The following is capt. Rich's report of his proceedings:—

"*Squam River, Thursday, 12 o'clock.*

"After several unsuccessful attempts, we have at length fastened to this strange thing called the serpent. We struck him fairly, but the harpoon soon drew, and he has not been since seen; and I fear the wound he has received will make him more cautious how he approaches these shores. Since my letter of yesterday we have been constantly in pursuit of him; but a few hours since I thought we were sure of him; for I hove the harpoon into him as fairly as ever a whale was struck; he took from us about twenty fathoms of warp, before we could wind the boat, with as much swiftness as a whale could do. We had but a short ride, when we were all loose from him, to our sore mortification. Now I suppose you will like to know my opinion of him. Be assured it is what is called the serpent. In that opinion all my Cape-Ann men agree. It is the same that was in Cape-Ann harbour. Be assured that all has been done, and we shall still continue to do, all in our power; but he is a difficult thing to strike with a harpoon, as he can lay down as long as he pleases, and seldom shows himself, except in a calm."

CONNECTICUT.

The members of the convention have been elected, and report says that the democratic party have a majority.

VERMONT.

The soldiers of the 6th regiment, with the exception of one company, are employed on the fortifications at Rouse's point.—The troops were

ordered in May last to resume their labours on the military road; but, to comply with a requisition of col. Totten, an order was afterwards issued for sending to Rouse's point such a number of men as the superintendent of the military works should require—and for the residue to be employed on the road. After sending the requisite number to Rouse's point, only one company remained, which is required as a guard for the protection of the public property at this place.

NEW-YORK.

We are informed that contracts for the whole of the northern canal have been entered into, and that on most all of the sections the work is progressing. It is added, that should the season prove favourable, one half of the whole labour will be performed ere winter sets in.

We understand that a quarry of elegant Marble, beautifully variegated, of an excellent quality, and proof against fire, has lately been discovered on the banks of the Seneca Lake. It is owned by Samuel S. Seely, Esq. of Hector.

A valuable Mineral Spring has been discovered at Maxwell, on the shore of Lake Ontario, in the town of Sodus, about 2 miles west of Sodus Point or Troupville. It was found under some logs in clearing up the east bank of Doctor Lummis' mill creek, and near the doctor's dwelling. A basin was formed for it, and a few days after the ground over which the water passed to the creek was observed to be of a reddish cast. On throwing into the basin of water a small quantity of powdered galls, the whole instantly exhibited a fine purple colour. The powder added to water in a glass, produced a fine inky purple, with beads around the sides of the glass, which remained a long time. The water being left standing in the glass for some time, a purple oily flake covered the surface.

These experiments indicate the water to be a *Chalybeate*; the medicinal qualities of which are well established. About three gallons of water are discharged from the spring in a minute: it is cold and not unpleasant to the taste.

Mr. Buffington of Portland, of whom mention was made the last season as having penetrated to the uncommon depth of 530 feet into the solid rock on the shore of Lake Erie in pursuit of salt water, has this summer resumed his laborious undertaking, and perforated 100 feet further into the rock—the whole amounting to the astonishing depth of *six hundred and thirty feet*, or something more than *thirty-eight rods*. This, it is believed, is nearly 100 feet lower

than the level of the tide waters of the Hudson at Albany, and about 300 feet lower than the greatest known depth of lake Erie. Mr. Buffington thus far, we are sorry to say, has been disappointed in obtaining his object; he intends, however, to continue boring if he can obtain more assistance. We cannot but hope that so much faith and perseverance in this novel enterprise, may be amply rewarded.

Thirty-five plates, for the manufacture of counterfeit bank notes on several banks in this and the neighbouring states, have lately come into the hands of the police at New-York. A fellow lately apprehended in that city gave information where the plates could be found, and Mr. Hays, high constable, was despatched to Canada, where he fortunately obtained them. We observe that among the number is a plate for a \$3 bill on the Mechanics and Farmers' Bank in Albany.

The Telegraph, a newspaper recently commenced at Rochester, near the shore of lake Ontario, in New-York, says, there have been shipped from that port, since the 1st of April last;

21,567 barrels flour,

1,138 do. pot and pearl ashes,

569 do. pork,

156 casks whiskey,

120,000 double butt standard staves,

Together with considerable quantities of butter, lard, &c. &c.

And adds, that large quantities of the like articles are now lying in the ware-houses there, intended for shipment.

The State vs. the Utica Insurance Company.

This important cause was decided in the Supreme Court of this state, now sitting in Albany, on Tuesday last—by this decision the said company are prohibited from carrying on banking operations of any kind, and their charter is declared to give them no other powers than those of insurance against loss "by fire or otherwise."

The Franklin bank in the city of New-York has commenced discounting.

Captains Dalazo and Skinner, and an agent for the Spanish patriots, were brought before the Hon. B. Livingston, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, charged with the violation of the law passed at the late session of congress, entitled "an act, in addition to an act, for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States," &c. The charge was, fitting out two vessels, calculated for ships of war, in the port of New-York, and intended to be employed in the patriot service in South-America. After hearing counsel, viz. Messrs. Emmett and Wells, on the part of the prosecution, and Messrs. Hoffman and D. B. Ogden for the defendants, the judge decided the mere building of vessels, calculated for ships of war, and preparing to send them out with the view of their being employed in the manner above mentioned, was not an offence against the laws of the United States, but in order to render the parties liable to the penalty, such ships must be actually armed and equipped.

The following is extracted from a report of the trustees of the village of Sackett's Harbour. The report is signed by Justin Butterfield, president.

"At the commencement of the peace, this village contained the accumulated filth and rubbish of a three year's war, its exhalations were as offensive as its general appearance was dis-

gusting; but, since that period it has undergone an entire revolution, its inhabitants have developed their resources, and exhibited a spirit for enterprise, liberality and improvements that it would challenge a rival with any village in the state. The streets have been cleaned and flagged, the roads improved; the *channies* built during the war demolished, and many convenient and elegant buildings erected in their stead. The gospel is supported, a church organized, and schools established.—Sackett's Harbour now exhibits a neat, thrifty and flourishing village—a military and naval post and depot—a port of entry and delivery;—adorned and rendered interesting by its military works and naval ships, it is now resorted to for the gratification of curiosity, and the enjoyment of pleasure;—a market for the farmer, and a metropolis for the transaction of commercial and mercantile business in this section of the country."

DELAWARE.

The late heavy rains have laid waste all the mill dams, bridges, &c. in St. Georges Hundred. The owners of Marsh and Cripple in that neighbourhood, have met with severe losses—it is said \$50,000 would not repair the damages.

MARYLAND.

The steam-boat *Surprise* has been entirely consumed at Baltimore. It is suspected she was set on fire intentionally.

The *Surprise* arrived about eight o'clock last evening, from Annapolis, and, as usual, every thing on board was properly secured, and remained safe when the captain left her. We sincerely regret to state further, that the loss of the owners is estimated to be at least twenty-five thousand dollars.

A race, of sufficient importance to occupy a column of one of the largest London newspapers, for \$500, was run near Baltimore on Tuesday last—a Marylander against an Englishman;—the latter, as it should be in every case, was fairly beaten. The distance, 109 yards, was run in eight seconds, by the stop watch—so say eye witnesses. A large sum was depending on its issue.

The city of Washington is represented as progressing rapidly in improvements. One hundred new buildings are now erecting, and many more would have been commenced if mechanics and materials could have been procured.

A vessel foundered in the Potomac on Saturday last in a sudden and destructive squall, near Quantico Creek. Eight persons, women and children, are said to have perished. The men on board saved themselves.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The following extract of a letter from the vicinity of Fayetteville, detailing the wonderful cures effected by a newly discovered mineral spring near that place, is copied from a late Raleigh Star:

Extract of a letter, dated July 6, 1813.

"At present I am at the Bladen Springs, much on the recovery; I have seen and heard more than I could wish to tell to a stranger. I have recovered more in one week than I had any idea of in three months; the cures are incredible: amongst many instances was a child of four years old, who had fits from its birth until he had neither sense nor feeling, cured perfectly

in fourteen days. I have seen the gout, dropsy, rheumatism, consumption in its last stage, wounds and old sores, twenty years standing, cured in from ten to twenty days. The town of Fayetteville alone can convince the world of its good effects."

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The whole sea-board of South-Carolina, it is stated, as well as the waters which bound and intersect it, is strewn with carcasses of fish, of various species. The appearances thus presented are at once interesting and mournful. Although the fish are, in general, when met with, perfectly dead, this is not the case; and when those which still retain signs of life, are, from motives of curiosity, thrown again from the shore in deep water, the only use they appear to make of their remaining powers of muscular action, is to escape from the element for which nature has designed them, and to regain the beach from which they have been cast. About three weeks ago five or six large fish of the whale species were discovered dead upon the beach, within a few miles of the entrance of that harbour. This unusual occurrence excited much surprise at the time, and it is more than probable that it was produced by the same cause which is now operating so fatally upon the lesser fish. With regard to what this cause is, much difference of opinion will doubtless exist. It is remarked that the surface of the sea is frequently coated over with an extraneous substance of a dark and oily appearance. The substance of this phenomena at the same time forms the belief that they are in some way connected with each other.

GEORGIA.

The President has issued orders for the arrest of captain Obed Wright, which the marshal of the district will execute forthwith. A special court has also been ordered for the trial of Wright, to be held in September next, in Savannah or Milledgeville; at which two of the judges of the supreme court are to preside. Wright is charged with having committed murder at the destruction of the Chehaw town.

The gospel of St. Mark has been translated into the Mohawk language by the celebrated late Indian chief Brandt.

INDIANA.

The Harmony Society have, within a very few years, made extensive purchases of public lands in Indiana, on the east bank of the Wabash, about thirty miles above its confluence with the Ohio. It is stated that from a field of one hundred and fifty acres, they had reaped, this year, six thousand bushels of wheat, being at the rate of forty bushels an acre. The land cost them *two dollars* an acre. In England, land is worth *twenty or thirty years' purchase*!! In Indiana, a single crop pays about twenty times the price of the land.

TENNESSEE.

A short time since a cellar was dug in the town of Fayetteville, on Elk river, in this state, not far from the lines of one of those ancient fortifications so common in the western states, and in the dirt was found, corroded with a kind of rust, a small piece of metal, which being disrobed of its covering, was ascertained to be a Roman silver coin, issued about 150 years after Christ, and in a good state of preservation. It is in the possession of a merchant of Nashville, and has been seen by hundreds, many of whom are antiquarians, and they are all satisfied it is a genuine coin, and one gentleman, who was lately in Italy, and saw the busts of the persons represented on the coin, declares the heads to be very good likenesses.

On one side around the edge these letters are seen,

ANTONINVS AGV PIVS P P III COS
on the other side

AVRELIVS CAESAR AGV P III COS
which is construed to read thus,
Antoninus Augustus Pius, princip. pontifex, tertio consule.

and

Aurelius Caesar Augustus, pontifex, tertio consule.

The marks, letters, &c. exactly agree, in every particular, with the probable state of the arts and the history of the times; but how the coin was brought to Tennessee we leave others to ascertain.

Some few miles above Columbia, on Duck river, are a number of fortifications and mounds, into one of which some young men dug a small distance, and found several well burnt bricks, about nine inches square and three inches thick, also several fragments of earthen ware, also a sword about two feet long, differently shaped from any in use since the whites visited the continent, apparently once highly polished, but now much eat with rust. We learn from a respectable source that a gentleman passing over one of the fields of ancient slaughter on the bank of the Caney fork, his eye caught some rude letters on a flat stone, he examined it and made out—*we are all cut off*. Who were the sufferers we have yet to learn, and hope that some fortunate discovery will one day satisfy the cravings of the curious.

LOUISIANA.

The New-Orleans Chronicle gives us a list of *twenty steam boats*, carrying near 4,000 tons, which trade to that port from the upper and adjacent country.

ALABAMA.

There is to be a town somewhere in the Alabama territory, to be called "Florence"—fifty-two lots in it were lately sold for *eighty-two thousand dollars*.

ART. 8. History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Abridged. By a Member of the Parent Society, and Citizen of the State of New-York.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following compendium of the History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been principally extracted from the valuable performance of Mr. Owen. The circumstances in which an institution so remarkable originated, the counsels by which it has been fostered and directed, with the causes which have contributed to its extension over the greatest part of the civilized world, are subjects of the deepest interest, and worthy the pen of an historian who has himself borne a conspicuous part in the transactions he records. Whilst, however, we pay a just tribute of praise to those who have been instrumental in this important work, it will be no derogation from their judgment and practical ability to consider them as pure emanations from the doctrines of our religion, and receiving their principal support from causes which will derive strength from the increasing and successful operation of the institution itself. The further we carry our views, the more we shall find reason to admire the development of the mysterious dispensations of Providence in the direction of human affairs. Several remote and conspiring causes, which no human mind could anticipate or direct, have produced a condition of the world in the highest degree favourable to the Gospel of Christ; and all that has been foretold of its transcendent efficacy and extension, from the facts which will be detailed in the subsequent pages, seems hastening to a rapid accomplishment. In the midst of a contest, by which all the civil and political institutions of the civilized world have been menaced with disorder, this extraordinary phenomenon, like the irradiation of a sunbeam in the midst of a tempest, assured us, that notwithstanding the scene of desolation beneath, in the higher region of the moral atmosphere an influence had been generated which would counteract its baneful effects.

Previous to the manifestation of this light, a combination of powerful causes had laid the broadest foundations for the future exertions of the human intellect, in advancing the scheme of supreme wisdom. If we advert to the literary history of the last ages, we may perceive the preparatory steps to the great advancement of the Christian system which has ensued. Although in the science of

divinity, in the last century, less may have been added to the actual stock of knowledge, yet we are eminently indebted to that classical genius and refinement which has successfully polished and wrought up the raw materials abundantly supplied by the industry and intellectual energy of the former. At the same time in the abstract sciences, and those which furnish the most rigorous discipline to the mind, and were ultimately destined to afford demonstration to truth, the most extraordinary progress was made, and we may ascribe to it a species of reasoning which, possessing much of the quality of mathematical certainty, has produced a degree of conviction on the thinking part of mankind previously unknown. To these causes we may attribute that powerful co-operation of secular influence, and that combination of rank, talents, and property, which have so irresistibly recommended and advanced the great cause of divine truth in general, and particularly the extension of this society over so large a portion of the globe. Should the progress of religious sentiment, during the next twelve years, keep pace with the last, it will be impossible to form a just conception of the glorious result. If we consider that the best feeling and present disposition of the British nation in its meridian, with all its mighty energies and perseverance, accompanied by so considerable a portion of Europe, and that noble co-operation of its great auxiliaries in the eastern and western hemispheres, we must be convinced that human means are now operating which no human power can resist; and that we need await only the appointed season and the maturing hand of time to bring forth an abundant harvest from the seed which has now been so successfully sown.

It is, however, far, very far, from our intention, whilst anticipating such stupendous effects from the progress of religious knowledge, to ascribe peculiar honour to this society. May all similar institutions equally prosper in their spheres, and lose every consideration of individuality in the success of their simultaneous efforts, and the effulgence of the divine object to which they approximate.

The primary cause of the institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society was the scarcity of Welsh Bibles. It was

first noticed in some districts of the principality of Wales, in the year 1787, and the demand increasing, a proposal was made to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, at the instance of a benevolent and practical clergyman, for a new and large impression; but the expensive nature of the undertaking, and the difficulty of procuring an adequate number of subscribers, at first, were obstacles to its success. The venerable society, however, to which the application was made, about the commencement of the year 1792, published a new edition of the Welsh Bible, Common Prayer Book, and singing Psalms, amounting to 10,000 copies, with 2000 extra Testaments in 1799, for circulation in Wales, through the medium of its members, at one half the cost price. But considerable districts still remained unprovided for, and the inhabitants evinced the most lively sorrow and disappointment at the deficiency of this supply. The society had either done its utmost, or conceived, it had done sufficient. But for more than two years the disappointed candidates for Welsh Bibles, amongst whom were many diligent and laborious parish ministers, persevered in their applications; the progress which education was making, chiefly through the medium of Sunday schools, tended very much to augment this demand.

In the summer of 1802, a project was conceived to furnish a competent number of Bibles for sale at reduced prices, or where necessary, for gratuitous distribution amongst the poor, through the medium of a private subscription; and the step in consequence taken, suggested the idea of a general dispersion of the Holy Scriptures, which led to the formation of this great society. The Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A. of Bala, an ordained minister of the church, but officiating in conjunction with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and by his habit of itinerating and promoting Sunday schools familiar with the wants of his countrymen, now prevailed on Mr. Joseph Tarn, the present assistant secretary and accountant of the society, to introduce the subject amongst his friends, at a meeting in London of the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and thus afford him an opportunity of preferring his claim on behalf of his countrymen, and urging the propriety of an appeal to individual benevolence. It being suggested, in the course of conversation, that Wales was not *peculiarly* situated in this respect, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, a Baptist minister, and since one

of the illustrious secretaries of the society, proposed to excite the public mind to a general dispersion of the scriptures. The suggestion was warmly received, and Mr. Hughes was, in consequence, requested to commit to writing, in a digested form, the substance of his observations, in order, that if on consideration it should be deemed expedient, the project might be committed to the public. During the short peace of Amiens, this benevolent scheme was matured; some of the most distinguished characters for piety and philanthropy, were consulted upon it, and queries were addressed to the public at large, to ascertain the real extent of the want, and the demand which might be anticipated. At the same time the Rev. C. F. A. Steinkopff, minister of the German Lutheran Church in the Savoy, and at present one of the most able servants and greatest ornaments of the society, voluntarily tendered his services to obtain this information in the course of a journey he was about to make on the continent of Europe. In May, 1803, Mr. Hughes, in his Essay,* prepared on the subject, proposed his plan. He pointed out the importance and advantages likely to result from an association of Christians at large, directed to such an object. With a view to the inadequacy of the means at that time employed, after a due allowance for, and an acknowledgment of what had been done, he proceeds to a short analysis of the following societies:—

1st. *The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge*, founded in 1693. This is composed of subscribers and persons at home and in Protestant countries, selected to distribute religious books, suggest such methods of doing good as may occur to them, and remit occasional or stated contributions. Under its patronage charity schools have been erected, and foreign missions, particularly in the East Indies, supported. It has printed an Arabic and Mankse Bible, and also four editions of the Welsh Bible.

2d. *The Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, founded in 1701, which appears to have grown out of the preceding, and refers to it, we believe, in its annual accounts. It is limited, as its charter expresses, to foreign parts, and more especially to English possessions. Missionaries, catechists and schoolmasters are employed by this society in

* Entitled, "The Excellence of the Holy Scriptures, an Argument for their more general Dispersion."

British North-America, the Bahamas, Coast of Africa; New South-Wales, and Norfolk Island. The missionaries are supplied with books for their own use and distribution. Both the preceding societies are directed entirely by members of the established Church.

3d. *A Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge*, founded in 1709, the operations of which are similar to those of the last, extending over the Highlands of Scotland, contiguous islands and North-America. The parent Board is established at Edinburgh, but a considerable accession of strength accrues from a corresponding one in London, before which annual sermons are preached by ministers of different denominations.

4th. *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge among the Poor*, founded in 1750, distributes the Holy Scriptures and Religious Tracts. A subscriber of one guinea annually is entitled every two years to books of the value of 40s. and subscribers of a larger sum in proportion. The public in general is allowed to purchase at the estimated prices of the society.

5th. *The Bible Society*, instituted in 1780, for the sole use of the army and navy.

6th. *The Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools*, founded in 1785, provides Bibles, Testaments and Spelling-books for schools in England and Wales.

Besides the Societies enumerated, Mr. Hughes probably would have been apprised of a *French Bible Society* set on foot in 1792, for the purpose of distributing French Bibles amongst the Roman Catholics in France had it continued in existence. But the war, which shortly after took place, having put a stop to all communication with that country, the association was dissolved, and it was agreed that the money collected should be applied to the purchase of English Bibles for distribution amongst "poor Catholics and others in the United Kingdom." It will be interesting to the reader to glance at a prospectus issued by that society soon after its formation, in which it suggests an intention to supply with the Divine Treasure, in their mother tongue, all those persons at that time destitute of it in the French nation. It was represented that large contracts would be entered into to supply the poor gratis, and that quantities would be lodged with ministers and proper persons in the different provinces, who might supply the wealthy and benevolent for

distribution at reduced prices, and those who might wish to purchase at the usual rates. And it was stated further, that a committee of the society had entered into a correspondence with some gentlemen in Paris, friends to the scheme, who had expressed an intention of forming in that city a similar society, to which would be confided the superintendence of the press in printing the editions on the spot, and also the distributing of books, and the establishing and conducting a correspondence with different parts of the kingdom.*

The exact views of the following passage in Mr. Hughes' Essay, to which we recur, so prophetically describing subsequent events, render them peculiarly worthy of selection. "Let us, (says he), cast a friendly eye over distant countries and be the parents of the first institution that ever emanated from one of the nations of Europe for the express purpose of doing good to all the rest." The proposed society, he then suggests, would bespeak much attention which was never yet brought to bear on a subject so truly grand and important. "*Religion would occupy a larger space in the public mind, and the advocates of Religion enjoy a new opportunity of expressing the strength of their conviction and the fervor of their zeal.*" A new impulse would be given to kindred institutions, and measures hitherto unthought of, would be added to those which have long displayed their beneficent effects. We have specified Europe; at the same time we would allow ample scope. Correspondence might more or less include every quarter of the globe." This inimitable production concludes nearly as follows: "But God puts honour upon mortals by employing their agency in the fulfilment of his promises, and the promotion of his glory: and if those of his designs may be considered as indicating an approach towards maturity, which most unite and engage his servants, is it not probable that knowledge and salvation will follow close in the train of those labours to which with respectful deference we now call the attention of the Christian world? We leave our exhortation with the consciences of men, and our prayers in the bosom of God."

Copies of this Essay having been circulated, a plan was prepared by Samuel Mills, Esq. for a society designated as

* In a note to a second edition of this pamphlet the Dublin Association is mentioned with encomium as having distributed 10,000 Bibles and 12,000 Testaments. Its original object was to supply every house and cabin in Ireland.

the suggestion of Mr. Hughes, "The British and Foreign Bible Society." It being then determined to convene a public meeting, the principal topics of discussion in Mr. Hughes' Essay, designating the object of the proposed society, and sphere of its activity. In the combination of its views, it was considered as distinguishable from all others, and presenting nothing but the inspired volume, would be sure to circulate truth, avoid controversy, and unite all descriptions of Christians in its support. The 7th of March was appointed as the day of the meeting. The following gentlemen's names were subscribed to the address: Granville Sharpe, William Alers, Joseph Burwell, Henry Boase, Robert Cowie, Samuel Foyster, Joseph Smith Gosse, Richard Lea, Alexander Maitland, Samuel Mills, Joseph Reyner, Herman Schroeder, Christopher Sundius, George Walf.

On the day appointed, about 300 persons, of different religious denominations, attended the meeting at the London Tavern, at which Mr. Granville Sharp presided, and which terminated in the formation of the present society. The business was opened and discussed by Robert Cowie, Esq. succeeded by William Alers, Esq. and the following gentlemen, Samuel Mills, Esq. and the Rev. Messrs. Hughes, Steinkopf and Owen. The last named gentleman seems at first to have considered the project of an universal circulation of the Scriptures, and the union of different sects in promoting such a scheme, as altogether chimerical. But the good sense, temperate zeal and perspicuous information of the preceding speakers, particularly Mr. Steinkopf, and the representation he gave of the scarcity he had himself observed of the Scriptures in foreign parts, and the unaffected simplicity with which he described the wants of his German fellow countrymen, completely won his assent to an institution of which he has since become one of the most distinguished advocates, and the historian, from whose valuable work the principal part of this compendium is extracted.

At this memorable meeting it was in substance, resolved, 1. That *The British and Foreign Bible Society* should be formed, with the sole object to encourage a wider dispersion of the Scriptures. 2dly, That it should co-operate with other societies for circulating the Scriptures through the British dominions, and according to its ability should extend its influence to other countries, whether Chris-

tian, Mahometan or Pagan, 3dly, 4thly, and 5thly, Each subscriber of one guinea annually, should be a member; that a subscriber of 20*l.* at once, should be a member for life—of 50*l.* a governor, and of a greater sum a governor for life; governors to be entitled to attend and vote at all the meetings of the committee—an executor paying a bequest of 50*l.* to be a member for life, or if paying 100*l.* or more, a governor for life. 6thly. Members to be entitled, under the direction of the committee, to purchase Bibles and Testaments, for the purpose of gratuitous distribution at the society's prices, which should be as low as possible, but no English Bibles or Testaments should be given away in Great Britain, by the society itself. 7thly, The annual meeting of the society to be held in the month of May, when the treasurer and committee should be chosen, the accounts audited, and the proceedings of the foregoing year reported. 8thly, The committee to consist of 36 members, who shall conduct the business of the society, and have power to call an extraordinary general meeting; 24 of the committee, who should have most frequently attended, to be eligible to re-election the ensuing year. 9thly, The committee might recommend honorary members.

The resolutions were adopted with much cordiality and joy; a committee appointed to carry them into effect; 700*l.* were immediately subscribed. Never, perhaps before, were 36 persons (the number of the committee, the proceedings of which will be next detailed) brought together to promote a common object, whose habits and prejudices exhibited a greater and more unpromising variety; nothing but the *Bible* could have effected their approximation to a common standard. But the utmost candour, harmony, and impartiality marked every proceeding of the society's agents. The first important business was to appoint proper officers and designate their duties. Henry Thornton, Esq. allowed his respectable name to stand at first, and it was continued, as treasurer. With a view to represent the church establishment and dissenting interest, the Rev. Jos. Hughes, and the Rev. Josiah Pratt were appointed joint secretaries of the home department, and the Rev. Mr. Steinkopf foreign secretary. Mr. Pratt was shortly afterwards succeeded by Mr. Owen, who had been nominated in the first instance, but from motives of delicacy, had declined to fill the office. It being the intention of the committee to unite the occupations of

assistant secretary and collector, and Messrs. Joseph Tarn and Thomas Smith with recommendations equally strong having been nominated, in that wise and accommodating spirit which distinguished their earliest as well as latest proceedings the committee determined to avail themselves of the services of both, and their respective departments were afterwards assigned to a sub-committee.

The next step taken, after a free discussion conducted in a truly Christian spirit, was to new model the committee. In the first instance it had been chosen indiscriminately, with little reference to any other personal qualification than a general attachment to religion, and regard for the object and success of the institution. But according to the new plan it was determined that it should consist exclusively of laymen, of whom, six should be foreigners, and of the remaining thirty, one half members of the established church, and the other half of other Christian denominations. In order, however, to secure the services of the clergy, and of ministers generally, provision was made for their admission to a seat and vote in the committee, on the terms which admitted of their becoming members of the society. So considerable an innovation requiring the sanction of a general meeting, and indeed, such a meeting appearing desirable, to consolidate the establishment and extend the reputation of the society, it was resolved, That the whole of its regulations should be revised and submitted to the body of the subscribers.

A meeting was in consequence convened on the 2d of May, 1804, at which the Rt. Hon. Lord Teignmouth, whose name had appeared amongst the earliest contributors, was solicited by his friend Zachary Macaulay, Esq. to preside. His lordship, though he had promptly acceded to the request, having been compelled through ill health to retract his engagement, Granville Sharpe, Esq. a second time performed the office with his characteristic urbanity and attention. Upon this occasion Mr. Wilberforce addressed the meeting, in a speech replete with judgment and animation. The amended plan of regulations was unanimously adopted, and the meeting separated with an increased conviction of the excellence of their cause, and a resolution to support it.

A prospectus was shortly afterwards published, stating the reasons on which were founded the claims of such an institution to the public patronage, viz. the prevalence of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry over so large a portion of the

world; the limited nature of the societies in existence, and their acknowledged insufficiency to supply the demands, as well the recent attempts which had been made to discredit the Christian religion. It then stated the exclusive object of the society to be the printing and circulating of the Scriptures, both at home and, as far as its funds might permit, abroad; and, after adverting to the comprehensive principle on which it was conducted, and would embrace the indiscriminating support of all Christians, concluded by observing, "that in consequence of the enlarged means of instruction enjoyed of late years by the lower orders in this country, a desire to peruse the Scriptures has considerably increased; and, that in Wales, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, and other places, they were considerably wanted, and in some places, eagerly sought after."

Before, however, this prospectus had been carried through the press, lord Teignmouth, of whom we have just spoken, a nobleman of the most distinguished reputation, piety, and liberality of sentiment, had consented to accept of the office of president. In this choice, the society was influenced by the suggestion of that great and excellent prelate, Bishop Porteus, who, through the information of the Rev. Mr. Owen, then his domestic chaplain, had taken a warm interest in its concerns. "He saw instantly," says an eloquent observer,* "that a design of such magnitude as the dispersion of the Bible over every accessible part of the world, could be accomplished only by the association of men of all religious persuasions. He justly looked forward to great results from such a combination of effort, and entertained a hope, that it might operate as a bond of union amongst Christians. Whilst, therefore, he remained firmly attached to the old society, he gave the sanction of his name to the new one; and the more he considered its object, and the longer experience he had of the spirit and principles on which it was conducted, the more deeply he was convinced that it merited all the support which the Church of England could give it." As nothing seemed wanting to the success of the society but the patronage of the established church, that consummation was now happily effected. Within a few weeks from lord Teignmouth's nomination to the presidency, with the bishop of London, the bishops of Durham, Exeter (now Sarum), and St. David's, sent in their names as subscribers. These, and other

* Rev. Archdeacon Hodgson..

valuable accessions about the same time to the list, determined the character and fixed the respectability of the institution. In order, however, to perfect the system, some further revision of its regulations seemed yet necessary, and more especially in the designation of the sacred volume. Accordingly, at the suggestion of the bishop of London, it was agreed, that the only copies to be circulated in the language of the united kingdoms, should be of the authorized version, without note or comment. A deference was shown, in every respect, to the established church. The modest author of the first suggestion of the institution, and those who were concerned with him in framing the original draught of it, avoided every thing which could be construed into an exhibition of themselves; and on all occasions, resigned the foreground to those who appeared most likely to advance its general interests. When the president proposed to those members of the committee who were not of the established church, to add two names from their own religious connexion to the list of vice-presidents, they severally declined the distinction.

The business of the society was first transacted by weekly, but afterwards monthly and adjourned meetings of the committee, at the London Tavern; and exacted a large portion of time and attention, which was cheerfully and even zealously bestowed. Different sub-committees were also appointed for the several departments of practical business. Amongst these, the care of the funds of the society was confided to Samuel Mills, Robert Howard, and Joseph Rayner, Esquires, who managed that important trust, by annual re-election, to the great security and advantage of the institution. The improvement of the society's general interests, and the prosecution of inquiries with reference to the circulation of the Scriptures, devolved upon other respective sub-committees; and in the latter department, the services of the secretaries, at this period, were particularly called into action.

The most ready and effectual means were sought to obtain a supply of the Scriptures in the English, Welsh, and Irish languages.

A foreign correspondence was also instituted by two of the secretaries, assisted by a Swedish merchant (Christopher Semdius, Esq.) of good connexions and warm attachment to the institution.

As early as the month of April, Dr. Antonio Montucci, who had published an

account of a Chinese manuscript of the New Testament in the British museum, (No. 3599, of the Sloanian collection,) offered his services as editor, if the society should think proper to print it. At this moment an impression favourable to such an undertaking had been made by a memoir on the state of religion in China, just published by the Rev. William Mosely. The committee were disposed to listen to the proposal, and were gratified to find, from the testimony of Sir George Staunton and Mr. Chaumont, two accomplished Chinese scholars, that the translation was in the highest degree satisfactory. Dr. Hagar, extremely well acquainted with that language, then at Paris, and Mr. Hollingsworth, a gentleman conversant with China from frequent visits, were also consulted on this occasion. Mr. Hollingsworth, while he recommended a degree of caution in the introduction of the sacred volume into the country, appeared to anticipate the most important effects, if the ruling powers should be convinced that Christianity had no connexion with politics. The train of inquiry thus favourably opened was studiously followed up; but as the probable expense of printing 1000 copies of the manuscript, was estimated at 2000 guineas, and the issue of the experiment uncertain, it was deemed expedient at that moment to decline the further prosecution of the matter. But the design was suspended, rather than dismissed, by the committee.

The agitation of the subject, however, was fraught with a most important consequence. It had induced the appointment of a committee, at first denominated the China, and afterwards more generally, the Oriental sub-committee, which was naturally, and indeed from the purposes of its formation, led to direct its attention to some other portion of the Oriental field. British India, on every account appeared the most inviting; and the known disposition of some of the company's servants at Calcutta, and of the Baptist missionaries at Serampore,* afforded a sufficient encouragement to set on foot the operations of the society, and led to the interesting results which will hereafter be detailed.

* Not being permitted to reside in the company's territories, these valuable missionaries had fixed their residence, for more than ten years past, in the Danish settlements at Serampore. To this mission, according to Dr. Buchanan, (*Asiatic Researches*, p. 85), belongs the honour of reviving the spirit for promoting Christian knowledge by translations of the Holy Scriptures.

The only circumstance at present to be noticed in the order of time, is a request made by the secretary, Mr. Owen, to George Udny, Esq. member of the council of Bengal, and the Rev. Messrs. Brown, Buchanan, Carey, Ward, and Marshman, to engage them, and such other gentlemen as they might associate with themselves in any part of India, as a committee of correspondence.

Similar measures were taken on the continent of Europe; and for the purpose of obtaining precise information as to the extent of the want of Bibles in Switzerland, Germany, and Denmark, the following individuals were selected as channels of communication, viz. Mr. Tobias Kiesling, of Nuremberg, Dr. Knapp, director of the Orphan House and Canstein Bible Institution, at Halle in Saxony, professor Druck, librarian to

the then elector of Wurtemberg, the Rev. Dr. Hertzog, first professor of divinity and librarian at Basle in Switzerland, the Right Rev. Bishop Ball, Copenhagen, the Rev. J. J. Hesse, antistes (or superior) of the Zurich clergy, and the Rev. Messrs. Wytenback, Falkheisen, and Hüber, clergymen of distinguished character in some of the principal towns in Switzerland. £100 was transmitted to Mr. Kiesling, at Nuremberg, to supply the want of the Scriptures represented to exist in Austria; and the judicious expedient was at the same time suggested, of promoting the formation of a similar society in Germany. This suggestion, like almost every thing that is wise in the practical part of the institution, arose from accidental and extemporaneous discussion.

ART. 10. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE IN MALTA IN THE YEAR 1813.

ABOUT the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of La Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or lazaretto, he too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till all at once the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town, and

Suspended pleasure in the dread of pain,
While desolation urged his woful reign!

Amusements ceased—places of public worship were shut up:—for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thither, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conduced to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined with the want of sea breezes, rendered La Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior.

of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain; for it was immediately retorted—*Go yourself!* One might as well ask them to rouse a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave. The time was critical, as the burning sun would soon putrefy the body, and thereby infect the air. In this dilemma it was suggested to

Haste to the cell where Misery holds the gate,
And lingering hours in gloomy horrors wait.
Present the felon with a just reward,
And promise liberty, so long debarr'd.—
Behold! he starts—expression lights his eyes—
And hopes tumultuous in his bosom rise!
His friends partake the fervour of his flame,
And rush to freedom from the vale of shame!

They went, indeed, but their devotion only exchanged a prison for a grave—they all expired!

Prohibitory orders were now issued, commanding all persons from appearing in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the governor, or the Board of Health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably,

and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly re-appeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of merciless individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave!

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were wofully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common place medicine—and herbs—to the use and application of which old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who, having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession; but I am sorry to add, that he fell a sacrifice to his humanity in the behalf of his countrymen.

About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree—from fifty to seventy-five daily—the number falling sick was equal—indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the Board of Health:—but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague hospitals, whither every person was carried along with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These

were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shadow of that heart rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first the scene is far removed; and were it present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house, the beholder, the sickening, and the dying: to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed, the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil, which

Subdued the proud—the humble heart distressed—and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest in a short time none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but

Greeks came—a death-determined band,
Mell in their face—and horror in their hand!

Clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lightning in the morn!

They did not all escape the evil:—but I have seen some of them, when duty led them near the prison where their friends were confined, climb up to the chimney top of the infected house, and, being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wave to their friends in openness of joy!

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague doctors from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—That the

promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil! for wherever a corpse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head and feet of the body, and hurried with it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home: for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions, and defied their skill:—

Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!

The *casals* or villages of *Birchicarra*, *Zebbug*, and *Carmi*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all; and black covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. In these vehicles the dead were huddled together—

Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the
scene,
Till morning chase their bearers from the green.

Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from carts. They fled the approach of morning, lest the frequency of their visits should fill the inhabitants with more alarming apprehensions. The *silence* of day was not less dreary than the *dark parade* of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the "*Dead!*" as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbour, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but, though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague, they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to

the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but, on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the *Moor*s generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food which, a moment before, they craved to eat.

In autumn, the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The plague returned a third time, from a more melancholy cause than formerly: two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poor starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavour to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. The street of Pozzi was entirely depopulated, with the exception of one solitary girl, who remained about the house of her misery like one of those spirits that are supposed to haunt mortality in the stillness of the grave!

A thousand anecdotes might be related from what fell under my own observation, but they are all so touchingly sad, that I must omit them to spare the soft breast of sympathy.

Fancy may conjecture up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building, in the vicinity of Fort Angelo: thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued "as even imagination fears to trace." The catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this: there it was suffocation—here, it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium, mingled in one groan of

horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature!

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood:—his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return: the priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and, calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death!

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abscess formed under each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abscesses grew of a livid colour, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

The rains of December, and the cool breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La Valette: but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely taken by the former, and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces, the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. There friends and lovers used to enjoy the pleasure of beholding each other at a distance, while

Retracing long those walks with weary feet,
They cursed the fate which warned them not to meet!

When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory!

NATURAL HISTORY OF ALGIERES.

(From Pananti's Narrative.)

A happy combination of warmth and humidity gives a great degree both of vigour and magnificence to the vegetable productions of Barbary. Although the lower class subsist principally on barley, yet wheat and Indian corn are extremely abundant. There is also a species of chick-peas, which is roasted in a pan, and thus forms an important article of consumption amongst the people. The prickly pear abounds all over this country, and what it wants in picturesque beauty, is made up by its utility; for, while the tree forms an impenetrable hedge, the fruit is excessively nutritive and wholesome. Vines grow to a prodigious height, and passing naturally from one tree to another, form beautiful arbours: their size is equally remarkable, being sometimes as large at the root as a tolerably proportioned olive-tree. The latter is also a very favourite production of northern Africa; and besides the immense quantity of trees, wild and cultivated, the Algerine territory produces a small thorny tree, which bears a fruit equal in size and flavour to the large olive of Spain. Their pomegranates are at least three times larger than those of Italy, and the pumpkins grow to an enormous magnitude. In addition to all those fruits common to Europe, the oranges and figs of this country are of the most exquisite flavour; the chesnut-tree does not grow to a very large size in Barbary, but the nut, though small, is very sweet. The oaks are in some places, particularly on the sea coast, of an immense size, and extremely lofty: of these the *quercus ballota* of naturalists also abounds, its acorn being very nourishing to several animals, and not unlike the wild chesnut. This important tree, so well known in Spain, would also be a great acquisition to Italy, into which it has not hitherto been introduced. Amongst different species of the cypress, there is one seen in the vicinity of Algiers, remarkable for its unusual loftiness and pyramidal form; the almond and mulberry tree are also found in great plenty. The *indigo fera glauca* yields a valuable dye; and there is a highly esteemed medicinal plant found in this part of Africa, vulgarly called *cineraria*, which is considered by the natives as a sovereign remedy in several diseases. Another herb, the *zenna*, furnishes the inhabitants with the celebrated juice with which their nails are tinged. Amongst botanical plants is the *seilla maritima*, the *bulbosa radicata*, and dwarf palm, which yields an exceedingly small date, also the *saccharum celendricum*, and *agrostis pungens*. In the more arid vallies are to be found the *reseda odorata*, *erica arborea*, and superb cactus, all of which afford excellent pasture for lambs, while they perfume the air with grateful odours; also the laurel rose, which cheers and vivifies the country, when all other

flowers are dried up by autumnal heat. The hills are covered with thyme and rosemary, which at once purify the atmosphere, and supply in many places the deficiencies of fuel. The traveller's sight is also continually regaled with extensive tracts thickly planted with roses of every hue, for the distillation of the famous essence or otto of roses so well known in Europe. This fine climate has at all times been highly favourable to the culture of sugar cane; that of *Soliman* being considered the largest and most prolific of any in the world. Indeed this plant is thought by many to be indigenous to Barbary, from whence, together with Sicily, it was originally supplied to the West India islands. But the most celebrated tree in Africa is the lotus, equally renowned by poets and naturalists.

The natives frequently amuse themselves by a curious kind of warfare, which is created by shutting up a scorpion and a rat together in a close cage, when a terrible contest ensues. I have seen this continue sometimes for above an hour: it generally ends by the death of the scorpion; but in a little time after the rat begins to swell, and, in violent convulsions, soon shares the fate of his vanquished enemy. It is also a favourite diversion with the Moors, to surround one of these reptiles with a circle of straw, to which fire is applied; after making several attempts to pass the flames, it turns on itself, and thus becomes its own executioner.

The most destructive part of the insect tribe, and which is justly considered as the greatest scourge in Africa, remains to be noticed: this is the locust: it is much larger than the horse-fly of Italy; some have the wings marked with brown spots, while the body is of a bright yellow. They are dry and vigorous, like other insects inhabiting the desert. What is called the red skipper of this tribe, does by far the most injury to vegetation. They generally begin to appear early in May, spreading themselves over the plains and vallies to deposit their eggs; which, in another month, send forth the young, when they immediately associate in prodigious numbers, often forming a compact phalanx, which covers several acres of ground. In this order they continue a direct course, and with amazing rapidity consume every particle of fruit, vegetables, and corn, that may lie in their way; thus destroying all the hopes of the husbandman and farmer. On these occasions the whole population of the district through which the insect army passes, is occupied in devising the best means of getting rid of such unprofitable visitors: for this purpose ditches are dug and filled with water; at other times, recourse is had to large bonfires, but all is to no purpose with these devastators, whose chiefs seem to direct them with the precision of regular troops, constantly stimulating them to the *pas de charge*, and from their unremitting

progress, appear as if they were continually repeating *en avant*.

Without ever stopping, or turning aside, they rush with impetuosity into the flames, until they are fairly extinguished by their numbers. They also fill the ditches: and when these obstacles are removed, the rear advance over their bodies, rendering it impossible for any part of those before to retreat, if ever so well inclined: they are thus left no alternative between death and victory: the living passing with perfect indifference over the suffocated bodies of their companions, the journey is pursued without any intermission.

Two or three days after the first passage, other bodies, equally large, and prompted by the same destructive intrepidity, follow in their steps, devouring the bark and branches of those very trees which their predecessors had already stripped of leaves and fruit. "For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."—Exod. x. 15.

Having continued this predatory warfare for nearly a month, and laid waste the whole country, they reach their natural growth: this is the signal for their undergoing a partial metamorphosis, by changing their coat; an operation which is effected by fixing themselves on bushes or rocks, and it does not require more than ten minutes before they are enabled to appear in their new dress; lying for a short interval after this in a state of languor, the heat of the sun soon gives fresh vigour to their wings, by removing the humidity, and they are once more restored to their original activity. Taking a higher flight their numbers darken the air, while the sound of their wings is heard for several miles. The unchangeable steadiness with which this singular tribe act in concert during their irruption, seems to imply a regular direction, rather than its being the mere effect of instinct.

Whenever a country is condemned to the above terrible visitation, nothing can exceed the alarm created amongst the inhabitants, and with good reason, for woe to the district over which they pass! All is destroyed in little more than the space of an hour: they do not suffer even a leaf or blade of grass to remain, destroying every appearance of vegetation. During their short stay, they have all the inquietude and instability of hunger: wild as the country they inhabit, it is impossible for any one to get near them. Often, while following their dilatory course, they push on too far, and are precipitated into the sea; at other times, a sudden north wind destroys them by millions, when the country is immediately covered for many miles by their putrid bodies, which is frequently the

source of pestilential diseases. They have also upon more than one occasion, when highly favoured by the weather, found their way to the coast of France, Spain, and Italy.

If the Moors were less indolent, or less blinded by superstition, much might be done towards the total destruction of these voracious insects, when their eggs are first laid; but, in addition to their favourite doctrine of predestination, which accelerates many a serious calamity, the Arabs and negroes firmly believe in the existence of a bird, called the *samarnog*, which destroys the locust, as storks do serpents and other reptiles: with this fabulous notion, the boys who happen to take up one in their hand, cry out *samarnog*, and on its trembling, or making any effort to escape, they immediately fancy it must be produced from hearing the name of their implacable enemy pronounced.

It is also related that the Arabs go to Korazan, the country of the *samarnog*, and bring a pitcher of water back to their own dwellings; it attracts the bird, who is thus induced to come and make war on the locust.

Whenever any district is attacked, as already observed, the whole population unite in every possible effort to dislodge the enemy: but seeing the inutility of these efforts, they not only cease any longer to torment themselves at the disappointment, but very wisely endeavour to turn their misfortune into a source of some advantage; this is effected by beating the bushes and trees on which the locusts settle, and on their falling off, putting them into sacks prepared for the purpose; they are then boiled, and after being dried on the terrace, are considered as very good eating. I have tasted some that were fried in a pan, and broiled; they are by no means unpalatable, and something like sprats, though not very wholesome: the natives seem to swallow them with a particular zest. This insect, is, I believe, the acribes of the ancients; and, according to some historians, ministered to the wants of the Anchorites in the Thebaid.

PRESENT STATE OF BARBARY.

(From the same.)

Having endeavoured to give an idea of the productions, soil, and climate, we now advert to the population of Barbary, which consists of Negroes, Turks, Moors, Bedouin Arabs, Chiloulis, Jews, and Christians. Towards the sea-shore the Moors are white, and of an olive tinge near Mount Atlas. In the cities, such as Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, they are born with an excessively fair complexion; this, by constant exposure to an ardent sun, becomes brown, though it is said, that in one of the remote valleys near the Atlas, a race of men, lineally de-

Vol. III.—No. v.

50

scended from the Vandals, still exist with the blue eyes, light hair, and fair skins of their northern ancestors. Nearly all the blacks are in a state of unequivocal slavery. The barbarians are not only pirates on the water, but robbers on land. While the corsairs scour the sea, parties of licensed banditti are despatched towards the desert in pursuit of human beings: arriving undiscovered in the peaceful villages at night, they surprise and carry off the inoffensive inhabitants, who are quietly occupied in looking after their flocks and harvest. These depredators are seconded by the descendants of many Moorish families, who fled from Barbary during the reign of the Caliphs, and afterwards established themselves in Soudan and other countries of the interior. There is also a great number of slaves bought from the *Shaffrees*, or Moorish dealers, and the *Slalees*, native merchants, who bring them in large droves to Vergela, in the country of the *Beni Mesnab*. Besides those who die on the road from fatigue and ill usage, it is supposed that there are at least 12,000 annually sold in the different regencies. The march often exceeds a hundred days; and the survivors are exposed to sale in the bazars.

Judging of the negroes I saw in Barbary, they appeared to possess a natural gaiety and steadiness of character, which formed a striking contrast to the gloomy taciturnity of the Moors. When in their own countries, dancing and singing is said to form their chief delight and greatest source of amusement; they never salute a *booti*, or head of a tribe, nor return thanks for any favours which may have been conferred on them, without adding a song in praise of their generous benefactor. All the African villages, undisturbed by war, resound with song; and, after sun-set, this great continent may be compared to one universal ball-room, without its superfluous ceremonies. As these demonstrations of happiness generally take place at the same hour, and the nights are beautifully serene, the nearest villagers alternately reply to each other in the national song, while the more susceptible listen with eager curiosity to catch the voice of their ebony dulcinea. The black slaves in Algiers also dance occasionally; but it is the dance of slavery, in which chains echo a terrible response to the music. Theirs is no longer the song of tenderness and peace; it is slow, monotonous, and sorrowful, the expression of deep and settled melancholy.

Of Jews, there is an immense number scattered all over the coast of Barbary. The city of Algiers contains about 8,000, most of whom have swerved considerably from the belief of their ancestors, following the Talmud and Kabbala, with the exception of those called free, who generally come from Leghorn to this place, and are allowed entire liberty in their movements. The unhappy sons of Israel, so badly treated

in other countries, can expect little indulgence from the barbarians.

It is the business of Jews to execute all criminals, and afterwards bury their bodies. They are also employed to carry the Moors on their shoulders, when disembarking in shoal water. They feed the animals of the seraglio, and are incessantly exposed to the scoffings and derisions of the young Moors, without the possibility of resenting it. Frequently beaten by their persecutors, if they lift a hand in their own defence, agreeably to the *lex talionis* of the Moors, it is taken off. But that which is still more irksome, is the never ending contributions levied on them: the weekly sum of 2000 dollars is exacted as a general tax upon the whole tribe, besides various other individual assessments, particularly whenever any Moorish festival takes place. The Turks insist on borrowing money even by force; and, contrary to the European maxim, it is not he who forgets to pay that is incarcerated, but the man who refuses to lend!

A Jew cannot leave the regency without giving security to a large amount for his return. If any of the sect become bankrupts, and there happens to be a Turkish creditor, he is almost invariably accused of fraudulency, and hung.

The number of renegades at Algiers is by no means great, nor are they much favoured. The slaves who embrace Mahomedanism are not consequently emancipated, but their labours are less severe, and their liberty greater. The Jew desirous of embracing Islamism must first become a Christian, in order, as the Moors say, to follow the course of different religions, and finally pass through those gradations which lead to perfection. Of the Turks who domineer over this wretched country, it is stated,

This lawless force is kept up by sending ships and commissaries to the Levant annually to procure new recruits, in order to fill up those vacancies occasioned by war, death, or punishments. These are collected from the very lowest dregs of the people in Smyrna and Constantinople, nor are the vilest malefactors rejected. The Barbary recruits are looked upon with so much contempt, that even the women refuse to accompany them in their new calling.

No sooner, however, are they landed in Algiers, and formed into an insolent and domineering militia, than a high air of importance is put on, and, giving themselves the title of Effendis, they possess all the arrogance and pride which generally belong to the upstart favourites of fortune. Notwithstanding their vanity, they are by no means ashamed of their base origin; on the contrary, they seem to feel a peculiar pleasure in publishing from what low degrees they have been enabled to arrive at the highest offices. A Dey, while disput-

ing with one of the European consuls, once said, "My father salted tongues at Pera, and my mother sold them in Constantinople; but I never knew a worse tongue than yours." Although the militia seldom exceed ten or twelve thousand, they are enabled to keep five millions of people in fear and subjection, by all of whom they are naturally held in the greatest abhorrence, notwithstanding the hard necessity of obeying such monsters.

The distrustful policy of the Algerine government takes all possible care to prevent too close a union between the Turkish soldiery and Moorish population, so as to render them at once the instruments and accomplices of its tyranny; consequently intermarriage with the Moorish women is not encouraged. It was not long since that a rich Moor, Sy Di Cador, lost his head for having given his daughter in marriage to an Aga.

But the empire of love is the most powerful of all, so that many Turks, influenced by the ardour of passion, unite themselves to natives, and they are generally preferred by the parents, who are thus enabled to anticipate support in the hour of revolution. Weakness looks to power for protection, and beauty likes to become the reward of valour. The children who spring from these marriages may in some measure be compared to the Creoles of the West-Indies, and are called *Chiloufis*. At Tunis they become soldiers, and receive pay almost as soon as they are able to walk; but in Algiers they are not enrolled until a more advanced age. Viewed with great jealousy by the Turks, the *Chiloufis* seldom rise to situations of trust or dignity. Many are employed as accountants and agents in mercantile houses, in which situation their intelligence and fidelity have become almost proverbial. Although partaking of Turk and Moor, they are decidedly most attached to the latter. Numerous, strong and united, many think that in the future revolutions of this place, a *Chiloufi* will reign, as Petion, or Christophe, at St. Domingo.

The Berberi, or Berrebres, are the indigenous people of Barbary, to which they have given this name. They are the descendants of the Carthaginians, Getuli, and Libyans, mixed with the Saracen invaders who entered Africa under the inhuman Kaled el Valid, surnamed the Sword of God. They inhabit the whole chain of the Atlas, near the Isthmus of Suez, and are the same race as the Berebras, a people of Upper Egypt, as also the *Guanches* of the Canary Islands, speaking nearly the same language. They are of a very athletic form, and extremely brave; and are also remarkable for fine teeth and eyes, the pupils of which are generally of a bright brown, not unlike the gloss of antique bronze. Neither fat nor very fleshy, they are chiefly formed of nerve and muscle. Although wrinkled

in early life, their vigorous and active habits keep off the feeling of old age, which is only discovered by the whiteness of their beard and hair: they never speak of it, or seem to know of such an evil; and whenever, at the age of seventy, it happens that they are unable scrupulously to perform all the offices of the Sabbath, as enjoined by the Koran, they do not accuse weight of years, but incantation and sorcery. Their dress is composed of a shirt without sleeves, and short pantaloons; the head is shaved in front, leaving the hair behind; they do not let their beard grow, having merely a little tuft on the chin and mustachios. They inhabit small cabins on the highest mountains, and some find shelter in caves, like the ancient Troglodites. Their houses are built of stone or wood, and surrounded by a wall, which is pierced with loop-holes, for defence all round. Proud and audacious, they are implacable in their hatred. They are excellent swimmers, and delight in the chase. Passionately fond of their musket, they frequently expend seventy or eighty dollars to ornament it with ivory and silver. They generally hang the paw of a lion, or other ferocious beast of prey, round their children's necks, to inspire force and courage; and the young brides present their husbands with similar amulets. Their fields are well cultivated. Warmly attached to their native mountains, they prefer the higher grounds, and very rarely change their place of abode.

The most numerous tribe of the Berberi, known by the name of *Schulla*, are found in Morocco. In Algiers they are called *Kabiles*, or *Cubail*; those who inhabit the Sahara, are styled *Towaricks*. The Cubail are the poorest and most filthy. They regard foreigners, and travellers of every kind, with great jealousy. It is on this account necessary to make them believe you are looking for medicinal herbs; for like all savage nations, they cannot conceive that any one travels for instruction or amusement. The Kabiles of Algiers are by far the most discontented and rebellious of all Barbary. The Turks watch them with the utmost jealousy and suspicion, often retaining the sons of their chiefs, as hostages for the good conduct and fidelity of the parents. I saw two of these at Algiers in chains, and treated with as much severity as the Christian slaves. The Berberi obey foreign domination with disdain, while their hatred fomented with the ardent heat of a burning sun.

MECHANICS: PERPETUAL MOTION.

John Spence, an ingenious individual, residing at Linlithgow, in Scotland, has applied the magnetic power to the production of a perpetual motion. This person was in early life apprenticed to a shoemaker, but the natural bent of his genius for mechanics overcame every obstacle; he got to

be keeper of a steam-engine in a spinning-factory at Glasgow, and after two years' study in this school, retired to his native place to pursue the shoemaking for bread, and wheels, levers, &c. for the gratification of his own taste. The perpetual motion was an object worthy of such a devotee, and we find that he has invented a piece of mechanism which is doubly curious, from its own powers, and from the extraordinary difficulties in whose despite it has been accomplished. It is not easy to convey an idea of it without plates.

"A wooden beam, poised by the centre, has a piece of steel attached to one end of it, which is alternately drawn up by a piece of magnet placed above it, and down by another placed below it: as the end of the beam approaches the magnet, either above or below, the machine interjects a non-conducting substance, which suspends the attraction of the magnet approached, and allows the other to exert its powers. Thus the end of the beam continually ascends and descends betwixt the two magnets, without ever coming into contact with either; the attractive power of each being suspended precisely at the moment of nearest approach. And as the magnetic attraction is a permanently operating power, there appears to be no limit to the continuance of the motion, but the endurance of the materials of the machine."

The first machine made by Mr. Spence, is very rude, and fashioned by his own hands; but he intends applying the principle to the motion of a time-piece. We trust this ingenious man will meet the encouragement he deserves—if not as the reward of his talents and perseverance, at least for the benefit of the community, for it is from such sources that great national improvements are often derived.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Witches.—Professor Böhm, at Göttingen, has published a very interesting and valuable work, under the title of "*Manuel of the Literature of Criminal Law*." In this work we find the following proof of the superstition and cruelty which prevailed in Hungary, with respect to Witches, in the first half of the last century.

In a report from the Segedin, of the 26th of July, 1728, it is said, "As several persons of both sexes have been lately thrown into prison here, they have not only been very strictly examined, but also . . . sentenced to be burned. But before this sentence was executed on them, they were first, according to the custom of this place, put to the proof; that is to say, they were let down into the water, with their hands bound, and a long rope fastened round their bodies; but, according to the manner of witches, they floated on the water like a piece of dry wood. After this, they were immediately put to the second proof, name-

ly, laid in the scales, to see how heavy each was, upon which it was astonishing to behold that a tall and robust woman weighed no more than three drams, and her husband, who was not of the smallest, only five drams, and the rest on an average only half an ounce, three drams, and even less. On the 20th of this month the sentence was executed on thirteen persons, namely, six sorcerers and seven witches, who were all burned alive. Among them the last year's justice of the town, a man otherwise highly esteemed by every body, 82 years old, adorned the funeral pile!!! It is not to be described how dreadful this spectacle was to behold; three wood piles were erected a league from the town, with a great stake fixed in the middle of each; to this stake four malefactors were bound with ropes upon each pile, and then a woman, who was not yet burned, was beheaded thereupon all the piles were kindled, and set in full flames at once. . . . There are eight more still in prison: these have already been swam and weighed, sustain the ordeal for witches," &c.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Isabella and Alexander left Yell Sound, in Shetland, on the 3d of May, for Davis' Strait, with a fair wind; and the Dorothea and Trent the same place, on the 7th, for Behring's Strait, by the North Pole, all in high spirits.

All the ships that the Expedition met on their course to Shetland, cheered them with every kind expression, wishing them a happy voyage, and safe return. The inhabitants of Shetland were much affected at the departure of the Isabella. The officers went on shore there to shoot, but they had bad sport, so they were induced to fire at the gulls, making a great slaughter of those poor screaming animals. The sailors were not permitted to go ashore, for fear of their deserting. They have a fiddler and a drummer on board, and are very cheerful. The crew were in high spirits, and anxious to bend their course towards the object of their research.

HAIL.

It is a singular fact, that in the district of the Mysore, hail falls only in the hottest season, and then in pieces of the weight of half an ounce. Masses of immense size are said to have fallen from the clouds at different periods; but there is one instance upon record, and is besides confirmed by the testimony of a gentleman of the greatest respectability, and high in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company, of a piece, that in the latter part of Tippoo Sultan's reign fell near Seringapatam, of the size of an elephant. The report given of it by Tippoo's officers was, that it had the effect of fire on the skin of

those who touched it,—a comparison naturally made by persons ignorant of the sensation of extreme cold, and that two days elapsed before it was entirely dissolved, during which time it exhaled such a stench as to prevent persons approaching it.—*Heyne*, 29.

A well known learned Platonist, Thomas Taylor, the translator of Aristotle, Proclus, &c. was asked a few days ago—"If he should succeed in restoring the Platonic Philosophy, what was to be done with Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Boyle?" "Why then," said he, "you must make Bacon boil, and lock Newton."

As the son of a venerable Clergyman was passing, or endeavouring to pass, from Ludgate-street into St. Paul's Church-yard, hurrying on business of consequence into the city, he was stopped for some time by carts, coaches, &c. and foiled in every attempt to thread their mazes. "Pray," said he to a mercer standing at a shop door, "what is all this bustle and stoppage for?" "For the benefit of the sons of the clergy," replied the cockney. "That is impossible," said the inquirer, "I am a clergyman's son, and I never in my life felt a greater inconvenience!"

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

St. Andrew's cross is, as is well known, always represented in the shape of the letter X. That this is an error, ecclesiastical historians prove, by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, and which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error may be thus explained: when the apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was made fast to it, his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determining that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The

King arrived at the end of the prayers, and, on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein: he did not however, in so critical a moment, lose his presence of mind; but, turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.—*Bramsen's Letters of a Prussian Traveller.*

MEMORY AND RECOLLECTION.

Beasts and babies remember, i. e. recognize; man alone recollects. This distinction was made by Aristotle.—*Ethics of Aristotle.*

LORD CHATHAM.

His eloquence was of every kind, tranquil, vehement, argumentative, or moralizing, as best suited the occasion. In 1764, he maintained the illegality of general warrants with great energy in the House of Commons. "By the British Constitution," said he, "every man's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements, for it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may blow around it, all the elements of nature may enter in, but the king cannot, the king dares not."—*Parliamentary Debates.*

FENELON.

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it, in opposition to the arguments of the archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

HEYLIN.

This celebrated man, soon after publishing his "Geography of the World," accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a gentleman who lived on the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman's servant, they struck off into the thick of the forest, and after riding for a considerable time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road; and to his great astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket, and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the "Geography of the World," that such a road could not have been unknown to him.

PETER THE GREAT

Having directed the translation of "Pufendorf's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe" into the Russian language, a monk, to whom this translation was committed, presented it to the emperor when finished, who turning over the leaves, exclaimed with an indignant air, "Fool! what did I order you to do? is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he showed him a paragraph in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, but the translator had omitted it. "Go instantly," said the Czar, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

HOGARTH.

Soon after the celebrated Hogarth set up a carriage, he had occasion to visit the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he entered the Mansion-house, the weather was fine, but being detained some time, it rained heavy when he came out; and leaving the house by a different door to which he entered, he quite forgot his carriage, and immediately began to call for a hackney coach, but finding none on the neighbouring stands, he sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on the comforts of having a vehicle of his own, until Mrs. Hogarth, surprised to see him so wet and splashed, asked him where he had left it.

ORME.

When this intelligent historian presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, one day at breakfast, being asked by Mr. Orme of what profession his father was? Davidson replied, that he was a saddler. And pray, said he, why did he not make you a saddler? I was always whimsical, said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East-India Company's service. But pray, sir, continued he, what profession was your father? My father, answered the historian, rather sharply, was a gentleman. And why, retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, did he not breed you up a gentleman?

ANECDOTE.

Doctor Garth, who was a great frequenter of the Wits' Coffee-House (the Cocoa-Tree, in St. James-street,) sitting there one morning conversing with two persons of rank, when Rowe, the poet, (who was seldom very attentive to his dress and appearance, but still insufferably vain of being noticed by persons of consequence,) entered, and placing himself in a box nearly opposite to that in which the doctor sat, looked constantly round with a view of catching his

eye; but not succeeding, he desired the waiter to ask him for his snuff-box, which he knew to be a valuable one, set with diamonds, and the present of some foreign prince: this he returned, and asked for so repeatedly, that Garth, who knew him well, perceived the drift, and accordingly took from his pocket a pencil, and wrote on the lid the two Greek characters *phi, rho*, which so mortified the poet that he quitted the room.

There are a number of modern Greeks pursuing their studies at Munich, Wurtzburg, Göttingen, Jena, and other German Universities. At Wurtzburg, one of the students is son to a prince of Epirus. They purchase many books to take with them to their native country; and great effects may, we think, be anticipated from this importation of enlightening literature, as well as from the acquisition of knowledge in the politics and science of Europe.

SPARTAN OATH.

The following is a curious specimen of the laconic manner in which state business was

dispatched amongst the Spartans, (translated from the Latin:)—We that are as good as you do constitute you our king, and if you defend our liberties we will defend you; if not, not.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bedside a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at? he answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones!" He was 84 years of age, and very thin.

A man who had had a severe fall, was asked by the surgeon, "Have you sprained yourself near the *fibula*?"—"No sir," answered he, "near the market-place."

The University of Upsal in Sweden contains at present 1267 students, fifty of whom are from 30 to 35 years of age. The majority of the professors are paid in corn.

ART. 11. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of July, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 5; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 6; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 22; Febris Ephemera, (*Ephemeral Fever*), 3; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 14; Phlegmone, 3; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 5; Otitis, (*Inflammation of the Ear*), 2; Cyananche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*), 3; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 14; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 1; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 8; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 1; Icterus, (*Jaundice*), 3; Rheumatismus, (*Rheumatism*), 4; Cholera, 18; Dysenteria, 4; Hæmorrhagia Uteri, 1; Convulsio, 1; Dentitio, 3; Erysipelas, (*St. Anthony's Fire*), 3; Urticaria febrilis, 1; Vaceinia, (*Kine Pock*), 9; *Effects of Drinking Cold Water*, 6.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 6; Vertigo, 6; Cephalalgia, (*Head-Ach*), 5; Dyspepsia et Hypochondriasis, 10; Hysteria, 1; Colica et Obstipatio, 17; Colica Plectonum, 2; Paralysis, (*Palsy*), 1; Palpitatio, 1; Asthma et Dyspnoea, 9; Bronchitis Chronica, 2; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 3; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 8; Pleurodyne, 3; Lumbago, 4; Nephralgia, (*Pain in the Kidneys*), 1; Epistaxis, 1; Hæmorrhoids, 1;

Menorrhagia, 5; Dysmenorrhœa, 1; Diarrhœa, 13; Leucorrhœa, 1; Amenorrhœa, 16; Cessatio Mensium, 2; Conceptio, 4; Prolapsus Ani, 1; Plethora, 3; Hydrops, (*Dropsy*), 2; Ascites, (*Dropsy of the Abdomen*), 1; Vermes, 8; Tabes Mesenterica, 1; Scrophula, (*King's Evil*), 1; Syphilis, 3; Urethritis Virulenta, 5; Phymosis, 1; Tumor, 1; Fungus, 1; Contusio, (*Bruise*), 8; Strema, (*Sprain*), 1; Luxatio, (*Dislocation*), 1; Vulnus, (*Wound*), 3; Abscessus, (*Abscess*), 2; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 6; Ustio, (*Burn*), 2; Strophulus, 1; Lichen, 4; Erythema, 1; Impetigo, 1; Porrigio, 3; Scabies et Prurigo, 2; Herpes, 1; Aphtha, 2; Eruptiones Varicæ, 3.

July has been in general clear and dry, and accompanied almost daily by remarkable heats, such as have not often been experienced in this place. The highest temperature of the mornings, at 7 o'clock, was 84°, lowest 64°, mean 72°; highest at 2 o'clock P. M. 95°, lowest 66°, mean 82° 1-2; highest at sunset 88°, lowest 66°, mean 78°. Greatest diurnal variation 18°. Mean temperature of the whole month a little more than 77°.—A heat the most ardent prevailed from the 8th to the 17th inclusive. There have been but four days on which the thermometer did not indicate summer temperature, and these were either overcast or rainy; twice it was at 76°; three times it stood at 79°; on 21 days it ranged between 80° and 92°; and on the 12th, between 8 and

4 o'clock P. M. it attained to the height of 98°, in the shade, in a northern aspect, or, according to the observations of some, to 100°. To this excessive heat on the afternoon of the 12th, there succeeded, in the evening, the most brilliant and incessant lightning in the south and south-west, accompanied at intervals by the loud roar of distant thunder, but without rain. So copious was the electric fluid, and its coruscations so unceasing, that the clouds were in a state of constant illumination. Its arrowy and zigzag lines were longer, broader, and more dazzling than the writer recollects to have ever before seen. Much lightning, with some thunder, and a moderate shower, occurred also on the evening of the 13th. We had likewise a small quantity of rain on the 3d, 4th and 7th, a shower on the 9th, a considerable rain on the 21st and 22d, and a refreshing shower on the night of the 27th. The whole quantity of water that has fallen may be estimated at a little more than 2 1-2 inches on a level.—The wind has blown two-thirds of the time from the S. and S.W.:—the other third was about equally divided between the N.E. and S.E., and winds from the W., N.W. and N. The barometrical range has been from 29.70 to 30.17 inches. Although this month has been rather dry, vegetation has not languished; the crops of grain are in general good, the hay harvest is fine, and the fields of maize or Indian corn have seldom, if ever, had a better appearance at this season of the year.

Notwithstanding the general heat experienced, the public health continues favourable. No unusual or malignant disease has made its appearance; nor if we except *Whooping Cough*, which is still prevalent among children, is there any disease that can be said to be epidemical. The numerical increase which has taken place in the bills of mortality is to be attributed, partly to the influx of foreigners and strangers; partly to the greater fatality among children under two years of age; and partly to sudden deaths, among the labouring class of the community, in consequence of exposure to the solar rays, and the imprudent use of cold water when the body was preternaturally heated. This month appears also to have been more than usually fatal to the consumptive; but for the origin or commencement of their complaint we must refer to a period more remote than that embraced in this report. From the stimulating and exhausting effects of a heated atmosphere, or from some other cause, an extreme high temperature appears, in this climate at least, to be scarcely less detrimental to those whose lungs are delicate and diseased, than extremes of cold. The integrity of health is best preserved in a moderate and uniform temperature, which is always productive of an amelioration and diminution of disease.

On referring to the list of morbid affections treated during this interval, it will be found

that *Continued Fever* has again taken the lead of every other acute disorder. Of the cases of *typhus* which have occurred, many doubtless owed their origin to contagion, since they could easily be traced to exposure to the infection; and others, which could not be referred to any specific contagion, afforded ample proof of their infectious nature by communicating the disease to persons exposed to its influence. This fever has continued to preserve, in most instances, the form of *Typhus Milioides*; but in a few cases it has been seen assuming the more aggravated symptoms or characteristic features of *Typhus Gravior*.

The cases of *Intermittent* and *Remittent Fever* which were observed, have offered nothing remarkable or unusual. In most instances they showed nothing untoward in their symptoms, but readily yielded to the ordinary methods of treatment. The *Infantile Remittent* has been common. The symptoms and characteristic features of this fever have been described in former reports, and by the treatment which was there recommended, the disease has been brought to a favourable termination.

Disorders of the stomach and bowels under the different forms of *Vomitus*, *Cholera*, *Dysentery*, and *Diarrhœa*, have prevailed rather prematurely. These diseases seldom spread extensively, in this climate, until August or towards the beginning of the autumnal season. When severe and frequent vomiting of acrid bilious matter is connected with much intestinal relaxation and irritability, it constitutes, in combination with them, one of the most formidable diseases to which the human body is subject, and which, without the seasonable employment of efficacious remedies, to check its advancement or moderate the violence of its symptoms, often rushes with alarming rapidity through its different stages, suddenly prostrating the energies of the system, and reducing it to a state of irrecoverable exhaustion. It is not very uncommon for a severe *cholera* to destroy a patient in twenty-four, and sometimes in twelve or even six hours, particularly in hot, sultry climates.

The cases of *Amenorrhœa* have been unusually numerous, and, in a few instances, extremely obstinate.

The present season has afforded many instances of the pernicious effects of free and sudden draughts of Cold Water when the body is much heated, as well as fatigued by labour and exercise. It would be tedious to enumerate all the evil consequences—immediate and remote, which flow from this cause. In very hot summers, when the thermometer rises above 86°, it destroys many in the very streets, who sink down at once into a state of irrecoverable ruin, and the more certainly if with the morbid effects of the pernicious draught there be combined the violence of spirituous liquors,

and that of the sun. The danger to be apprehended is generally in proportion to the *preternaturally heated and excited state* of the body, the *degree of coldness* in the water, and the *quantity* that is suddenly taken. When these circumstances concur in a high degree, the patient within a few moments after swallowing the water "is affected by a dimness of sight; he staggers in attempting to walk, and unless supported, falls to the ground; he breathes with difficulty; a rattling is heard in his throat; his nostrils and cheeks expand and contract in every act of respiration; his face appears suffused with blood, and of a livid colour; his extremities become cold, and his pulse imperceptible; and, unless relief be speedily obtained, the disease terminates in death in four or five minutes." (Rush.) This description includes only the less common, but more violent and rapidly tragical effects produced by a large and sudden draught of cold water, when the body is greatly heated. In ordinary cases the patient is seized with acute spasms in the stomach and chest, attended with great oppression and inexpressible anguish. The spasms are seldom permanent, but occur only at intervals, and sometimes with pains so excruciating as to be productive of syncope, or even asphyxia. In the intervals between the spasms, he is much relieved, and to appearance is sometimes quite well.

Liquid laudanum has been considered the only certain remedy for this disease. This given, as in other cases of spasm, in doses proportioned to the violence of the symptoms; spirituous fomentations to the chest, abdomen and extremities, or the warm bath, if it can be readily obtained; clysters of spirits and water, or warm milk and water; and rubbing the body with spirits of ammonia, or other stimulating embrocations, constitute the means commonly resorted to in the treatment of this complaint. Where the vital powers appear to be suddenly suspended, the same remedies are directed to be used which have been found so successful in cases of persons apparently dead from drowning.

For the purpose of allaying excitement and irregular action, as well as to prevent local congestions, or to guard against their effects where they have already taken place, it is frequently necessary, in addition to the above remedies, to employ the lancet, and sometimes very freely, particularly in robust and plethoric habits. The head is very apt to be affected in this complaint, and in consequence of a determination of blood to that part, the brain becomes oppressed, and there is reason to believe that a mortal apoplexy has not unfrequently been the

result. After bleeding, the *Semicupium*, or half bath of warm water, has sometimes been attended with immediate relief. Stimulating cataplasms of mustard applied to the region of the stomach are also highly beneficial. On account of the febrile excitement that generally takes place very soon in this disease, we cannot approve of the promiscuous administration of ardent spirits and other heating remedies, except, perhaps, where they are given at the very commencement. Occasional draughts of warm water, to which a little whey may be added, would in general be found more useful, together with clysters of the same, or of warm milk and water.

Quinsies, peripneumonies, obstructions and inflammations of the liver, and other parts of the abdomen, are some of the more remote and less immediately dangerous consequences which flow from the free use of cold water, when the body is much heated by exercise, labour, or exposure to the sun.

In the general bill of mortality for the month of July, 330 deaths are recorded: from

Abscess, 1; Apoplexy, 5; Cancer, 3; Casualty, 5; Child-bed, 1; Cholera Morbus, 12; Consumption, 58; Convulsions, 29; Contusion, 1; Cramp in the Stomach, 1; Diarrhoea, 18; Drinking Cold Water, 9; Dropsy, 3; Dropsy in the Head, 10; Dropsy in the Chest, 1; Drowned, 9; Dysentery, 8; Epilepsy, 1; Fever, 1; Fever, bilious, 1; Fever, Hectic, 1; Fever, Inflammatory, 3; Fever, Typhous, 41; Gravel, 1; Hæmoptysis, 1; Hæmorrhage, 1; Hives, 2; Hooping Cough, 14; Inflammation of the Brain, 3; Inflammation of the Chest, 5; Inflammation of the Stomach, 1; Inflammation of the Liver, 7; Inflammation of the Bowels, 3; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 3; Jaundice, 2; Killed or Murdered, 2; Locked Jaw, 1; Marasmus, 2; Measels, 1; Mortification, 3; Old Age, 14; Palsy, 3; Pneumonia Typhodes, 2; Scrophula, 3; Sore-Throat, 1; Spasms, 1; Sprue, 1; Still-born, 3; Sudden Death, 3; Suicide, 1; Syphilis, 4; Tabes Mesenterica, 7; Teething, 7; Unknown, 4; Worms, 4.—Total 330.

Of this number there died 69 of and under the age of 1 year; 31 between 1 and 2 years; 16 between 2 and 5; 11 between 5 and 10; 11 between 10 and 20; 37 between 20 and 30; 47 between 30 and 40; 48 between 40 and 50; 25 between 50 and 60; 13 between 60 and 70; 14 between 70 and 80; 7 between 80 and 90; and 1 between 90 and 100 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

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ART. 1. *The Literary Character, illustrated by the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions. By the Author of "Curiosities of Literature."* 12mo. pp. 302. New-York. Eastburn. 1818.

THE chief glory of a nation," says Johnson, "is its authors," and though to vulgar minds the profession of that illustrious writer may seem to deduct something from the value of his axiom, we cannot persuade ourselves that a position coming from the author of the *Rambler*—one who occupied so eminent a station among the *litterati* of his own times—will be encountered by the opposition of any whose opinion *ought* to be an object of consideration. It is a laudable pride which induces men of every liberal profession—the lawyer, the architect, the physician, the artist, &c.—to panegyryze the particular science or art to the study and practice of which they have devoted themselves; it is a consequence naturally resulting from that exclusiveness of attention they have bestowed upon it, and which has not only rendered it more especially valuable in their eyes from the difficulties and impediments they have struggled with and overcome in its attainment, but has likewise informed them with a larger knowledge and acuter perception of the benefits to mankind generally of which it is susceptible of being made the channel or instrument. The lawyer may be listened to with candour and indulgence while he descants on the splendour and indispensable utility of a science adorned by some of the greatest names on record—and we scarcely feel disposed to smile

at the professional enthusiasm that views the glory encircling the memory of an Ulpian, a Hale, or a Hardwicke, as surpassing that of individuals, equally distinguished, it may be, but moving in departments altogether different:—to the architectural professor, whose whole life is dedicated to the study of a science to which the most illustrious nations of antiquity stand indebted for so large and brilliant a portion of their fame, and which holds out to all polished states some of the surest means of perpetuating their present greatness and renown—to the architect it may be rationally permitted to consider his peculiar sphere of action as the one most intimately allied with the symbols of intellectual and national grandeur:—in such men as Hippocrates, Harvey, Sydenham, Cruikshank, and Rush, the physician contemplates individuals whose illustrious and laborious talents have won from nature the knowledge of her profoundest secrets—the utility of the medical art is daily, hourly, almost momentarily, made apparent to him—and it surely will not be thought marvellous should he assign the highest rank to a profession illustrated by characters so eminent, a profession of whose importance he is a constant and experienced spectator:—and the artist,—a term we could wish to see consecrated to the professors of painting and statuary, to distinguish them from the engravers of

stones, medallions and prints—to the artist, also, let us not be less liberal,—he whose glowing and creative imagination, impregnated with the fire of genius, and richly embued with the unperished and exquisite forms of classic antiquity, imparts life to the inanimate marble, or charms us with the magic of pictorial design, and the fascination of colour—and who—his mind full of the lustre which his art sheds, and will ever shed, round the proudest states, dwells with transport on names and topics connected with his profession—will not, assuredly, fail of our indulgence when, the recollection of the sublime geniuses who have graced it floating across his memory, he launches forth in its commendation, and elevates it above all other pursuits. And thus is it with every one whose avocation relates to the nobler endowments of our nature;—in the tradesman and working mechanic it would, indeed, be not a little absurd to expect such a feeling, inasmuch as the objects occupying their thoughts, *time* we had better said, are of a nature completely distinct from those connected with intellect; but with respect to every pursuit demanding the active co-operation of *mind*, we conceive it will be usually remarked that in the estimation of its cultivators its supereminent value acquires a most implicit faith, and that they are ever ready to speak its praises with an ardour and enthusiasm which, however it may excite the ridicule of the vulgar, will always be met with the utmost candour and indulgence by the more refined and intelligent portions of the community.

And shall not the MAN OF LETTERS—he whose occupations more than those perhaps of any other class of society, are largely and intimately linked with those qualities and attributes which give to man his superiority over the brute creation—shall not the man of letters be admitted to the same privilege? Shall a profession so manifold in its departments, and in each so important, be unpermitted the claims to distinction freely granted to the practisers of sciences which, however honourable and deserving they may be of the respect of mankind, are nevertheless incalculably more limited in their range, than the almost boundless field within which the literary character pursues his researches? Granting to the advocate, the architectural and medical professor, the artist, &c. their full title to the admiration of the world, would it be just to refuse our applause to him whose mind, frequently at the expense of his

constitution, and by the inflexible rejection of all the pleasures of society, has acquired a strength and subtilty, which elevate him, in the happiest instances of such acquisitions, far beyond the ordinary level of even *cultivated* intellect? He has expatiated over an ampler surface—he has become familiarised with all the remoter springs of whatever is sublime and beautiful—of all that is intellectually grand or splendid—of all, in fine, that approximates the human to a higher order of beings. Of the professional characters we have enumerated, the lawyer may advance high and legitimate pretensions to the esteem of his fellow-citizens;—as a moralist by avocation—for law may be defined as neither more nor less than a system of practical reasoning and morality,—his studies have deeply initiated him in the duties which civilized society imposes on its members—his profession is eminently a public one—he is a conservator of the general weal—and from his perpetual intercourse with various classes of men, he acquires a practical knowledge of the human character in all its shades of good and evil, unattainable by any other process. In one respect, indeed, it has frequently occurred to us that the profession of the lawyer assimilates him with the *confessor* of catholic countries, an order of men who have always been celebrated for their knowledge of the world, which is only another phrase for the virtues and vices of its members. The very nature of his employment renders it necessary for all who seek his assistance to unbosom themselves to him with scarcely more reserve than the Italian or Spaniard uses towards his priest, and though, unlike the monk, the lawyer is not invested with the power of absolution, he will, if he be a moral and conscientious man, not infrequently be enabled to frustrate the machinations of evil minds, and diminish the pressure of unmerited misfortune. The advocate and his client—the confessor and his penitent—stand related to each other, as far as regards the important and main result of such connexion—pretty nearly in the same manner and ratio—with this essential difference, however, that, while the influence of the priest, exercised over the fears of ignorance and superstition, tends to the abasement, and, through the medium of absolution, to the corruption of society, the same knowledge which he attains through terror, and practises for deception, the lawyer acquires by means honourably and indispensibly connected with his profession, and uses for purposes

which we would willingly suppose equally redounding to his credit. The architect—the physician—the artist, &c. also occupy eminent and brilliant stations in the intellectual and professional world—let them all receive that legitimate and liberal homage to which talent is entitled, which will always be cheerfully rendered by their enlightened contemporaries, and which in after ages will shed round their name and memory a magnificence surpassing that of kings. Yet let us not in our admiration of talents devoted to the useful or brilliant arts, forget the superior glory poured round the brows of a nation by the genius of its authors, nor be unjust to the merits of men, who in the silence of night, as amid the bustle of the day, rejecting the allurements of pleasure, and scorning every lighter object, are consecrating the whole strength of their matured and vigorous faculties to the building up a monument to their own and country's glory—a monument that shall outlast the splendid but perishable labours of art, and when the dome and the statue have crumbled into dust, and the tints flown from the decaying canvas, shall shed a strong radiance over the sepulchre of national greatness, and present to remotest ages a triumphant and immortal testimony of the power and divinity of genius.

Perhaps some of our more sober readers may conceive us a little enthusiastic in our estimation of the importance and lustre of the literary character, and accuse us of partiality towards a profession of which we are, certainly, proud of being members, however humble. Were it so, we do not think we should be very open to censure. To the concessions we would make—which we have made—to others, literary men are assuredly also entitled, and if the fact were otherwise than we have stated, our eulogium would be no unwarrantable stretch of the privilege accorded to science and art, nor would the courtesy of liberal minds feel oppressed by the extent of our demands. But we are bold in affirming that our panegyric is but co-equal with the merits of its objects, and we would appeal in support of our assertion, to the evidence which ages have left us. Time is the grand witness in questions of this nature, and he is on our side. Let us, for a moment, turn our eyes to those nations and periods most distinguished in the page of history—those periods and nations to which the veneration of the modern world, with all its wonderful improvements, is yet fondly attached—and see

what are the foundations on which reposes the structure of their fame, or at least that portion of it which is most illustrious, and which will be as fresh a thousand years hence, when the ruins of Athens, and Syracuse, and Rome, shall be mingled in dust with the ground on which they stand, as now. Is it not to their literature that those renowned states owe the transmission of their glory, and the preservation of those talents and virtues which built up and cemented the fabric of their grandeur and prosperity? Were we deprived of the poems of Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, what should we know of the early stages of Hellenic civilization, of that memorable war which mixed in eternal conflict the arms of Greece and Asia, or of institutions which had no trivial share in the formation of the national character of the people among and by whom they were established? It is in the divine strains of those immortal bards that we meet with the living pictures of the manners, improvements, exploits, and domestic sports of their countrymen. Not so much to the exquisite genius of their painters, sculptors, and architects did the ancients trust the immortality of their fame, as to the more lasting labours of their unrivalled writers. The physiognomy of Pericles might be preserved—even for some few centuries—by the pencil of Pausanias, or the chisel of Phidias—but the memory of his wisdom, and those profound talents which raised his country to supremacy among her sister states—to carry down to future times the record of his intellectual features—this was the task of Thucydides:—and thus was it with all the great or distinguished characters of antiquity—marble and canvas were not the chief propagators and preservers of their renown—had their trust been in these, slender indeed would be our acquaintance with the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome.—Nothing, in truth, shows more strikingly the comparative inefficacy of the arts to confer immortality on those whose actions they aim at perpetuating, than the fact that almost all our knowledge of their progress and *chefs-d'œuvre*, arises from the interest which literature has taken in their advancement and perfection. This is unquestionably the case inasmuch as it respects the arts of antiquity, for the specimens of Grecian sculpture (of painting there are none) that have survived the ravages of time and barbarism, though they show the perfection to which the art had arrived in the time of the artist, are still too few to give a complete idea of that universal

diffusion throughout Greece, of the taste which is generally spoken of as confined to Athens; and were it not for the pains taken by the Greek and Roman writers to transmit to posterity memorials of their countrymen's excellence in arts, as well as in arms and legislation, we might now have to lament our very imperfect acquaintance with their general and ardent cultivation of them. Literature has always been the firm ally of every thing connected with the glory of the countries in which it has flourished, and has provided for the productions of art, and the discoveries of science, a temple which lightning cannot scathe, nor the thunderbolt level with the dust, nor the earthquake heave from its foundations—and now that the press extends its Briarean support to the friends of the muses, we have little reason to apprehend the destruction of her treasures from any of the causes which, previously to its invention, had contributed to mutilate or destroy them—and we have reason to suppose that it will eternally continue the proud and noble prerogative of letters, to gather up in their silent but glorious march, the memorials of contemporary genius, and to bear down to future ages the record of all that art and science have accomplished to illustrate the past. Indeed, it will be evident to the least reflective mind, that the productions of the painter and sculptor, depending for their existence on materials subject to all the casualties of nature and accident, would be gradually obliterated from the memory, and abandoned by the admiration of society, were it not for the protecting hand and embalming influence of literature. How strikingly is this evinced by the brightest periods of modern art—the age of the Medici—and that of Louis XIV. To what chances have the *chefs-d'œuvres* of those times, so honourable to the arts, been exposed! And how probable is it that the course of events—which have already and repeatedly placed the capitals of Italy, Germany, and France in the power of exasperated enemies—may, and, perchance, at no very distant period, involve in destruction the works of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Rembrandt; of DAVID, and CANOVA. But their memory will not perish, and it will be the task of the muse and the historian, to inform all ages of the contributions made by the illustrious of their times to the splendour and glory of their country, and to waft down to latest posterity the tidings of their mighty achievements.

We have indulged ourselves to such length upon the train of reflections to which the words of Johnson, and the work before us, gave birth, that we are compelled to deal in rather a summary with the pleasing volume of Mr. D'Israeli. It is an enlarged republication of a tract that we recollect to have perused many years since in England. The motives which induced the ingenious author to bring it again forward, will be best described in his own words:—

“I published, in 1796, ‘an Essay on the Literary Character;’ to my own habitual and inherent defects, were superadded those of my youth; the crude production was, however, not ill received, for the edition disappeared; and the subject was found to be more interesting than the writer.

“During the long interval which has elapsed since the first publication, the little volume was often recalled to my recollection by several, and by some who have since obtained celebrity; they imagined that their attachment to literary pursuits had been strengthened even by so weak an effort. An extraordinary circumstance has concurred with these opinions:—a copy which has accidentally fallen into my hands, formerly belonged to the great poetical genius of our times; and the singular fact that it was twice read by him in two subsequent years, at Athens, in 1810 and 1811, instantly convinced me that the volume deserved my attention. I tell this fact assuredly, not from any little vanity which it may appear to betray, for the truth is, were I not as liberal and as candid in respect to my own productions, as I hope I am to others, I could not have been gratified by the present circumstance; for the marginal notes of the noble writer convey no flattery—but amidst their pungency and sometimes their truth, the circumstance that a man of genius could, and did read, this slight effusion at two different periods of his life, was a sufficient authority, at least, for an author to return it once more to the anvil; more knowledge, and more maturity of thought, I may hope, will now fill up the rude sketch of my youth; its radical defects, those which are inherent in every author, it were unwise for me to hope to remove by suspending the work to a more remote period.

“It may be thought that men of genius only should write on men of genius; as if it were necessary that the physician should be infected with the disease of his patient. He is only an observer, like Sydenham, who confined himself to vigilant observation, and the continued experience of tracing the progress of actual cases (and in his department, but not in mine) in the operation of actual remedies. He beautifully says—‘Whoever describes a violet exactly as to its colour, taste, smell, form, and other properties, will find the description agree

in most particulars with all the violets in the universe."

"Nor do I presume to be any thing more than the historian of genius; whose humble office is only to tell the virtues and the infirmities of his heroes. It is the fashion of the present day to raise up dazzling theories of genius; to reason *a priori*; to promulgate abstract paradoxes; to treat with levity the man of genius, because he is *only* a man of genius. I have sought for facts, and have often drawn results unsuspected by myself. I have looked into literary history for the literary character. I have always had in my mind an observation of Lord Bolingbroke—'Abstract, or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often till they are explained by examples; when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact when we resist speculation.' This will be truth long after the encyclopedic geniuses of the present age, who write on all subjects, and with most spirit on those they know least about, shall have passed away; and Time shall extricate Truth from the deadly embrace of Sophistry."

The following is the manner in which he has divided his subject:—

"1. On Literary Characters.—2. Youth of Genius.—3. The first Studies.—4. The Irritability of Genius.—5. The Spirit of Literature, and the Spirit of Society.—6. Literary Solitude.—7. The Meditations of Genius.—8. The Enthusiasm of Genius.—9. Literary Jealousy.—10. Want of mutual Esteem.—11. Self-praise.—12. The Domestic Life of Genius.—13. The Matrimonial State.—14. Literary Friendships.—15. The Literary and the Personal Character.—16. The Man of Letters.—17. Literary Old Age.—18. Literary Honours.—19. The Influence of Authors."

With the concluding observations of the first chapter we were not a little pleased—and we present them to our readers as worthy of the author and his subject.

"Literary characters now constitute an important body, diffused over enlightened Europe, connected by the secret links of congenial pursuits, and combining often insensibly to themselves in the same common labours. At London, at Paris, and even at Madrid, these men feel the same thirst, which is allayed at the same fountains; the same authors are read, and the same opinions are formed.

"Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux.

De La Mothe.

"Thus an invisible brotherhood is existing among us, and those who stand connected with it are not always sensible of this kindred alliance. Once the world was made uneasy by rumours of the existence of a society, founded by that extraordinary German Rosicrucius, designed for the search of truth and the reformation of the sciences. Its statutes were yet but partially promulgated; but many a great principle in morals, many a result of science in the concentrated form of an axiom; and every excellent work which suited the views of the author to preserve anonymous, were mysteriously traced to the president of the Rosicrucians, and not only the society became celebrated, but abused. Descartes, when in Germany, gave himself much trouble to track out the society, that he might consult the great searcher after Truth, but in vain! It did not occur to the young reformer of science in this visionary pursuit, that every philosophical inquirer was a brother, and that the extraordinary and mysterious personage, was indeed himself! for a genius of the first order is always the founder of a society, and, wherever he may be, the brotherhood will delight to acknowledge their master.

"These literary characters are partially described by Johnson, not without a melancholy colouring. 'To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued, but by men like himself.' But eminent genius accomplishes a more ample design. He belongs to the world as much as to a nation; even the great writer himself, at that moment, was not conscious that he was devoting his days to cast the minds of his own contemporaries, and of the next age, in the mighty mould of his own, for he was of that order of men whose individual genius often becomes that of a people. A prouder conception rose in the majestic mind of Milton, of 'that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind.'

"Literature has, in all ages, encountered adversaries from causes sufficiently obvious; but other pursuits have been rarely liable to discover enemies among their own votaries. Yet many literary men openly, or insidiously, would lower the literary character, are eager to confuse the ranks in the republic of letters, wanting the virtue which knows to pay its tribute to Cæsar; while they maliciously confer the character of author on that 'ten thousand,' whose recent list is not so much a muster-roll of heroes, as a table of population."

"We may allow the political economist to suppose that an author is the manufac-

* "See a recent biographical account of ten thousand authors.

turer of a certain ware for 'a very paltry recompense,' as their seer Adam Smith has calculated. It is useless to talk to people who have nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning jennies; whose principle of 'labour' would have all men alike die in harness; or, in their carpentry of human nature, would convert them into wheels and screws, to work the perplexed movements of that ideal machinery called 'capital'—these may reasonably doubt of 'the utility' of this 'unproductive' race. Their heated heads and temperate hearts may satisfy themselves that 'that unprosperous race of men, called men of letters,' in a system of political economy, must necessarily occupy their present state in society, much as formerly, when 'a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonymous.' But whenever the political economists shall feel,—a calculation of time which who would dare to furnish them with?—that the happiness and prosperity of a people include something more permanent and more evident than 'the wealth of a nation,' they may form another notion of the literary character.

"A more formidable class of ingenious men who derived their reputation and even their fortune in life from their literary character, yet are cold and heartless to the interests of literature—men who have reached their summit and reject the ladder: for those who have once placed themselves high, feel a sudden abhorrence of climbing. These have risen through the gradations of politics into office, and in that busy world view every thing in a cloud of passions and politics;—they who once commanded us by their eloquence would now drive us by the single force of despotism; like Adrian VI. who obtaining the Pontificate as the reward of his studies, yet possessed of the Tiara, persecuted students; he dreaded, say the Italians, lest his brothers might shake the Pontificate itself. It fares worse with authors when minds of this cast become the arbiters of the public opinion; when the literary character is first systematically degraded and then sported with, as elephants are made to dance on hot iron; or the bird plucked of its living feathers is exhibited as a new sort of creature to invite the passengers! whatever such critics may plead to mortify the vanity of authors, at least it requires as much to give effect to their own polished effrontery. Lower the high self-reverence, the lofty conception of genius, and you deprive it of the consciousness of its powers with the delightfulness of its character; in the blow you give the musical instrument, the invisible soul of its tone is for ever lost.

"A lighter class reduce literature to a mere curious amusement; a great work is likened to a skilful game of billiards, or a piece of

music finely executed—and curious researches to charade making and Chinese puzzles. An author with them is an idler who will not be idle, amusing; or fatiguing others, who are completely so. We have been told that a great genius should not, therefore, 'ever allow himself to be sensible to his own celebrity, nor deem his pursuits of much consequence, however important or successful.' Catholic doctrine to mortify an author into a saint; Lent all the year, and self-flagellation every day! This new principle, which no man in his senses would contend with, had been useful to Buffon and Gibbon, to Voltaire and Pope, who assuredly were too 'sensible to their celebrity, and deemed their pursuits of much consequence,' particularly when 'important and successful.' But this point may be adjusted when we come to examine the importance of an author, and the privilege he may possess of a little anticipating the public in his self-praise.

"Such are the domestic treasors of the literary character against literature—*et tu, Brute!*"—but a hero of literature falls not though struck at; he outlives his assassins, and might address them in that language of poetry and tenderness with which a Mexican king reproached his traitorous counsellors: 'You were the feathers of my wings, and the eyelids of my eyes.'

"Every class of men in society have their peculiar sorrows and enjoyments, as they have their habits and their characteristics. In the history of men of genius, we may often open the secret story of their minds; they have, above others, the privilege of communicating their own feelings, and it is their talent to interest us, whether with their pen they talk of themselves, or paint others.

"In the history of men of genius let us not neglect those who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the fine arts; with them genius is alike insulated in their studies; they pass through the same permanent discipline. The histories of literature and art have parallel epochs; and certain artists resemble certain authors. Hence Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel! One principle unites the intellectual arts, for in one principle they originate, and thus it has happened that the same habits and feelings, and the same fortunes have accompanied men who have sometimes, unhappily, imagined that their pursuits were not analogous. In the 'world of ear and eye,' the poet, the painter, and the musician are kindled by the same inspiration. Thus all is art and all are artists! This approximation of men apparently of opposite pursuits is so natural, that when Gesner, in his inspiring letter on landscape painting, recommends to the young painter a constant study of poetry and literature, the impatient artist is made to exclaim, 'Must we combine with so many other studies those which belong to literary men? Must we read as well as paint?' It

* "Wealth of Nations, vol. i. p. 182.

is useless to reply to this question,' says Genser, 'for some important truths must be instinctively felt, perhaps the fundamental ones in the arts.' A truly imaginative artist, whose enthusiasm was never absent when he meditated on the art he loved, Barry, thus vehemently broke forth—Go home from the Academy, light up your lamps, and exercise yourselves in the creative part of your art, with Homer, with Livy; and all the great characters, ancient and modern, for your companions and counsellors.

"Every life of a man of genius, composed by himself, presents us with the experimental philosophy of the mind. By living with their brothers, and contemplating on their masters, they will judge from consciousness less erroneously than from discussion; and in forming comparative views and parallel situations, they will discover certain habits and feelings, and find these reflected in themselves."

All that he says about youth of genius is very good—and very true—but then it is what we have read a hundred times before. His *catalogue raisonné*, however, is certainly written in a very lively and amusing manner.

"In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight—"It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable—"Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight." The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; They were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like none of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him.' This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

"A man of genius is thus dropt among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Parents are too often the victims of the decided propensity of a son to a Virgil or an Euclid; and the first step into life of a man of genius is disobedience and grief. Lilly, our famous astrologer, has described the frequent situation of such a youth, like the cowherd's son who

would be a knight. Lilly proposed to his father that he should try his fortune in the metropolis, where he expected that his learning and his talents would prove serviceable to him; the father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious dispositions, very willingly consented to get rid of him, for, as Lilly proceeds, 'I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was good for nothing,'—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.

"In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recollection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the Romance which Racine at length got by heart; No geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great men.

"Let us, however, be just to the parents of a man of genius; they have another association of ideas concerning him than we; we see a great man, they a disobedient child; we track him through his glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character. The career of genius is rarely that of fortune and happiness; and the father, who may himself not be insensible to glory, dreads lest his son be found among that obscure multitude, that populace of mean artists, who must expire at the barriers of mediocrity.

"The contemplative race, even in their first steps towards nature, are receiving that instruction which no master can impart. The boy of genius flies to some favourite haunt to which his fancy has often given a name; he populates his solitude; he takes all shapes in it, he finds all places in it; he converses silently with all about him—he is a hermit, a lover, a hero. The fragrance and blush of the morning; the still hush of the evening; the mountain, the valley, and the stream; all nature opening to him, he sits brooding over his first dim images, in that train of thought we call reverie, with a restlessness of delight, for he is only the being of sensation, and has not yet learnt to think; then comes that tenderness of spirit,

that first shade of thought, colouring every scene, and deepening every feeling; this temperament has been often mistaken for melancholy. One, truly inspired, unfolds the secret story—

'Indowed with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er the mixt treasures of his pregnant breast
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder!—

This delight in reverie has been finely described by Boyle: 'When the intermission of my studies allowed me leisure for recreation,' says Boyle, 'I would very often steal away from all company, and spend four or five hours alone in the fields, and think at random, making my delighted imagination the busy scene where some romance or other was daily acted.' This circumstance alarmed his friends, who imagined that he was overcome with melancholy."

"It is remarkable that this love of repose and musing is retained throughout life. A man of fine genius is rarely enamoured of common amusements or of robust exercises; and he is usually unadroit where dexterity of hand or eye, or trivial elegancies, are required. This characteristic of genius was discovered by Horace in that ode which school-boys often versify." Beattie has expressly told us of his Minstrel—

'The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed
To him nor vanity, nor joy could bring.'

Alfred said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose art made him at once shudder and laugh. If we reflect that as it is now practised it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule. Horace by his own confession, was a very awkward rider; and the poetical rider could

"An unhappy young man who recently forfeited his life to the laws for forgery, appears to have given promises of genius.—He had thrown himself for two years into the studious retirement of a foreign university. Before his execution he sketched an imperfect auto-biography, and the following passage is descriptive of young genius:

"About this time I became uncommonly reserved, withdrawing by degrees from the pastimes of my associates, and was frequently observed to retire to some solitary place alone. Ruined castles, bearing the vestiges of ancient broils, and the impairing hand of time,—cascades thundering through the echoing groves,—rocks and precipices,—the beautiful as well as the sublime traits of nature—formed a spacious field for contemplation many a happy hour. From these inspiring objects, contemplation would lead me to the great Author of nature. Often have I dropped on my knees, and poured out the ecstasies of my soul to the God who inspired them."

"Hor. Od. Lib. iv. O. 3.

not always secure a seat on his mule; Metastasio humorously complains of his gun; the poetical sportsman could only frighten the hares and partridges; the truth was, as an elder poet sings,

'Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
Talk in a hundred voices to the rills,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Struck by the concert of the sacred Nine.'
Brown's Brit. Past. B. ii. Song 4.

And we discover the true 'humour of the indolent contemplative race in their great representatives Virgil and Horace. When they accompanied Mæcenas into the country, while the minister amused himself at tennis, the two bards reposed on a vernal bank amidst the freshness of the shade. The younger Pliny, who was so perfect a literary character, was charmed by the Roman mode of hunting, or rather fowling by nets, which admitted him to sit a whole day with his tablets and stylus, that, says he, 'should I return with empty nets my tablets may at least be full.' Thomson was the hero of his own Castle of Indolence.

"The youth of genius will be apt to retire from the active sports of his mates. Beattie paints himself in his own Minstrel,

'Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped.'

"Bossuet would not join his young companions, and flew to his solitary task, while the classical boys avenged his flight by applying to him from Virgil the *bos suctus aratro*, the ox daily toiling in the plough. The young painters, to ridicule the persevering labours of Domenichino in his youth, honoured him by the same title of 'the great ox,' and Passeri, in his delightful biography of his own contemporary artists, has happily expressed the still labours of his concealed genius, *sua taciturna lentessa*, his silent slowness. The learned Huet has given an amusing detail of the inventive persecutions of his schoolmates, to divert him from his obstinate love of study. 'At length,' says he, 'in order to indulge my own taste, I would rise with the sun, while they were buried in sleep, and hide myself in the woods that I might read and study in quiet,' but they beat the bushes and started in his burrow, the future man of erudition. Sir William Jones was rarely a partaker in the active sports of Harrow; it was said of Gray that he was never a boy, and the unhappy Chatterton and Burns were remarkably serious boys. Milton has preserved for us, in solemn numbers, his school-life—

'When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good, myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things!—'
Par. Reg.

"If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination; the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. Ariosto, while yet a school-boy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. Pope seems to have indicated his passion for Homer in those rough scenes which he drew up from *Ogilby's* version; and when Sir William Jones at Harrow divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the *Tempest* to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess that the boy Jones was reflecting in his amusements the cast of mind he displayed in his after-life, and that felicity of memory and taste so prevalent in his literary character. Florian's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day, and reading every evening an old translation of the *Iliad*; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his *Patroclus* or *Sarpedon*. We seem here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of *Numa Pompilius*, *Gonsalvo of Cordova*, and *William Tell*."

The remarks on "*The Spirit of Literature and the Spirit of Society*," we think, furnish one of the most favourable instances of his reasoning powers, and are really just, acute, and given with considerable force and animation.

"When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed; an equality of talents rages among a multitude of authors and artists; they have extended the superficies of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The founders of national literature and art pursued their insulated studies in the full independence of their mind, and the development of their inventive faculty. The master-spirits who create an epoch, the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age.

"At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained, by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual: hence, the character of genius itself becomes subordinate. A conversation age succeeds a studious one, and the family of geniuses are no longer recluses.

"The man of genius is now trammelled with the artificial and mechanical forms of life; and in too close an intercourse with society, the loneliness and raciness of thinking is modified away in its seductive conventions. An excessive indulgence in the pleasures of social life constitutes the great interests of a luxurious and opulent age.

"It may be a question, whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, with the mockery of *Proteus*, they lose their own by all forms, in the shadowiness of assumed talent. But a path of roses, where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an *Epictetus* from his hut. The morning lounge, the luxurious dinner, and the evening party are the regulated dissipations of hours which true genius knows are always too short for art, and too rare for its inspirations; and hence so many of our contemporaries, whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments—efforts, and not works. It is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius, for he must be distinguished from those men of the world, who have assumed the literary character, for purposes very distinct from literary ones. In this society, the man of genius shall cease to interest, whatever be his talent; he will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate,—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. The confidential confession of *Racine* to his son is remarkable. 'Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas; *Corneille* composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have!'—*Racine* treated the great, like the children of society; *Corneille* would not compromise for the tribute he exacted; and consoled himself when, at his entrance into the theatre, the audience usually rose to salute him.

"Has not the fate of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their mayoralty hardly exceeds the year. They are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not, while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically called themselves '*The World*,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person. To one who appeared astonished at the extensive celebrity of *Buffon*, the modern *Pliny* replied, 'I have passed fifty years at my desk.' And has not one, the most sublime of the race, sung—

—che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
Sauza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual summo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.
*Dante, Inferno, c. xxiv.**

"Another, who had great experience of the world and of literature,† observes, that literary men (and artists) seek an intercourse with the great from a refinement of self-love; they are perpetually wanting a confirmation of their own talents in the opinions of others, (for their rivals are, at all times very cruelly and very adroitly diminishing their reputation;) for this purpose, they require judges sufficiently enlightened to appreciate their talents, but who do not exercise too penetrating a judgment. Now this is exactly the state of the generality of the great, (or persons of fashion,) who cultivate taste and literature; these have only time to acquire that degree of light which is just sufficient to set at ease the fears of these claimants of genius. Their eager vanity is more voracious than delicate, and is willing to accept an incense less durable than ambrosia.

"The habitudes of genius, before it lost its freshness in this society, are the mould in which the character is cast; and these, in spite of all the disguise of the man, hereafter make him a distinct being from the man of society. There is something solitary in deep feelings; and the amusers who can only dazzle and surprise, will never spread that contagious energy only springing from the fullness of the heart. Let the man of genius then dread to level himself to that mediocrity of feeling and talent required in every-day society, lest he become one of themselves. Ridicule is the shadowy scourge of society, and the terror of the man of genius; ridicule surrounds him with her chimeras, like the shadowy monsters which opposed Æneas, too impalpable to be grasped, while the airy nothings triumph, un wounded by a weapon. Æneas was told to pass the grinning monsters unnoticed, and they would then be as harmless as they were unreal.

"Study, meditation, and enthusiasm,—this is the progress of genius, and these cannot be the habits of him who lingers till he can only live among polished crowds. If he bears about him the consciousness of genius, he will be still acting under their influences. And perhaps there never was one of this class of men who had not either first entirely formed himself in solitude, or amidst society is perpetually breaking out to seek

for himself. Wilkes, who, when no longer touched by the fervours of literary and patriotic glory, grovelled into a domestic voluptuary, observed with some surprise of the great earl of Chatham, that he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to his great pursuit of eloquence; and the earl himself acknowledged an artifice he practised in his intercourse with society, for he said, when he was young he always came late into company, and left it early. Vittorio Alfieri, and a brother-spirit in our own noble poet, were rarely seen amidst the brilliant circle in which they were born; the workings of their imagination were perpetually emancipating them, and one deep loneliness of feeling proudly insulated them among the unimpassioned triflers of their rank. They preserved unbroken the unity of their character, in constantly escaping from the processional spectacle of society, by frequent intervals of retirement."

We select, and with peculiar satisfaction, some of the observations on "Literary Honours."

"It is the prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher class of society; if the influence of wealth in the present day has been justly said to have created a new aristocracy of its own, and where they already begin to be jealous of their ranks, we may assert that genius creates a sort of intellectual nobility, which is conferred on some literary characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and were men of genius to bear arms, they might consist not of imaginary things, of griffins and chimeras, but of deeds performed and of public works in existence. When Dondi raised the great astronomical clock at the university of Padua, which was long the admiration of Europe, it gave a name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants; there still lives a Marquis Dondi dal' Horologia. Sir Hugh Middleton, in memory of his vast enterprise, changed his former arms to bear three piles, by which instruments he had strengthened the works he had invented, when his genius poured forth the waters through our metropolis, distinguishing it from all others in the world. Should not Evelyn have inserted an oak-tree in his bearings? for our author's 'Sylvia' occasioned the plantation of 'many millions of timber-trees,' and the present navy of Great Britain has been constructed with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted. If the public have borrowed the names of some lords to grace a Sandwich and a Spencer, we may be allowed to raise into titles of literary nobility those distinctions which the public voice has attached to some authors; *Æschylus* Potter, *Athenian* Stuart and *Anacreon* Moore.

"This intellectual nobility is not chimerical; does it not separate a man from the crowd? Whenever the rightful possessor

* "Not by reposing on pillows or under canopies, is fame acquired, without which he, who consumes his life, leaves such an unregarded vestige on the earth of his being, as the smoke in the air or the foam on the wave."

† "D'Alémbrer la Société des Gens de Lettres et des Grands.

appears, will not the eyes of all spectators be fixed on him? I allude to scenes which I have witnessed. Will not even literary honours add a nobility to nobility? and teach the nation to esteem a name which might otherwise be hidden under its rank, and remain unknown? Our illustrious list of literary noblemen is far more glorious than the satirical 'Catalogue of Noble Authors,' drawn up by a polished and heartless cynic, who has pointed his brilliant shafts at all who were chivalrous in spirit, or appertained to the family of genius. One may presume on the existence of this intellectual nobility, from the extraordinary circumstance that the great have actually felt a jealousy of the literary rank. But no rivalry can exist in the solitary honour conferred on an author; an honour not derived from birth, nor creation, but from PUBLIC OPINION; and as inseparable from his name, as an essential quality is from its object; for the diamond will sparkle and the rose will be fragrant, otherwise, it is no diamond nor rose. The great may well condescend to be humble to genius, since genius pays its homage in becoming proud of that humility. Cardinal Richelieu was mortified at the celebrity of the unbending Corneille; several noblemen were, at Pope's indifference to their rank; and Magliabechi, the book-prodigy of his age, whom every literary stranger visited at Florence, assured Lord Raley, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as they usually went first to see Magliabechi before the grand duke. A confession by Montesquieu states, with open candour, a fact in his life, which confirms this jealousy of the great with the literary character. 'On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favourable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved, perhaps, that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications.' Montesquieu subjoins a reflection sufficiently humiliating for the mere nobleman: 'The great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself.' This sort of jealousy unquestionably prevailed in the late Lord Orford; a wit, a man of the world, and a man of rank, but while he considered literature as a mere amusement, he was mortified at not obtaining literary celebrity; he felt his authorial, always beneath his personal character; he broke with every literary man who looked up to him as their friend; and how he has delivered his feelings on Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray, whom, unfortunately for him, he personally knew, it fell to my lot to discover: I could add, but not dimi-

nish, what has been called the severity of that delineation.*

"Who was the dignified character, Lord Chesterfield or Samuel Johnson, when the great author, proud of his labour, rejected his lordship's sneaking patronage? 'I value myself,' says Swift, 'upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' Piron would not suffer the literary character to be lowered in his presence. Entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the stairs head, the latter stopped to make way for Piron. 'Pass on, my lord,' said the noble master, 'pass, he is only a poet.' Piron replied, 'Since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank,' and placed himself before the lord. Nor is this pride, the true source of elevated character, refused to the great artist as well as the great author. Michael Angelo, invited by Julius II. to the court of Rome, found that intrigue had indisposed his holiness towards him, and more than once the great artist was suffered to linger in attendance in the anti-chamber. One day the indignant man of genius exclaimed, 'Tell his holiness, if he wants me, he must look for me elsewhere.' He flew back to his beloved Florence, to proceed with that celebrated cartoon, which afterwards became a favourite study with all artists. Thrice the Pope wrote for his return, and at length menaced the little state of Tuscany with war, if Michael Angelo prolonged his absence. He returned. The sublime artist knelt at the feet of the father of the church, turning aside his troubled countenance in silence; an intermeddling bishop offered himself as a mediator, apologising for our artist by observing, that 'of this proud humour are these painters made!' Julius turned to this pitiable mediator, and, as Vasari tells, used a switch on this occasion, observing, 'You speak injuriously of him, while I am silent. It is you who are ignorant.' Raising Michael Angelo, Julius II. embraced the man of genius. 'I can make lords of you every day, but I cannot create a Titian,' said the Emperor Charles V. to his courtiers, who had become jealous of the hours, and the half-hours, which that monarch managed, that he might converse with the man of genius at his work. There is an elevated intercourse between power and genius; and if they are deficient in reciprocal esteem, neither are great. The intellectual nobility seems to have been asserted by De Harlay, a great French statesman, for when the academy was once not received with royal honours, he complained to the French monarch, observing, that when 'a man of letters was presented to Francis I. for the first time, the king always advanced three steps from the throne to receive him.'

* "Calamities of Authors. vol. i.

"If ever the voice of individuals can recompense a life of literary labour, it is in speaking a foreign accent—it sounds like the distant plaudit of posterity. The distance of space between the literary character and the inquirer, in some respects represents the distance of time which separates the author from the next age. Fontenelle was never more gratified than when a Swede, arriving at the gates of Paris, inquired of the custom-house officers where Fontenelle resided, and expressed his indignation that not one of them had ever heard of his name. Hobbes expressed his proud delight that his portrait was sought after by foreigners, and that the Great Duke of Tuscany made the philosopher the object of his first inquiries. Camden was not insensible to the visits of German noblemen, who were desirous of seeing the British Pliny; and Pocock, while he received no aid from patronage at home for his Oriental studies, never relaxed in those unrequited labours, from the warm personal testimonies of learned foreigners, who hastened to see and converse with this prodigy of eastern learning.

"Yes! to the very presence of the man of genius will the world spontaneously pay their tribute of respect, of admiration, or of love; many a pilgrimage has he lived to receive, and many a crowd has followed his footsteps. * There are days in the life of genius which repay its sufferings. Demosthenes confessed he was pleased when even a fish-woman of Athens pointed him out. Corneille had his particular seat in the theatre, and the audience would rise to salute him when he entered. At the presence of Raynal in the house of commons, the speaker was requested to suspend the debate till that illustrious foreigner, who had written on the English parliament, was there placed, and distinguished, to his honour. Spinoza, when he gained a humble livelihood by grinding optical glasses, at an obscure village in Holland, was visited by the first general in Europe, who, for the sake of this philosophical conference, suspended his march.

"In all ages, and in all countries, has this feeling been created; nor is it a temporary ebullition, nor an individual honour; it comes out of the heart of man. In Spain, whatever was most beautiful in its kind was described by the name of the great Spanish bard; every thing excellent was called a Lope. Italy would furnish a volume of the public honours decreed to literary men, nor is that spirit extinct, though the national character has fallen by the chance of fortune; and Metastasio and Tiraboschi received what had been accorded to Petrarch and to Poggio. Germany, patriotic to its literary characters, is the land of the enthusiasm of genius. On the borders of the Linnet, in the public walk of Zurich, the monument of Gesner, erected by the votes of his fellow-citizens, attests their sensi-

bility; and a solemn funeral honoured the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburg, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius. Has even Holland proved insensible? The statue of Erasmus, in Rotterdam, still animates her young students, and offers a noble example to her neighbours of the influence even of the sight of the statue of a man of genius; nor must it be forgotten, that the senate of Rotterdam declared of the emigrant Bayle, that 'such a man should not be considered as a foreigner.' In France, since Francis I. created genius, and Louis XIV. knew to be liberal to it, the impulse was communicated to the French people. There the statues of their illustrious men spread inspiration on the spots which living they would have haunted—in their theatres, the great dramatists; in their Institute, their illustrious authors; in their public edifices, their other men of genius.* This is worthy of the country which privileged the family of La Fontaine to be forever exempt from taxes, and decreed that the productions of the mind were not seizable, when the creditors of Crebillon would have attached the produce of his tragedies. These distinctive honours accorded to genius, were in unison with their decree respecting the will of Bayle. It was the subject of a lawsuit between the heir of the will, and the inheritor by blood. The latter contested that this great literary character, being a fugitive for religion, and dying in a prohibited country, was without the power of disposing of his property, and that our author, when he resided in Holland, was civilly dead. In the parliament of Toulouse the judge decided that learned men are free in all countries; that he who had sought in a foreign land an asylum, from his love of letters, was no fugitive; that it was unworthy of France to treat as a stranger a son in whom she gloried; and he protested against the notion of a civil death to such a man as Bayle; whose name was living throughout Europe.

"Even the most common objects are con-

* "We cannot bury the same of our English worthies—that exists before us, independent of ourselves; but we bury the influence of their inspiring presence in those immortal memorials of genius easy to be read by all men, their statues and their busts, consigning them to spots seldom visited, and often too obscure to be viewed. Count Algarotti has ingeniously said, 'L'argent que nous employons en tabaceries et en pompons servoit aux anciens à célébrer la mémoire des grands hommes par des monumens dignes de passer à la postérité; et là où l'on brûle des feux de joie pour une victoire rapportée, ils élevèrent des arcs de triomphe de porphyre et de marbre.' May we not, for our honour, and for the advantage of our artists, predict better times for ourselves?

secrated when associated with the memory of the man of genius. We still seek for his tomb on the spot where it has vanished; the enthusiasts of genius still wander on the hills of Pausilippe, and muse on Virgil to retrace his landscape; or as Sir William Jones ascended Forest-hill, with the Allegro in his hand, and step by step, seemed in his fancy to have trodden in the foot-path of Milton; there is a grove at Magdalen College which retains the name of Addison's walk, where still the student will linger; and there is a cave at Macao, which is still visited by the Portuguese from a national feeling, where Camoens is said to have composed his *Lusiad*. When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honours of his fame; but when the heads of the town, unawares to Petrarch, conducted him to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist

that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome. In the village of Certaldo is still shown the house of Boccaccio; and on a turret are seen the arms of the Medici, which they had sculptured there, with an inscription alluding to a small house, and a name which filled the world.

It would be no difficult task to make interesting extracts to a much larger extent, did our limits permit. We may, however, fairly trust this amusing essay of the author of "*Curiosities of Literature*" to the candour of the public—a public that has long since appreciated his talents, and dropped upon his temples the wreath sacred to merit, and more precious than an Olympic crown.

G.

ART. 2. *Considerations on the Great Western Canal, from the Hudson to Lake Erie; with a View of its Expense, Advantages, and Progress. Re-published by order of the New-York Corresponding Association, for the Promotion of Internal Improvements.* 8vo. pp. 54. Brooklyn. 1818.

THE grand canal of New-York, like the wall of China, will make a visible line on the map of the world, but its chief glory will proceed from a different source—states and perhaps nations will hereafter owe to it their most intimate and beneficial connexions. It is constructed not as a frail barrier between civilization and barbarism, but to promote union, prosperity, and happiness among the enterprising inhabitants of a new world.

To appreciate the benefits unavoidably accruing from one of the greatest undertakings ever attempted in any part of the globe, it is merely necessary to take a deliberate view of a map of the United States, and their vicinage—the vast western regions—the lakes, and immense unknown tracts bordering upon them—the Hudson and Mohawk rolling their accumulated waters through the heart of a country exuberant of the bounties of nature, and advancing with gigantic strides to a state of luxuriant cultivation rivaling the fair and flourishing fields of the most favoured nations of the European continent. These will be sufficient to show to the eye of discernment that the canal, so boldly undertaken, so vigorously pursued, is no idle scheme, and that if ambition has had any share in its promotion, it is an ambition no less honourable to the nation by which

it has been fostered, than to the individuals in whom it has been engendered.

The author of the work before us has given so ample, energetic, and comprehensive a view of the political reasonings that have induced the commencement of the canal, that we feel particular pleasure in making the following quotation from his ingenious work.

"The interest which is excited throughout this country, and in the minds of some of the first statesmen and public characters in Europe, in relation to the great works of inland navigation which are now vigorously prosecuted under the patronage of the New-York state government, renders it necessary to give an occasional exposition of the progress and success of our vast but practicable undertakings.

"Like all great projects, embracing in their scope the prosperity and welfare of states and empires, the grand canal from the Hudson to the lakes has come in for a share of obloquy and reprehension. By the weak and timid it has been viewed as a visionary project of state grandeur; by the base and designing it has been denounced as an attempt at popularity. Experience will detect the error and criminality of both imputations. When the great Colbert, in conjunction with the celebrated engineer, M. Riquet, undertook to connect the Mediterranean sea with the Atlantic ocean, by the canal of Languedoc, to aid in building up the marine of France, and

to fortify an independent commercial system; his plan was viewed by many with astonishment and derision. Yet does this canal stand as the most honourable monument of the illustrious reign of Louis XIV. But few great benefactors of their age have received the immediate tribute of gratitude and applause due to their distinguished services. It is time that consecrates their deeds, as immovable landmarks in the history of civilization.

"Internal navigation will hereafter constitute one of the primary objects of our state and national policy. Many inevitable causes have heretofore detracted from that attention which is at all times due to its magnitude and importance. We are yet an infant nation. When we emerged from the conflicts of the revolution, we had a great national debt to pay, and a new government to organize and sustain. Foreign commerce afforded the natural and ready means to accomplish these ends, and it was pursued with success to the exclusion of any regular system of internal trade. The tremendous commotions of the belligerent world favoured this exclusive policy, until the flagrant depredations of the European powers, and the war which they produced, swept our commerce from the ocean. Our commercial relations are now assuming a more permanent character, and we shall gradually extend them until they grasp the boundaries of the maritime world, by the bold and vigorous application of our internal resources.

"It is unnecessary in this place to dwell with much detail on the vast importance of an extensive and vigorous system of inland trade. Its vital importance is amply elucidated by almost every eminent writer who has taken up his pen to instruct nations in their commercial pursuits. 'The home trade,' says Vattel,* 'is of vast use. It furnishes all the citizens with the means of procuring what they want, as either necessary, useful, or agreeable. It causes a circulation of money, creates industry, animates labour, and by affording subsistence to a great number of subjects, contributes to render the country more populous and flourishing. In fine, this commerce being of advantage to the nation, it is obliged, as a duty to itself, to render it prosperous.' Adam Smith observes, in his *Wealth of Nations*,† 'that good roads and canals and navigable rivers, by diminishing the expense of carriage, put the remote parts of the country more nearly upon a level with those in the neighbourhood of large towns; and on that account they are the greatest of all improvements.' But commercial prosperity is not the only advantage to be derived from such means to promote internal trade—while they lead to national happiness and national strength, they cement together a wide spread com-

munity, not only by the strong ties of interest, but also by every social tie that can bind together an enlightened and powerful people. Who that has glanced his eye over the map of our extensive country? Who that remembers the strong local features that bear the everlasting impress of nature's own hand, but perceives the palpable necessity of such affinities? Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson saw it. The most distinguished statesmen of this and of every other country now see it. Our mountains must be politically annihilated. Our sectional barriers must be swept away by a moral arm, whose power is resistless. Our manners, our habits, our principles, our political maxims and our most pervading sympathies, must wear an aspect that is settled, uniform and consistent. Nothing but this can perpetuate that union that is to guarantee our future national greatness. Nothing but this can preserve those popular institutions which are sealed with our fathers' blood. Nothing but this can carry us along to that height of glory which breaks upon our gaze through the vista of futurity, and beckons us to its cloudless summit. Nay, on this subject, we can almost hear the voice of distant generations speaking in supplications loud as the thunders of a higher world. But let us quote the opinions of men whose names impart a consequence to their sentiments that is worthy to be held in constant remembrance. We shall begin with Albert Gallatin. 'The inconvenience, complaints, and perhaps dangers,' says this able statesman, 'which may result from a vast extent of territory, can no otherwise be radically removed or prevented than by opening speedy and easy communications through all its parts. Good roads and canals will shorten distances, facilitate commercial and personal intercourse, and unite, by a still more intimate community of interests, the remote sections of the United States. No other single operation within the power of government, can more effectually tend to strengthen and perpetuate that union which secures external independence, domestic peace, and internal liberty.'" The next great man we shall quote is Joel Barlow. He observes, that 'public improvements, such as roads and canals, are usually considered only in a commercial and economical point of light; but they ought also to be regarded in a moral and political light. The means to be relied on to hold this beneficent union together, must apply directly to the interest and convenience of the people. They must at the same time enable them to discern that interest, and be sensible of that convenience. The people must become habituated to enjoy a visible, palpable, and incontestible good; greater good than they could promise themselves by any change. They must have information enough to perceive it, to reason upon it,

* "Vide p. 69, *Laws Nations*.

† "Vol. i. p. 229.

* "Report on Public Roads and Canals, 1897.

to know why they enjoy it, from whence it flows, how it was attained, how it is to be preserved, and how it may be lost." The immortal Fulton, the second Franklin of his age, has remarked with his usual discrimination and intelligence, 'That when the United States shall be bound together by canals, by cheap and easy access to market in all directions, by a sense of mutual interests, arising from mutual intercourse and mingled commerce, it will be no more possible to split them into independent and separate governments, obliging each to line its own frontiers with troops, to shackle its own exports and imports to and from the neighbouring states, than it is possible now for the government of England to divide and form again into seven kingdoms. Here is a certain method of securing the Union of the States, and of rendering it as the continent we inhabit.' With these preliminary remarks and illustrations, we shall proceed to notice the state of our inland navigation.

"No one need inquire what are the advantages of the state of New-York for internal commerce. The map of our state will answer the question, and put curiosity at rest: Neither do we want ability to improve these advantages which Providence has planted around us. A state which rests her borders upon the ocean on one side, and on the other reposes upon the greatest chain of internal seas upon the face of the globe, diversified by interior lakes and tributary streams, with a river whose tides and facilities for navigation can scarcely find a comparison; a state that contains a more extensive soil than Portugal, the United Netherlands, or England and Wales put together; a state that stands in the heart of the union, and could now sustain the whole population of the American empire, and can yearly pay ten or twelve millions of dollars into the treasury of the nation, without inconvenience; whose splendid commercial emporium, catches the gaze of the foreigner as though it were gilded with the decorations of enchantment, and even now has a tonnage that no city in the world can equal but London itself; finally, a state that presents a million and a half of wealthy, intelligent, enterprising, and high minded republicans, attached to the union, the government and the laws. We say, that such a state, does present no common spectacle. We are proud in its contemplation—we execrate the wretch who is not so. We are proud too, at the great and salutary end to which these resources are bent.

"The people of this state early perceived the benefits of internal trade, and previous to the late war with England, the grand canal from the Hudson to Lake Erie was contemplated. Such an undertaking was alone

suitable to a state of peace. It was accordingly postponed to that period, when more favourable auspices should await its prosecution. That period arrived, when De Witt Clinton was unanimously called to the chief magistracy of the state. The eyes of the people were fixed upon him, with an expectation that the Great Western Canal would be vigorously prosecuted to its final completion. The work will be prosecuted and triumphantly finished.

"As we are presenting to the American people, some view of our internal improvements, it may be well to show *something of the original calculations of the commissioners, concerning the Grand Canal; to take a slight view of its advantages; and give a correct detail of its state and progress the present season.*

"The length of the canal, from the Hudson to the Lakes, is calculated at three hundred and fifty-three miles, according to the report of the commissioners appointed by the New-York Legislature on the 17th April, 1816. They observed, that in their opinion, 'the dimensions of the Western or Erie Canal and Locks, should be as follows, viz. width on the water surface, forty feet; at the bottom, twenty-eight feet, and depth of water, four feet; the length of a lock ninety feet, and its width, twelve feet in the clear. Vessels carrying one hundred tons may navigate a canal of this size—and all the lumber produced in the country, and required for the market, may be transported upon it.' The aggregate rise and fall is in feet 661 85, and the elevation of Lake Erie above the Hudson, is calculated to be in feet 554 85. The number of locks will be seventy-seven. The canal has been divided into three great sections. The western section reaches from Lake Erie to Seneca River; the middle section leads from Seneca River to Rome; and the eastern, from Rome to the Hudson.

"The average expense of the canal per mile, is estimated at \$13,800; being twelve hundred dollars per mile less than Mr. Fulton and Mr. Gallatin assigned, as an average expense for each mile of American canal.* The whole expense of the great western canal is calculated at \$4,881,738. Should it, however, proceed in a route south of what is called the mountain ridge, west of the Genesee River, then there will be a deduction in the expenditures, which leave the whole estimated cost, as made by the commissioners, at \$4,571,813 00.

"These statements are taken from the report of the canal commissioners, made to the New-York Legislature, February 15, 1817. They have antecedently been laid before the public in various shapes; but we again submit them, after they have been partially tested. The last report which has been made by the commissioners, was submitted to the legislature on the 31st of Janu-

* "Address to the Citizens of Washington City, 1809.

† "Letter to Mr. Gallatin, Dec. 13, 1807.

* "Vide Report on Canals, 1807.

ary, 1818, and to which we shall more particularly refer in the course of our remarks. This report only confirms the correctness of all those which preceded it, and only proves that the estimates were rather too high than too low. Sufficient it will be here to remark, that from experience and subsequent observation, the grand canal will even cost less than the commissioners and the state government have calculated. This we shall prove and illustrate.

"We will now advert to some of the great advantages which must result to the state of New-York, to the western country, and to the nation at large from the grand western canal.

"We have before taken a view of the principal advantages that must result to our union, and to our republican institutions, by attaching the various sections of the country more immediately together, by means of internal communication. Our great canal, in this respect, will produce a train of exclusive and permanent benefits, which could not, from local causes, pertain to any similar undertakings within the scope of ourselves or of the nation. When you connect the Hudson with the Lakes, by such a communication, you virtually place the Atlantic seaboard and the great western interior by the side of each other. From the ocean, you can pass through this whole chain of inland seas, navigable to vessels of the largest burden. Nor should we stop here—New-York and New-Orleans could be brought, in point of intercourse, near each other. At trifling expense, and with no great effort of labour, you could open a communication by water, through which a vast commerce could be carried on from lake Michigan to the Illinois river, which empties into the Mississippi above St. Louis, and traverses nearly the whole extent of that rising and fertile territory, which will soon be admitted as a state among the other sisters of the union.* Even in high waters, there is now a navigation for small craft, between the waters of the Illinois and the southern extremity of lake Michigan through Chicago creek.

"The Miami of lake Erie, and the tributary streams of lake Michigan, near the head waters of the Illinois, could easily be united, and a direct channel from lake Erie into the Mississippi thus be opened. It may also be observed, that the sources of the Miami of lake Erie, and the head waters of the Wabash, have about the same level, are near each other, and could easily be united without encountering the least obstruction. By this means, a communication could be opened with the Mississippi, through one of the most charming and fertile countries that the eye of man has ever visited, or his hands ever improved. Another pas-

sage from the lakes to the Mississippi could be effected, by uniting the waters of the Miami of lake Erie and the Miami of the Ohio, whose waters, at the sources, are nearly on the same level. That some of these channels will shortly be opened, no rational man can doubt, who recollects the character of that population who inhabit the country they will enrich. Three other great canals could easily unite the Hudson and the Ohio, by means of lake Erie. Firstly—by means of the Sandusky and Sciota rivers. The former which empties into the lake, and the latter into the Ohio, have their waters from the same swamp. Their junction would hardly cost an effort. The second would be by uniting the Muskingum and the Cayuga rivers. The former empties into the Ohio, one hundred and seventy miles below Pittsburgh, and the latter turns its waters into lake Erie. Six miles of canal would unite them, and we believe that a company now actually exists to execute this purpose. The third communication would be between lake Erie and the Alleghany branch of the Ohio. There are two ways by which this object could be effected—the first by joining their waters through French creek, which would want about sixteen miles of canal—the other through lake Chetoughe to the Alleghany. A considerable navigation is now carried on through this lake. The people on the borders of French creek are very ardent in the project of a canal, that would unite the waters of the lakes with the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and are themselves capable of doing it, in a single season, if they are endued with that noble enterprise, which so generally distinguishes their western brethren. What systems of internal trade and navigation may yet spring from the completion of our great undertaking, even after we pass the shores of Michigan, is left for future enterprise and future events to determine. The mighty waters beyond this lake are yet to be brought into requisition, for the great purposes of national grandeur and individual convenience.*

"Pause for a moment, and consider the mighty population which will yet cluster on the shores of this chain of lakes, and the unnumbered streams which roll their tributary bounties into their bosoms! The great western world which reposes upon their wide-stretched shores, needs no description of ours to enhance its value in the estimation of the American people. It will yet contain a population unequalled by any in the world for industry, enterprise, and independence; a population bound together by those ties of union and interest, created and fortified by a grand system of internal improvements, of which the great western

* "Illinois is already admitted by act of congress, but having only 40,000 people, she cannot immediately become a state.

* "On the ease and practicability of uniting the lakes with the western waters, see Mr. Gallatin's Report, and Beaujour's Travels in the United States.

canal will be the bulwark. In the animating spectacle here presented in perspective, we see a great republican community, cemented by the strongest considerations that ever influenced a political body—assimilated in manners, laws, sentiments and maxims, with their eyes fixed on their connexion with the seaboard, as the life and support of their prosperity and happiness.—Yes, in this noble race of citizens, we see the cradle of liberty, laws, and the arts; we see the hallowed light of our liberal institutions beaming in its native purity, blended with the mild lustre of virtue, magnanimity and intelligence."

The eloquent author having thus taken a survey from the present day, through the long perspective of succeeding ages, (in doing which it must be allowed that he has indulged somewhat in the hyperbole, a venial offence in so animating a subject,) proceeds to show what in *his* opinion will be the problematical consequences of the canal as respects the diversion of trade from the Canadas to the United States—his positions are clear, ingeniously arranged, and highly flattering to the national feeling; but we would ask him one simple question—would not much of his argument fail if the British government should cut a canal from lake Erie to lake Ontario, and thus avoid the Niagara falls?—Independently, however, of the diversion of foreign trade, the New-York canal passes through so fine a section of the country, and connects immense regions now so effectually separated to almost all commercial purposes, by mere *distance*, that we think this part of the book almost a work of supererogation.

Viewed as a great work of scientific art correcting the irregularities of nature, the local circumstances of the canal present themselves in a point of view extraordinary as respects the facility of execution,—the formation of canals in England (the country where they have hitherto been carried to the greatest extent) is attended with expenses and practical difficulties, infinitely surpassing those presented in the line between the Hudson and lake Erie—the principal are the purchase of lands, compensations to owners of mills and other property—and the *obtaining a supply of water*: neither of these considerations impede the New-York canal—but, as in future periods, when the clearing of lands in the unsettled parts of the country (and this clearing will be greatly promoted by the canal itself) shall expose every contributing stream to the rapid evaporation of a fervid sun, and thus diminish the supply of the all-important

VOL. III.—No. VI.

53

element at the very time when, from the increase of traffic, it will necessarily be in greatest demand, it may not be irrelevant to investigate a portion of the subject of such vital consequence, premising that the writer of this article draws his positions, not from the vague suggestions of imagination, but from the more certain sources of practical information and experience.

A navigable canal being once filled with water, would remain full but for losses proceeding from the following causes, *viz.*

Evaporation,
Soakage,
Leakage, and
Lockage.

The proportion of waste from each of these causes depends

On the extent of the canal,
On the lift and capacity of the locks,
On the number of falls, and
On the extent of the trade.

The loss by evaporation is occasioned by the action of the atmosphere on the surface of the water, and therefore takes place *uniformly* over the whole extent of the canal.

The loss by soakage is occasioned by the absorption of the banks and bottom of the canal, and therefore takes place *uniformly* throughout the whole extent of the canal.

The loss by leakage arises from the impossibility of making the locks watertight; it must however be computed as at one lock only on each flight, because the leakage at the highest lock, supplies the leakage of all succeeding locks on the same flight. This loss, therefore, takes place *entirely at the upper level*, the last water being received and retained by the lower level, except the canal communicate with a river or another descending canal.

The loss from lockage results from the necessity of filling the locks from a higher, and emptying them into a lower level, wherein vessels pass either way through them.* The loss of lockage water must

* This loss is increased with respect to an ascending, and diminished with respect to a descending vessel, by a quantity of water equal to the exact weight of the vessel and cargo; because an ascending vessel displaces in the lower level a quantity of water equal to its own gravity; which, when the vessel has left the lock, is replaced from the upper level; while a descending vessel displaces a quantity of water in the upper level equal to its own gravity; which, when the vessel has left the lock, is replaced

be taken as at one lock only upon each flight, because the lockage at the upper lock supplies the lockage at every succeeding lock; the loss therefore takes place *entirely at the upper level*; the lost water being received and retained by the lower level, except the canal communicate with a river, or another descending canal; but the *amount* of loss depends entirely on the capacity of the locks, the height of the lift, and the number of vessels passed.

Now, in order to attain some idea of the various quantities of water necessary to supply each of the foregoing losses, let us suppose three canals, the first being fifty miles in length, forty-five feet in breadth, having two flights of locks, and a trade of twenty-four vessels per day;

the second twenty miles in length, forty-five feet broad, and having two flights of locks, and a trade of forty vessels per day; the third eight miles in length, forty-five feet in breadth, having one flight of locks, and a trade of eighty vessels per day: the locks in all cases being eighty-six feet long, fourteen feet six inches wide, and seven feet fall.*

Take the loss by evaporation (according to Mr. Smeaton) at one-tenth of an inch in depth per diem, in a hot summer's day, in England.

Take the loss by soakage at three-fourths of the evaporation.

Take the leakage at two locks per diem on each flight—the account will then stand thus:

	1st Canal, 50 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 24 vessels per day.	2d Canal, 20 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 40 vessels per day.	3d Canal, 8 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 80 vessels per day.
Evaporation at 1-10th of an inch per day, - - -	99,000 feet.	39,600 feet.	15,840 feet.
Soakage at 3-4ths of evaporation, - - - -	74,250	29,700	11,880
Leakage, at two locks per day on each flight, - -	34,916	34,916	17,458
Trade as above, - - -	418,992	698,320	698,320
Total	627,158	802,536	743,498

From this statement it appears that in the first canal the loss by evaporation is less than one-sixth; the loss by soakage less than one-eighth; the loss by leakage less than one-eighteenth; and the loss by lockage two-thirds of the total loss.

In the second canal the loss by evaporation is less than one-twentieth; the loss by soakage one-twenty-seventh; the loss by leakage one-twenty-third; and the loss by lockage six-sevenths of the total loss.

In the third canal the loss by evaporation is about one-forty-seventh; the loss by soakage about one-sixty-second; the loss by leakage about one forty-second; and the loss by lockage rather more than fifteen-sixteenths of the total loss. The loss of lockage water will be somewhat effected by the *direction* of the trade; for example, if the trade be ascending only, say in 35 ton cargoes, the first canal will sustain an additional daily loss of 30,240 cubic

feet; i. e. 24 vessels of 35 tons each, at 36 feet per ton; the second canal 50,400, i. e. 40 vessels of 35 tons burthen, at 36 feet per ton; and the third canal 50,400, i. e. 40 barges of 31 tons, at 36 feet per ton. If the trade be wholly *descending* the loss will be *diminished* by the above quantities; and if the trade be neither wholly ascending, nor wholly descending, then the waste will be regulated by the *balance* only, being increased if the balance be in favour of the ascending, and diminished if it be in favour of the descending trade.

The waste of lockage water may be considerably increased or diminished by making the locks of great or small lifts, but experience seems to have proved that locks with greater or smaller lifts than from six to eight feet are inconvenient: the first requiring an excessive waste of water, the second occasioning a great impediment to the trade by increasing the number of locks to be passed.

From this explanation it appears that

from the lower level; the average loss however, of an equal ascending and descending trade, notwithstanding these circumstances, still remains the same.

* These are the exact dimensions of the locks on the Grand Junction, England.

even in a canal of very considerable extent, and carrying but a moderate trade, the loss of lockage water is greater by far than that from any other cause; in a canal of moderate extent it bears a still greater proportion to the whole waste; while in a canal of short length, and carrying a considerable traffic, the waste from every other cause is of trifling account, compared to the immense loss from lockage.

It is true indeed that in different canals the circumstances affecting the quantum of waste from each of the four causes first mentioned, are liable to so many fluctuations as to render it impossible to determine a maximum or minimum; but the proportions may always be found upon the principles just explained, and it will almost uniformly appear that in a canal, the trade of which is sufficient to render it an object of importance, the loss of lockage water is by far the most considerable of its losses.

Having thus briefly pointed out the causes which produce the waste of water in canals, we offer a few observations on the supply.

The loss by evaporation and soakage, as has been explained, takes place over the whole surface of the canal; the supply necessary on that account may therefore be made at each level respectively, or at the summit level, from whence it may be allowed to descend to the other levels; or some of the levels may be supplied from an upper level, while the remainder receive separate supplies, as may be most convenient.

The loss from leakage must be supplied entirely at the *summit*, because the leakage at the upper lock supplies the leakage of every succeeding lock on the same flight.

The loss from lockage must also be supplied at the summit, because the lockage of the upper lock supplies the lockage of every succeeding lock on the same flight.

Hence it appears that the *least important* losses take place in situations that must easily admit a supply, because the higher levels lose no more from evaporation and soakage than the *proportion* which their surfaces bear to that of the whole canal, while the losses from leakage and lockage on the whole canal, are sustained *entirely at the summit level*; so that not only is the loss of lockage water by far the most considerable of its losses (the leakage being of minor importance), but it takes place, and therefore must be re-supplied, at that part of

the canal (the summit level) where there is the least facility to obtain a supply.

The difficulty of procuring water in elevated situations is in England too well known to require illustration; it rarely happens, however, but that *some* may be procured, though not sufficient to supply at the summit levels the consumption of a flourishing canal—at the lower levels indeed water is often found in abundance, but in those situations is of little use, except steam engines be employed to raise it to the summit, because the great supply is not required in any other situation. If, however, some convenient means were devised to enable vessels to pass with a small expenditure of water (a grand desideratum in canals) the locks situated between the summit, and that level where water can be readily obtained, a comparatively diminutive supply at the summit would be sufficient to support a very extensive trade. The same means, if adopted throughout, might indeed supersede the necessity of extensive artificial reservoirs; but as a canal descends, the expense of obtaining water is small, and therefore in such situations the present system may be persevered in with advantage.

It also frequently happens that some particular part of a canal has a much greater trade than another. In such case that *part* may not improperly, with respect to that superior traffic, be considered as a *separate canal*, of which the losses of water by evaporation, soakage, and leakage, are already supplied, but, nevertheless, having to seek a compensation for the extra loss of lockage, consequent to that superior trade. In such case the preservation of lockage water is of singular importance, because in all probability every ordinary mode of supply has already been anticipated.

Sometimes also the water of mills, or streams, are intercepted to supply canals; the proprietors of the canals so supplied being compelled to return the water by steam engines, at a great expense. In such cases, to preserve the lockage water would be of great advantage, as it might frequently supersede the necessity of an immense annual charge, besides preventing, in a great degree, the frequent litigations unavoidably ensuing from complicated and opposing interests.

To point out the numerous other instances in which it may be important to preserve lockage water, and to enter into the reasonings connected with every case, would surpass the moderate bounds prescribed in this instance. We shall there-

fore leave the further consideration of the subject to the suggestions of those whose interests are more deeply connected with this important subject.

These remarks, we admit, can never apply to the *western* section of the New-York canal, supplied as it will be from an exhaustless source; but having descended into the valley of Seneca river, its course eastward lies over an elevation from whence it can only receive the superfluous waters of creeks or rivulets, which in *future times* may be less abundant than at present.

The progress already made in the works is such as must be peculiarly gratifying to those who take an honourable pleasure in their prosecution, and the author of the work before us has, we believe, derived the following information from authentic sources.

"In undertaking to open three or four hundred miles of canal, much previous preparation was necessary. The New-York Legislature made the first appropriation for this object, on the 15th April, 1817. The first contract was dated on the 27th June, 1817, although no labour was done until the following 4th of July. Even after the contracts were made, as the contractors found their own implements and tools, some time was requisite for proper arrangements. Owing therefore to the lateness of the season, and the great rains which inundated the country embracing that part of the canal route for which the contracts were made, the progress of the works were much retarded at the beginning. Fifteen miles of the distance were, however, finished the last season, and many new contracts made for the present year. Considerable sums of money were advanced to the contractors during the last winter, that they might be better enabled to purchase provisions, and prepare for the commencement of operations at the opening of the spring. Although the progress of the works last season was not astonishingly great, yet it should not escape reflection, that much important information was obtained by the engineers and commissioners. Some considerable saving in expense was also made. In the articles including tools and implements, in the canal estimates, there was a saving of \$75,000. It was found that bridges could be erected for \$350, instead of \$500 each, which was the sum originally fixed upon in the calculations; and that grubbing and clearing uncleared land, could be done for \$1200, instead of \$1500 per mile. These deductions in the whole length of the canal, would create no inconsiderable deduction in the aggregate expenditures; and should the estimates hereafter be exceeded in other respects, here will be a counterbalance.

"The canal works were resumed early

the present season, and have been prosecuted with an energy and success that have transcended the highest expectations. Even the most ardent and sanguine have been disappointed. Every circumstance and result coincides with the former views and conclusions of the engineers and commissioners, excepting an unexpected ease and facility in advancing the stupendous design. The commissioners, very properly, have first undertaken the completion of the middle section; because the completion of this line, which communicates with the Mohawk, will afford immediate advantages on its being finished, and, of itself, would stand the greatest work of the kind in the new world, and rival the canal of Languedoc. More than two thousand men, with five hundred horses and cattle, are now vigorously employed on this part of the route. We feel warranted in asserting that the whole distance between Utica and Seneca river, making not far from ninety miles, will be completed the present season. We believe, that the 10th of December next, the period at which the present contracts are to be performed, will show to the world two hundred and thirty miles of navigation into the heart of our state, by means of this middle section and the Mohawk river; a channel of commercial intercourse that traverses one of the noblest countries on the face of the globe, cultivated by a people unsurpassed for enterprise, industry, and intelligence. This channel, too, will soon be crowded with merchandize, yield an annual revenue to the state, that will aid us in completing the remaining portion of the canal, and impart life and vigour to commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. Then will the people begin to feel the effects of our policy. Then will they see the giant efforts of a single season, animating every species of labour, bringing the energies of the community into more active operation, and greatly enhancing the value of real estate. Another season will give the people an earnest of that unparalleled prosperity that awaits them.

"The season, thus far, has been peculiarly favourable, and every opportunity is embraced to improve it. Experience now fully proves, that the magnitude of the distance over which the canal must pass, no longer presents any discouragement. Such is the favourable nature and quality of the soil, that on the middle section, for sixty miles, between Utica and Salina, not more than one half mile will want puddling; and even that this half mile will want it, is problematical. When we consider the expense of puddling in England and elsewhere, there is much cause to congratulate ourselves on this important fact. It has also been ascertained, by one or more of the engineers, that so few rocks and stones are found on the whole extent of the summit level, that \$500 will be sufficient to remove every obstacle of the kind.

"A fact worthy of much consideration has also been considered, respecting the ice in the canal, at the opening of the spring. That part of the western canal which was finished last year, was found to be free of ice some two or three weeks sooner than the waters of the Mohawk river, or those of lakes Oneida and Ontario. As this excited some degree of surprise, inquiries were made, touching the same fact as pertaining to other canals, and it was found to be generally, or perhaps universally the case. The Middlesex canal is found to be clear of ice ten days or two weeks sooner than rivers and large bodies of water in the vicinity. From the most accurate observations, made by one of the engineers, upon the general breaking up of the waters in the neighbourhood of the canal; he came to the conclusion, that we might uniformly expect that it would open every season, two or three weeks sooner than the contiguous bodies of water. This is owing to the numerous small springs which ooze through the sides of the canal, as well as to the warmth of the soil acting upon an extended and narrow surface of ice.

"Another circumstance is worthy of observation. Those people who have made contracts and performed them, are generally anxious to enter into new ones. The commissioners state, in their report to the last session of the legislature, that many applications had been rejected on account of the great number received. One of the engineers has stated, that when a section is laid off and subject to contract, that the engineers are thronged with applications. In the village of Eldridge, where a distance of 15 miles was to be let out on contract, there were no less than 15 applicants for the job, each anxious to complete it. What could more satisfactorily prove, that while the expenses of the canal keep within the estimates of the commissioners, the people themselves grow rich by performing the labour? Every dollar paid out by the commissioners, goes into the pockets of the people, and is retained among ourselves. It is not paid to the European or to the East Indian manufacturer, to swell the history of our luxuries; but it is merely a circulation of capital in our own community, that enriches individuals, and, through their enterprise, increases the wealth of the state.

"It may afford satisfaction to observe, that the work thus far, has been faithfully performed under the immediate eye of the engineers. No contracts are paid until the works are carefully inspected, and found unexceptionable in point of execution. Some one of the engineers travels the line under contract, from one extremity to the other, giving advice and correcting errors. Great credit is due to them for their fidelity, their talents, and their unwearied application.

"Ten years were first allotted as the period necessary for connecting the Hudson

with the Lakes. Less than eighteen months from the commencement of the works, will show us more than one-fourth of the whole western canal in a finished state, if the present season continues favourable. Mr. Briggs has already, we are informed, began to lay off the eastern section, including the line from Albany to the middle section; and no doubt remains, but that long before the time shall have expired, which by many was once deemed necessary to complete the middle section alone, our hardy yeomanry will have finished both the eastern and middle sections, and show us their excavations and embankments beyond the waters of the Genesee, and thus finishing the last link in this mighty chain of inland navigation."

In conclusion the author (who we understand is Mr. Haines) gives a pleasing epitome of the history of canalizing, from the earliest periods of history to the present day, and, by plausible comparisons, infers the illustrious success of the project in hand.

It remains for us to say, that in our judgment, the author has displayed his subject in a style equally creditable to his talents as a man of literary attainments and political abilities; and if in some instances his *zeal in the cause* has led him (as it undoubtedly has) beyond the sober deductions of authorized reasonings, still must we view his efforts with peculiar satisfaction, and take pleasure in recommending the perusal of the work, not only to the inhabitants of this particular state, but the nation at large.

C. A. B.

The following are a series of questions put, on a particular occasion, by the Reviewer, to the engineer of the Grand Junction Canal, England, about four years since, with his answers; they are subjoined, not as having any immediate connexion with Mr. Haines' work, but merely as illustrative of some circumstances relating to canals, the knowledge of which may be both interesting and useful.

1st. What is the greatest rise in the course of one night that has been known to occur in any level of the Grand Junction Canal, and from what cause? Answer, 10 or 12 inches, and from rain.

2d. What is the greatest difference in rise, in the course of 12 hours, that has been known to occur between two contiguous levels of the same canal? To explain what is meant by *difference of rise*, suppose one of two contiguous levels rise 10 inches, while the other rises only 7 inches, then 3 inches would be the dif-

ference in rise. Answer. Greatest difference from rain only, 10 or 12 inches, but in short pounds the difference may be (from cross lockages) 24 inches, the upper level being drawn down 12 inches, and the lower raised 12 inches.

3d. Whenever a considerable difference of rise takes place in a short time between two contiguous levels of the canal, is it not always in that place where a long level joins a short one, and that the short level has risen more than the long one? Answer. Yes—and the short levels vary most.

4th. Are there not waste weirs to prevent the accumulation of water above certain levels? Answer. Certainly there are.

5th. Would not the canal be always full to the level of the waste weirs, were it not for losses by lockage, leakage, soakage, evaporation, and the occasional supply of mills? Answer. Certainly, excepting accidents to the banks, &c.

6th. Whenever the waters of the canal are at any considerable distance below the level of the waste weirs, has not the depression proceeded principally from lockage? Answer. From lockage, and common practical imperfections of the locks.

7th. Whenever it happens that a mill is supplied from the canal, is not the supply always drawn from the longest level possible? Answered in the next.

8th. Does it ever happen that a mill, or any works of that nature, are supplied from a very short level of the canal? Answer. The existence of mills supplied from canals, being always antecedent to that of the canals themselves, the supply must be taken from that level best suited to the mill-head, without reference to the extent of the level.

9th. If it were possible to prevent the loss of 7-8ths of the water now lost in lockage, would the levels ever be drawn near so low beneath the waste weirs as they now unavoidably are? And, under those circumstances, would not the fluctuations of the levels be very considerably reduced? Answer. The levels would certainly not be drawn so low by lockage, and the fluctuations would in course be reduced, so far as lockage was concerned.

10th. Are not the rises of the water often rapid, and what rise in 12 hours is considered rapid? Answer. Yes—sometimes 10 or 12 inches in 12 hours, but most frequently 6 or 7 inches.

11th. Are not the depressions of the waters of the canal always gradual? And in how long a time would the water fall 6 inches in a dry season? Answer. Yes—more gradual than the rise—but the time is very various.

12th. Has a boisterous wind, independent of rain, any considerable effect upon the water of a long level? What inclination will it produce in a given line, and in what time? Answer. The inclination has been known to be 11-2 inches in a mile, but that was an extreme case, and the wind long continued.

13th. If the inclination be 6 inches, or any other given measure, will it not be divided between a rise of 3 inches at one extremity, and a 3 inches fall at the other extremity? Answer. Yes—except such variation as may be produced by the shelving obliquity of the banks.

14th. Does a violent wind produce any sensible inclination of the surface of a short level? Answer. Has not been observed.

ART. 3. *Samor, Lord of the Bright City. An Heroic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading.* 18mo. New-York. C. Wiley & Co. 1818.

THE time is fast coming on, we think, when the genius of poetry will again come forth to the eyes of his worshippers arrayed in his native beauty and grandeur, such as he shone in the days of Spenser, Milton, and Dryden—not trailing his wing on the earth in the vain endeavour to bear up to a higher region the dull and heavy efforts of the feeble votaries that approached his shrine after the nobler spirits—among whom we should assuredly reckon Pope—had departed; nor forced away from his lofty and mag-

nificent course by the extravagant ambition of his more recent adorers.—We do not mean to say that the period which elapsed between the decease of Pope and the rising of Moore, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, &c. was wholly unilluminated by rays of poetic light, or that the talents of those eminent and enchanting writers are not of an order to move and take captive the minds and hearts of all who have intellect to be kindled, or affections to be awakened. The effusions of Goldsmith, and the productions of that astonishing youth

Chatterton, shed a permanent and beautiful lustre on a period otherwise deficient in the sublime and exquisite—at least, so far as poetry is concerned in the question—while the last twenty years have seen the budding forth and rich blossoming of talents unquestionably more abundant, if not in some respects of a higher order, with the exception of two or three illustrious names, than those which adorned the brightest periods of English poetry preceding their appearance. The delicious softness and melody of Moore—the vivid and romantic genius of Scott—the contemplative muse of Wordsworth—the fine blending of the sweetest and softest poetry with the spirit of philosophical musing and analysis which characterises that wild but most attractive composition—the *Childe Harold*—have diffused over our own times a brilliancy varied and enchanting as that of the rainbow, nor would we wish to exclude even the apostate laureate from his share, dimmed though it be by the vapours of a night blacker than that of Erebus, of the glory which plays around the brows of that illustrious brotherhood—nor should we be doing justice to the feelings of his admirers or our own, were we not to mention, in terms of high honour and respect, the exalted and exquisitely-cultivated genius to whom we owe the *Pleasures of Hope*, and that delightful poetical romance, *Gertrude of Wyoming*,—besides these more eminent names, we might bring forth a crowd of minor writers, whose abilities, in a less prolific age, would have shone with no contemptible lustre, and whose productions, even now, may be mentioned with commendation, as contributing to that mass of radiance which lights up and fills the poetical horizon of the nineteenth century, and from the centre of which the more splendid and majestic orbs send forth their unwavering and enduring beams.—Yet, ready as we are to allow that the poetry of the times in which we live evinces powers of a very striking and captivating kind, and are forward to acknowledge that over the lyrics of Moore, the border tales of Scott, the haughty verse of Byron, the mild magnificence of Wordsworth, the wonders of *Thalaba*, and the supernatural prodigies of *Kehama*, the visions—alas, that they should be only visions!—of *Hope*, and the domestic blessedness of *Wyoming*, we have spent many a long and delightful night—and felt the witchery of the genius that engendered those beautiful compositions

steal through our hearts, and transport us with the intensity of their spells into realms where the soft and the lovely, the grand and the terrific, exercise their sovereign sway,—we are, nevertheless, by no means insensible to the defects that stain the works of our most eminent modern poets,—and cannot refrain from expressing our regret that talents of such magnitude and lustre should have been drawn aside from their high and proper course by temptations of so loose and paltry a nature as those to which they have occasionally yielded.—In one we not infrequently find the grossest maxims of epicurean morality, veiled in the dangerous because seducing garb of the softest and most polished verse; and sentiments of the most revolting description wrapt up in language that steals irresistibly into the soul, and deposits the poison of vice in the hearts of the inexperienced and unsuspecting, before they are aware of the contagion—in another we too frequently behold the voluntary drivelling of a first-rate but self-abasing genius—a third devotes himself too entirely to the portraiture of the darker features of humanity, and seems to dwell with a sort of misanthropical extacy upon the moral deformities of his fellow beings,—while the substance and construction of the works of each are open to objections neither few nor slender.—It is not to be doubted that the whole mass of modern poetry abounds in small conceits and affected prettinesses that would have been disdained by the sane and masculine genius of our forefathers, nor is it less true that the rage for simplicity and ambition of effect—of making what the French call a *sensation*,—has been carried to an extent that has made sad inroads upon the grammatical forms and purity of our language. Nothing, we suppose, could be much easier than to adduce some few hundred examples of the strained, unnatural, and obscure phraseology to which the talents of our most eminent modern poets have given their sanction, but at present we have a more inviting theme on which to solicit the attention of our readers, and shall conclude these general observations by remarking, that though the last twenty years have been wonderfully prolific in poetical talents of the first order, their possessors would appear to have been too hasty in displaying them to the public gaze, as well as too ambitious of discovering new roads to fame, to allow them to attain their full and unadorned growth, and to come forth in the ripened beauty of their perfection.

The production now before our tribunal, and whose extraordinary merits have given occasion to the remarks with which we have thought proper to commence this article, is the work of a gentleman whose compositions, though we believe they have not yet reached this country, had previously procured him a high rank among the poets of England. The first of these, in point of time, was the "*JUDICIUM REGALE*," an effusion intended to celebrate the success of the allied armies in 1814, and though with the political opinions there developed we might have good reason to quarrel, we should be acting with palpable injustice to the author were we to withhold our praise from the many finely conceived and energetic passages with which it abounds. The subject, to be sure, is curious, and contrasting the *reality* with the *fiction*, it—yes, it actually is a little difficult to refrain from smiling. Napoleon deserted by the generals to whom he confided the defence of his metropolis, and the allies at Paris, it struck Mr. Milman that it would be a very fine thing to represent the allied monarchs as sitting in judgment on their late potent but now unfortunate brother of France.—So to work he goes, and having settled with himself that it was not possible to represent the rulers of Russia, Austria, &c. &c. as too good, gracious, and philanthropic, or that any colour his imagination could supply would be too dark and atrocious for the character of the emperor, he assembles in high conclave all the royal "*virtues*" of Europe—"thrones, dominations, principedoms, and powers"—we forget whether that pattern for princes, Ferdinand of Spain, is included, and cannot be positive as to that ton of king, Louis, any more than we are certain as to the presence of his *classical* majesty of Naples*—but then there is that genteel and smooth-lipped gentleman, Alexander of Russia, and that second Aurelius, the philosophical emperor of Austria, and that modern Cato, the king of Prussia, and the royal stoic of the "*Netherlands*," as it has pleased the deliverers to denominate Holland and Bel-

gium, with some few more worthies of equal merit. To the bar of this sage and virtuous synod, is Napoleon, through the ministration of Mr. Milman, led to answer before "*the sceptred of the world*" the accusations preferred against him, through the same organ, by the nations of Europe. That Mr. Milman has managed his subject with considerable ability and effect, it is by no means our intention to deny, and viewing it solely as the effort of imagination, we do not scruple to say that, though it is not wholly free from blemishes, it evinces a strength of talent and vividness of conception that promised those richer fruits which have at length appeared in the work now under consideration. The passage immediately ensuing the assembling of the tribunal, and the congregation of the European people, is marked by features of a grand and striking description.

"Abroad were sounds as of a storm gone past,
Or midnight on a dismal battle-field;
Aye some drear trumpet spake its lonely blast,
Aye in deep distance sad artillery pealed,
Booming their sullen thunders—then ensued
The majesty of silence—on her throne
Of plain, or mountain, listening sate, and lone,
Each nation to those crowned peers' decree,
And this wide world of restless beings rude,
Lay mute and breathless as a summer's sea."

There is also in the character of Napoleon, such as it has pleased the author to portray it, a power and liveliness of painting that we could have wished to have seen displayed with some greater regard to the truth of circumstances. Viewed as a delineation of the imperial exile, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a libel—a portrait evidently drawn with the spirit and zeal of a partisan, and failing in every resemblance of the original. Napoleon had faults—great faults—but a want of fortitude, and self-abandonment of that regal and overawing demeanour which subdued the minds of his enemies, after his sword had vanquished their armies, were not among them—and while we wish to do justice to the poetical talents of Mr. Milman, and are willing to accord his description of the ex-emperor every praise but that of verity, we are at the same time compelled to say that it is somewhat ridiculous to exhibit the Victor of Lodi—Marengo—Austerlitz—and Jena—as trembling in the presence of individuals whom so short a period before that in which the present scene is supposed to have taken place, he had beheld striving to excel each other in the base work of flattery to him who had shaken the very thrones on

* This personage, in the beginning of the French Revolution, was conversing one day with a gentleman of his court, and expressing his fears for the safety of Louis XVI. The courtier reminded his majesty of the decapitation of Charles the first of England—when the king observed that "he must be mistaken—that the English were too good and loyal a people to send their sovereign to the scaffold, and that it was altogether a tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to serve their wicked purposes."

which they sate, and whose highest ambition seemed then to consist in being the first in his roll of royal dependants. Having thus premised, we give Mr. Milman's lines.

"Then at some viewless summoner's stern call
Uprose in place the imperial criminal.
In that wan face nor ancient majesty
Left withered splendour dim, nor old renown
Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye;
No giant ruin e'en in wreck elate
Frowning dominion o'er imperious fate,
But one to native lowliness cast down.
A sullen, careless desperation gave
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief;
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,
That e'en from misery wrings a proud relief,
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
That from the towering grandeur of their sin,
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
Heedless of racking agony within;
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
Fortune his slave, and victory his mate!
'Twere doubt if that dark form could truly feel,
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel."

The verses commemorating the queen of Prussia, are written with great sweetness and feeling; but here again we have occasion to notice the wilful misrepresentation of facts that mark the whole of this performance. The circumstance on which Mr. Milman has lavished the tears of poesy, is thus related by persons whose station gave them opportunity of becoming acquainted with the truth, and whose respectability guarantees their testimony. When Napoleon was setting out for the campaign of Jena, he was informed that the queen of Prussia was with the army, and that she was ambitious of meeting him in the field at the head of the Prussian troops—on hearing this the emperor, turning to some of his officers, said with more than usual vivacity—"We must be quick, and not keep the lady waiting"—and against this harmless sentence have the following verses been indited, to hand down to future times the atrocious outrage committed by Napoleon on the delicacy and gentleness of a royal female:

"Then blanch'd the soldier's bronzed and furrowed cheek,
While of coarse taunting outrage he 'gan speak
To her the beautiful the delicate,
The queenly, but too gentle for a queen,—
But in sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled, then drooping, mute though broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed."

Then appear in succession the different nations whose sovereigns had experienced the vengeance and clemency of Napoleon,
VOL. III.—No. VI. 54

and even England is introduced as preferring her accusations against a monarch who in his most ambitious designs can only be charged with following the *glorious* example set by herself in Hindustan. Writing for Englishmen, and in praise of England, Mr. Milman is of course very patriotic,—it was his first attempt at laudatory strains on his own country, and as they contain very little more than what might be, and is, produced many times annually at London anniversary dinners, may be dismissed as unworthy a place among the passages we would select as indicative of the eminence which the author has attained by the publication of Samor. The following lines, however, in which vent is given to the imaginary grief and resentment of the assembled nations, are (with the exception of the concluding vulgarity in italics) finely descriptive of the thirst of revenge which the emancipated and triumphant victims of a tyrant may be supposed to feel in the moment of victory:

"Then all at once did from all earth arise
Fierce imprecations on that man of sin,
And all the loaded winds came heavy in
With exultations and with agonies.
From the lone coldness of the widow's bed,
The feverish pillow of the orphan's head,
From dying men earth's woful valleys heaping,
From mouldering cities in their ashes sleeping,
Like the hoarse trembling of a torrent flood
Mingled the dismal concord, '*Blood for blood!*'"

It is now time to say something of Fazio, a composition certainly not a little extravagant in its plot, but in which the play of the finest affections of the human heart is delineated with heart-touching eloquence.

In his youth, Fazio, a native of Florence, and of respectable family but of reduced fortunes, suffers himself, as many other silly young men have done, to become in love with a beautiful coquette—the gaze of all the men, and the envy of all the women of his native city. For a while, as is the custom with young ladies of the class to which Aldabella belongs, she suffers him to dangle in her train, write love-sick sonnets (whether to her lips or eyebrows, Mr. Milman has not condescended to inform us) and then gives him a cool intimation that he has amused her sufficiently, and that the cessation of his attentions would be a desirable close to the farce. Poor Fazio departs—wounded to the soul, and retaining, like a barbed arrow in the breast of a deer, his love for Aldabella—distracted, he turns for relief to the attractions of chemical science, involves himself in the

vapours of laboratories, and the fumes of crucibles. Convinced by sad experience, that wealth, not merit, is the idol to which the world bends its knee, and persuaded that Aldabella's rejection has been caused by his pecuniary deficiencies, he gives himself up to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, in the hope of realizing a fortune that shall restore him to her smiles. During his studies, however, he becomes acquainted with and marries Bianca, a lady in *all* respects superior to the fair and false one whose beauty dazzled his youth, and for some time their mutual felicity is perfect and uninterrupted. At length accident, not without crime on his part, invests him with the wealth which had so long been the object of his ardent but chimerical pursuit. Bartolo, an old and miserly individual, attacked by robbers, takes shelter in the dwelling of Fazio, where he dies of his wounds. Seduced by the temptation thus held out to him, the husband of Bianca intert the corpse, and proceeding to the house of the deceased, plunders the accumulated treasures of Bartolo, and comes forth in the second act in all the splendour that riches can bestow. With the change of his fortune Aldabella's love revives—she contrives an interview with the deluded Fazio, and the infatuated *inamorato* once more yields to the allurements of the wanton, and abandons his home, his wife, and his children, to revel in the loose embraces of the depraved and heartless Aldabella. Bianca pines in wretchedness. In the meantime, she hears that the extraordinary disappearance of the body of Bartolo has been agitated by the Duke and Senate, and that the emptiness of his coffers has given birth to various and strango conjectures. Influenced by the hope of breaking off Fazio's connexion with Aldabella, she flies to the council, and accuses her husband of having murdered Bartolo and plundered his riches. Fazio is dragged before the tribunal,—stunned by the suddenness of his seizure, and the appearance of his wife as his accuser, he makes no defence—and receives sentence of death.—The two last acts are occupied with the fruitless attempts of Bianca to obtain pardon for her husband, her exposure of Aldabella, and her own death.

Now, certainly, the plot of Fazio has but slender pretensions either to originality or even probability. Its elements exist in a hundred dramas—in *George Barnwell—Measure for Measure, &c.* Nor can we say much more in favour of the characters, Bianca excepted. For

Aldabella we only experience sentiments of the deepest disgust, and the voluntary turpitude of the beautiful sinner, the readiness with which she courts the illicit love of Fazio, is so complete a violation of the modesty and chasteness of the female character, that we are a good deal surprised Mr. Milman should have ventured upon such a portrait. With respect to Fazio, nothing can be more contemptible than the figure he makes through half the play. At first a dupe to the artifices of Aldabella—then engaged in the ridiculous search after the philosopher's stone—then a robber—and, finally, false to the sweet and lovely being who clung, and to the last clings, to him as the sustenance of her life. Misfortune renders him somewhat more respectable, and the conclusion of the piece, in which the criminal Fazio, stript of his ill-acquired riches, deserted by his mistress, and about to be for ever separated from his wife and children by a dreadful and ignominious fate, yet bearing up against his calamities with a serene and uncomplaining fortitude, cheering his fond and faithful consort, and pouring into her bosom words of consolation and tender advice, is a far more respectable person than the wealthy and vicious lord Fazio, revelling in opulence attained by the most degrading means, surrounded by flatterers whom he despises, neglecting his wife, and wantonng with the fallen object of his former affections. The character of Bianca is exquisite—her love—her devotedness to her husband—are painted in the most enchanting colours—and if in Aldabella the author has shown that the corruption of the softer sex is, if possible, more disgusting than the excesses of our own, he has also in Bianca given us the counterpart of the picture, and exhibited the chaste and tender virtues of woman in a manner the most masterly and fascinating. In truth, Bianca is the prominent personage in Fazio, and in her concentrates the chief interest of the play.

We now proceed to give a few specimens of the dramatic excellencies of the author of *Samor*. In the following conversation between Fazio and one of the lackeys of his prosperity, there are touches which would not disgrace the pen of Massinger:

“ I, my good lord am one
Have such keen insight for my neighbour's virtues,
And such a doting love for excellence,
That when I see a wise man or a noble,
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity
Man should be blind to his own merits; words

Slide from my lips, and I do mirror him
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

FAZIO.

In coarse and honest phraseology,
A flatterer.

FALSETTO.

Flatterer. Nay, the word's grown gross.
An apt discoverer upon things of honour—
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man,
The setting to the rarer jewelry,
The soul's unseen and hidden qualities.
And then, my lord, philosophy—'tis that,
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,
By which we know that we are gods, and are so.
But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast!—
Who would not hymn so rare and rich a wedding?
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?

FAZIO (*aside*.)

Now the poor honest Fazio had disdained
Such scurvy fellowship—howbeit lord Fazio
Must lackey his new state with these base jack-
als."

This is a fine and admirable description of a parasite, and the effect is greatly increased by making him his own draughtsman. Its merit, indeed, is of a rare kind, for not only is the baseness of the flatterer brought out in the clearest manner, but the effect of his glozing adulation upon Fazio, who is represented as fully conscious of the hollowness of his professions, is so managed as to show the influence of panegyric upon human nature in general, notwithstanding the person flattered is fully aware of the vile-ness of its source. "Howbeit lord Fazio *must* lackey his new state with these base jackals."

His address to Bianca, after the discovery of his guilt, is written with considerable feeling and pathos.

"Mine own Bianca—I shall need much mercy,
Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.
It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt
To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe:
It will be bitter, when the axe falls on me,
To think whose voice did summon it to its office.
No more—no more of that—we all must die.
Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead;
I wrong'd thee, but thou'lt love me."

The last interview between Fazio and Bianca is conceived with no inconsiderable tenderness of sentiment. A beautiful contrast is afforded in the wild and tender despair of Bianca, and the tranquil endurance of misfortune in her husband.

"Fazio, set me loose!
Thou clasp'st thy murderess!

FAZIO.

No, it is my love,
My wife, my children's mother.—Pardon me
Bianca, but thy children,—I' not see them,

For on the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep and sternly settle,
I would not have them in their better days
Cherish the image of their wretched father
In the cold darkness of the prison house.
Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them
That he is dead, but say not how.

BIANCA.

No, no—

Not tell them that their mother murdered him.

FAZIO.

But are they well, my love?

BIANCA.

What had I freed them
From this drear villain earth, sent them before
us
Lest we should miss them in another world,
And so be fettered by a cold regret
Of this sad sunshine?

FAZIO.

Oh, thou hast not been
So wild a rebel to the will of God!
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms
That ring thee round so fondly drop from off thee
Like scree, and withered ivy; make my farewell
Spoken in such suffocate and distempered tone,
'Twill sound more like—

BIANCA.

They live, thank God, they live:
I should not rack thee with such fantasies.
But there have been such hideous things around
me,
Some whispering me, some dragging me," &c.

There is a soliloquy of Bianca possessing merit of a very sweet and impressive description. The night is supposed to have passed over the lonely and sleepless pillow of the injured and suffering wife—morning comes, but Fazio comes not with the morning—and the tender and disconsolate Bianca wastes the hours in mournful and heart-touching reflections and complaints. The speech in which these are embodied, we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the finest representations we have ever met with of a heart wounded in its most secret places, and giving vent in words to the sorrows that consume it.

"Not all the night, not all the long, long night
Not come to me—not send to me—not think on
me!

Like an unrighteous and unburi'd ghost
I wander up and down these long arcades.
Oh in our old poor narrow home, if haply
He lingered late abroad, domestic things
Close and familiar crowded all around me!
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
Of the green lattice, the gray curtain's folds,
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought;
Yea, even his black and iron crucibles
Were to me as my friends. But here, oh here
Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
All strange, all new, in uncouth gorgeousness,
Lofly and long,—a wider space for misery—
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
Are unaccustomed, unfamiliar sounds—

Oh, I am here so wearily miserable
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.
Her arms—her viper coil! I had forsworn
That thought lest he should come, and find me
mad,

And so go back again, and I not know it.
Oh, that I were a child, to play with toys,
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball;
Oh, any wild pitiful poor subterfuge,
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark dalliance with that cursed image.
I have tried all—all vainly;—now—but now
I went in to my children. The first sound
They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.
I could not kiss them—my lips were so hot.
The very household slaves are leagued against
me,

And do beset me with their wicked floutings—
'Comes my lord home to-night?'—and when I
say
'I know not,'—their coarse pity makes my heart-
strings
Tear with the agony."

How true all this is to nature, it surely
is not necessary for us to explain or insist
upon. How admirably, and in a man-
ner that comes home most dearly to the
heart, has the author painted the feelings
of the woman and the wife—the inextinguishable love—the tender jealousy
that will not suffer the object of its
affection to bestow a glance on another's
loveliness—avaricious of his every look,
smile, and word—yet still so deeply de-
voted to the beloved apostate, that though
he were to come

"fresh from ALDABELLA'S arms,"

she would welcome him with transport,
and endeavours to banish from her re-
membrance the maddening thought of her
husband's infatuated and unholy inter-
course with that unchaste and fallen
beauty—

*"I had forsworn
That thought, lest he should come, and find me mad,
And so go back again, and I not know it."*

Immediately after the soliloquy, a do-
mestic returns with intelligence concern-
ing her Fazio that confirms all the sad fore-
bodings of Bianca. Lost to all the pure
and honourable endearments of home—
and sacrificing on the shrine of wantonness
every conjugal duty, he has passed in the
society of Aldabella those hours on which
Bianca had so sacred a claim. The ex-
quisite beauty and wild tenderness of the
speech in which she gives utterance to
her feelings on this accomplishment of her
fears, will, we think, be felt by every one.

"Oh, Fazio,
Oh, Fazio—is her smile more sweet than mine,

Or her soul fonder? Fazio, my lord Fazio,
Before the face of man mine own, mine only,
Before the face of heaven Bianca's Fazio,
Not Aldabella's—Ah, that I should live
To question it—Now henceforth all our joys
Our delicate endearments, all are poisoned.
*Aye—if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone that to her
He murmured hers—it will be or 'twill seem so.
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms
In which he folded her; and if he kiss me
He'll pause and think—which of the two is sweeter."*

There are few passages, in the whole
range of dramatic poetry, that are finer
than this—Beaumont and Fletcher have
nothing more affecting, nor Shakespeare
any thing more natural. It is the sweet
and bitterly-delicious effusion of a soul
overflowing with the mingled emotions of
tenderness and fond resentment, and may
be justly classed among those felicitous
copies of nature that only genius of the
highest order is capable of producing.

We must now conclude our observa-
tions upon Fazio. We have, it is true,
gone a little out of our usual way in
bringing it before our readers at all; but
of so beautiful a composition we could
not resist giving our readers an outline,
and by the extracts we have made, af-
fording them a *taste* of a production,
whose extraordinary merits gave rich
promise of loftier achievement,—a satis-
factory earnest of those more splendid la-
bours of the author, which have resulted
in "*SAMOR*"—and which ought, we think,
to have long since secured the publication
of Fazio on this side of the Atlantic.
The play has been before the British
public above two years—and as yet there
is no American edition!

So frequent of late years, have been
the attempts and failures in the province
of heroic song, that we had almost re-
conciled ourselves to the probability of
an age or two passing away without leav-
ing any of those grander memorials of
poetic genius, that subsist through all
times as the proud and lasting monuments
of its might and majesty. Homer, Virgil,
Tasso, Camoens, and Milton, occupied
in high and secluded state, the royal emi-
nences of Parnassus, and swayed in au-
gust fraternity over its most elevated
regions—but no kindred genius was
fired with the glorious ambition of emu-
lating their exploits and rivaling their
renown. Like gods, they dwelt in light
unapproached and unapproachable by
feeblér spirits, and the radiance that in-
vested their immortal forms at once daz-
zled and deterred the weaker worship-
pers of the muses. It seemed, too, as if

they had monopolized to themselves the events most favourable for epic display, and the subjects of their works were, all of them, of a kind for which the habits of our youth have imbrued us with a special reverence and predilection, and which are so intimately connected with our civil or religious education, and so thoroughly mixed up with all our earliest ideas of a pleasing or impressive description, that it is with difficulty we can lend our sympathy to a poem bearing the title of epic, or carrying in its form and character pretensions to the same class of productions with those which we have so long been accustomed to consider as works which it is impossible should be equalled by succeeding writers, and which our prejudices would almost induce us to wish should remain unrivalled. A general notion had become prevalent that it would be an act of hopeless presumption in any modern poet to attempt heights so long held sacred to an illustrious few, and though there were not wanting those who endeavoured to vindicate their claim to equal eminence with those mighty bards, the rashness of their ambition was proved in its failure, and the crowd of bastard epics with which the last hundred years have teemed, seemed to justify the opinion that all the great masters of heroic song had already appeared—and that to no future minstrel would be accorded the sceptre they swayed or the laurels they wore. From Blackmore to Southey extends the list of the "*mighty mad*," and Joan of Arc has long taken her station by the side of Prince Arthur. During the latter part of this period, however, the human genius was silently ripening, and preparing for efforts not altogether unworthy of being compared with its achievements in the days of old. A Poet* has appeared to whose principal production we may justly grant the praise of being a worthy supplement to the great work of Milton, and in the poem before us, the earlier events in the history of our ancestors have been clothed with all the interest, majesty and magnificence characteristic of the epic.

Our readers must now be not a little anxious to become acquainted with "*SAMOR*"—and it is with the most heartfelt pleasure, and, let us add, not without feelings of exultation in the genius that has so nobly contributed his share to the li-

terary glory of our times, that we proceed to its examination.

A short preface is given, which we extract as explanatory of circumstances with which some of our readers may, possibly, not be sufficiently acquainted.

"The historians* of the empire near the period of time at which this poem commences, make mention of Constantine, who assumed the purple of the western empire, gained possession of Gaul and Spain, but was defeated and slain at the battle of Arles. He had a son named Constans, who became a monk, and was put to death at Vienna.

"About the same time a Constantine appears in the relations of the old British Chronicles and Romances. He was brother of the king of Armorica, and became himself king, or rather an elected sovereign of the petty kings of Britain,† who continued their succession under the Roman dominion. He was called Vendigard; and Waredur, the Defender and Deliverer. He had three sons, Constans, who became a hermit, and was murdered, either (for the traditions vary) by the Picts, by Vortigern, or by the Saxons; Emrys, called by the Latin writers Aurelius Ambrosius; and Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur. These two Constantines are here identified, and Vortigern supposed to have been named king of Britain, as the 'person of greatest authority and conduct in the wreck of the British army, defeated at Arles. Many, however, of the chiefs in the island advancing the hereditary right, before formally settled on the sons of Constantine, Vortigern, mistrusting the Britons, and prest by invasions of the Caledonians, introduced the Saxons to check the barbarians and strengthen his own sovereignty.

"The hero of the poem is an historical character, as far as such legends can be called history. He appears in most of the chronicles as Edol, or Eldol, but the fullest account of his exploits is in Dugdale's Baronage, under his title of earl of Gloucester. William Harrison, however, in the Description of Britain prefixed to Holinshead, calls him Eldulph de Samor. But all concur in ascribing to him the acts which make the chief subject of the fifth and last books of this poem.

"Most of our present names of places being purely Saxon, and the old British having little of harmony or association to recommend them, I have frequently, on the authority of Camden and others, translated them. Thus the Saxon Gloucester, called by the Britons, Caer Gloew, is the Bright City. The Dobuni, the inhabitants of the vales, are called by that name. Some

* The Rev. GEORGE TOWNSEND, of Cambridge, England, and author of *ARMAGEDDON*.

* "Gibbon, chap. 31.

† "Whitaker, *Hist. of Manchester*.

‡ "Lewis, *Hist. of Britain*.

few, sanctioned by old usage of Poetry and Romance, I retain, as Kent, Thanet, Cornwall. London is Troynovant, as the city of the Trinobantes.

"Some passages in the poem will be easily traced to their acknowledged sources, the poets of Greece and Italy; one, however, in the third book, relating to the northern mythology, has been remarkably anticipated in a modern poem. The honourable author may be assured that the coincidence is unintentional, as that part of this poem was the earliest written, and previous to the appearance of his production."

The story on which the poem is founded is the old one of Vortigern and Rowena, and the subsequent invasion and conquest of Britain by the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa. These are at first victorious, and lord it over the "prostrate isle" and its infatuated monarch, at their pleasure—but in Samor, the king or earl of Caer-Gloew, or Gloucester, arises the avenger of her wrongs, the restorer of her glory;—his wisdom and courage, his incessant activity and perseverance, are successful in the redemption of his country.—He slays Horsa, and, Hengist a prisoner, Samor, to whom in a solemn convocation of the British states, where the king is present, the office of judge is assigned by the general voice, decrees the death of the captive barbarian, with whose execution the poem terminates.

We now proceed to give somewhat in detail the principal events of the poem, and in so doing shall take frequent occasion to use the exquisite language in which the author has arrayed them.

The first book opens with the meeting near London or Troynovant, of Vortigern, and Hengist, who has just returned from his victory over the marauding Picts. Vortigern is voluble in praise of his valiant ally, and leads the way to a sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of the conqueror. Every thing here is gay and spirited—but the progress of the feast is about to be interrupted by the smothered indignation of the British chiefs against Hengist, when

"Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce
felt

Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dances trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dew; nor lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
At summer noon the Sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd

Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks
Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped
zone

Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanc'd o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of
sound

Swell'd up, and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching
spray,

Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp: as though she trod from earth,
And round her wore an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the Lady mov'd. Too proud
For less than absolute command—too soft
For aught but gentle amorous thought: her hair
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowers radiance, save
Here and there on her snowy neck repos'd
In a sooth'd brilliance some thin wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye was fring'd
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers.
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
That to the outward form and feature gave
A loveliness of scorn—scorn that to feel
Was bliss, was sweet indulgence."

The lady advances to the king—pledges him in "half-failing accents"—and quits the hall. Vortigern is captivated with her transcendent beauty, and learning from Hengist that she is his daughter, instantly proposes his union with the lovely virgin, and tempts his consent with the offer of the kingdom of Kent as a marriage portion. Hengist, of course, assents, and the enamoured monarch, rising from his seat, and taking off his crown, places it on the temples of the Saxon, and in a flowing goblet gives the word,

"To Kent's high King
A health, a health to Vortigern's fair bride,
The golden-hair'd Rowena.—Seized at once
Each Saxon the exulting strain, and struck
The wine-drain'd goblet down, 'Health, King
of Kent!'"

The announcement of this sudden and inauspicious betrothment immediately calls up the royal chief of Gloucester, who addresses Vortigern in a speech, which, however worthy of the better times of English history, we much doubt whether Lord Castlereagh, or any of his colleagues, would consider as a specimen of loyalty.

"Sovereign of Britain's Sovereigns! of our crowns

The highest! in our realm of many thrones
 Enthron'd the loftiest! mighty as thou art,
 Thou dost outstep thy amplitude of sway;
 Thine is our isle to govern, not to give;
 A free and sacred property hast thou
 In our allegiance; for a master's right
 Over our lives, our princelings, and our souls,
 King Vortigern, as well mayst thou presume
 To a dominion o'er our winds, to set
 Thy stamp and impress on our light from heaven.
 This Britain cannot rest beneath the shade
 Of Saxon empire, this our Christian soil
 The harvest of obedience will not bear
 To Heathen sway; and hear me, Vortigern,
 The golden image that thou settest up,
 Like the pride-drunken Babylonian king,
 Though dulcimer and psalter soothe us down
 To the soft humour of submission tame,
 We will not worship."

Samor, followed by "the Island's brave and proud," departs from the palace. An interview takes place subsequently between Vortigern and himself, in which he makes an endeavour to draw the king from his connexion with the Saxons—and nearly succeeds, when all his exhortations are rendered ineffectual by the approach of Hengist's daughter.

"Sliding came and smooth

A car, wherein, like some fair idol led
 Through the mute tumult of adorning streets,
 Bright-hair'd Rowena pass'd the portal arch.
 Have ye a sense, ye gales, a conscious joy
 In beauty, that with such an artful touch
 And light ye float about her garment folds,
 Displaying what is exquisite display'd,
 And thinly scattering the light veil where'er
 Its shadowing may enhance the grace, and swell
 With sweet officiousness the clustering hair
 Where fairest tufts its richness, and let fall
 Where drooping most becomes; that thus ye love
 To lose yourselves about her, and expire
 Upon her shape, or snow-white robes? She stood,
 Her ivory arm in a soft curve stretch'd out,
 As only in the obedience of her steeds
 Rejoicing; they their necks arch'd proud and high,
 And by her delicate and flower-soft hands
 Sway'd, as enamour'd of her mastery mov'd,
 Lovingly on their bright-chaf'd bits repos'd,
 Or in gay sport upon each other fawn'd.
 But as the Monarch she beheld, she caught
 The slack rein up, and with unconscious check
 Delay'd the willing coursers, and her head,
 Upon her ivory shoulder half declin'd
 In languor of enjoyment, rising wore
 Rosy confusion, and disorder fair
 Transiently on her pride of motion broke.
 Or chance, or meaning wander'd to his face
 Her eye, with half command, entreating half;
 Haughty to all the world, but mild to him,
 Th' all admiring, and th' all-awing
 awed—
 She look'd on him, and trembled as she look'd.
 Alone she came, alone she went not on."

Book 2d. The princes of Britain, disgusted with the weakness of Vortigern and the insolence of the Saxons, assem-

ble together to consult on the deposition of the first, and the expulsion of the latter. The sons of Constantine, Vortigern's predecessor, are present. Emrys, the elder, urges his claim to the throne in mild yet forcible terms, but Uther, the younger brother bursts out in vehement and angry speech against Vortigern, whom he treats as an usurper. The chiefs, roused to sudden fury by his words, call out aloud for war, and the assembly is about to dissolve in confusion, when the tumult is suspended by Samor, who, rising, thus addresses them:

"Brave sight for earth and heaven! it doth not fail

A nation's cry for freedom and for faith,
 Nor faint, nor deaden in the mist and gloom
 Of this low earth; it takes the morning's wings,
 Passeth the crystal skies, and beats heaven's gate;
 There glideth through the gladdening Angel
 choirs,
 That fan it onward with their favouring plumes,
 To the eternal sapphire throne, and him
 That sits thereon, ineffable. Oh Kings,
 Our council thus appealing may not wear
 Seeming of earthly passion, lust of sway,
 Or phrenetic vengeance: we must rise in wrath,
 But wear it as a mourner's robe of grief,
 Not as a garb of joy: must boldly strike,
 But like the Roman, with reverted face,
 In sorrow to be so enforced. Brave Chiefs,
 It would misseem a son of this proud isle,
 To trample on the fallen, though a King;
 It would misseem a Christian to rejoice
 Where virtue hath play'd false, and fame's pure
 light

Hath sicken'd to dishonourable gloom.
 Vortigern is our foe, no more our King,
 Yet King he hath been, King he had been still
 Had never his high vaulting pride disdain'd
 The smooth dominion of old use, nor striven
 To fix on our impatient necks the yoke
 Of foreign usurpation; our free land
 Will not endure the heathen Saxon's rule,
 Nor him that rules by heathen Saxon power.
 So march we forth in th' armour of our right,
 From our once King not fallen off in hate
 Or sickness, but by severe constraint
 Of duty to ourselves and to our God.
 So march we forth, and in such state may make
 Our mother land to vaunt of us, raise up,
 Side by side, the fair airs to captivate
 To an approval of our upright deed,
 Our royal banner and the Cross of Christ;
 And move within their cirque of splendour, calm,
 And yet resistless as the bright-maned steeds
 That bear the Morn to disenthroned old Night."

Samor proceeds to the nomination of Constans, the eldest born of Constantine, as king, and comments upon the peril likely to result to the state should his claims to the throne be overlooked in favour of Emrys or Uther.

"He ceased, nor time for voice or swift acclaim,
 Scowling a sullen laugh of scorn, leaped forth
 The mountain king, the sovereign of the lakes

And dales this side the Caledonian bound ;
He only, when the kings sate awe-struck, stood
Elate with mocking pity in his frown ;
A mighty savage, he of God and man
Alike contemptuous ; nought of Christian lore
Knew he, yet scoffed unknown, 'twas peaceful,

meek,
Thence worthless knowledge. Him delighted
more

Helvellyn's cloud-wrapt brow to climb, and
share

The eagle's stormy solitude ; 'mid wreck
Of whirlwinds and dire lightnings huge he stood,
Where his own gods he deem'd on volleying
clouds

Abroad were riding and black hurricane.
Then in their misty pride assail'd he oft
With impious threat, and laugh'd when th' echoing
glens

His wild defiance cast unanswered back.
Now with curl'd lip of scorn, and brow uplift,
Lordly command, not counsel, fierce he spake.
— Shame, coward shame ! as though the fowls
of heaven,

When in dusk majesty and pride of wing
Sails forth the monarch eagle, down should
stoop

In homage to the daw. Oh craven souls,
When Snowdon or high Skiddaw's brow is bare,
'To plant the stately standard of revolt
Upon a molehill. Constans ! that to him
Caswallon should bow down ; aloft our crowns
Upon the giddy banner staff, that rocks
On Troynovant's tall citadel, uphang,
And who the dizzy glory will rend down,
Or Constans or Caswallon ? The bright throne
Environ with grim ranks of steel-girt men :
Huge Saxons black with grisly scars of war,
Who first will hew to that triumphal seat
His ruinous path ? Hear, sceptred Britons,
bear,

A counsel worthy the deep thoughts of kings :
Of valorous achievement and bold deeds
Be guerdon to the mightiest of our isle,
The sov'reignty of Britain ; spurn my voice,
And I renounce your counsels, cast you off,
And with my hardy vassals of the north
I join the Saxon."

Caswallon's arrogance incenses the
chiefs, and they are about to rush upon
him, and quench the insult in his blood,
when Malwyn, his son, throws himself
between the confederated princes and his
father, and after declaring his abhorrence
of Caswallon's principles, tells them that
those who seek his life " must pass o'er
Malwyn's corpse." Caswallon is per-
mitted to depart in safety—and the coun-
cil breaks up. Samor is deputed to bear
to Constans the crown of Britain in the
name of her " assembled kings," and he
and Elidure, his friend, go forth to seek
the sovereign-elect. As they proceed,

— " gay files of dazzling light
Slow o'er the plain advancing, indistinct
From their full brightness, gradual the long
blaze

Broke into form, and lance, and bow, and
helm,
Standard and streamer, chariot and fair steed,

Start from the mingled splendour. On their
height

Unseen, the chieftains watch'd the winding
pomp.

And all before the azure-vested bands
From glancing instruments shook bridal glee.
Then came the gorgeous chariots, rough with
gold,

And steeds their proud heads nodding with rich
weight

Of frontlet wreathed with flowers and shadowy
plumes ;

Therein sate ladies robed in costly state,
Each like a queen ; the noble charioteers,
Briton in garb, with purple mantle loose,
O'er steel, in network bright, or scale o'er scale,
Glittering, and aventayle barr'd close and firm.

As yet the gaudy traitors shamed to meet
The cold keen glance of countrymen betray'd.
Dark in their iron arms, some wilder girt
With Caledonian spoils, their yellow hair
Down from the casque in broad luxuriant flow
Spreading, and lofty bann' wide display'd,
Whereon a milk-white courser reinless shone,
Paced forth the Saxon warriors. High o'er all,
Tempestuous Horsa, chafing his hot steed,
And Hengist with his wreath of amber beads,
His hoary strength, in spite of age or toil,
A tower of might ; with that tall grove of
spears,

Circled, and rampire close of serried shields,
The bridegroom monarch rode, his bright attire
Peaceful, as fitting nuptial pomp, his robe
Rich-floating strew'd the earth with purple
shade,

And on his lofty brow a regal crown,
Bright as a wreath of sunbeams ; high his arm
The ivory sceptre bore of kingly sway :
Yet who his mein and bearing watch'd had
seen

Dim gleam of jealous steel, or lurking mail
Beneath those glorious trappings, for his gaze,
Now jocund, changed anon to wandering start,
Fearful and wild, as the still air were rife
With vengeful javelins showering death, his
pace

Hurried, yet tardy, as of one who rides
O'er land still tottering with an earthquake
shock.

And him beside on snowy palfrey, deck'd
With silver bells its pendent mane profuse,
Of silver and of stainless ermine
The bright caparisons, and all her robes
White as of woven lily cups, the bride
Majestic rode as on a moving throne.
Her sunbright hair she waved and smiled
around,

As though, of less than kingly paramour
Scornful, she said, Lo, Britain through your
land

I lead the enthralled sovereign of your isle."

The nuptial procession passes on in
triumphant gaiety.—Suddenly its progress
is arrested by a strange and apparently
supernatural being, who mingles with the
joyous band, and terrifies even Hengist
with his wild gestures, and still wilder
speech.

* " He is so decorated by the Welsh Poet.
See *Transl. of the Brut of Tyssilio*, by Peter
Roberts.

"Joy," and again, and thrice he uttered 'joy.'
Cower'd Horsa on his palsied steed; aglasi,
As toiling to despise the thing he fear'd,
Sate Hengist. 'Joy to bridegroom and to
bride!

Why should not man rejoice, and earth be glad?
Beyond the sphere of man, the round of earth,
There's loud rejoicing, 'tis not in the heavens!
And many ministrant angels shake their wings
In gladness, wings that are not plum'd with
light.

The dead are jocund, not the dead in bliss.
Your couch is blest—by all whose blessings
blast,

All things unlovely gratefully your love.
I see the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song
I hear, and full the pomp, for Hate and Fear,
And excellent Dishonour, and bright Shame,
And rose-cheek'd Grief, and jovial Discontent,
And that majestic herald, Infamy,
And that high noble, Servitude, are there,
A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew.
And the land's curses are the bridal hymn;
Sweetly and shrilly doth th' accordant isle
Imprecate the glad hymeneal song.
So, joy again, I say, to Britain's king,
That taketh to his bosom Britain's fate,
Her beautiful destruction to his bed.
And joy to Britain's queen, who bears her lord
So bright a dow'ry and profuse, long years
Of war and havoc, and fair streams of blood,
And plenteous ruin, loss of crown and fame,
And full perdition of the immortal soul;
So thrice again I utter 'joy,' 'joy,' 'joy!'

Constans refuses the crown, which, in
consequence, is transferred to Emrys,
and the book concludes with the sudden
decease of the royal hermit, whether nat-
urally or by a Saxon sword, we are not
informed.

The 'Third Book shows Caswallon in
traitorous conference with the Saxon
Chiefs, with whom he enters into alliance
against his native land. At the instance
of Horsa, he accompanies Hengist to
the wilds of Scandinavia, for the dou-
ble purpose of procuring reinforcements,
and of consulting the Runic oracles on
the fate attending their invasion of Bri-
tain. The character of Caswallon is fine-
ly displayed both in his conversation with
his new friends, and the haughty fearless-
ness with which the savage braves the
terrors of an element to which he had ever
been a stranger. The voyage over the
German ocean is described with consid-
erable animation, and the Aurora Borealis
is painted with admirable beauty and
vigour.

" 'Twas midnight, but a rich unnatural dawn
Sheets the fired Arctic heaven; forth springs an
arch,
O'erspanning with a crystal pathway pure
The starry sky, as though for gods to march,
With show of heavenly warfare daunting earth,
To that wild revel of the northern clouds;
That now with broad and banners light distinct,
Stream in their restless wavings to and fro,

VOL. III.—No. VI.

55

While the sea billows gleam them mellow
back;

Anon like slender lances bright upstart,
And clash and cross with hurle and with flash,
Tilt in their airy tournament."

They shortly land, and proceed in
"the Chariot of the Oracle," over the
dreary wastes of the north. Here also
Mr. Milman's powers of description are
displayed to great advantage. After
bringing the pilgrims past the "immortal
ico-hills," he thus continues:

"Nor wants soft interchange of vale, where
smiles

White mimicry of foliage and thin flower.
Feathery and fanlike spreads the leafy ice,
With dropping cup, and roving tendril loose,
As though the glassy dews o'er flower and herb
Their silken moisture had congeal'd, and yet
Within that slender veil their knots profuse
Blossom'd and blush'd with tender life, the couch
Less various where the fabled Zephyr fans
With his mild wings his Flora's bloomy locks;
But colourless and cold, these flowering vales
Seem meeter for decrepit Winter's head
To lie in numb repose. The car slides light,
The deer bound fleet, the long gray wilderness
Hath something of a roseate glimmering dim,
And widens still its pale expanse: when lo,
A light of azure, wavering to display
No sights, no shapes of darkness and of fear.
Tremblingly flash'd the inconstant meteor light,
Showing thin forms, like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seem'd,
On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek,
Strange and unnatural: statues not unlike
By nature, in fantastic mood congeal'd
From purest snow, the fair of earth to shame,
Surpassing beauteous: breath of mortal life
Heaved not their bosoms, and no rosy blood
Tinged their full veins, yet moved they, and
their steps
Were harmony. But three of that bright troop,
The loveliest and the wildest, stood aloof,
Enwrap'd by what in human form were like
Impulse divine, of their fine nature seem'd
The eternal instinct."

Caswallon speaks scoffingly of these
Runic divinities, and the angered Hen-
gist thus admonishes his incautious com-
panion:

"These, proud chief,
So snowy, soft, and airy gentle, these
Are ministers of destiny and death,
The viewless riders of the battle field:
When sounds the rushing of their sable steeds,
Down sink the summon'd mighty, and expand
Valhalla's cloudy portals; to their thrones
They the triumphant strangers lead, and pour
Lavish the eternal beverage of the gods.
Mark thou yon bright-hair'd three! and would
thy soul
Grasp the famed deeds of ancient time, or
know

The master spirits of our present world—
Lo Gudur, she whose deep mysterious soul
Treasur'd the past, and Rosta, who beholds
All acts and agents of this living earth;

She too is there before whose spacious sight
The years that have not been start up and live,
Who reads within the soul of man unborn
The unimagined purpose, of the sage
Skulda the sagest. Ask and thou shalt know."

To the inquiries of Hengist, Skulda answers that to his descendants, but not to him, Woden grants sway and dominion over Britain, and that the foe, meaning Samor, comes "from the vale."

"Fatal to Hengist, and to Hengist's sway,"

Caswallon demands how he shall propitiate the lord of Valhalla—and the Valkyr responds,

—————"Not the blood
Of steed or stag; a flower of earth must fade.
Blest o'er all virgins of the earth, the chaste,
The beautiful, by heaven ordain'd to lead
The souls of valiant men to the pale hall
Of the Immortal; air her path, and heaven
Her dwelling, with the fair and brave of earth
Her sole communion!"

Caswallon promises to devote his daughter to the service of Woden, and the chiefs, retracing their journey through the frozen solitude, meet on the borders of the Baltic the succours summoned by Hengist.

"Then forth arose each chieftain to salute
The polestar of their baleful galaxy,
Prime architect of ruin: him who sway'd
Their hot marauding, desultory strife
To cool and steady warfare, of their limbs
The domineering soul. As each past on
Shook up the Scald his harsh-strung shell, and
cast

The war tones of each nation to the winds;
And Hengist with imperious flattery met
Each tall and titled leader: 'Art thou here,
Bold Frisian Hermengard! a broader isle
And fairer than thy azure Rhine laves round,
Spreads for thee her green valleys. How
brook'st thou,

Strong Scandinavian, Lodbrog, thou the chief
Of the renown'd Vikingers, while the waves
So nobly riot with the wintry storms,
The tame and steadfast land? Now freely leap,
Arngrim, along thy Suevian forest brown
The bear and foam tusk'd wild boar; let them
leap,

A braver game is up on Britain's shore.
O Cerdic, gray in glory, young in power,
The Drave ran purple with thy boyish deeds,
A darker, redder dye, o'er silver Thames
Shall spread before thy ancient battle axe.
Ho, Offa, the rich-flowing mead hath worn
Your Jutland cups, beneath the British helms
Capacious goblets smooth and fair await
Offa's carousals. Heir of Cimbric fame,
Frotho, how these, of late the Roman's slaves,
Will the race daunt, who set our Thor afront
The Roman's Capitoline Jove. And thou,
My gold-hair'd brother, are the British maids,
Or British warriors, Abisa, the first
In the fierce yearning's of thy boyish soul?

And to the mighty Anglian; oh, unfold
Ocean more wide, more wealthy realms, too
brief,
Too narrow for Argantyr's fame, the round
Of this the choice, the sovereign of thine isles."

The remainder of the book details the return of Hengist to Britain with his reinforcements.

Book the fourth introduces us to the lovely and ill-fated daughter of Caswallon. There is, we think, considerable sweetness and grace in the following lines:

"Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek Star of Eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like
man,

Slept, weary of the garish babbling day.

Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
In slumber droops not; Lillian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idolatrix of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship, the translucent streams
Down th' hill sides glittering cherish the pure
light

Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver white,
Glistens, all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool: doth Lillian muse
To that apparent queen her vesper hyun?"

The stern and savage soul of Caswallon turned away from the soft endearments of Lillian, and while his pride urges him to bestow such cares upon his son Malwyn as are necessary to train him up to the toils and hardships of war, she,

—————"from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale, and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Belov'd, and loving none; nor strange, if least
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate: she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving celandine, nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere
dawn

Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering green
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce
heard,

Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence, all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows; better known the voice

Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
 Blithe caroling and wild melodious notes
 Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
 By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
 Nor they of love unconscious, all around
 Fearless, familiar their their descant sweet
 Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes
 That tenant wood or rock, den roe or deer,
 Sunning her dappled side at noontide crouch'd,
 Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze
 The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy."

The chances of the chace bring Vortimer, the son of Vortigern, to the solitary haunts of Lilian, for whom he becomes inspired with a pure and ardent affection, which is returned by the beautiful maiden with equal warmth and chasteness.

"As fair the spring-flower's bloom, as graceful droops

The wild ash spray, as sweet the mountain bee
 Murmurs, melodious breathes the twilight grove,
 Unheard of her, unheeded, who crows while
 Visited, constant as the morning dew,
 Those playmates and sweet sisters of her soul.
 In one sole image sees the enamour'd maid
 Concentrated all qualities of love,
 All beauty, grace, and majesty. The step
 Of tall stag prancing stately down the glen,
 The keen bright fierceness of the eagle's glance,
 And airy gentleness of timorous roe,
 And, more than all, a voice more soothing soft
 Than wild bird's carol, or the murmuring brook,
 With eloquence endued and melting words
 So wondrous; though unheard since eve, the
 sounds
 Come mingling with her midnight sleep, and
 make
 The damask of her slumbering cheek grow
 warm."

She is now waiting the return of Vortimer by the banks of the stream where they first met, and in which she had often contemplated the reflection of his manly beauty—the trampling of a horse echoes through the glen—and

"She o'er the lucid mirror stooping low,
 'Gins prank her dark-brown tresses, bashful
 smiles
 Of virgin vanity flit o'er her cheek,
 Tinging its settled paleness."

She turns round, as the steed approaches, raises her eyes, and beholds—not him whose every look breathed love and tenderness—not Vortimer—but her father—but Caswallon! Dark and stern, he stood before his sweet and innocent child—uttered no word of kindness to the sad and disappointed Lilian—but, clasping her in his arms, springs upon his horse, and she is borne away by the superstitious savage—a sacrifice to his accursed and treacherous ambition. The lines in which Mr. Milman has related her death are too exquisitely beautiful to be held from our readers.

"On through moonlight and through shade he
 spurr'd,

Gleam'd like a meteor's track his flinty road,
 Like some rude hunter with a snow-white fawn,
 His midnight prey. Anon, the mountain path
 'Gan upward wind, the fiery courser paused
 Breathless, and faintly raising her thin form;
 'Oh, whither bear ye me?' with panting voice,
 Murmur'd. Caswallon spake unmoved, 'to
 death.'

'Death, Father, death is comfortless and cold:
 Ah me! when maiden dies, the smiling morn,
 The wild birds singing on the twinkling spray,
 Wake her no more; the summer wind breathes
 soft,

Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,
 Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold
 She lies; while all she loved, unheard, unseen,
 Mourn round her.' There broke off her faltering
 voice

Dimly, with farewell glance, she roved around,
 Never before so beautiful the lake

Like a new sky, distinct with stars, the groves.
 Green banks and shadowy dells, her haunts of
 bliss,

Smiled no'er before so lovely, their last smile;
 The fountains seem'd to wail, the twilight mists,
 On the wet leaves were weeping all for her,
 Had not her own tears blinded her; there too
 She surely had beheld a youthful form,
 Wandering the solitary glen. But loud
 The courser neigh'd, down bursting, wood and
 rock

Fly backward, the wide plain its weary length
 Vainly outspreads; and now 'tis midnight deep.
 Ends at a narrow glen their fleet career;
 That narrow glen was pal'd with rude black
 rocks,

There slowly roll'd a brook its glassy depth;
 Now in the moon-beams white, now dark in
 gloom.

She lived she breath'd, she felt to her denied
 That sole sad happiness the wretched know,
 Ev'n from excess of feeling, not to feel.
 Behold her gentle, delicate and frail,
 Where all around, through rifted rock and wood,
 Grim features glare, huge helmeted forms obscure
 People the living gloom, with dreary light
 Glimmering, as of the moon from iron arms
 Coldly reflected, lovely stands she there,
 Like a blest angel 'mid th' accurs'd of hell.

A voice is heard.—'Lo, mighty Monarch, here
 The stream of sacrifice; to man alone
 Fits the proud privilege of bloody death
 By shaft or mortal steel; to Hela's realm,
 Unblooded, woundless, must the maid descend;
 So in the bright Valhalla shall she crown
 For Woden and his Peers the cup of bliss.
 Her white arms round her father's rugged neck
 Winding with desperate fondness, she gan pour,
 As to some dear, familiar, long-loved heart,
 Most eloquent her inarticulate prayers.
 Is the dew gleaming on his cheek? or weeps
 The savage and the stern, yet still her sire?
 But some rude arm of one, whose dreadful face
 She dared not gaze on, seized her. Gloomy
 stood,

Folding his wolf-skin mantle to conceal
 The shuddering of his huge and mailed form,
 Caswallon. Then again the voice came forth,
 'Fast wanes the night, the gods brook no delay,
 Monarch of Britain speed. He, at that name
 Shaking all human from his soul, flung back
 The foldings of his robe, and stood elate,
 As haughty of some glorious deed, nor knew

Barbarian blind as prond, who feels no more
The mercies and affections of his kind,
Casts off the image of God, a man of ill,
With all his nature's earth, without its heaven.

A sound is in the silent night abroad,
A sound of broken waters; rings of light
Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the
shore.

And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft
As fountain nymph by weary hunter seen,
In the lone twilight glen; the moonlight gleam
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face,
Like th' halo of expiring saint, she seems
Lingering to lie upon the water top,
As to enjoy once more that light beloved;
And tremulously moved her soundless lips.
As syllabing the name of Vortimer;
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,
Unconscious of its guilt, went eddying on,
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon."

As the corpse floats down the stream,
it is descried by Vortimer, now on his
return to Lilian. He draws it to shore,
but the darkness of the night prevents
his discovering that it is the lifeless form
of Lilian that he holds in his arms—the
resemblance, however, that even death
could not entirely destroy, nor the gloom
altogether conceal, raises the most dread-
ful suspicions.—Morn at length breaks—
and with the confirmation of his fears, the
happiness of Vortimer is for ever blasted.

In the meanwhile the Saxon fleet ar-
rives on the shores of Kent, and Hengist
dispatches Cerdic to the assembled nobil-
ity of Britain with fair offers of peace
and friendship. Samor, with earnest elo-
quence, advises their instant rejection.

"But then rose Elidure, with bashful mien,
Into himself half shrinking, from his lips
The dewy words dropt, delicate and round,
And crept into the chambers of the soul,
Like the bee's liquid honey:—'And thou too,
Enamour'd of this gaudy murderer, War!
Samor, in hunger's meagre hour who scorns
A fair-skin'd fruit, because its inward pulp
May be or black or hollow? this bland Peace
May be a rich-robed evil; war, stern war,
Wears manifest its hideousness, and bares
Deformities the sun shrinks to behold.
Because 'tis in the wanton roll of chance
That he may die, who desperately leaps
Into the pit, with mad untimely arms
To clasp annihilation? Were no path
But through the grim and haunted wilds of strife,
To the mild shrine of peace, maids would not
wear

Their bridal chaplets with more joy, than I
Th' oppressive morion: then the old vaunt were
wise,

To live in freedom, or for freedom die.
Then would I too dissemble, with vain boast,
Our island's weakness, wear an iron frown,
Though all within were silken, soft, and smooth.
For what are we, slight sunshine birds, thin-
plumed,

For dalliance with the mild, luxurious airs,
To grapple with these vultures, whose broad
vans,

Strung with their icy tempests, but with wind
Of their forth rushing down would swoop us?

Then,

Then, Samor, eminent in strength and power,
It were most proud for thee alone to break
The hot assault, with single arm 't' arrest
The driving ruin—ruin, ah! too sure.
Oh, 'twere most proud; to us sad comfort; seek,
Amere'd of all our fair, smooth sliding hours,
Our rich abodes the wandering war-flame's feast.
Samor, our fathers fear'd not death; cast off
Most careless their coarse lives; with nought to
lose,

They fear'd no loss; our breathing is too rich,
Too precious this our sensitive warm world;
Its joys, affections, hopes, desires,
For such light venture. Oh, then, be not
Most wretched from the fear of wretchedness?
If war must be, in God's name let war be;
But oh, with clinging hand, with lingering love,
Clasp we our mistress, Peace. Gold! what is
gold?

My fair and wealthy palace set to sale,
Cast me a beggar to the elements' scorn;
But leave me peace, oh, leave my country peace,
And I will call it mercy, bounty, love!"

The ill-omened treaty is concluded,
and the poet gives a striking description
of the prodigies that attended its ratifica-
tion.

"'Tis fabled, that then, albeit amid the rush
Of clamorous joy unmark'd in drearier days
Remember'd, signs on earth, and signs in hea-
ven,

With loud and solemn interdict arraign'd
That hasty treaty: maniacs kindled up
With horrible intelligence the pits
Of their deep hollow eyes, and meaning strange
Gave order to their wandering utterance;
stream'd

Amid the dusky woods broad sheeted flames;
The blue fires on the fen at noon-day danc'd
Their wavering morrice, and the bold ey'd
wolves

Howl'd on the sun. Life, ominous and uncouth,
Seiz'd upon ancient and forgotten things;
The Cromlechs rock'd, the Druid circles wept
Cold ruddy dew; as of that neighbouring feast
Conscious, the tall Stone Henge did shrilly shriek
As with a whirlwind, though no cloud was mov'd
In the still skies. A wailing, as of harps,
Sad with no mortal sorrow, sail'd abroad
Through the black oaks of Mona. Old deep
graves

Were restless, and arm'd bones of buried men
Lay clattering in their stony cells. 'Twas faith,
White women upon sable steeds were seen
In fleet career 'neath the rank air; the earth
Gave up no echo to their noiseless feet,
And on them look'd the Moon with leprous light
Prodigious, haply like those slender shapes
In the ice desert by Caswallon seen.
From Mona to the snowy Dover cliffs,
From Skiddaw to St. Michael's vision'd mount,
Unknown from heaven, or earth, or neither pit,
Unknown or from the living or the dead,
From being of this world, or nature higher,
Pass'd one long shriek, whereat old Merlin
leap'd

From his hoar haunt by Snowdon, and in dank
And dreary descent mutter'd all abroad
What the thin air grew cold and dim to hear."

The fifth book commences with the preparations for celebrating the renewal of peace between the lately hostile nation. The description shall be given in the beautiful and highly polished language of Mr. Milman.

"Swan of the Ocean, on thy throne of waves
Exultant dost thou sit, thy mantling plumes
Ruffled with joy, thy pride of neck elate,
To hail fair Peace, like Angel visitant,
Descending, amid joy of earth and heaven,
To bless thy fair abode. The laughing skies
Look bright, oh, Britain! on thy hour of bliss
In sunshine fair the blithe and bounteous May
O'er hill and vale goes dancing; blooming flow-
ers

Under her wanton feet their dewy bells
Shake joyous; clouds of fragrance round her float.

City to city cries, and town to town
Wafting glad tidings: wide their flower-hung
gates

Throw back the churches, resonant with pomp
Of priest and people, to the Lord their prayers
Pouring, the richest incense of pure hearts.
With garland and with song the maids go forth,
And mingle with the iron ranks of war
Their forms of melting softness, gentle gales
Blow music o'er the festal land, from harp
And merry rebeck, till the floating air
Seem harmony: still all fierce sounds of war;
No breath within the clarion's brazen throat;
Soft slumber in the war-steed's drooping mane.

Not in the palace proud, or gorgeous hall,
The banqueting of Peace; on Ambri Plain
Glitter the white pavilions, to the sun
Their snowy pomp unfolding; there the land
Pours its rejoicing multitudes to gaze,
Briton and Saxon, in majestic league,
Mingling their streaming banners blazon'd
waves.

Blithe as a virgin bridal, rich and proud
As gorgeous triumph for fair kingdom won,
Flows forth the festal train; with arms elate
The mothers bear their infants to behold
That Hengist, whose harsh name erewhile their
cheeks

Blanch'd to cold paleness; they their little hands
Clap, smiling, half delighted, half in dread.
Upon that hated head, from virgin hands,
Rain showers of bloom; beneath those hated
feet

Is strewn a flowery pavement: harp and voice
Hymn blessings on the Saxon, late denounc'd
Th' implacable, inexorable foe.

Lordly they pass'd and lofty; other land
Save Britain, of such mighty despots proud,
Had made a boast of slavery; giant men
In soul as body. Not the Goth more dread,
Tall Alaric, who through imperial Rome
March'd conqueror, nor that later Orient chief,
Turban'd Mohammed, who o'er fall'n Byzance
His moony ensign planed: they, unarmed,
Yet terrible, when haughty on, of power
A world to vanquish, not one narrow isle.

The hollow vault of heaven is rent with shouts,
Wild din and hurly of tumultuous joy
Waves the wide throng, for le, in perfect
strength,

Consume the height of manhood, but the glow,
The purple grace of youth, th' ambrosial hue
Of life's fresh morning, on his glossy hair,
His smooth and flushing features, Samor comes.

His name is on the lisping infant's lips,
Floats on the maiden's song; him warrior men
Hail with proud crest elate; him present, deem
Peace timorous mercy on the invading foe.
Around the Kings of Britain, some her shame,
Downy and silken with luxurious ease,
Others more hardy, in whose valiant looks
Were freedom and command: of princely stem
Alone were absent the forsaken King
And his sad son, and those twin royal youths,
Emrys and Uther; nor the Mountain Lord,
With that young eaglet of his race, deign share
The gaudy luxuries of peace; save these,
All Britain's valiance, princedom, and renown
March'd jubilant, with symphony and song.

Noon; from his high empyreal throne the
Sun

Floods with broad light the living plain; more
rich

Ne'er blaz'd summer couch, when sea and sky,
In royal pomp of cloudy purple and gold,
Curtain his western chambers, breathing men
Gorgeous and numberless as those bright waves
Flash, in their motion, the quick light; aloof
The banqueters, like gods at nectar feast,
Sit sumptuous and pavilion'd; all glad tones
From trembling string, or ravishing breath or
voice,

In clouds of harmony melt up to Heaven;
O'erwhelming splendour all of sight and sound,
One rich oppression of eye, ear, and mind."

The harmony of the banquet is soon interrupted by the treachery of the Saxons—a general massacre ensues of the British nobles, from which Samor alone escapes. He hastens to Gloucester. We pass over the intermediate events, and proceed to his arrival in the city.

"Day pass'd, day sank, 'tis now the dewy
eve,

Beneath him, in the soft and silent light,
Spread the fair Valleys, mead and flowery lawn
With their calm verdure interspers'd alay
The forest's ponderous blackness, or retire
Under the chequering umbrage of dim groves,
Whose shadows almost slumber: far beyond
Huge mountains, brightening in their secret
glens,

Their cold peaks bathe in the rich setting sun.
Sweeps through the midst broad Severn, deep
and dark,

His monarchy of waters, its full flow
Still widening, as he scorn'd to bear the main
Loss tribute than a sea; or inland roll'd
Ambitious ocean, of his tide to claim
The wealthy vassalage. High on its marge
Shone the Bright City, in her Roman pomp,
Of bath, and theatre, and basilic,
Smooth swelling dome, and spiring obelisk,
Glittering like those more soft and sunny towns
That bask beneath the azure southern skies
In marble majesty. Silent she stands
In the rich quiet of the golden light.

The banner on her walls its cumbrous folds
Droops motionless. But Samor turn'd aloof,
Where lordly his fair dwelling's long arcade
On its white shafts the tremulous glittering light
Cherish'd and starry with the river dews
Its mantle of gay flowers, the odorous lawn
Down sloped, as in the limpid stream to bathe."

He enters his palace, and the absence of his family—his household—and the air of desertion spread over the whole mansion, tell that the Saxons have been there before him. From the palace window he beholds their flag waving over the city. He rushes forth in agony.

—————"Beneath a primrose bed,
Half veil'd, and branching alder that o'er-
droop'd

Its dark green canopy, a slumbering child—
If slumber might be call'd, that but o'erspread
A wan disquiet o'er the wither'd cheek,
Chok'd the thin breath that through the pallid
lip

Scarcely struggled, clos'd not the soft sunken eye.
Well Samor knew her, of his love first pledge,
First, playfullest, and gentlest: he but late
Luxurious in the fulness of his wo,
Clings to this 'lorn hope, like a drowning man,
Not yet, not yet in this rude world alone.
Lavish of fond officious zeal, he bathes
With water from the stream her marble brow,
Chafes her; and with his own warm breath re-
calls

"The wandering life, that like a waning lamp
Glimmer'd anon, then faded: but when slow
Unfix'd her cold unmeaning eye regain'd
Brief consciousness, powerless her languid arm
Down fell again, half lifted in his hair
To breathe as it was wont, with effort faint
Strove her hard features for a woful smile:
And the vague murmurs of her lips 'gan fall
Intelligible to his ear alone."

The expiring child relates to her father the surprise of his castle—and the massacre of his consort and family—by the Saxons, in verses conspicuous at once for their simplicity and beauty. During the confusion she had concealed herself, and did not venture forth till she heard them quitting the palace.

"Then all was silent, all except the dash
Of distant oars; I cried aloud, and heard
But my own voice, I search'd yet found I none;
Not one in all these wide and lofty halls,
My mother, my sweet brothers gone, all gone.
Almost I wish'd those fierce men might return
To hear me too in their dread arms away.
Hither I wander'd, for the river's sound
Was joyous to the silence that came cold
Over my bosom, since the Sun bath shone,
Yet it seem'd dark—but oh, 'tis darker now,
Darker, my Father, all within cold, cold.
The soft warmth of thy lips no more can reach
This shuddering in my breast—yet kiss me still.
Vain, all in vain; that languid neck no more
Rises to meet his fondness, that pale hand
Drops from his shoulder, that wooed voice hath
spent
Its last of sweetness."

Samor devotes himself to the cause of his country, vows never to sheathe his sword so long as a Saxon foe stains its soil, and the lines we are about to quote from the beginning of the sixth book de-

scribe, in a very masterly manner, the effect of his exhortations upon his oppressed compatriots.

"A voice, o'er all the waste and prostrate
isle

Wandereth a valiant voice; the hill, the dale,
Forest and mountain, heath and ocean shore
Treasure its mystic murmurs; all the winds
From the bleak moody East to that soft gale
That wantons with the summer's dewy flowers,
Familiar its dark burthen waft abroad.

Is it an utterance of the earth? a sound
From the green barrows of the ancient dead?
Doth fierce Cassivela's cold sleep disdain
That less than Caesar with a master's step
Walk his free Britain? Doth thy restless grave,
Bonduca, to the slavish air burst open,
And thou, amid the laggard cars of war,
Cry 'Harneß and away?' But far and wide,
As when from marish dank, or quaking fen,
Venomous and vast the clouds uproll, and spread
Pale pestilence along the withering land,
So sweeps o'er all the isle his wasting bands
The conqueror Saxon; he, far worse, far worse
His drear contagion, that the body's strength
Wastes, and with feverish pallor overlays
The heaven-shap'd features; this the nobler soul,
With slavery's base sickliness attains,
Making man's life more hideous than his death
Thames rolls a Saxon tide; in vain delays
Deep Severn on Philimmon's summits rude
His narrow freedom, tame anon endures
Saxon dominion: high with arms uplift,
As he had march'd o'er necks of prostrate kings,
Caswallon on the southern shore of Trent
Drives onward, he nought deeming won, while
aught

Remains unwon. But still that wondrous voice,
Like vulture in the grisly wake of war,
Hovers, and flings on air his descendant strange,
'Vengeance and Vigilance!'—in van, in rear,
Around, above, beneath the clouds of Heaven
Enshroud it in their misty folds; earth speaks
From all her caves, 'Vengeance and Vig-
ilance!'

Aye, at that sound the Briton crest assumes
High courage and heroic shame, he wears
With such bold mien his slavery, he might seem
Lord over fortune, and with calm disdain
He locks his fetters, like proud battle arms.
Without a foe o'er this wide land of foes
Marcheth the Saxon. City, tower, and fort
On their harsh hinge roll back their summer'd
gates,

With such a sullen and reluctant jar,
Submission seems defiance. Though to fear
Impassive, scarce the Victor dare unfurl
Banner of conquest on the jealous air.
Less perilous were frantic strife, were wrath
Desperate of life, and blind to death, wild hate
Of being struck all heedless so it strike,
Than this high baughty misery, that fierce we
Baffles by brave endurance, and confronts
With cold and stern contentedness all ill,
Outrage, and insult, ravage, rape, and wreck,
That dog-barbaric Conquerors march of war.
'Tis like the sultry silence, ushering forth
The thunder's cloudy chariot, rather like
The murky smothering of volcanic fire
Within its rocky prison; forth anon
Burst the red captive, to the lurid heaven
Upleaps, and with its surging dome of smoke
Shuts from the pale world the meridian Sun."

The remainder of the book relates the heroic deeds of the "Avenger" previous to the assembly of the British forces. He is uniformly successful. Nothing resists his arm. Saxon after Saxon falls beneath his sword, and the fame of his prowess at once impresses the enemy with mysterious dread, and inspires his countrymen with hope. We would willingly lay before our readers the beautiful episode of Abisa and Myfanwy, but the extent to which this article has already grown will not permit us.

Book the seventh opens with the following grand and glowing eulogium on the patriotic and lofty-minded but suffering Samor :

"How measureless to erring human sight
Is glory ! Glorious thy majestic state,
Hengist ! with captive cities for thy thrones,
And captive nations thy pale satellites,
Britain, with all her beauty, power and wealth,
Thy palace of dominion. Glorious thou,
Caswallon, in Caer Ebranc's stately courts,
By the slow waters of the wandering Ouse,
Bright-sceptred Renegade ! Even in your crimes
Glitters a dazzling and meteorous pomp,
Though your wild voyage hath laid through
waves of blood.

Ye ride triumphant in your royal port ;
But he, sad Pilgrim, outcast and forlorn,
How doth the midnight of his honour shame
Your broad meridian, his wild freedom pass
Your plenitude of sway, his nakedness
Transcend your sweeping purples, rayed with
gold !

Nor wanteth to his state its gorgeous pride,
And high peculiar majesty ; the pomp
Of the conspiring elements sheds on him
Tumultuous grandeurs ; o'er his midnight couch,
Amid the scuth'd oaks of the mountain moor,
On its broad wings of gloom the tempest stoops.
Around his head in crystal coronets
The lightning falls, as though thy fiery hand,
Almighty ! through the rolling clouds put forth,
Did honour to the Freeman. Mighty winds
And the careering thunders spread around
Turbulent music ; darkness rivals day,
And day with darkness vies in stateliest pride
The Avenger's lofty miseries to array.
When from the East forth leaps the warrior Sun,
In panoply of golden light, dark cowers
His own proud eagle, marvelling what strong
form,

Uprising to usurp his haughty right,
Drinks in the intense magnificence with brow
Undazzled and unshrinking ; nor to him
Falls homage from the living shapes of earth ;
On him the savage, fierce and monstrous, fawn
Tame adoration ; from his rugged sleep
The wild boar, sleek his bristling wrath, aloof
Shrinks ; the grim wolf no more his rest disturbs,
Than the calm motion of the moon she bays."

The all-enduring chief continues his labours in the cause to which he has devoted his whole efforts. He visits every part of the island in succession, and rouses the inhabitants against their cruel and treacherous invaders.

"Now his path
Through Towey's vale winds velvet soft and
green.

The year is in its waning autumn glow,
But the warm Sun, with all his summer love,
Hangs o'er this gentle valley, loath to part
From the blue stream that to his amorous beams
Now her cool bosom spreads, now coyer slides
Under her alder shade, whose umbrage green,
Glancing and breaking the fantastic rays,
The deep dark mirror frets with mazy light.
A day that seems in its rich moon to blend
All seasons choice deliciousness, high hung
On Dinevaur and Carreg Cannon rude,
And on bold Drusslyn gleam'd the woods their
hues,

Changeful and brilliant, as their leaves had drank
The sun's empyreal fountains ; not more bright
The groves of those Atlantic isles, where rove
(Dream'd elder Poesy such fancies sweet)
The spirits of the brave, stern Peleus' son,
And Diomedes, through bowers that the blue air
Arch'd with immortal spring of fragrant gold.
The merry birds, as though they had o'erdream'd
The churlish winter, spring-tide virelays
Carolling, pruned their all-forgotten plumes.
Upon the sunny shallow lay the trout
Kindling the soft gems of its skin ; the make
As fresh and wanton in its green attire
Wound its gay rings along the flowery sward."

For awhile he surrenders himself to the beauty of the scene ; his meditations are interrupted by the gentle dashing of oars—a vessel appears gliding up the stream :

"Slow up the tide the gaudy bark comes on,
Her oars scarce startling the unruffled air ;
The waters to her swan-like prow give place,
Along the oar-blades leap up to the sun
In lucid flakes, and dance, as 'twere their sport
To waft that beauteous freight. And exquisite
As that voluptuous Memphian on the stream
Of Cydnus, leading with bliss-breathing smiles
Her throngs of rash beholders, glided down
To welcome to his soft imprisonment
The Lord of half the world, so wond'rous fair
Under an awning cool of fluttering silk
The Lady of that graceful galaxy sate.
But not in her instinct the melting form
With passion, the smooth limbs in dazzling glow
Translucent through the thin lascivious veil,
Skillful with careless blandishments to fire
The loose imaginations, she herein
Least like that Oriental harlot Queen.
Of all her shape, of all her soul, was pride
The sustenance, the luxury, the life.
The innate scorn of her full eye repaid
With lofty thanklessness the homage fawn'd
By her fair handmaids, and her oarmen gay,
Who seem'd to wanton in their servile toil.
Around she gaz'd, as in her haughtiness
She thought that God had form'd this living
pomp
Of woodland, stream, and rock, her height of
soul

To pamper, that to welcome her the earth
Attured its breathing brightness, and the sun
Only on her look'd from his azure sphere."

Samor recognises in this beauteous and haughty personage the cause of his

country's misfortunes—Rowena—and is almost tempted to take instant vengeance. He recollects her sex, checks the unworthy thought, and advancing to the shore, is accosted by the queen at first in proud, but soon in softer terms—she invites him to *Caer Merdlyn*—and *Samor*—unwilling as he is to trust the Saxon faith, yet anxious to make a last effort to awaken *Vortigern* to a sense of his duties—consents. He enters the vessel. Rowena gazes upon the majestic figure and noble features of the “*Avenger*,” with an admiration that speedily kindles into the deepest love. We select the passage in which the birth of her illicit passion is related as one of its kind among the finest in the language.

“Set forth
Upon its dancing voyage down the tide,
The bark obeisant to its dashing oars.
But those gay rowers veering with the wind
Of soft court favour, ‘gan with subtle joy
And cold factitious transport hail again
Their gentle peer, their old and honour’d friend.
But with a glance the imperial Lady froze
To silence their smooth-lying lips, nor brook’d
Idle intrusion on her rapturous feast.
Deep drank she in the majestic and pomp,
Wherewith instinct the *Avenger* moved and
spake,
And what high beauty from heroic soul
Emanates on the outward shape, nor pall’d
On her insatiate appetite the joy;
Till that commercing deep of stately thoughts.
Proud admiration, and intense delight
In what is heart-subliming, towering, grand,
Regenerate from the trance that bath’d her sense,
Sprang up a fiery passion, o’er her flow’d
Secret the intoxicating ecstacy,
Love, dangerous, deep, intolerable love.
What beauteous seeming and magnificent,
Weareth that brilliant sin! now not o’er her
Came it in melting languor, soft and bland,
But like her own high nature, eminent,
Disdainful, and elate, allied to all
That beautified, that glorified, and seem’d
Mysterious union of upsoaring spirits,
Wedding of lofty thought with lofty thoughts,
And the fine joy of being to this earth
A thing of wonder: and as floats the air
Clear, white, and stainless in the highest heavens,
Seem’d from its exaltation fresh and pure,
Above all taint her amorous madness rose.
Had it seem’d love, her very pride had quell’d
The unplumed fantasy, her inbred scorn
Warr’d on the young infirmity; but now
Upon her soul’s bold crest it planted high
Its banner of dominion, and she hail’d
Its coming as a guest of pomp and power.”

Arrived at *Caer Merdlyn*, he finds *Vortigern*—his kingdom shrunk to a principality, and his person guarded by Saxons,—an object of hatred to his people, and contempt to himself. When *Samor* enters, he finds him a prey to his own reproaches. *Aneurin*, the bard, endeavours to soothe the grief of his royal mas-

ter, but the aged minstrel is himself too touched with sorrow to call from his harp any but

“Such melodies at tragic midnight heard
Mid a deserted city, gliding o’er
The deep green moss of tower and fane o’er-
thrown,
Had seem’d immortal sorrows in the air,
O’er man’s inconstant grandeur. Sad such wreck,
More sad, more worthy Angels’ woe the waste
And desolation of a noble mind,
High fertile faculties run wild and rank,
Bright fiery qualities in darkness slaked.”

To the noble and generous remonstrances of *Samor*, *Vortigern* replies in a strain that proves the baseness of his nature. Envy, that vilest of passions, preys upon his soul—Envy of the man on whom his own weakness and disastrous passion have brought down ruin, cut off from all domestic joys, and whose sole consolation and support in the misery with which his sovereign’s culpable rashness and confidence in the enemies of his people, had involved him, is the proud consciousness of labouring sincerely, earnestly, and with his whole strength of mind and body, for the restoration of his country. *Samor* quits him, less in anger and disdain, than pity at his fall from the eminence on which stood *Vortigern* when on the field of *Arles*, his compeers hailed him king of Britain. The “*Avenger*” departs from his presence—but Rowena, who has listened with passionate admiration to the lofty speech of the British hero, follows, and astonishes him by the open and fervent declaration of her lawless affection. To his exclamation

“This then the close
To all thy lavish love of *Vortigern*!”

she replies,

“My love! he was a King, upon his brow
The beauty of a royal crown, his height
Dominion, like a precious mantle, dipt
In heaven’s pure light array’d, and o’er him shon
Transcendent grandeur: above all he stood,
And I by such fond splendours wooed and won,
Took seat upon his eminence; a plant
To spread, and mantle an imperial throne,
Not like tame ivy round a ruin creep,
Or wreath the tomb of royalty. His pride
I wedded, not his shame; bats may not build
With the light-loving lark, He, he himself
By self-abasement has divorc’d me, set
Distance between us wide and far as heaven
From the black pit of infamy.”

All her efforts to kindle in the bosom of *Samor* the guilty passion that burns in her own, are vain, and she suffers him to depart, though not till she has made a fruitless attempt to shake his courage by

the introduction of her Saxon guards. But her attachment has taken too deep root to be thus suddenly quenched. She calls for her steed, and, unaccompanied, follows Samor. Him she discovers—such is the *instinct* of love—slumbering in sweet serenity on a wild and fern-covered heath.—Rowena breathes a blessing on the sleeping prince—

“He wakes—

Oh, hateful, even in slumber that harsh name
Grates on his sense.—His eyes unfold, nor start,
So soft the vision; wonder's self is calm,
And quaffs it in with mild unshrinking gaze.
Her long bright hair, like threads of silver streak
The moonlight, her fair forehead's marble arch
Wild joyous fearfulness, extatic doubt
Bathe with the dewyness of melting snow,
Ere yet unblanch'd its stainless glitter pure.
Oh, soft and slow that melody of mien
Steals o'er the slumber, ere the reason woke,
The sense was drunken,* one hand folded her's
That answer'd not its pressure, nor withdrew,
Tremulous, yet motionless: his rising head
Found on her other arm such pillowing soft,
As the fond ringdove on its mate's smooth down.
They spake not, mov'd not. 'Tis the noon of
night,

Hour known to Samor not by sign or sound
Of man's wise art to mark the fleeting time,
Nor changing of the starry heavens; but e'er
By motion of the secret soul by calm
Habitual sliding into the sooth'd heart,
Distinct from turbulent day and weary eve,
Emeric's own hour, her consecrated spot
In his life's wilderness. She comes, she comes,
The clouds have dropt her from their silvery
folds;

The mild air wafts her, the rank earth impure
Stainless she skims, distrust, doubt, fear, no place
Find in the sinless candour of her mien.
In languid soft security she melts
On Samor's fever'd soul, she fills his sense,
Her softness like the nightingale's first notes
After rude evening, o'er his passionate steals:
He cast not off Rowena's hand, it fell
As from a dead man's grasp; slow rose his head
From its fair zone, as from a bank of snow
The winter traveller, by its smoothness guilt'd
Almost to deathful sleep; he dares not now
Welcome that heavenly visitant, nor could,
Nor would he her mild rescue bid depart.
Nor dares he now with chill abhorrence shrink
From that empassion'd Lady; on his lips
Clang wretched, pale, beseechingness, that
framed

Nor word nor sound. But time for thought in her
Gave time for shame, for struggling pride gave
time.

‘Thou deem'st me loose, wild, wanton, deem'st
me come

To lure thee with light sweets of lawless love,
Hunting mine own shame through the midnight
woods.

Oh false, all false.—How thee shall I persuade,
Aye me! that scarce persuade myself, 'twas
chance,

'Twas fate, 'twas ministration of bad spirits,
That led me thoughtless, hopeless—did I say
Hopeless? yet scorn not thou, the lightest won
Are oft best won. Oh why, ere now so mild,
So gentle, why so stern, so ghastly still?’

VOL. III.—NO. VI.

56

‘Thou lov'st my pride, my honour, my renown.
Now, Queen Rowena, may'st thou do a deed
Shall make my pride thine own, make thee my
fount

Of honour, all my noontide of renown
On thee in all its golden brilliance shine;
And if henceforth man's voice cry out, High
deeds

Hath Samor's arm achiev'd, thy heart shall
bound

And thy lips answer, ‘Mine! all mine!’ and I
Will bless thee, thank thee, praise thee for that
truth.”

He conjures her to leave him—

“She struggled yet to wear the lofty light
That flush'd her brow, she struggled, and she
fell,

Her white arms round his neck. Light as the
breeze

Pass'd over his her cheek. Then back
She started, seized her courser's rein; far, far
The rocks gave answer to its trampling hoofs.”

Samor pursues his journey—and on his
way meets Argantyr, one of the few
among Saxons whose genuine nobility
of soul claimed kindred in the heart
of the British chief. “and had his claims
allowed.” Argantyr, eager to revenge
the blood of his countrymen, dares Samor
to the combat, while the latter, remem-
bering the virtues of his enemy, and the
“indignant joy” with which he beheld
his escape from the massacre at the ban-
quet of peace, is unwilling to combat so
generous a foe:

“But on Argantyr sprung, as wanton boy
To the cool health of summer streamlet pure,
Around, above, beneath his winged sword
Leaps in its fiery joy, red, fierce and far
As from a midnight furnace start the sparks.
As brazen statue on proud palace top,
Shakes off the pelting tempest, so endur'd
Samor, but not in patient hope austere
Of victory; but habitual skill and power
Protracting long the cold indifferent strife;
Till twice that sword that in its downward sweep
Flash'd the white sunlight, cloudy rose and dim
With ominous purple: then his nature burst
Its languid bonds, not front alone to front;
But soul to soul the riot of the fight
They mingle, like to giddy chariot wheels
The whirling of their swords, as fierce the din
Of buckler brast, helin riven, and breastplate
cloven,

As when the polar wind the ice field rends.
Such nobleness sublime of hideous fight
From Ilion's towers her floating mantled dames
Saw not, nor Thebes, when Capaneus call'd down
Jove's thunder, and disdain'd its fall, nor pride
Of later Bards, when mad Orlando met
On that frail bridge the giant Sarzan king,
And with him in the boiling flood dash'd down,
Till that fond eagerness, that brave delight
O'erpower'd frail nature, breathless each, and
each

Careless, yet conscious of deep trenching wounds,
For admiration paus'd, for hope, for power
To satiate the unwearied strong desire.”

Before either can lay claim to victory, the duel is broken off by the appearance of Hengist and Rowena, and the book closes with Samor's pursuance of his route to the British camp.

The eighth book is replete with events of the most interesting nature—and the meeting of Samor with Merlin, the sage and "prophet"—Gloucester's conference with his holy and ancient friend, Germain, Bishop of Britain—Rowena's renunciation of Vortigern, and the faith of her ancestors,—furnish ample scope for the rich and glowing genius of the poet. We extract the following passage from the vision of Merlin, as related by him to Samor.—Merlin is supposed to have beheld the future fates of Britain unveiled before him on the alpine solitudes of Snowdon by the Destroying Angel. With the extracted lines commences the prophecy.

"Grandeurs there are, to which the gates of heaven

Set wide their burnish'd portals: midnight feels Cherubic splendours ranging her dun gloom, The tempests are ennobled by the state Of high seraphic motion; I have seen, I, Merlin, have beheld. It stood in light, It spake in sounds for earth's gross winds too pure: Between the midnight and the morn 'twas here I lay, I know not if I slept or woke, Yet mine eyes saw. Lo! long this heart had yearn'd,

'Mid those rich passings and majestic shows For shape distinct, and palpable clear sound. It burst at length, yea, front to front it stood, The Immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust In the agony and rapture of my fear, And my soul wept with terror and deep joy. It stood upon the winds, an Angel, plumed, And mail'd, and crown'd; his plumes cast forth a tinge

Like blood on th' air around: his arms, in shape, Etherial panoply complete, in hue The moonlight on the dark Llanberis lake, A bright blue rippling glitter; for the crown Palm leaves of orient light his brow encwreath'd, That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath, And beautiful relentlessness mustere.

Knowledge was in my heart, and on my lips; I felt him, who he was—Archangel! hail, Destroyer! art not thou God's Delegate, To break the glassy glories of this world? The gem-knosp'd diadem; the ivory ball, Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad, The Lord of Nations, Thundershaft of war, Are glorious on the pale submissive earth: Thou com'st, and lo, for throne, for sword, for king,

Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye The rich-tower'd cities smoulder'd to pale heaps Of lazy moss-stones, and aye after thee Hoots Desolation like a dank-wing'd owl Upon the marble palaces of Kings. Thou wert, when old Assyrian Niniveh Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul; Thou, when the Median's brow the massy tier Let fall, and when the Grecian's brazen throne Sever'd and split to the four winds; and now

Consummate thy work of wreck and scorn, Even on Rome's Caesars, making the earth sick Of its own hollowness. Archangel! Hail, Vicegerent of destruction, Cupbearer, That pour'st the bitter liquor of Heaven's wrath, A lamentable homage pay I thee, And sue thee tell if Britain's days are full, Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe. Thereat Earthward his sunny spear its lucid point Declin'd, and lo, a White Horse, through the land

Ranging in stately speed; our city gates Shrink open at his coming, our fair fields Wither'd before him, so his fiery breath Flar'd broad amazement through the gasping land.

Triumph was in the trampling of his feet, And the strong joy of mockery; for he trod, On broken principalities; his mane Familiar Conquest, as a rushing wind, Fann'd in loose brilliant streamings.—'False-lipp'd Seer,

Thou spak'st of gladness, and thy ominous tone Is darkness and dismay.—'Hark, Warrior, hark:

That wanton mane was trail'd down to the dust, That fiery trampling falter'd to dull dread, That pale victorious steed, Thee, Thee I saw, Visible as thou stand'st, with mastering arm Drag down, and on his strong and baffled neck Full trod thy iron-sandal'd heel. The sight Was wine unto my soul, and I laugh'd out, And mock'd the ruinous Seraph in the clouds.

'Yet stood he in the quiet of his wrath, Angelic Expectation, that awaits Calmly till God accomplish God's high will, Full on his brow. Then stoop'd the spear again, And lo, Seven Steeds, like that pale One, bestrode

The patient Isle, and they that on them rode Wore diadem and regal pall; then rose To war against those royal riders fierce, From a round table, Knights in sunlike arms, Shields bossy with rich impress quaint, and fair

Their coursers, as the fire-hoof'd steeds of Morn.

To white arm'd Ladies in a stately court Bards hymn'd the deeds of that fine chivalry, And their crown'd Captain's title smote mine ear,

'Arthur of Bretagne.—Years went rolling on, Cloudy, discordant, and tempestuous years, For the sword reap'd the harvest of the land, And battle was the may game of her sons. And lo, a Raven, o'er the Eastern sea, Swoop'd desolation on the Isle; her wings Blasted where'er they wav'd, the earth wept blood

In her foul talons' gripe. But he that rode On the White Steed, the Sovereign of the Land (Patience, Avenger, patience!) fair was he, That Sovereign, as the virgin's spring-tide dream, Holy as new anointed Christian Priest, Valiant as warrior burnish'd for the fight, Fond and ecstatic, as love-dreaming Bard, Solemn and wise, as old Philosopher, Stately, as kingborn lion in the wood; As he his fine face heavenward turn'd in prayer, The Angels bent down from their thringing clouds,

To wonder at that admirable King, Sky-wandering voices peal'd in transport out—'Alfred!' the baffled Raven cower'd aloof, The isle look'd up to heaven in peace and joy."

We pass over the ninth book, not because it is deficient in beauties,—indeed it is full of them—but that excepting Samor's interview with Vortimer, it does but little towards advancing the action of the poem.—Gloucester's daring visit to Caswallon is admirably depicted, and the whole book abounds with passages of eminent excellence, the omission of which we the less regret, as the publication of the poem in this city enables our readers to appreciate them at their leisure.

Book the tenth is comparatively short, and the only extract we shall make are the lines in which is described the kindling by Samor,—who has now rejoined his brothers in arms, and is prepared to meet the Saxons in the field—of the fiery signal of universal insurrection against the invaders.

“In the pyre he cast a brand.
A moment, and uprush'd the giant fire,
Piercing the dim heavens with its blazing brow,
And on the still air shaking its red locks.
There by its side the Vassals and their King,
Motionless on their shadows huge and dun,
Show'd like destroying Angels, round onwrap'd
In their careering pomp of flame; far flash'd
The yellow midnight day o'er shore and sea;
The waves now ruddy heav'd, now darkly
plung'd,
Upon the rocks, within the wavering light
Strong featu'r'd faces fierce, and hard-fin'd forms
Broke out and disappear'd; the anchor'd fleet
Were laving their brown sides in rainbow spray,
No sound was heard, but the devouring flame,
And the thick plashing waters.—Keep your faith,
(Cried Samor) ye eternal hills, and ye
Heaven-neighbouring mountains!—Eastward
far anon

Another fire rose furious up, behind
Another and another: all the hills
Each behind each held up its crest of flame;
Along the heavens the bright and crimson hue
Widening and deepening travels on, the range
O'erleaps black Tamar, by whose ebon tide
Cornwall is bounded, and on Heytor rock,
Above the stony moorish source of Dart,
It waves a sanguine standard; Haldon burns,
And the Red City* glows a deeper hue;
And all the southern rocks, the moorland downs
In those portentous characters of flame
Discourse, and bear the glaring legend on,
Even to the graves on Ambri plain, where woke
That pallid woman, and rejoic'd, and deem'd
’Twas sent to guide her to the tomb she sought.
Fast flash they up, those altars of revenge,
As the snake-tressed Sister torch-bearers,
Th’ Eumenides, from the Tartarean depths
Were leaping on from hill to hill, on each
Leaving the tracks of their flame-dropping feet.
Or as the souls of the dead fathers, wrapt
In bright meteorous grave-clothes, had arisen,
And each sate crowning his accustomed hill,
Silent and radiant: or as th’ isle devote
Had wrought down by her bold and frequent guilt
Th’ Almighty's lightning shafts, now numberless
Forth raining from the lurid reeking clouds,

* Caer rith, Exeter.

And smiting all the heights. On spreads the train,

Northward it breaks upon the Quantock ridge,
It reddens on the Mendip forests dark,
It looks into the cavern'd Cheddar cliffs,
The boatman on the Severn mouth awakes
And sees the waters rippling round his keel
In spots and streaks of purple light, each shore
Ablaze with all its answering hills; the streams
Run glittering down Plinlimmon's side, though
thick

And moonless the wan night: and Idris stands
Like Stromboli or Ætna, where ’twas feign'd
E'er at their flashing furnace wrought the Sons
Of Vulcan, forging with eternal toil
Jove's never idle thunderbolts. And thou,
Snowdon, the King of mountains, art not dark
Amid thy vassal brethren gleaming bright.
Is it to welcome thy returning Seer,
That thus above thy clouds, above thy snows
Thou wear'st that wreathed diadem of fire,
As to outline the pale and winking stars?
O'er Menai's waters blue the gleaming spreads,
The bard in Mona's secret grove beholds
A glitter on his harp-strings, and looks out
Upon the glittering cliffs of Penmaenmawr.
Is it a pile of martyrdom above
Clwyd's green vale? beside the embers bright
Stands holy Germain, as a Saint new come
From the pure mansions of beatitude,
The centre of a glory, that spreads round
Its film of thin pellucid gold. Nor there
Pauses the restless Messenger, still on
Vaults it from rock to rock, from peak to peak.
Far seen it shimmer'd on Caer-Ebranc's wall,
And Malwyn blew a bugle blast for joy.
The sun uprising sees the dusk night fled
Already from tall Pendle, and the height
Of Ingleborough, sees Helvellyn cast
A meteor splendour on the mountain lakes,
Like mirrors of the liquid molten brass.
The brightest and the broadest and the last,
There flakes the beacon glare, and in the midst
Dashing the ruddy sparkles to and fro
With the black remnant of a pine-tree stem,
Stands arm'd from head to foot Prince Vortigern.”

Book the eleventh. The armies meet—and the Britons are victorious. The preparations for battle, as well as the battle itself, are given with all the author's usual animation. We select the passage in which Vortigern, who, if he had been an “Arcadius in the palace, arose a Caesar in the camp,” redeems the standard of Britain from the grasp of the enemy.

—“That sable Warrior, that retired
And careless had look'd on, upon his steed
And in the battle, like a thundercloud
He came, and like a thundercloud he burst,
Black, cold, and sullen, conquering without
pride,
And slaying without triumph! Three that grasp'd
The standard came at once to earth, while he
Over his head with kingly motion sway'd
The bright redeemed ensign, and as fell
The shaken sunlight radiant o'er his brow,
Pride came about him, and with voice like joy
He cried aloud, ‘Arles! Arles!’—and shook his
sword,

Thou'st won me once a royal crown, and now

Shall win a royal sepulchre.'—The sword
Perform'd its fatal duty, down they fell
Before him, Jute and Saxon, nameless men
And Chieftains; what though wounds he scorn'd
To ward,
Nor seem'd to feel, shower'd on him, and his
blood
Ooz'd manifest, still he slew, still cried, 'Arles!
Arles!'

Still in the splendour the wav'd standard spread
Stood glorying the arm'd darkness of his form;
Stood from his wounded steed dismounted, stood
Amid an area of dead men, himself
About to die, none daring an assault,
He powerless of assailing. But the crown
That on the flag-staff gleam'd he wrench'd away,
And on his crest with calm solicitude
Placed it, then planting 'mid the high-heap'd
slain

The standard, to o'er canopy his sleep,
As one upon his nightly couch of down
Composes quietly his weary head,
So royally he laid him down to die."

The combat between Argantyr and Samor is also drawn with an energy not very customary in modern epics.

"They met, they strove, as with a cloud en-
wrap
In their own majesty; their motions gave
Terror even to their shadows; round them
spread

Attention like a sleep. Flight paus'd, Pursuit
Caught up its loose rein, Death his furious work
Ceas'd, and a dreary respite gave to souls
Half parted: on their elbows rear'd them up
The dying, with faint effort holding ope
Their dropping eyelids, homage of delight
War from its victims thus exacting. Mind
And body engross'd the conflict. Men were
seen

At distance, for in their peculiar sphere,
Within the wind and rush of their quick arms
None ventur'd, following with unconscious limbs
Their blows, and shrinking as themselves were
struck.

Like scatter'd shiverings of scath'd oak lay
Fragments of armour round them, the hard
brass

Gave way, and broke the fiery temper'd steel,
The stronger metal of the human soul,
Valour, endur'd and power thrice purified
In Danger's furnace fail'd not. Victory, tired
Of wavering to those passive instruments,
Look'd to decide her long suspense. Behold
Argantyr's falchion, magic wrought, his sire's
So fabled, by the Asgard dwarfs, nor hewn
From earthly mines, nor dipp'd in earthly fires,
Broke short. Th' ancestral steel the Anglians
saw,

Sign of their Kings, and worship of their race,
Give way, and wait'd and shriek'd aloud. The
King

Collected all his glory as a pall
To perish in, and scorn'd his sworded foe
To mock with vain defence of unarm'd hand.
The exultation and fierce throb of hope
Yet had not pass'd away, but look'd to death
As it had look'd to conquest, death so well,
So bravely earn'd, to warrior fair as life:
Stern welcoming, bold invitation lured
To its last work the Conqueror's sword. Him
flush'd

The pride of Conquest, vengeance long delay'd,
Th' exalted shame of victory won so slow,
So toilsomely; all fiery passions, all
Tumultuous sense-intoxicating powers
Conspired with their wild anarchy best
His despot soul. But he—'Ah, faithless sword,
To me as to thy master faithless, him
Naked at his extreme to leave, and me
To guile of this occasion fair to win
Honour or death from great Argantyr's arm.'
'Christian; thy God is mightiest, scorn as
thou

His bounty, nor with dalliance mock thy hour,
Strike and consummate!'—'Anglian yes, my
God,

Th' Almighty, is the mightiest now and ever,
Because I scorn him not, I will not strike.'
So saying, he his sword cast down. 'Thus, thus
Warr'st thou?' the Anglian cried, 'then thou
hast won.

I, I Argantyr yield me, other hand
Had tempted me in vain with that base boon
Which peasants prize and women weep for, life:
To lord o'er dead Argantyr fate might grant,
He only grants to vanquish him alive,
Only to thee, well nam'd Avenger!' Then
The Captive and the Conqueror th' armies saw
Gazing upon each other with the brow
Of high-arch'd admiration; o'er the field
From that example flow'd a noble scorn
Of slaughtering the defenceless, mercy slack'd
The ardour of the fight. As the speck'd bird
After a shower, with th' odour of its bark
Freshens the circuit of the rain-bright grove;
Or as the tender argent of Love's star
Smiles to a lucid quiet the wild sky:
So those illustrious rivals with the light
Of their high language and heroic act
Cast a nobility o'er all the war.
That capture took a host, none scorn'd to yield,
So lofly Argantyr wore the garb
Of stern surrender, none inclin'd to slay,
When Samor held the signal up to spare."

The twelfth and last book exhibits the
victorious chiefs of Britain assembled in
solemn council to decide on the fate of
the Saxon captives. Samor is appointed
judge. Argantyr is acquitted, and set at
liberty; but on Hengist the "Avenger's"
doom falls unmitigated, and though Ro-
wena pleads with moving eloquence for
the life of her father—and appeals for
grace to him to whom her affections are
still devoted,—Samor, though not without
emotion, perseveres in his duty, and—
Hengist suffers the penalty of his crimes.
Rowena, finding her entreaties useless,
collects all her fortitude, and witnesses
her father's execution with the calmness
and majesty becoming one who has moved
in the loftiest rank of society.

"Stately as lily on a sunshine bank,
Shaken from its curl'd leaves the o'ercharging
dew,
Freshens and strengthens its bow'd stem, so
white,
So brightening to a pale cold pride, a faint
And trembling majesty, Rowena sat,
On Hengist's dropping lip and knitted brow

Was mockery at her fate-opposing prayer,
And that was all. But she—' Proud-hearted
Men,
Ye vainly deem your privilege, your right,
Prerogative of your high-minded race,
The glory of endurance, and the state
Of strong resolving fortitude. Here I,
A woman born to melt and faint and fail,
A frail, a delicate, dying woman, sit
'To shame ye.' She endur'd the flashing stroke

Of th' axe athwart her eyesight, and the blood
That sprung around her she endur'd: still kept
The lily its unbroken stateliness,
And its pellucid beauty sparkled still,
But all its odours were exhal'd—the breath
Of life, the tremulous motion was at rest;
A flower of marble on a temple wall,
'Twas fair but lived not—glitter'd, but was cold."

G.

ART. 4. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Further Discoveries in Natural History, made during a Journey through the Western Region of the United States. By Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, Esq.

I HAD the pleasure to address you in July, ultimo, and to give you a sketch of my discoveries in ichthyology, conchology, botany, &c. I have visited since the lower parts of the Ohio, the Wabash, Green River, Barrens, Prairies, and the states of Indiana, Illinois, &c. where I have added much to my former discoveries. I shall proceed to enumerate some of them, hoping that they may materially increase our real knowledge, and endeavouring to communicate many facts, under the least possible compass, as usual.

The quadrupeds of North-America have long ago attracted the notice of hunters and naturalists, but two extensive tribes of small animals, had almost totally escaped their notice, I mean the *bats* and the *rats*. Many obvious reasons for this neglect will occur to you, but to enlightened minds no being appears useless or undeserving of notice. I have no hesitation to assert, that these tribes are equally extensive in our country with the *squirrels*, and that 24 species, at least, of bats might be enumerated, and more than 30 of rats. I know for instance, 6 or 7 species of bats from New-York and Pennsylvania; Mr. Lecomte asserts that he has seen as many different ones in Georgia, and I have already detected 9 new species in the western states; they principally belong to the new genera *Noctilio*, *Atalapha*, and *Myotis*, but I shall consider them, at present, as belonging to the old genus *Vespertilio*, of Linnæus, I call them, therefore,

1. *Vespertilio mystax*, R. (Whisker bat.) Tail two-fifths of total length, upper incisores none, lower 6, 2 warts at the lower jaw, body entirely fallow, top of the head brownish, ears brown, auriculated, longer than the head. Length 5 inches, breadth 14.

2. *Vespertilio humeralis*, R. (Black shoulder bat.) Tail three-sevenths, upper incisores 2, remote, lower 6, body dark brown above, shoulders black, gray beneath, wings, tail, ears and snout blackish, eyes under the hair, ears longer than the head, elliptical, auriculated. Length 3 1-2 inches, breadth 11.

3. *Vespertilio tessellatus*, R. (Netted bat.) Tail half of total length, hairy above, upper incisores 2, remote, lower 6, body fallow above, head pale, dirty fulvous beneath, with a faint fallow collar, shoulders white, wings hairy at the base, with 2 hairy white spots above near the thumb, membrane blackish, netted of fulvous internally and clotted of same externally, shafts fulvous, nose bilobate, ears nearly concealed by the hair. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

4. *Vespertilio cyanopterus*, R. (Blue wing bat.) Tail one-third, 2 incisores above, 6 beneath, body dark gray above, bluish gray beneath, wings of a dark bluish gray, shafts black, ears auriculated, longer than the head. Length 3 inches, breadth 10.

5. *Vespertilio melanotus*, R. (Black back bat.) Tail one-third, brown above, gray beneath, body blackish above, whitish beneath, wings dark gray, shafts black, ears auriculated, rounded. Length 4 1-2 inches, breadth 12 1-2.

6. *Vespertilio calcaratus*, R. (Spurred bat.) Tail one-third, body dark brown above, dark fallow beneath, wings black, shafts rose-coloured, a spur at the inner side of the elbow, hind feet black. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

7. *Vespertilio monachus*, R. (Monk bat.) Tail one-fourth, hairy above, fringed laterally, body pale, fallow above and below, head and neck covered with a longer fur of a dark red fallow, wings dark gray, shafts red, hind feet black, nose red, ears concealed in the fur. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

8. *Vespertilio phaiops*, R. (Black-faced bat.) Tail one-third of total length,

naked, mucronate, body dusky bay above, pale beneath, face, ears and wings blackish, 4 incisores in the upper jaw, 2 on each side, divided by a large flat wart, unequal, the outside ones larger and bilobed, 6 small incisores at the lower jaw. Length 4 1-2 inches, breadth 13.

9. *Vesperugo megalotis*. R. (Big-eared bat.) Tail three-eighths of total length, body dark gray above, pale gray beneath, ears very large, duplicated, auricles nearly as long. Length 4 inches, breadth 12 inches.

The wild rats of the western states which I have already observed, amount to more than 15 species, of which 10 at least are new, belonging to the genera *Musculus*, *Lemmus*, *Gerbillus*, *Spalax*, *Cricetus*, &c. they are,

1. *Gerbillus megalops*. R. (Big-eye jumping mouse.) Body gray, belly white, eyes black, very large, ears very long, white inside, snout black, tail longer than the body, black with a white tuft at the end. Total length 5 inches, body only 2 inches, in the barrens of Kentucky, &c.

2. *Gerbillus leonurus*. R. (Lion-tail jumping mouse.) Body fallow, ears very long, white inside, tail as long as the body, black, with a fallow tuft at the end. Length 6 inches, body 3.

3. *Spalax trivittata*. R. (Three-striped mole rat.) Body fallow, with 3 large brown stripes above, white underneath, ears small, acute. Length 7 inches, without any tail. In the woods, near brooks, &c.

4. *Cricetus fasciatus*. R. (Brindled stamiter.) Body fallow, brindled, with black on the back, white underneath, legs and tail ringed of black, tail two-fifths of total length, ears oval, acute, pouches hanging outside as bags. Length 8 inches. It burrows in the barrens.

5. *Sorex melanotis*. R. (Black-eared shrew.) Body pale gray, white beneath, ears erect, black outside, white inside, neck and body elongated, tail nearly as long, gray. Length 5 inches. Vulgar name, corn mice.

6. *Sorex ceruleus*. R. (Bluish shrew mouse.) Body bluish above, white beneath, ears large, gray, tail gray, as long as the body. Length 4 inches.

7. *Musculus leucopus*. R. (White-foot mouse.) Body brownish, fallow above, white beneath, head fallow, ears large, blackish, tail as long as the body, pale brown above, gray beneath, legs and feet white. Length 5 inches.

8. *Musculus nigricans*. R. (Blackish rat.) Entirely blackish, belly gray, tail longer than the body and black. Length

6 inches. Common name, black rat or wood rat, lives in woods on seeds and nuts.

9. *Lemmus talpoides*. R. (Mole lemming.) Dark gray, belly whitish, tail one-sixth of total length, ears small. Length 4 inches. Vulgar name, ground mice or snow mice. It burrows like the mole, and burrows in winter between the snow and the ground. It lives on roots, &c.

10. *Lemmus albobittatus*. R. (White-striped lemming.) Fallow, with 5 white longitudinal stripes, the middle one extending over the head to the nose, tail truncate, one-sixth of total length. Length 4 inches. A most interesting small animal; vulgar name, nursing mouse. The female carries her young on her back, she has 6 pectoral teats; she lives on corn, seeds, &c.

The singular fact in the natural history of the squirrels, that some of them castrate each other, has been doubted by many, but I have now received the testimony of reputable witnesses, who have seen the operation performed; it is done by the females, who unite, several against one male, in the season that they become troublesome to themselves and their young: it is not done without a hard battle, which often lasts a whole day.

This fact may inculcate several moral lessons, one of which is, that we must not despise all the vulgar opinions, but put them to the test of experiment; it is by such a test that I am enabled to acquaint you that the vulgar opinion concerning the hogs devouring the rattlesnakes, is not true; they eat all the harmless snakes, but refuse to eat and even to come near a dead or a live rattlesnake or coppersnake; they even refuse to eat their flesh when boiled with corn and disguised, even the corn itself is refused.

There are at least 20 species of snakes in the western states, many of which are new; I shall notice a few of them.

1. *Coluber argentea*. R. (Silversnake.) Entirely silvery, only 8 inches long.

2. *Coluber rubricella*. R. (Rod-breast snake.) Black, breast red, length three or four feet. Harmless.

3. *Coluber velox*. R. (Racer snake.) Black, belly white, tail blue underneath, 8 feet long, slender, very swift.

4. *Coluber ichthyopaga*. R. (Fishing snake.) Dirty brown, with large irregular spots of a dark brown. Length 5 or 6 feet. It lives on fish; a catfish weighing 12 lb. has been found in the stomach of one of them,

5. *Crotalinus cynurus*. R. (Blue-tail

rattlesnake.) Yellowish, with large transverse brown bands, tail black above, blue underneath, head fulvous, a black spot under the chin. Length 5 to 6 feet. They sometimes eat and swallow whole rabbits and turkeys.

I have added about 20 species to my former catalogue of the fishes of the Ohio, Wabash, Green River, &c. making altogether nearly 60 species, all new and undescribed except 5 or 6. I have also discovered 4 new genera; here follows their scientific and vulgar names, with the descriptions of some of them. I mean to give their full descriptions, natural history, and figures, in a paper which shall bear the name of Ichthyologia Ohnensis.

1. *Lepisosteus platostomus*, R. Alligator fish.
 2. *Lepisosteus stenorrhynchus*. R. Garfish.
 3. *Anguilla laticauda*. R. Ohio Eel.
 4. *Cyprinus fasciolaris*. R. Mullet.
 5. *Cyprinus trachinopterus*. R. Brown mullet.
 6. *Exoglossum argenteum*. R. White chub.
 7. *Osmerus albus*. R. Whitefish.
 8. *Bodianus calliops*. R. Bride perch.
 9. *Pogostoma leucops*. R. New genus. White eye.
 10. *Erox vittatus*, R. Jack pike.
 11. *Erox fasciolaris*. R. Salmon pike.
 12. *Catostomus amiopterus*. R. Perch buffalo.
 13. *Catostomus ambleodon*. R. Black buffalo.
 14. *Catostomus velifer*. R. Sailor fish.
 15. *Glossodon chrysops*. R. Gold-eye herring.
 16. *Clupea chrysochloris*. R. Golden shad.
 17. *Silurus pallidus*. R. White catfish.
 18. *Silurus cerelescens*. R. Blue catfish.
 19. *Glanis limosus*. R. Mud catfish.
 20. *Accipenser hepripus*. R. Brown sturgeon.
- N. G. 21. *Diavetus truncatus*. R. Blunt nose sturgeon.

N. G. 22. *Litholepis adamantinus*. R. Diamond fish or devil jack.

This last fish is the greatest wonder of the Ohio, it bears large fifty pentagonal scales, which are ball proof and *strike fire with steel*. This new genus differs from *Lepisosteus* by its oblong shape, mouth under the head, snout elongated, dorsal and anal fins opposite and equal.

My new genus *Dinoctus*, differs from *Accipenser*, by having 2 dorsal fins and no abdominal fins. The *Pogostoma* differs from *Sparus* by having 2 dorsal fins and 6 barbs at the mouth.

Anguilla laticauda. R. Black above, white beneath, head flat, tail rounded, broad, dorsal fin and lateral line beginning over the pectoral fins, reaching 4 feet in length.

Erox vittatus. Brownish above, white beneath, two lateral blackish stripes on each side, anal and dorsal with many rays, this last before the anal. Length from 3 to 5 feet.

Bodianus calliops. Green, with a lateral black band, belly white, back and fins with flexuose black lines nearly diagonal, dorsal fin along the whole back, first ray elongated, prickly, tail entire, eyes red. Length 8 to 9 inches.

Respecting botany, I proceed in my investigation of the vegetation of the western states, and in the inquiry of the geographical range of plants, the results of which may appear in a *Chloris Occidentalis*. I have already seen nearly 800 species of plants in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, while scarcely 200 were stated to grow there. I have collected many rare plants, and several new genera and species. I have also seen drawings of the famous scarlet and yellow dye of the Osages and Missouri Indians, which is kept by them as a great secret; it was sold for a valuable consideration to the gentleman who has liberally made it known to me. The scarlet dye is the root of a species of *trillium*, the yellow dye is probably a new species of *menispermum*, or a new genus: both dye readily with allum, and afford a most beautiful and permanent colour.

ART. 5. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Description of certain Military Sites, in the neighbourhood of New-York, famous during the Revolutionary War; and an Account of the Heights of the Pallisado Rocks, and of the Highlands, as seen by Passengers in the Vessels navigating the Hudson between New-York City and Albany. In a Letter from Captain Alden Partridge to Dr. Mitchell, dated New-York, August 29, 1818. Read to the Lyceum of Natural History, August 31, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

SENSIBLE of the deep interest you feel in the cultivation and diffusion of useful knowledge generally, and especially that which relates more particularly to our own country, I take the liberty to present you with a summary account of my late pedestrian excursion up the North River as far as the village of Haverstraw, for the purpose of determining from barometrical and thermometrical observation, the altitudes of the several most prominent heights and eminences within that distance; and from thence to Judge Pierson's manufactory on the Rammappoo—to ascertain in like manner the altitudes of the high grounds in that vicinity. I left New-York at seven o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant, crossed in the horse-boat to Hoboken, whence I directed my course to Fort Lee, where I intended to commence my observations. I arrived at Fort Lee a little after ten o'clock. Of this work, so celebrated at a very interesting period of our revolutionary contest, scarcely a vestige now remains. The parapet is almost levelled with the common surface of the ground, and the ditch, which must have been very shallow, is nearly filled up. The outlines of the fort, however, can be traced. It was a square, fortified with four bastions. The dimensions of its several parts, which I measured, were as follows, viz. each curtain 36 yards in length—each face of the bastions, 14 yards—each flank, 6 yards, and the diameter of the work, from either curtain to the opposite one, 60 yards—gorges of the bastions the same as the faces. It is situated on a commanding eminence, nearly half a mile from the river, and at an elevation of 311 feet above high-water mark. The ground falls off abruptly in front, next the river; but on the other sides the slope is gradual. As far as I could discover, it commands the country on every side within the range of

cannon shot. It is well situated for a covering work, but is too far from, and too much elevated above the river, to be of essential service in commanding the channel. To have manned it completely would have required a garrison of about 700 men. There were several batteries below the fort, nearer the river, which might have annoyed ships considerably while passing them. I am convinced, however, that the river cannot be defended by batteries at this place. It is too broad, and the channel too straight for that purpose. Ships in passing could be exposed only to a cross-fire, which would not be much regarded. One a craggy precipice, about half a mile to the northeast of Fort Lee, and at an elevation of 301 feet above the river, was situated another small work called Fort Constitution—and sometimes the ten-gun battery. This work is so completely dilapidated, that I found it impossible to trace its outlines or determine its figure. I left the site of Fort Constitution about twelve o'clock, and directed my course northerly, along the summit of the steep rocks, (or palisades,) which I continued for about ten miles, repeating my observations with the barometer, on the most prominent points, and occasionally descending to the river for the purpose of repeating the observations at high-water mark. The prospect from the more elevated parts of these rocks, is very beautiful. The city of New-York is clearly distinguished at the distance of nearly twenty miles. The sound is seen stretching far away to the eastward, and we look down upon all the intervening country as upon a map. A considerable part of Long-Island is also distinctly seen. To the westward, the descent is generally very gradual, into a well-cultivated country. I arrived near the lower cluster about four o'clock, when I left the summit of the rocks, directing my course to the upper cluster, and from thence to the village of Tappan, which I reached (in the rain) a little before sun-set. This village is celebrated as being the place where Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British army, was confined, tried, and executed as a spy, during our revolutionary war. I took my quarters for the night at a public house, kept by Mr. Dubey, postmaster of the place, who soon informed me that was the same house in which Andre was kept a prisoner. He also showed me the room in which he was

confined, and told me it was in very nearly the same state as at the time of his confinement. The dimensions of this room by accurate admeasurement, I found to be as follows, viz. length 18 feet 6 1-2 inches, breadth 11 feet 7 1-2 inches, height 7 feet 5 inches. The north wall is of stone; on the other three sides it is enclosed by brick walls. It has one window on the west side, from which the place of his execution can be seen, and one door at the south end, opening into a passage about 8 feet wide, which crosses the house from east to west.

August 25th. Weather very rainy and unpleasant—I, however, started about eight o'clock, to visit the place of Andre's execution and burial. This is on a beautiful and commanding eminence, about half a mile west from the village of Tappan, at an elevation of 123 feet above the floor of the room in which he was confined, and 200 feet above tide-water in Hudson's river. The place is distinctly marked at a distance by two small cedars about 8 foot high, one of which has grown out of the southeast corner of the grave, and the other on the north side nearly opposite the centre. The grave can be plainly distinguished—it has a small head and foot stone, but without any inscription, and is encompassed by a small enclosure of rough stones loosely placed upon each other. I have been thus minute upon this subject, because I conceive that every circumstance connected with it, cannot fail of being interesting to Americans. Having remained at the grave until I was completely drenched with rain, I returned to my lodgings, and about ten o'clock took up my line of march for the Sloat (so called), where I arrived about 11 o'clock, when the storm having considerably increased in violence, and beating directly in my face, I concluded to halt. I waited until about one o'clock, when the rain abating in some degree, I renewed my march for Nyack landing, where I arrived about four o'clock. Here I repeated my observations at high-water mark, and immediately after commenced climbing the Verdrider Hook mountain. The ascent is very steep, but I got to the top without much difficulty. The prospect was very fine. After visiting both of its summits, I descended on the north side, and directed my course to the village of Haverstraw, which I reached about sunset, with, I believe, not a dry thread in my clothes. Here I took up my quarters for the night.

August 26th. I started about five o'clock

VOL. III.—No. VI.

57

in the morning to ascend to the high Torne, a lofty summit west of the village of Haverstraw, and about one mile and a half therefrom. The ascent is steep, and in some places difficult; I, however, reached the top in safety,—visited both the north and south peaks, making the necessary observations on each—enjoyed a noble prospect—descended to the landing—repeated my observations at high-water mark, and returned to my lodgings in about two hours from the time I started. About nine o'clock I left Haverstraw for Rammapoo, (distance 18 miles,) where I arrived about one o'clock. I presented the letters of introduction with which yourself and Mr. Hopkins were so good as to furnish me, and was received by Judge Pierson with all that politeness and hospitality which, from your previous account of him, I had been led to expect. His two sons immediately volunteered to accompany me to the summit of the TORN mountain, (the most elevated peak in the vicinity,) distant from his house about one mile and a half. We started about two o'clock, and in one hour were at the highest summit. The prospect from this elevation is grand. In a clear day New-York can be distinctly seen from it, and although when we were on it, the weather was cloudy, yet we could distinctly see SNAKE HILL in the rear of Hoboken landing. After having made the necessary observations, we commenced the descent of the mountain, and returned about four o'clock. I left the hospitable mansion of Judge Pierson in his carriage (which he politely offered), attended by his son, who accompanied me about four miles; the road then becoming bad, I left the carriage, walked on four miles, and took up quarters for the night.

August 27th. I started at sunrise and walked on twelve miles, which brought me again to Tappan village—where, after paying a second visit to the place of Andre's execution, I took breakfast. I left Tappan about 9 o'clock, and directed my course for the summit of Closter mountain, a little south of the territorial line between New-York and New-Jersey, which I reached in about one hour and a half, and recommenced my observations. I then continued my course southerly, along the summit of the rocks, repeating my observations on the most prominent points, until I arrived at Bompey's Hook, about two miles above Closter dock. As there appeared to be no peaks elevated much above the common range between this place and where I left

the river on the first day, and, as the walking was very bad on the summit, I concluded to cross the river, if possible, and take the post road. I accordingly, with some difficulty, descended the precipice to the shore, where I found several persons engaged in loading a sloop with stones. I made known to them the object of my excursion, and stated to them my wish to cross the river, when the master of the sloop, Captain Braven, immediately volunteered his services and boat to put me over. I landed on the east shore about one o'clock, and immediately commenced my march for New-York. I reached the site of Fort Washington, near the northern extremity of York Island, at four o'clock. This work occupied a commanding situation on the west side of the island, at an elevation of 238 feet above the river. It is, I believe, the highest land on the island, and appears to have been intended, in conjunction with Fort Lee and the other works on the western shore, to command the channel. The objections, however, which I have stated respecting Fort Lee, will apply to Fort Washington. The parapet of this work is now so nearly levelled with the ground, as to render it almost impossible to trace its outlines or determine its figure; it appears, however, to have been a rectangular parallelogram, fortified with four bastions. The front, next the river, can be clearly distinguished. The following are the dimensions of its several parts, from the best measurement I could make of them; length of each flank of the bastion, 5 yards—length of each face, 7 yards—length of the west curtain, next the river, 21 yards—length of the south curtain, 60 yards. On an eminence about one half or three quarters of a mile to the north of Fort Washington, and at an elevation above the river of 229 feet, was another work, called by the British Fort Tryon; but previous to the taking, it, I believe, was called Fort Montgomery. This appears, from the traces of it remaining, to have been a star-fort, and was doubtless intended as an outwork to Fort Washington. I left Fort Washington at half past five o'clock, and arrived at New-York at eight o'clock somewhat fatigued, having walked between 40 and 50 miles this day, several miles of which was over rocks and through bushes without any road. The whole distance walked during the excursion was about 116 miles. The accompanying table contains the results of my observations; to these I have added, the

altitudes of the Catskill Mountains, those of the highlands between Peekskill and Newburg, and also the heights of Neversink Hills, with the other eminences you and myself have ascertained, in the vicinity of this city. The whole will present, I believe, a pretty correct view not only of the most prominent elevations in the immediate vicinity of New-York city, but in the state generally.

Summary of all the memorable Eminences within View of Hudson River, arranged in the Order in which they present themselves to an Observer entering the Bay of New-York at Sandy Hook, and passing by Water to Albany.

Altitude of Mount Mitchill, the highest of the Neversink, . . .	282
Do. of Tompkins' Hill, on Staten-Island, . . .	307
Do. of Hempstead Hill, on Long Island, . . .	319
Do. of the Craggy Cliff, near Weehawk Ferry, . . .	175
Do. of Fort Lee, . . .	311
Do. of Fort Constitution, near Fort Lee, . . .	301
Do. of Lydecker's Bluff, a little below Spiten Devil, . . .	378
Do. of the Bluff opposite Spiten Devil, . . .	407
Do. of the Bluff a little above Spiten Devil, . . .	479
Do. of Bompey's Hook, two miles above Closter Dock, . . .	517
Do. of the high Bluff north of Bompey's Hook, . . .	549
Do. of Closter Mountain, a little south of the territorial line between New-York and New-Jersey, at lat. 41. . .	539
Do. of the South Peak of the Hook Mountain, immediately north of Nyack, . . .	666
Do. of the North Peak of the same, . . .	640
Do. of the South Peak of the high Bluff, near Haverstraw, . . .	696
Do. of the North Peak of the same, . . .	852
Do. of the Torn Mountain, above Pierson's Manufactory, . . .	768
Do. of the same above tide-water, . . .	1067
Do. of Pierson's above tide-water, . . .	299
Do. of Fort Washington, on York-Island, . . .	238
Do. of Fort Tryon, a little north of Fort Washington, . . .	229
<i>Highlands between Peekskill and Newburgh.</i>	
Altitude of Anthony's Nose, on the east side of the river, . . .	935
Do. of the Sugar Loaf, on the east side, . . .	866

Do. of Bare Mountain, on the west side, - - - - -	1350
Do. of Fort Putnam, on the west side, - - - - -	598
Do. of West Point Plain, on the west side, - - - - -	188
Do. of the Crow's Nest, on the west side, - - - - -	1418
Do. of Bull Hill, on the east side, - - - - -	1486
Do. of Break-Neck Hill, on the east side, - - - - -	1187
Do. of Butter Hill, on the west side, - - - - -	1529
Do. of New Beacon, on the east side, - - - - -	1585
Do. of the Old Beacon, on the east side, - - - - -	1471

Catskill Range.

Altitude of the Round Top, above tide water, - - - - -	3804
Do. of the same above the base of the range, - - - - -	3105
Do. of the High Peak, above tide-water, - - - - -	3718
Do. of the same above the base of the range, - - - - -	3019
Do. of the base of the range, above tide-water, - - - - -	699

I remain yours, with the greatest respect,
A. PARTRIDGE.

For the American Monthly Magazine.

ON THE IMPORTANCE, AND RESTORATION
OF THE NOSE.

MR. EDITOR,

Among the multifarious subjects that are discussed in your Magazine, I have never found that the *human nose* has been mentioned. Permit me therefore to talk to you about the nose in "the human facc divine."

The nose is not only a protuberant and conspicuous portion of the visage, but it is also one of the grandest features of the facc. Take away the nose, or mutilate it, or increase it with *spiritous excrescences*, and the physiognomy is ruined. The very idea of a man or woman without a nose, or with a bad nose is shocking.

On the other hand, a well proportioned, a sound and healthy nose contributes not only to the dignity and beauty of man, but it is so convenient and useful, and in fact so important a member of the face, that it always received ample attention from the *ancient* writers and philosophers. The "philosophy of noses" was held in the highest estimation. As for the modern gentry of that sort *e. gr.* writers and philosophers, they seldom or never mention the word *nose* in any of their works, except it be in their *Nosologies*. *Nosology*, you know, means not the doc-

trine or discription of *Noses*, but of *diseases*, being derived from the Greek (which language, sir, is an inexhaustible fund for new *ologies*, witness the works of all terminalogists and learned discoverers, down to C. S. Rafinesque) *Nosos*, a disease, and *Δῶς*, a description. It is evident then an author of a *Nosology* will necessarily devote but a few words to the nose, unless he should expatiate under the head of *Nasea*. Think not, however, sir, that the ancient importance and respectability of the nose is never to be revived. I am happy to inform you that Professor *Grafse* of Berliu has made it his study, and outstripped all his predecessors, in rendering *material* service to that momentous article, nay, he even makes excellent new noses where they have been wanting: More of this below. I might furnish you with various extracts from various writings, in various tongues, and of various times and countries, all tending to prove, and set in a proper point of view, the value of the nose. But I will not trouble you so much at present. In the illustrations of *Sterne*, by John Ferriar, the author speaks of "Gaspar Tagliacozzi, or, according to the pedantic fashion of the times, Taliacotius, a professor at Bologna, who had the misfortune of being too learned for his time, in D'Alembert's phrase, *trop instruit pour son siecle*." Alas! it is the case of too many in our own "*siecle*." Because in knowledge they are a century ahead of their contemporaries, they are styled "fools." Well, sir, the first part of Gaspar's book, *De Curtorum Chirurgia*, however, was sufficiently accommodated to the prevailing taste. It contains several chapters on the dignity of the face and its different features; the fifth and sixth chapters are bestowed upon the nose, and contain much philosophy.—In the fifth chapter there is a laboured description of the deformity resulting from the mutilation of this important feature. When the nose is cut off, we are told, "*that the gulphs and recesses of the inward parts are disclosed; vast vacuities open, and caverns dark as the cave of Trophonius; to the dismay and terror of the beholders*." Lib. i. cap. v. "There is besides," says Taliacotius, "something angust and regal in the nose, either because it is the sign of corporeal beauty and mental perfection, or because it denotes some peculiar aptness and wisdom in governing." Many historical examples might be cited to corroborate this nasal character. Josephus says, the nose is of such estimation, that upon the beauty and

configuration thereof depend the highest ecclesiastical dignities, the noblest governments, and the most extensive kingdoms. On the physiognomonic doctrine of the nose, Taliacotius has said a great deal, and LAVATER has left nothing unsaid. This latter gentleman is one of the few moderns who have meritoriously discussed the subject.

Taliacotius, this learned Italian surgeon, made brilliant discoveries on the union of living parts, which have accidentally remained so obscure, that successive sons of the healing art have either unwittingly trodden in his steps, or they had not sufficient candour and justice to give credit to his knowledge and experience. He certainly repaired mutilated noses, and supplied deficient parts, by taking additional substance from the patient's arm. Though his artificial noses laboured under some inconveniences, yet whatever may be said on the subject, the chief merit of the discovery is undoubtedly due to Taliacotius. It is just to mention in this place that a similar practice is known in Asia, where the point of the nose is an object of so much importance, and that the new part is supplied from the patient's own forehead.

Recent communications from Germany state, that professor GRAEFE of Berlin, has lately proved that the process by which Taliacotius was enabled, upwards of two centuries since, to restore lost noses (which process has been improved by Prof. G.) is not so absurd and fabulous as it has been generally considered. The person upon whom he has most successfully performed the operation which confirms the reality of the process, is named *Michael Schubring*. This man, who is 28 years old, lost his nose in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813 by the stroke of a sabre. The operation took place in the Chirurgo-clinical Institution of the University of Berlin, of which Mr. Graefe is director, in the presence of the principal civil and military authorities of the capital, and a numerous assemblage of students. The nose was formed from the skin of the arm, which was maintained in a suitable position; until the arm was grown fast to the man's face! The success of the operation answered the most sanguine expectations, and the patient obtained a well-shaped nose, with two perfect nostrils, and cartilage, which performs all the functions of a natural organ.—As this first experiment had proved so satisfactory, it became an object of considerable interest to try the method practised in India, and twice repeated

with the best success by Mr. Carpee in London. By a comparison of the two methods, a rational opinion might be formed of their respective merits. A fit subject for this second experiment was soon found in the person of *Christina Müller*, a woman of 50, who had long lost her nose in consequence of a cancerous affection. The operation was performed on the 29th of July, 1817, and a new nose formed from the skin of the forehead. It was attended with no difficulty; and the healing of the new nose is so perfectly satisfactory that the woman declares herself completely compensated by it for the natural one. Mr. Graefe designs to publish a comparison of the two methods founded on his own experiments, which will demonstrate the superior advantages and success attending the formation of the new organ from the skin of the arm, whereby also the disfigurement arising from the scar on the forehead is avoided. An eye witness of the first operation informed me, last winter, that M. Schubring, before he lost his original nose, had been engaged to a young lady, to be married as soon as he should return from the wars. But alas! his nose was left on the field of battle, the fair daughter of Germany hesitated to fulfil her promise—and contrary to so many examples around her, refused to reward the constancy and valour of her lover with conjugal felicity. To the great relief and consolation of both distressed parties Dr. Graefe performs a most valuable experiment. The patience of Michael, whilst nature and art, during several months, combined to repair his face, and restore his nose, was unexampled. At the expiration of his confinement, his fair lass could no longer refuse, but forthwith submitted to be united in the bonds of matrimony to her rightful and constant lover.

With the hope that these remarks and facts relative to noses, and the restoration and repairing of noses, may be acceptable,

I am, Yours respectfully,

An admirer of a good

NOSE.

—
Sketch of a Journal from Paris to England (via Holland) in 1805, in a Series of Original Letters, written from memory, by a Lady, in 1810.

DEAR H.

Having previously experienced repeated disappointments, we received our passport, and proceeded immediately to the *Bureau des diligences*, where we secured two places in the Antwerp coach, for

the Saturday following: thus, we avoided the loss of further time, and prepared with the utmost speed for our journey. We left the house of my much esteemed friends on the Friday evening. Great and sincere was the regret I felt at quitting persons, to whom I owed so much, and for whose kind attentions I shall ever preserve the most heart-felt gratitude. We went from their hospitable roof to the Inn, from whence the coaches departed, accompanied by M. Alard, and M. Zollikoffer (a nephew of the celebrated Pastor) who entreated the guard to take great care of us during the journey. He really fulfilled the promise he had made him, and was very attentive.

At three o'clock (in December) on the following morning, we were told the coach was ready, and Monsieur le maître d'hôtel, had prepared two basins of soup, which, notwithstanding the English may laugh at the idea, was much better than tea would have been. On entering the Diligence, by the light of a lantern, I perceived two females, one about sixty and the other a young woman, who proved to be her niece—she was very vulgar. The old lady soon began to talk very strangely, and I afterwards found she was deranged—not the most pleasant discovery you will allow. Her niece was talkative in the extreme, I was asked a thousand questions before day-light, and really believe she thought us, poor islanders, the oddest beings imagination could picture. How far her ideas were correct, I cannot venture to say, while writing to one, lest I should get into disgrace. We stopped at a little village, about 30 miles from Paris, the name of which I have forgotten, where we breakfasted. The Maitresse d'Auberge hearing from the guard that there were *deux Dames Anglaise en le Voiture*, hastened to welcome us, and inviting us into her little parlour to breakfast, began (for freedom there is politeness) interrogating me about our customs, &c. "*Et Mademoiselle va retourner dans son pays? Cela doit bien lui couler de la peine, car les Parisiens sont si aimables!*" I agreed with her, that the French were amiable, but, not wishing (for there are spies at all parts) that she should know I was going to England, replied I purposed visiting Holland. "*Tant-pis, Mademoiselle, car les Hollandais sont encore moins agréables que les Anglois.*" This was meant, I suppose, as a compliment, could I do less than receive it as such? While we were taking our coffee, the good lady continued talking and wondering that Madame did not speak "*la belle langue Française.*"

When we departed she wished us a "*bon voyage*" and hoped she should see us again.

We travelled many miles, over bad pavement, before we again stopped, the unfavorable state of the weather, and the inconvenience we felt from jolting, prevented much observation; the fears also that we experienced from the deranged lady's knife, which she insisted on having, kept us on the watch within the coach, and the shortness of the days also contributed to render the first part of our journey particularly disagreeable. I cannot describe what we suffered at night, for the further we advanced, the more the jolting increased, and the guide was obliged to go before with a lantern, and replace the stones which had been left in heaps. Travellers generally have credit for exaggerating—were I to say ten times more I should then give you but a faint idea. In some places we were obliged to get out of the coach, or more correctly speaking, to be carried, (as the dirt was over the guards' jack-boots,) and wait till the wheels could be extricated from a slough; the old lady always remained in, declaring she would not attend to the guide, for he made the carriage go without horses. On Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, where our two agreeable companions took their leave. The guard, contrary to the usual custom, having taken pity on our fatigue, which was really unfeigned, allowed us to remain there till 8 o'clock, the three hours' sleep we enjoyed at this place was of essential service to us, and we were ready to obey our summons with renewed alacrity; never indeed were the pleasures of repose after fatigue more duly appreciated than by us; and I was highly delighted the next morning to perceive the weather clear, while the real picture of a once besieged town before me, though melancholy in itself, from its novelty afforded me pleasure. We passed slowly through the streets, and went over several draw-bridges; I can assure you, the noise which our heavy vehicle made when upon them was rather terrific, and I felt rejoiced when safely over; the greatest part of the town was in a ruinous state, but still had a grand appearance. Our travelling companions then consisted of a gentleman and his dog, who went with us to Mons. He was a polite and intelligent man, and I felt sorry (as he kindly explained to me every thing I wished to know) that he was not going to Bruxelles, for our former ignorant companions were unable to answer any questions with precision.

Mons is a delightful town, the streets are clean and wide, there are a number of manufactories, the inns are good, the people civil, and uncommonly attentive. We had a luxurious English breakfast of hot rolls and tea. The inn we were at, I recollect, faced the Town-Hall, and stood near the Market place; all appeared in a bustle, but the people seemed happy. It was at Mons I felt my spirits revive a little, for they had been till then, very much depressed, partly from an over-fatigue, and greatly from having left friends, whom probably I should never see again. After having left Mons we travelled some distance alone, but at a small village where we dined, we took up another passenger, clerk to a merchant, who went as far as Bruxelles. The country in Flanders is beautiful, and though in the month of December, all wore a pleasing aspect, the roads were in high order, for the Emperor had been there twice within a short space of time. It was through him that we had suffered so much the former part of our journey, a number of men had been employed to repair the roads, over which his majesty was expected to pass, and when he made known his intention of travelling by a different route, they were ordered to leave their work unfinished. The small towns through which we passed, gave us an idea of the poverty of their inhabitants; we arrived at Bruxelles about six in the evening, and alighted at a magnificent hotel, here we were conducted to a comfortable room, in which was a delightful English fire, tea and hot rolls were placed before us, and two or three attendants anxiously tried to anticipate all our wishes. The following morning we had a breakfast prepared for us, after the English fashion, we then took a walk and admired one or two squares, which are famous for the regularity of the buildings; we returned to the inn at one, took some refreshments, and when called for the bill were much astonished to find the charge did not exceed 4 shillings and 6 pence English money, equal to one dollar. We gave to the waiter and female servant a small Flemish silver coin each, value 3 pence English money, for which donation we had bows and curtsies for half an hour and good wishes of "*bien du bonheur aux dames Anglaises.*" Where in this country (Eng.) could we purchase the good wishes of a waiter for three pence? as our journey from Bruxelles to Antwerp, though only 22 English miles, was full of incident from the variety and number of our companions, and might take another half sheet for the relation—I shall now take pity

on you, and reserve all further accounts for another epistle.

L. M. B.

I think I had not quitted Antwerp in my last, but was on the point of so doing. At half past three in the morning, we ascended a coach, in shape and size very similar to our stages, drawn by four horses, harnessed after the English fashion, and a coachman on the box. Although the notice of these trifles must appear, I own, trivial, yet it was an extraordinary sight to us, who had not seen any thing of the kind during our journey. Probably you think we were now proceeding in ease and in a superior style; but I must undeceive you. The seats of the coach were substantial wood without cushions, nor was the carriage particularly well hung; added to this, we travelled some distance over a plain which appeared nearly as one sheet of water, so deep in some places, that it was up to the horses' shoulders. Notwithstanding the dreary prospect before us, I never was better amused. I am ashamed to tell you one thing that contributed to it—Shall I?—or shall I not?—It was the alarm and ridiculous fears of one of our female companions. At the same time, I must also add, I was much delighted by the rational conversation of two Americans, to whose polite behaviour and knowledge of the country through which we were travelling, we owed a great deal. The first place we stopped at was a house which marks the boundaries of Holland and Flanders; the barn of which was converted into a custom-house, where our trunks were externally examined, for the first time, and the Paris seals were cut, and Dutch impressions put on in their places; but so far does "*la politesse Francaise*" extend towards the ladies, that they did not open our trunks! The nation was at war with our's! And it was not to an English mind, unreasonable to expect that national prejudice might extend even to individuals, but such is the liberality inherent in the minds of the French, descending even to that of a custom-house officer, that they scorn to commit an ungentle action. I hope you have not passed over these latter lines—a trifling but sincere tribute to their honour! These affairs duly arranged, we were invited to a tolerable repast, and were also informed that we should not depart from thence for three or four hours. We therefore accepted our hostess' offer, and took a walk in her garden, which though not spacious, was arranged

with Dutch order and neatness, and we endeavoured to amuse ourselves as well as we could, till dinner was announced. I was requested by one of the American gentlemen to walk to the window and see how we liked our new vehicle. What was my surprise when he pointed to a waggon. I thought he was joking, but the man who was putting our trunks in, and to whom the other spoke, confirmed his assertion. I cannot attempt to describe to you the make or shape of this carriage, because we have not any thing resembling it; I shall only add, that we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and the water, during our next stage, frequently passed through it. All travellers, you know, must either meet, or expect to meet with some accidents, otherwise their accounts would be void of interest. Now, such really was our case, for we expected from the state of the roads that we should be overturned every moment, but our guardian angel watched over us miraculously, and we arrived at Breda about six in the evening, after a wonderfully expeditious journey of thirty miles in 15 hours! We were conducted to a neat little inn, where we fortunately met with a French servant, who translated for us. We now looked forward to a good night's rest, but we never passed a more miserable one.

The town of Breda is clean and very pleasant. The houses are built very much in the English style. But the manners of the Dutch, after the graceful elegance of the French, appeared barbarous in the extreme. From the short time I was among them, it would be almost unfair to give a decided opinion of their character. My judgment could only be hastily formed, and as we are frequently told that it is wrong to judge by appearances, I ought to profit from this advice, for I must confess their manners were so inelegant, and their countenances so uniformly stupid, that I was disgusted with them before I could possibly learn whether they had any intrinsic worth. The ladies are pretty, but I should not think their education was much attended to. I am now rather digressing, and must not forget I have still to get to Rotterdam.

We quitted Breda about eleven o'clock. We now had a considerable increase to our party, among whom was a French officer, a sensible well informed man, I need not add polite, for by French, is understood polite, and all the &c's attending on good breeding. This day's journey brought us many inconveniences, as we had to cross the water three times. Ourselves

and our trunks were put into a room, where twenty Dutchmen were smoking round a fire, which we did not dare to approach. Hungry, but unable to satisfy our appetites, as a small stale brown loaf was all they had to offer us. Our situation, you will allow, was not very agreeable, and what would have been our fate, if the two American gentlemen had not assisted us, I am at a loss to imagine; I believe we must have remained for ever in one of these miserable inns. Every passenger being obliged to take the charge of his luggage and carry it to the ferry, which was at a considerable distance. These transatlantic foreigners kindly took our trunks, and the French officer, the sight of whom was sufficient to make a Dutchman tremble, prevented the imposition which we otherwise must have submitted to, for the Dutch are the greatest cheats imaginable! Carriages, horses, people, &c. were all put into the ferry-boat together. These water excursions took place three times, and about seven in the evening we arrived at Rotterdam.

L. M. B.

—
And now for my further peregrinations. We left Bruxelles about one o'clock, the weather was uncommonly fine for the season, and the immense size of our vehicle did not dismay us, so determined were we to see every thing in a favorable point of view. I must first give you an idea of our arrangements within the Diligence (for all public stages bear that name) we were seated three on each row: 1st row, an English gentleman who passed for a Frenchman, my mother and myself. 2d row, a French gentleman, and lady, and a Flemish lady, whose tongue, like an alarum, never once ceased to annoy, and as her conversation was addressed to her neighbours, she was obliged to speak in French, (if her jargon might be so termed) 3d row, facing us, an enormously large German, an Italian, rather talkative, and a grave Dutchman. 4th, the back and last row, a native of Bruxelles, a native of Toulon, and I have forgotten who the third was. But can you imagine for one moment, these people all conversing at the same time and in different languages? could it be compared to any thing but the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel? certain it is however, the ladies were the most eloquent, I do not mean to include myself, for you know at all times, I am very quiet, I was seated in the corner enjoying very much the novel scene before me, and also much delighted with the country, which had the appearance of

beautiful gardens. We arrived at Antwerp about six in the evening, and after tea, were accompanied by the master of the hotel, to the house of a lady for whom we had letters. It is now I want the power of description to give you an idea of the friendly and hospitable manner in which we were received. The family consisted of an elderly lady, her son, two single daughters and a married one, the most studied attention was shown us during the evening, and after supper, when we proposed returning to the inn, we were informed that they had sent to say we should not return, and begged us to remain that night and the following day with them. They treated us in the English way, and when they heard our determination to proceed on our journey, they evinced much concern, and used every persuasive argument to induce us to pass two or three days with them. On the morning of our departure at 1-2 past three, the family were all up, and though I do not often form hasty friendships, I must confess I left them with regret, for in their house I think I perceived a true picture of domestic felicity.

I do not like Antwerp so well as Bruxelles. There was little going forward, when I was there, and the streets appeared dull and gloomy, the ladies have, when walking, the appearance of nuns, they wear large black scarfs thrown carelessly over the head, hanging down behind, but in their manners they are amiable, and extremely friendly to foreigners.

L. M. B.

I have forgotten to mention, in my former accounts, that travelling in Holland is rendered particularly unpleasant by the number of dykes. The roads are narrow, and the water on each side gives rather an awful appearance. Were two carriages to meet, much inconvenience, if not danger, must ensue.

We passed a place not far distant from Rotterdam, where there were 300 mills in a row at marked distances. The noise proceeding from them was disagreeable, and I should be very sorry to go past them in a single-horse chaise, or in any carriage drawn by horses unaccustomed to the sound; but the animals there seem to have (I cannot say acquired, it must be natural,) the same methodical ways as their masters, and it would be nearly as difficult to make them advance faster than their usual pace, as to force a Dutchman to any thing he did not like, as will appear hereafter.

We stopped at the coach or waggon-office, which you please, about a quarter of a mile from the inn, which the French officer had recommended to us, because it was kept by English people: he saw all our baggage weighed, and afterwards put on a sledge which was to follow us, and thus we proceeded to the sign of the Peacock. The night was cold and dark, and our last passage by water had completely chilled us; added to this misery, we were uncommonly hungry! Picture then to yourself five poor travellers arriving at a comfortable inn, in the *English style*—a clean room, carpeted, and a charming coal fire in a grate! (We had not seen such a thing since we had left England, for the French burn wood, and do not use stoves.) Our first exclamation was expressive of delight. My mother, who, till now, had been obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, was enchanted with the sound of an immediate answer in her own language, and had not the recollection intruded itself, that we had yet much to encounter, ere we should behold this "region of bliss," we certainly should have thought ourselves transported to paradise. The respectful attention of our fellow travellers did not cease. The officer, who was to join his regiment on the following day, went to the French commissary, to solicit his attention to our requests, and the two Americans introduced us to the American consul, who, in case any difficulty should offer, to oppose our quitting Rotterdam, promised to use his interest in our behalf, and one of the gentlemen offered us a passage in his ship, but we had not sufficient courage to accept it, as we must have left his vessel and have gone in a small boat, as soon as the English coast should have appeared. On the following morning, after our arrival at Rotterdam, we went to the commissary, and also to the house of Mr. Smith, a respectable English merchant, to whom we had recommendatory letters. The French government had written to the commissary to desire him to give us our passport upon application. He behaved like a true Frenchman, that is, politely, and told us it would be ready the next day. Our only remaining difficulty was now to obtain a passage to England, and we applied to Mr. Smith, the most likely person to have obtained it. He told us it would be some days before a vessel would sail; we were, therefore, agreeably surprised, when he sent to inform us, two days after, that a small sloop was going to an English port, as soon as the wind should change.

I was delighted with Rotterdam; the novelty of the scene, so different to any thing I had before seen, amused me greatly, and the weather, during our stay, though cold, was tolerably fine. The streets are so much alike, that it is difficult for a stranger to know where he is. The canals run through each, and it is possible to walk off the pavement into the vessels which are alongside. There are two draw-bridges in almost every street; but as foot-passengers are frequently obliged to wait while these are let down, the quietest way of proceeding is to cross the canal in a *treckschuyt*, which is continually worked backward and forward by two men: the price of a passage over is the fifth part of an English penny. The houses are brick, from four to six stories high. The cleanliness of the Dutch, with respect to their dwellings, has always been proverbial. There is not any railing on the sides of the canals; thus, on a dark night even carriages run great risks, and if the Dutch were as renowned for inebriety as the English, I think numerous accidents would occur. We unfortunately lost ourselves one evening, and you can have no idea of our distress, for neither French nor English were, at first, of any service to us, and we walked in vain up and down the streets. At last we knocked at a merchant's house, as the last resource, in the hope of meeting with some *civilized* being. To our great joy, a clerk appeared, who, with all his *stupidity*, could just understand enough French to make out our tale of sorrow, and to take pity on our distress. He accompanied us as far as the inn, at the sight of which, we offered up the humble but sincere ejaculation of, thank God! I have before observed that the Dutch women are generally pretty; and their dress is perfectly *neat*, though rather *outré*. They wear immense hats, which might occasionally answer the purpose of umbrellas. They are set up in the air, and lined with printed linen. I, at that time had a small French hat, which greatly amused the Dutch ladies. Their caps fit their heads closely; but I shall not enter into a detail of the ladies, and shall content myself with observing that the gentlemen, in opposition to the ladies, (a thing not uncommon,) wear remarkable small hats.

There are a number of churches at
VOL. III.—No. VI. 58

Rotterdam; and I think I was informed forty-two streets exactly alike. The Dutch are accustomed from their childhood to make and drink spirits, but they have not any pernicious effect upon their constitution; nay, they affirm that the climate is such as to render the use of them absolutely necessary. I must, however, once more introduce the French officer to your notice, who, during our journey, having heard my mother and self express our dislike to the custom of smoking; politely requested a man who was puffing smoke in our faces, to refrain from such indecorum, as it was particularly unpleasant to the ladies. The Dutchman made no reply, but turned round in order to annoy us the more. The officer again intreated him to put away his pipe. The Dutchman persevered. This was too much for French politeness to submit to, and he quietly broke the man's pipe, which put him into a complete rage. The Frenchman put his hand to his sword. I began to be alarmed, and begged him to say no more. The Dutchman descended, and was forced to walk many miles. At parting he wished all the French and ladies at a far distant region, you may guess where.

The captain came on the Sunday morning to inform us he should sail that evening, and wished us to go on board. The vessel was not larger than a Gravesend boat, say fifty tons, with a cabin of miserable dimensions; but were I to describe all we suffered in the passage, independent of our narrow escape from shipwreck, I might fill a quire of paper. I shall, therefore, pass over our sea voyage, and arrive at Gravesend as quickly as possible, where, after all our fatigues, dangers and perils were made known, the *English* had the cruelty to forbid our landing till the following day, while in despair we began to dress potatoes, the only provision on board. We were absolutely famished. But fortunately the lieutenant's conscience accused him, I judged so at least, for by the time our frugal repast was prepared, a boat came alongside to take us to the alien office, where we met a few more barbarous *John Bulls*, and were obliged to answer all their questions ere we were allowed to go to an inn. So much for English customs! So much for English politeness!!

L. M. B.

ART. 6. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

IN New-York, Philadelphia, &c. the following works have been republished, by the principal booksellers:

Considerations of the Principal Events of the French Revolution, by the Baroness DE STAEL.

Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern, from the German of FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.

Sass' Journey to Rome and Naples, in 1817.

Felix Alvarez, or Manners in Spain, by A. DALLAS, Esq.

Account of a Voyage of Discovery, to the West Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo-Choo Islands, &c. by Capt. B. HALL.

New Tales, by MRS. OPIE.

FRANKLIN'S Works.

Letters, during a Tour through some parts of France, Savoy, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, in the Summer of 1817. By THOMAS RAFFLES, A. M.

COLLINS & Co. have published Capt. RILEY'S NARRATIVE, third edition. To which is now added, a New and Interesting Narrative of the Shipwreck of the ship Oswego, on the Coast of South Barbary, by JUDAH PADDOCK, her late Master.

EDWARD EABLE, Philadelphia, has published a new and original Poem, entitled, The Mariner, by ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON.

At Elizabethtown, N. J. a new paper, called the Elizabethtown Gazette, is published by J. & E. SANDERSON.

Since the restoration of Eastport to the United States, a weekly paper has been established there, called the Eastport Sentinel, and Passamaquoddy Observer.

PAUL ALLEN, Esq. has issued proposals for establishing a new daily paper in Baltimore, to be called the Morning Chronicle.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing a *German Monthly Journal*, octavo form, in this city, to be entitled, DER DEUTSCHE FREUND,—The German Friend. This journal will be calculated to entertain and instruct. "In the pursuit of truth, the history of the times, religious intelligence, and news in literature and the arts, shall be noticed." The editor will be assisted by able coadjutors in the United States and abroad, and efforts will be made to render this publication interesting and useful. Should the

plan meet with sufficient encouragement, the first number will appear on the 1st January, 1819, edited by the Rev. F. C. SCHAEFFER, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in this city, Teacher of the German Language, and Member of several learned Societies. As soon as advisable, the German Friend will be issued weekly.

KIRK & MERCEIN, have in press, The Identity of Junius, with a Distinguished Character, &c. To be printed from the second London edition, corrected and enlarged.

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, Esq. has published a poem, entitled "The Ladies' Monitor."

R. & W. A. BARTOW, New-York, have commenced the republication of the Youth's Magazine, or Evangelical Miscellany, "New Series," from the London edition.

The first number of the *Journal of the Times*, edited at Baltimore, by PAUL ALLEN, Esq. has appeared, and is an excellent and a very promising specimen of the talents and taste of its conductor.

J. G. BOGERT, Esq. of this city, has in preparation for publication, a Treatise on Extraneous Fossils, and an Examination of the Mineralized Remains of Animals and Vegetables in the United States, which will be accompanied by an account of the several mountain ranges through the same, with their relative elevations and stratifications, so far as relates to eruvia and their localities. The engravings are to be executed by ANDERSON.

New-York Historical Society, 8th Sept. 1818.

The following communication was presented by Professor Mitchell, M. D.

"Since my last communication (August sitting) the department of ZOOLOGY has been enriched by about fourscore specimens, chiefly of FISH, in fine preservation. They are safely deposited on the shelves of the Cabinet of Natural History, and make so valuable an addition to the collection, that I heartily congratulate our association on the acquisition. The donation was made by Mr. John G. Mott, of Liberty-street, brother to my late excellent friend Dr. Samuel G. Mott. During the more active season of a life lamentably too short, Dr. Mott rendered me important aid in my ichthyological inquiries; and in my memoir published in the New-York Philosophical Transac-

tions, I made a respectful acknowledgment of his services. He afterwards began to form a museum for his own use, but his progress has been arrested by death. He left this world without any specific direction about these articles. The generosity of his brother, in the administration of his effects, has made every thing right; for on a delicate suggestion that the articles ought to become the property of the Corporation, he instantly agreed with me in opinion, and delivered them in person.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to Mr. John G. Mott, for his liberal donation of the elegant specimens of ichthyology prepared by his late brother Dr. Samuel G. Mott, deceased; that his name be registered among the benefactors of this Institution, and that the communication of Professor Mitchill on the subject, together with this resolution, be published.

By order of the Society,

JOHN PINTARD,

Recording Sec'y.

Mr. SAUNDERS, in Wall-street, has brought the *Kaleidoscope* to great perfection. It now has a brilliancy of colours, with a revolving wheel, producing a most surprising and beautiful effect.

The Directors of the United States Bank, have chosen the plan drawn by Mr. STRICKLAND, of Philadelphia, to whom they have awarded the first premium. Mr. LATROBE's plan has been approved as the next best, to whom they have awarded the second premium.

Mr. HENRY WILLIAMS, whose Anatomical Wax Preparations have been so greatly admired by medical men and the public at large, has just completed a superb piece of work. It is an elegant full length female figure in a recumbent position, susceptible of seventeen anatomical divisions. Mr. W. has selected this city as the place where he first intends to exhibit this elegant specimen of his ingenuity, and of native talent.

Dr. F. PASCALIS of this city, has received the diploma of Associate of the French Medical Society and Faculty, in Paris.

FOREIGN.

Among the numerous works lately published in Germany, we find the following:

Chemical Letters for Ladies, by W. A. LAMPADIUS. Large 8vo. Freiberg. Cratn. Electrochemistry, by the same.

Manuel of Hebrew, Syriac, Chalde, and Arabic Grammar, by Professor VA-

TER. Second edition. Large 8vo. Leipzig. Vogel.

Systema Solaris, carmine Latino descriptum; adjectæ sunt notæ, quibus cum res tum verba Paulo obscuriora breviter explicantur, et tabulæ aliquot astronomicæ. G. L. SCHULTZE. 8 maj. Lips. Goeschen. 54 pag. et 9 tab.

Antiquities of the Israelitic People, &c. Large 8vo. Berlin. Rücker.

The Origin and Diversified Relation of European Languages, by CHR. G. VON ARNDT; and now published by Dr. J. L. KLUBER. Frankfurt on the Maine.

The Posthumous Writings and Correspondence of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, with his Life and Portrait. Translated from the English. 1st vol. Large 8vo. Weimar.

Regeneration of Germany, by J. H. B. DRASEKE. Luneburg. Herold.

Likenesses of the most Eminent Men of all Nations and Times. Published at Qwickau by Schumann. In this collection we find, as a matter of course, our countryman Washington.

Riley's Narrative has been translated into the German language, and published by Schmidt in Jena.

The Posthumous Work of the Baroness DE STAEL: Considerations on the Principal Events of the French Revolution, has been published in Germany, in French, English, and German.

The Sermons of F. TREEREMIN, have been published at Berlin, 1817, by Duncker & Humblot.

The Sermons and Orations of the General Superintendent Dr. T. F. C. LOFFLER, have been published at Stralsund. These sermons are highly esteemed in Germany.

Upwards of three hundred different publications have appeared in Germany, relative to the *Third Centenary of the Reformation*. Some of these have been received in this city. One of them is peculiarly interesting: Renewed Remembrance of the Men who laboured for and against the Reformation by Luther. The author is the learned Rev. Dr. H. W. ROTERMUND, of Bremen.

GRUBER in Halle, and GOESHEN in Leipzig, propose to publish an elegant edition of WIELAND's Works, in 46 volumes.

A Characteristical Representation of Minerals, by Professor HABERLE, has been published in Weimar; and also *Introduction to the Study of Mineralogy*, by the same learned gentleman. These works are valuable to the student of

mineralogy, and afford a great mass of the most interesting information in that department of natural history.

The first volume of *Miscellaneous Treatises, &c.* by Baron VON MENU, Major-General, and Governor of his Royal Highness Prince Charles of Prussia, &c. has been published by Maurer, in Berlin, and has been sent by the learned author to his correspondent in this city. The illustrious author is a zealous and most active antiquary. His military knowledge, his scientific acquirements, and the ardour with which he investigates and explores the antiquities of his native land, and other countries, enable him to present us with highly interesting results. He proves, as appears to us incontestably, that various antiquities which have been hitherto considered as *Roman*, are the reliques of *Germanic* operations.

An eminent literary character in Germany, has transmitted to a correspondent in this city, his plan of a new periodical work, to be published at *Leipzig*, entitled, *Amerika darges tellt durch sich selbst*,—America represented (or set forth) by itself. The numbers are to appear every Tuesday and Saturday evening.

Though this work will be obtainable in all the chief cities and towns of Germany, and though one of the principal editors resides at some distance from *Leipzig*, yet that is the place where it will be published (by Goeschel), and not Hamburg, as is erroneously stated in the Boston and New-York papers.

"The editors will not speak of the importance of this object, considering that as superfluous, and indeed as an offence against the truly intelligent reading world, which knows very well how favoured America aspires, in its own vigour and youthful strength, at the same time appropriating to its own use whatever in the old world has been produced by genius, and pointed out by experience as salutiferous."

"The materials for this journal will not be taken from English or French accounts, but shall be furnished immediately from the country to which this establishment is devoted, partly by written communications, and partly by the numerous American public newspapers and monthly journals."

The editors proceed to assure the German public, that they will be assisted by respectable gentlemen in America, and that arrangements are made to procure the earliest and most correct intelligence from the United States. They then give

the plan, which is truly extensive, and will embrace,

"1st. Government in all its branches; consequently, new Laws, Civil Institutions, Finances, State of Defence, and of the Military Order, &c.

"2d. Progress of the Culture of the Land, and of the Minds of the Inhabitants; consequently, Rural Economy, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Improvement, State of the Church, Education, Sciences, Arts, Inventions, Formation of National Character, Traits and Anecdotes from the Lives of Distinguished Men, &c.

"3d. State of Society; consequently, Number of Inhabitants, Commerce, Navigation, Industry in general, Manufactures, Luxury, Conveniences, Amusements, &c.

"4th. Remarkable Occurrences of Time and Nature; consequently, War and Peace, Extraordinary Appearances in the Material World, &c."

The first numbers of this interesting work may be soon expected in this city. The talents of the principal editor, his extensive acquaintance with America and American literature, and the whole plan and arrangement of this journal, leave not a doubt that it will be ably conducted. By this means correct information relative to our own country will be diffused throughout a great portion of Europe; and we know that this journal will circulate in *Germany, Poland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, &c. &c.*

A new edition of SCHLEUSNER'S *LEXICON NOVI-TESTAMENTI*, revised and corrected by several eminent scholars, is printing at the Edinburgh University, in quarto and will be stereotyped. [It is to be regretted that the edition of SCHLEUSNER, as lately revised, corrected, and published at Leipzig, is not stereotyped, as the edition now publishing at Edinburgh differs in many points, and, with many eminent biblical critics, is not in such high estimation as the more genuine German editions.]

Some curious letters from Madame BERTRAND, at St. Helena, to a female friend in France, are said to be in preparation for publication in London, French and English.

A distinguished Chiropæist, London, has in the press, *The Art of Preserving the Feet; or Practical Observations on the Prevention and Cure of Corns, Bunions, Callosities, Chilblains, &c.* [Probably as the first step towards prevention and cure the author will recommend wide and easy shoes.]

SAMUEL BAGSTER, London, is printing an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with translations into the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and French languages: to be comprised in a quarto volume.

Professor STROMAYER, Gottingen, has discovered a *new metal* which has received the name of *Caducium*. It is white as tin, very ductile, combines easily with other metals, fuses and volatiles in less time than zinc. It is found in abundance in the mines of this last metal. Its specific weight is 8.65. It is expected that this metal will be of great consequence to the arts, on account of its properties, and of those which it communicates to metals with which it is capable of amalgamating.

Dr. McCULLOCH, Scotland, has discovered *two new minerals* in that country. The first is easily recognised by its resemblance to indurated steatite or noble serpentine, and by its green colour, on a fresh fracture, shortly turning to black, when it can scarcely be distinguished by the eye from jet or dry coal. It is also infusible before the blowpipe. Dr. M. has given it the name of *chlorophacite*, from its obvious property. It occupies amygdaloidal cavities in the trap rocks. The second is a white powder, of a harsh feel, but incapable of scratching glass, and nearly as fusible as that substance, producing a transparent, colourless bead; characters sufficient to distinguish it from any mineral hitherto described. It occupies similar cavities in trap; and he has given to it, from its leading character, the name of *corrite*.

SCHROTER, the celebrated German astronomer, of Lilienthal, has published an account of the comet which appeared in 1811, and from a comparison of his observations on this comet with those made by him on that of 1807, he has deduced some remarkable conclusions. The apparent diameter of the head of this comet in 1811, was 34' 12", which gives a real diameter of 2,052,000 geographical miles! The greatest apparent length of the tail was 18°, equal to 131,852,000 geographical miles!—Mr. Schroter conceives it impossible to explain this prodigious extent without admitting that there exists in the space around the sun a *subtile matter, susceptible of becoming luminous by the combined influence of the sun and the comet*. Independently of the force possessed by comets as masses of matter, he believes them to be endowed with a repulsive and impulsive force, which has some analogy to the electric fluid, and like it acts in different directions.

RICHERAUD, France, exults in having proved to the world, that for very important purposes, the cavity of the thorax may be opened by excision of the ribs and of the pleura; in case of a great lesion of a lobe of the lungs, a part may be cut off, and hydroperi cardium might be operated as a hydrocele.

A new method of shoeing horses has been introduced in England. It consists of two pieces joined by a hinge, which is defended by a strong steel-headed rivet, and by adapting itself to the expansion of the foot is intended to prevent contraction.

ART. 7. POETRY.

LINES

ON LAKE ONTARIO.

From Lieutenant Hall's Travels in Canada and the United States.

ONTARIO's ample breast is still,
And silence walks the distant hill;
And summer-barks are gently gliding,
Where lately yonder war-tow'rs riding
Seem'd like leviathans, to load
The bosom of the groaning flood.
Oft as gray dawn broke o'er the wave,
Each hostile line stern greeting gave,
And oft, beneath the setting sun,
Responsive peal'd each heavy gun.
Then crouch'd the midnight ambuscade,
Within the pine-wood's pillar'd shade,
And Indian war-notes fiercely rose,
A death-dirge to unwary foes,

As burst their murdering attack
Upon the drowsy Bivouac.
Round leaguer'd fort, and post, and ford,
The crashing shell and cannon roar'd,
Till rung th' alarm of the fray,
From old Toronto's* quiet bay,
To where Niagara madly pours
His boiling tide 'twixt mountain shores:—
The eagle, whose broad wing was spread
Above the cataract's wild bed,
Scared by unwonted thunders, rose
To hang the nest of his repose,
Where cedars desolately wave
O'er Nanibojn's island grave:†

* The Indian name for York, where formerly was an Indian town.

† One of the Manitoulin islands. For the story, see Henry's Travels in Canada in 1760 and 1776, p. 168.

No wolf his moonlight hunt pursued,
By Erie's forest solitude,
But cowering from his covert ran,
Dreading the lordlier chase of man;
Nor dared the un hunted stag remain
Near his loved haunts, and green demesne,
But far from sounds of human slaughter,
He strays by Huron's distant water.

ON WYOMING.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet Wyoming, though none be left to tell
The beauty of thy days to future men,
How blest when peaceful Albert rul'd thy glen,
And Gertrude was thy flower, yet shalt thou
dwell,
And bloom through ages, for with charm and
spell,
Wreaths of immortal brightness have been
flung,
Gilding thy ruin—and a gifted shell
Thy tale of desolation hath out rung

With melodies, on which the soul reposes
Like eastern bulbuls on Cashmerian roses;—
And bright eyes have wept o'er thee, and shall
weep,
Till nature has grown ruthless in all hearts,
And pity, angel-plumed, to heaven departs:
For thou in freedom's burning field didst reap
A deadly harvest, therefore shall thy sleep
Be hallow'd, and thy name a star o'er glory's
sleep.

EPIGRAM.

Written after going to Law.

This law, they say, great nature's chain connects—
That causes ever must produce effects:
In me behold reversed great nature's laws
All my effects lost by a single cause.

N.

ART. 8. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AT the elections in England the numbers of the opposition have been increased by about thirty members. Among the new members is Sir Robert Wilson, who took so active a part in the escape of Lavalette, and who wrote the book on the resources of Russia. In an address to his constituents, he informed them he should adopt the following rules for his parliamentary conduct, viz. "1st, That an idle man is a useless animal. 2d, That a man in power should never go to sleep without thinking of those who are awake. 3d, That before he eats his dinner he should reflect that there are many who would like to dine with him:—and 4th, That when he walked along the streets, he should reflect that there were some who could not walk, because they were in irons." There exists, at present, great discontent among the labourers at Manchester.

A letter to the editor of the London Courier, from Manchester, August 1, states that the spinners, to the number of 14,000, still continue to bid defiance to their employers, and are subsisting upon their own limited means. This combination of the labourers appears to be quite extensive; and it is even stated that remittances to these deluded people have been made from the mechanics of London. Some of the English papers speak with trembling upon the subject, and at-

tribute the disorders to the seditious writings and secret machinations of the Black Dwarf and company.

Liverpool, August 8.—The singular suspension of business at Manchester still continues, and the strength of the discontent is even increased by continual accessions of numbers. No means of checking this monstrous and alarming evil has yet been suggested, and indeed it appears to be beyond the reach of human ingenuity to provide the adequate remedy without such encroachments on the liberty of the subject as cannot be endured. An application of military force has been spoken of, but such a cure would be worse than the disease. This, however, is most certain, that if we cannot destroy this principle of combination, it will infallibly destroy us. Neither commerce, nor manufactures, nor law, nor liberty, nor independence, can consist with the right of legislation assumed by these confederacies, in the most important of all matters, the price of labour.

It is the opinion of many writers that Great Britain has now reached the acme of her prosperity, and that her speedy decline, in conformity to the history of all nations, must soon be expected to commence. Various conjectures have been formed as to the causes which are likely to produce her ultimate downfall. The corruption of government; the increase of luxury; the failure of public spirit; the future marine superiority of America, have all been brought forward as probable

efficient causes of our declension in the scale of nations.

The manufacturers at Stockport, turned out for higher wages. They committed some depredations and made battle, with brick bats and stones, against a corps of cavalry, and beat them off. Additional troops were expected. Some of the rioters had been apprehended.

Wages in Scotland.—Farm servants for six months, with bed, board and washing found, from 6 to 8 pounds; women's wages from 3 to 4 pounds. Labourers by the day, with victuals, receive one shilling, without victuals, one shilling and six pence.

Mr. Baring, the banker, it is said, is invited to attend the meeting of the sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle. His interest in the French loans is given as the cause of it.

A report was in circulation at Hamburg, that England will probably obtain by negotiation a port in the Baltic.

As a proof of the increase of the foreign commerce of Liverpool, it is stated, that the dock duties, which were in 1817, 75,999*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* have this year risen to 98,538*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* being an increase of 22,639*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*

The woollen manufactory in England, it is said, is rapidly increasing. In proof of this fact, we are told, that the quantity of wool imported into all parts of England during the last year, amounted to *one hundred and ninety millions of pounds*; whereas, the quantity imported during the preceding year, amounted only to 86 millions, and not more than 75 millions in any former year.

London, July 31.—RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.—*Proportion of the debt and resources of this country at the present and former periods.*—Upon the accession of George the First, in 1714, the debt amounted to 54,145,363*l.*; the same debt, as it stood on the 1st of February, 1817, had accumulated to 819,536,937*l.* The reign of George I. embraced a period of 12 years, 10 months, and 10 days, during which the whole sum produced by the customs was 21,632,985*l.*; and by the excise 30,421,451*l.* Now the articles subject to customs and excise, are such as the majority of a nation never purchase till they are provided with other commodities of more indispensable necessity.—The increase of the former keeps pace with the increase of the national wealth, and exhibits a certain demonstration of that increase.

The customs for the year, ending the 5th of January, 1816, amounted to

10,487,522*l.*: the excise duties, during the same interval produced 26,562,432*l.*, the then existing war duties are included in this amount. Here the customs for one year will be found to have produced nearly as much as they did in six years of the reign of George I. and the excise, during one year of the present reign, amounted to a sum equal to about five-sixths of the total produce, during a period of more than twelve years, in the above-mentioned reign. The produce of the stamps may not be thought to furnish so sure a test of national wealth, as that of the customs and excise; but yet as they are an index of a multifarious class of dealings betwixt man and man, they may serve to elucidate the amount of the circulating wealth during any particular period. If we compare the amount of the stamp duty in George I. with that in the present reign, we shall be forcibly struck with the disparity. During the latter part of George I. the stamps produced the annual sum of 132,665*l.*; whilst between 5th Jan. 1816, and 5th Jan. 1817, they amounted to 5,965,434*l.*, or near six millions sterling. Notwithstanding the immense increase in the scale of the stamp duty, which has taken place in the present reign, we must recollect that it is the increased opulence and multiplied dealings of the country which have enabled it to bear this increase; and it must at the same time be considered, that though the payment of the duty is compulsory upon particular legal and commercial transactions, those transactions themselves are optional; and that therefore the payment of the duty itself being so far spontaneous, the increase on that duty can be owing to nothing but the prosperity of the country. The increased revenue of the post office furnishes a signal proof not only of the increased civilization, but of the increased wealth of the country within the last century. In the four last years of George I. the post-office produced an average of 75,445*l.* in the year. In the year ending the 5th Jan. 1817, the same source of revenue yielded no less than 1,426,000*l.* Here we have much more than a decuple increase, and in a species of voluntary payment, which furnishes a striking criterion of affluence. A national debt must be considered as great or small according to the wealth of the people by whom it has been incurred, and out of which it is to be paid. A debt of one million to a poor country may be more than a debt of ten millions to a rich, as one individual may be much less dis-

tressed by a debt of a thousand, than another may be by a debt of one hundred, or even only ten pounds.

FRANCE.

It is stated that the proposition made to the French government with regard to the removal of the foreign troops now in France, is, that they shall take up their quarters on the frontier for one entire year, at the expense of France, and that this is to be the *sine qua non* of their withdrawing.

There is a report of a new conspiracy against the French government being detected at Paris. We have some rumoured details of the affair. The plot was got up by some *ultra royalists*, and their design was to seize the king's ministers, and carry them off to the forest of Vincennes. This being effected—it is said, had the king refused to sign his abdication, it was the intention of the conspirators to proceed *a la Paul premier*—which, we suppose, means to assassinate him. What they then would have done is not hinted at.

A Paris paper says—Count Chaptal will soon publish an important work, the statistics of agriculture and manufactures, which goes to prove during the revolution our progress in agriculture and industry has been as rapid as in our conquests, and that we have at least preserved all the fruits of the two former. In this manner, during thirty years of misfortunes, were formed all the means of repairing them. Our arms are idle, but our arts pursue their conquests. To them France will be indebted for her rapid prosperity, and Europe will always be their tributary.

The king of France has issued a proclamation, in which he states, that “wishing to secure by every means in our power, the abolition of the slave trade in every part of our dominions, we have ordained as follows:”

Art. 1. There shall be constantly maintained on the coast of our African Establishments, a cruising squadron of our marine, for the purpose of visiting all French vessels which shall appear within the limits of our possessions on the said coasts, and of preventing every violation of our laws and ordinance.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

Saint Cloud, June 24.

Heat.—A Paris paper of the 9th of August, in noticing the unusual heat of the weather, thus remarks:—“The excessive heats that we experience have given rise to several meteorological ob-

servations, sufficiently interesting. A remarkable circumstance in them is, that the heats are nearly equal throughout Europe, in all latitudes. At Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna, the thermometers of Reaumur have risen to the same degrees.”

General Cannuel, charged with being concerned in the late conspiracy, who was supposed to have left the country, has been arrested, and after several examinations, committed to the Conciergerie.

Paris, July 22. In consequence of the extreme heat which we now have, the river falls from day to day. It is already nearly a foot lower than the low water of 1719, which is quoted as a year of great drought.

M. Lemaître, the inventor of a boat which may be enclosed in a cane, and who the last winter would have crossed the basin of the Luxembourg, if the swans had had the politeness to take him in tow, announces that he has perfected its construction, and is waiting only for mild weather to undertake a new voyage in his *hydrostol*.

SPAIN.

The following picture of the present deplorable situation of the Spanish monarchy, is copied from the London Times, of the 9th of June. The information was derived by the editor of that paper from a correspondent at Madrid, and if the one half of it be true, we must suppose the Spanish government on the point of dissolution. Though we have given foreign dates much later, yet we think this article cannot fail to be read with interest.

Madrid, May 25.

The political and financial situation of Spain is so embarrassed, that unless it were observed on the spot, no idea could be formed of it, and any representation that could be made would fall short of the truth. I shall endeavour to give you as complete a conception of it as possible, by collecting together the detached features of the general picture.

When we heard here of the convocation of a congress of the allied governments at Aix-la-Chapelle, the king testified his desire to attend it. He received no satisfaction on this point from the cabinets to which his ambassadors communicated his intention. The cabinet of Vienna was the first which showed an opposition to this design, and England and Prussia afterwards answered to the same purport. As the opinion of the court of Russia admitted of no doubt, it was necessary to renounce this journey. The

Spanish ministry showed themselves the more dissatisfied on the occasion, as they expected from this approachment an amelioration in the external relations of the kingdom, which their own exclusive efforts do not permit them to expect.

It is not to be inferred from this that the boldest projects are not still hatched here.—Thus with the minister of war, they still talk of the recapture of Buenos Ayres, and the occupation of Monte Video. It is even said that M. Pizarro has drawn up a manifesto, which he is about to have translated into all languages, for the purpose of being distributed over Europe, to expose those causes of complaint on the part of Spain, which justify her in taking up arms against Portugal. If a manifesto was the only necessary requisite for conducting a war, a war might take place; but as money or credit may likewise be required, the world may rest assured that the hostile projects of the Spanish government will long remain in the imagination of those who have dreamt them.

To be convinced of this, we have only to cast our eyes on the financial situation of the kingdom. It is such, that if one were to describe it in general terms he might be charged with exaggeration, but here the proofs are striking—they rest on facts publicly known—it is only necessary to enumerate them.

The system of M. Garay, which appeared so seducing in theory, has crumbled into dust before the difficulties of its execution. All the resources of taxation are exhausted, and it is certain that the half of the taxes imposed have not been levied. The impossibility of raising them is so great, that the minister has finched from the rigorous measures which had been begun to be employed. Every where are complaints heard, every distress shows itself in the most hideous aspect. All the public coffers are empty. The army has not received its pay for three years, and the officers of the civil administration have not touched the eighth part of their salaries. There have been witnessed at Madrid, officers and civil servants of the public, begging alms, and the provinces have even suffered more than the capital.

At Seville a regiment was in want of every thing, and the officers were reduced to the state of begging a dinner in the convents. In fine, this situation becoming intolerable, the colonel, M. D'O'Neill, waited with his staff on the captain-general of the province to demand a part of their pay on account. As

there were no public funds, M. D'O'Neill lent from his own private funds all that he could dispose of; and now, instead of repaying his advances, they are attempting to find fault with the step which he took.

At Valencia, the firmness of the captain-general, M. Elliott, was able alone to calm the effervescence of the troops, who had not received any pay for three months. He ordered a month's pay to be given to them, against the express will of the minister of finance.

At Cadiz, it was not without the greatest difficulty they were able to embark a battalion destined for the Lima expedition, and which had not touched any pay for three years.

The roads are less safe than ever. Robbers infest every part of the kingdom, and there is no security without an escort.

Every despatch of general Morillo concludes with demands of reinforcements and supplies of every kind. It is but too certain that his army labours under the most frightful privations.

It is thought here that such a state of things cannot last, and that the system of M. Garay must give way to another, and that the minister must resign his office.

However this may be, as distress is a bad counsellor, the Spanish government, with a view of filling its coffers, has had recourse to several expedients which cannot be better characterized than by stating them.

A royal decree had granted the right of entreport to the port of Cadiz. Some factors had in consequence embarked in speculations for Lima; but at the moment of the expedition putting to sea, it was notified that they would have to pay not only the duties of clearance, but also the duties of entry, due only at Lima, under the pretext, that although the decree was published, it had not yet been put in execution. One may judge of the desolate state of the maritime commerce, in a country where there exists no insurance office for cases when ships do not arrive at their destination, and under a government which has never made any return for its unjust gain.

The following is another trait which is not less remarkable than the preceding. Some agriculturists of Biscay had, by virtue of a royal license, exported corn; they protested, indeed, against the minister's demand of dues contrary to the privileges of their province; but as they were allowed to embark without being compelled to pay their dues, they consi-

dered themselves freed from them. What therefore was their surprise, when, on the arrival of their ships at Bordeaux, the Spanish consul stopped the unlading until they had paid these dues, which exceeded not only those imposed in Spain, but even the value of the corn. The merchandize could not be sold, and the result was an enormous loss both to the factors and the agriculturists.

The affair of Mr. Meade, and his enlargement, must be sufficiently known to you to make it unnecessary for me to enter into details. Sir Henry Wellesley strongly insists upon their payment of 50,000 piastres of which Mr. Meade defrauded the company of English merchants, represented by Mr. Macdurnot. M. D. Pizarro answered sir Henry in no very moderate tone—that it was astonishing that the British ambassador should make such a demand, since he was ignorant and must be ignorant of the whole foundation of this affair. Things came to such a point, that the word *rupture* has been already pronounced, and sir Henry has declared to the Spanish minister that he would send the entire correspondence to his government, that it might be able to judge on which side the fault lay. At the moment of my writing this letter I learn that M. Pizarro, fearing the consequences of his passion, has just written in the mildest terms to sir Henry Wellesley, and that Mr. Meade has raised an enormous claim against the Spanish government under the title of an indemnity.

While these events and discussions are going on, the interior of the court of Spain gives itself up to puerilities which form the most afflicting contrast with the situation of public affairs.

The Marchioness of Roua had wished to marry the Prince de Laval, son of the ambassador of France. The king opposed it, saying that she ought to marry a Spaniard. She chose one accordingly. He was a young officer, equally noble and poor. This choice also caused displeasure; the Marchioness was placed in a convent, and the officer was put under arrest. It is not known whether the king will relent and consent to the marriage.

Masked balls are severely prohibited here, and it has been thought right to push the rigour of the regulations to such a point, as to break up a children's ball, the oldest of whom was not fifteen, and who were assembled as a family party at the house of the dowager Duchess of Osune. This lady is the mother of the Duke of Osune, all whose revenues the

court keeps to itself, under the pretext that he does not live with his wife.

In all this, the court is entirely given up to the practice of devotion. The queen, whose pregnancy is now certain, went through the devotional ceremony of nine days, at a chapel in the city, for the purpose of obtaining the result from heaven. Lately, the generals of the Capuchins, and of the Hieronimites, have been covered in the presence of the king as *grandees* of Spain. Unfortunately the suffering people have looked upon this ceremony with no favourable eye, and the admission of a capuchin to a ceremony of sheer vanity, and of obsolete etiquette, does not much contribute to restore the veneration of the Spaniards for their monks.

Letters from Madrid (says a London paper) to the 16th of July, mention that a change in the war department was soon expected, and that an expedition of 3000 troops was preparing to sail for Havana. The same letters announce that king Charles the fourth is preparing to present to the approaching congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, a claim to the throne of Spain, and that he has a strong party in his favour at Madrid.

GERMANY.

A Vienna Gazette says—There has been spread in our city, with astonishing rapidity, for some days, a pamphlet on the subject of manufactures and commerce, which excites general interest. It was originally printed at Frankfort, on Maine, and is entitled, “An Essay on the Question—How may the Nations of Germany shake off the yoke of England?” The author says, that it is impossible to deny the real existence of this servitude, as much longer to remain blind to its consequences, which, according to him, are approaching to the total destruction of our commerce. The same opinion is expressed in a pamphlet published at Vienna, entitled, “Is the decay of the Manufacturers of Austria worthy of the attention of Government?” This piece is attributed to the pen of count Kuesslein, who has already produced several works of acknowledged merit.

The official Gazette of Vienna contains a circular from the government announcing for sale by public auction, twenty-eight estates belonging to the crown, in order to apply the profits to the payment of the national debt. Some of these estates are of very great extent, with 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants.

It is stated in a Vienna paper that the

emperor has given to the prince of Parma (young Napoleon) the estates ceded to his majesty by the grand duke of Tuscany, the revenues of which amount to 1,280,000 florins.

Baron Peschaska, chief of the general staff of the army of Austria, has set out from Vienna to go to Milan, to inspect the fortresses of Upper Italy, and to fix definitively the measures of the congress of Vienna relative to their defence. Austrian troops will compose its principal garrison.

SWEDEN.

It is asserted in an article from Stockholm, that the states had approved of the proposal made by the king of Sweden to sell the island of St. Bartholomew, and to apply the produce of the sale to the liquidation of the debt of Norway.

RUSSIA.

The emperor of Russia has returned to Petersburg from his tour through his dominions, having performed a journey of 1200 leagues in six weeks.

A dispute exists between Russia and Turkey relative to the sovereignty of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. The Grand Seignior, claiming them as his own, has levied a contribution of two millions of piastres on the former.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The British are about to build six small frigates of 32 guns, at Trincolalee.

Very strict orders had been issued not to permit the ingress of Europeans into the interior more than five miles from Bombay.

We have details showing that a very extensive war rages in India. The natives fight desperately, and though generally defeated, soon rally and fight again. Ceylon, whose "legitimate king" the British seized, shipped off and imprisoned, (at the very time they were abusing Napoleon for keeping fool Ferdinand in custody) is much agitated, and the people are *killing off* quite rapidly.

The fort of Talniet had been stormed and taken by Sir T. Hislop. The contest was very severe, and the garrison were put to the sword!

The Peishwah is very far from being subdued—he has a large body of cavalry under his command, and continually harasses the British—another hostile chief, called Bajee Row, has 30,000 mounted men in arms.

The East Indians, fighting for their homes and the bones of their ancestors, are called "*rebels*"—other persons, with not a twentieth part of the causes for resistance, when fighting in Spain, were called "*PATRIOTS*."

NEW-HOLLAND.

A discovery has been made in New South Wales, which must materially affect the future advancement of that colony. "A river of the first magnitude" has been found in the interior, running through a most beautiful country, rich in soil, limestone, slate and good timber. A means of communication like this, has long been anxiously searched for without success, and many began to entertain an apprehension that the progress of colonization in New-Holland would be confined to its coasts.

AFRICA.

EGYPT.

The bashaw or viceroy of Egypt has re-opened the intercourse with India by way of the Red Sea, as formerly, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of India merchandise: the goods are first brought to Suez, and conveyed from thence, across the isthmus, to Alexandria. The bashaw paid his last tribute to the grand seignior in Mocha coffee. We place no confidence in the extent or duration of a trade carried on through such channels with the East. The ruined commerce and importance of the Venetian commonwealth are pretty fair illustrations of the superior benefits attending on the route by the Cape, which the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French and English, have used for near three centuries.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

The following interesting intelligence of further exploring the interior of Africa, is from a late London publication: .

Another enterprise to explore the termination of the Niger is undertaken, and as in all former ones, with sanguine hopes of success. Captain Gray, of the Royal African Corps, is intrusted with the immediate charge of the expedition. He is represented as every way qualified for solving this geographical enigma: he has been seven years in Africa, and is well acquainted with the Jaloff language. The route is to be that of the Gambia river, which he had already entered. By letters which have been received from this officer, it appears that his arrangements were nearly completed, and, what was

of much consequence, his people all well and in high spirits, notwithstanding the failure of former attempts. A transport had been despatched to the Cape de Verd Islands, to procure horses and mules, the return of which was soon expected, when Captain Gray would directly commence his journey into the interior. The rainy season had terminated, and the weather was considered as favourable. Mr. Ritchie, late private secretary to Sir Charles Stuart, at Paris, and Captain Marryat, of the Royal Navy, are to attempt a journey towards Tombuctoo. The former gentleman is appointed vice-consul at Mourzouk, in the interior, the capital of Fezzan, a dependency of Tripoli, whose governor is son of the bey of that kingdom. These gentlemen are also sanguine of success, as the protection of his highness the bey is guaranteed to them, and the journey not so perilous from that cause as by the other routes, although they have the great Zaharah to pass, and must be eight days without meeting with water. As usual, the French have been before us, and a Spaniard, who travelled in Egypt for Napoleon, under the assumed name of Ali Bey, has actually set off. It is already known that Mr. Bowditch and some other gentlemen from Cape Coast Castle have penetrated into the Ashantee country, and been well received, after some opposition from Daondels, formerly one of Napoleon's agents, but now the representative of the king of the Netherlands. Some curious information has been received by this means, which, it is thought, gives more probability to the death of Mungo Park than any that has hitherto appeared. Mr. Bowditch met with some Moorish merchants who had been at Houssa, who stated that while they were at that place a *white* man was seen going down the Niger in a large canoe, in which all the other persons were blacks. This was reported to the king, who immediately sent some of his people to advise him to return, and to tell him that if he proceeded much farther he would be destroyed by the cataracts. The white man, mistaking the good intentions of the king, persisted in his voyage. The king sent a large party to seize him and bring him to Houssa, which, after some opposition, they effected. Here he was detained by the king for two years, at the end of which time he took ill of a fever and died. The merchants who related this tale declared that they had seen the white man at Houssa. Whether this person was Mungo Park, or his companion, Lieutenant Martyn, the last known survivor of

the party besides himself, no means exist of ascertaining, although there is strong reasons for supposing that no other white persons could have been in the interior of Africa in the situation described.

AMERICA.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Venezuela.

The patriots of Venezuela are represented as every where successful. It is stated on the authority of a British officer in the service of the patriots, that up to the 22d July there had been several battles fought, and much skirmishing between the contending parties, in all of which the patriots were victorious, and had finally possessed themselves of the entire command of the plains, and compelled the royalists to take refuge in the mountains. The eleven British officers who were arrested last winter in Philadelphia, under a process from the authority of the United States, had arrived in Venezuela, and joined the patriot army. Mr. Clay's celebrated speech on the subject of our relations with South-America, had been translated into the Spanish language, and was read generally at the heads of the patriotic regiments, amidst the most enthusiastic applauses.

Bolivar is removed from the command of the armies, and placed at the head of the Venezuelan government. General Paez is his military successor.

Buenos Ayres.

The troops of the United Provinces of South-America, have been successful in several late engagements with the royalists, the most considerable of which was the battle of Maipu. Some months ago an overture was made by the patriots for regular exchanges of prisoners with the royalists, and the general adoption of the usages of civilized warfare, which was refused. Since the battle of Maipu this overture has been acceded to. News from Buenos Ayres, under date of the 6th July, informs also that the viceroy of Peru has proposed an armistice for a year, with the offer of withdrawing the royal troops from Potosi, Charcas, la Paz, and Cochabamba, to the Desaguadero, the former frontier of La Plata; but on condition from the patriots not to molest the royalists, who are yet in the province of Talcaguana, in Chili. General San Martin was at Buenos Ayres. The cause of his being absent for so long a time from the army was not known, although it was rumoured that he will suc-

ceed Pueyrredon. Artigas successfully maintains his war against the Portuguese on one side, and the Buenos Ayreans on the other—he has recently defeated some troops of the latter.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Canada.

Robert Gourlay was tried at Kingston, U. C. on the 15th August, for a libel on the government of U. C. and for an attempt to sow sedition among the people. Judge Campbell presided, and the cause was opened by Mr. Bolton, the public prosecutor. He was followed by Mr. Gourlay, who conducted his own defence, and who was permitted to read to the jury an address he had prepared for the

occasion, which is stated to have exhibited a specimen of bold, energetic composition, seldom equalled, and contained many excellent maxims of political wisdom and justice. After the whole day had been occupied by the trial, the cause was submitted to the jury, who soon after returned a verdict of acquittal, amidst the acclamation of the audience. On the following morning "*Gourlay for ever*" was found inscribed on almost every fence and corner post in Kingston. A public dinner was given to Mr. Gourlay by the citizens of Kingston the day after the trial, attended by respectable men from different parts of the province, some of whom had come several hundred miles to attend the trial.

ART. 9. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bangor, August 13.

THE Commissioners of the Land Office, Messrs. Robbins, Lewis and Lee, have had a meeting and consultation at Bangor this season; and after having determined upon a course of conduct and measures best suited to accomplish the objects of the government, they have been carrying their plan into efficient execution. They have been employed in the survey of the land on each side of Penobscot river, and in laying out an extensive road from the east side of the river toward the eastern boundary of the District. The time of the commissioners is in a considerable degree occupied in examining the situation of the country, the quality of the soil, mill privileges, &c. and they say as far as they have proceeded up the river, (which, however, is no farther than Passadunkneag) the country appears better than they expected to find it.

They have now gone up the river with the view of exploring the great west branch (so called) of Penobscot to its source, and also for the purpose of locating the four townships which the Indians have reserved to themselves in their late treaty with our commissioners. They have taken on this excursion Joseph Treat, Esq. for an assistant surveyor, and will take such other assistants as may be necessary.

This branch of the river has never been explored except by the Indians, and the time which may be spent in exploring it will be well employed.

CONNECTICUT.

The committee of the Hartford Convention have finished their report of a constitution for the state of Connecticut. The articles of the bill of rights have been separate-

ly discussed, and, with amendments, all approved. The discussion is now going on upon the constitution.

VERMONT.

Governor Galusha has been re-elected governor of this state with very little opposition.

NEW-YORK.

The Oneida Indians have recently formed among themselves a society for the promotion of agriculture.

A marble quarry has recently been discovered on the banks of the Seneca Lake. The marble is beautifully variegated and of a fine texture.

A large portion of Table Rock, at Niagara Falls, has recently broken off and fallen into the gulph below.

The bridge constructed by A. Porter, Esq. to Goat Island, last season, and partly destroyed by the ice last spring, is to be rebuilt, by which the finest possible view of the Falls may be obtained. A flight of steps to descend nearly two hundred feet, is now constructing, by which another, and as it is thought by some, the grandest view of the cataract may be had. From this place a boat is also to be kept, in which the Niagara may be crossed.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Died, at his farm near Greensburg, Penn. on the 31st August, General ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, in the 84th year of his age. The following brief outline of his life and character, is extracted from one of the public prints:

"The venerable General Arthur St. Clair was born in Edinboro', and came to this country in the fleet commanded by Admiral Boscawen in 1755. At an early period of his life he took up the profession of arms,

and served as a lieutenant in the British army under General Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec.—He served during the whole of the French war of 1766, in the course of which he was honoured with the friendship of generals Wolfe, Murray and Montton, under whose directions he learned the art of war. After retiring from the British army, he settled in Ligonier valley, on the site of Ligonier old fort, of which he had been the first commandant.—In 1773, Richard Penn, lieutenant-governor of the province, appointed him prothonotary and register and recorder for Westmoreland county, which offices, with others, he held in December, 1776, when he received from congress a colonel's commission in the continental service. Although this appointment was without solicitation on his part, he assumed the duties of his new station with promptitude and alacrity, and he recruited six full companies and marched them to the vicinity of Quebec by the first of the next May. In the campaign of 1776, he served in Canada, in company with Col. Wayne, under the orders of generals Thompson and Sullivan, and his knowledge of the country, gained in the previous war, as well as his military experience, was of essential advantage to the army. In the fall of the same year he joined Gen. Washington in Jersey, and first suggested that memorable ruse de guerre which terminated in the capture of the Hessians at Princeton, and which revived the sinking spirits of the army and the country. In the summer of 1777, he commanded Ticonderoga, which post being untenable by the small forces under his command, was abandoned, which occasioned a load of unmerited obloquy to be thrown upon him at the time. The military tribunal, however, which investigated his conduct, pronounced, that although he lost a post, he saved a state, and all the well informed have since unequivocally approved his conduct. He was in the battle of Brandywine a volunteer, not having at that time any command.

When the army marched southward, he was left in Pennsylvania to organize and forward the troops of that state, in consequence of which he arrived at Yorktown only a short time before the surrender of the British army. From thence he went to the south with a reinforcement to Gen. Green.

After the peace he was a member of congress, and president of that body, and in 1788, he was appointed governor of the then North Western Territory. In 1791, he was again appointed a Major General in the army of the United States. In all the various stations and situations of his life after he became known to General Washington, he enjoyed the especial confidence and friendship of that distinguished patriot.

Gen. St. Clair, in his domestic relations, felt the tender sympathies of our nature, in their feeblest force. In social life he was much valued as a friend. His conversation was instructive and interesting, enlivened by

wit and embellished with science. As a soldier and statesman he possessed a piercing accuracy of mind, and fearless of censure from the short-sighted and presumptuous, he looked to the ultimate result, rather than to the immediate consequence of his actions. The resources of his mind were best developed in difficult and adverse circumstances, and although fortune, in some instances, seemed determined to thwart his purposes, his coolness, his courage, and his penetration, were above her reach. Providence seems to have designed, that the American revolution should disclose every species of greatness, and the subject of this notice, after toiling with unshaken resolution against disaster, and smiling upon adversity, fulfilled his destiny by descending to the tomb a GREAT MAN IN RUINS. The afflictive spectacle of his last days smites the heart with sorrow. The friend of Washington, the companion of his glory—he who by his counsel turned the tide of battle in the most gloomy period of the revolution—he who, in the winter of 1777, on the banks of the Delaware, looking on the broken army of liberty, beheld at his word the light of enthusiasm gleam over the brow of misfortune—he who, in 1783, before the intrenchments of York, standing by the side of the father of his country, and participating his feelings, saw the liberty of that country sealed by the surrender of its foes, closed his life in neglected solitude.

On the summit of the Chesnut Ridge, which overlooks the valley of Ligonier, in which the commencement of the revolution found him in prosperity; on this lonesome spot, exposed to winter winds, as cold and desolating as the tardy gratitude of his country, died Major General Arthur St. Clair. The traveller, as he passed the place, was reminded of the celebrated Roman exile's reply, "tell the citizens of Rome that you saw Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage." He is almost in the rear of the GALLANT BAND, in going to mortality's last sojourn.

VIRGINIA.

Important Discovery.—David Meade Randolph has announced in the Richmond papers, the discovery of a cement, made from two certain fossils, mineral or volcanic substances, which is found to be impervious to water and weather, and which grows harder by time. He applied the cement between two bricks on the 2d June, 1817, and after being in water fourteen months, the whole mass appeared to be solid, the cement as hard as the brick. The same cement has been applied to the flat surface of brick work, exposed to the weather, and the result has been equally flattering. The discoverer concludes from the experiments he has made, that his cement is superior to the real Dutch terras, since it will alike answer for works that are to be covered with water, and for cisterns, flooring and terrace walks.

The Pamunkey tribe of Indians, (in Virginia,) which was one of the confederacy of Powhatan, was reduced to ten or twelve men when Jefferson wrote his Notes; but it has since increased, so that it now consists of near 200 persons; but most of them have more Negro than Indian blood in them. The present chief is a member of the Baptist church. Two brothers of the name of Bradberry, have lately married into the tribe, and settled among them; but a meeting has been called to see whether they will permit them to stay. The elder B. is said to be worth several thousand dollars.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The improvements in the navigation of the river Roanoke, have given birth to several new and thrifty villages. A well printed newspaper is established at the new town of Milton, which has also a post office, and at which 1500 hhds. of tobacco were received of the last crop. The Newbern bank has an agency at the place, and another is expected from the state bank.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The expenditures of the city of Charleston, for the year ending on the 31st August last, amounted to the sum of \$198,720 84. Of this sum, \$66,795 53 were expended in the purchase of lands for public purposes, and for making permanent improvements in the city. The expense of the city guard was \$27,599 09—poor house, \$24,451 84—orphans house, \$20,075 09—marine hospital, \$6,382 96—streets and scavengers, \$15,461 27—city lamps and lighting, \$14,969 45.—All these expenses were defrayed without borrowing, viz. from \$24,295 01, balance in the treasury at the end of last year—direct taxes, \$81,553 49—retail and tavern licenses, \$11,995 20—vendue tax, \$20,941 14—and the remainder from city lots, rents, bonds and miscellaneous sources.

GEORGIA.

The ordinary expenses of Savannah, for the last year, ending on the 21st of August last, amounted to the sum of \$18,187 58.—Among the incidental charges were \$209 to sundry persons, for killing 400 dogs.—The amount of the debt due by the city is, \$68,500. The amount of income for the past year was, \$48,772 86, viz. from direct taxes, \$27,189—rent of city lots, \$9,382—licenses, \$4,930—rent of exchange, \$1,578 40—sales of lots, \$2,360.

KENTUCKY.

Longevity.—An extraordinary spectacle was exhibited at the polls, during the election in Mount Sterling, in the person of Mr. John Summers, one hundred and twelve years of age, who appeared and exercised the right of suffrage, having walked several miles for that purpose. He was born the 12th July, 1706, in Virginia, and has been a resident of Kentucky about thirty years,

and, we are informed, has resided in that county nearly the whole of that time. He has had 24 children, 14 now living, the youngest 11 years old; and has had upwards of 300 grand children. His hearing and sight are good.

INDIANA.

The Harmony Society, in this state, composed of German emigrants, is represented to be in a very prosperous condition. They have reaped during the season just gone by, 6000 bushels of wheat from one field. They manufacture almost all kinds of things—they purchase freely what they want, and pay very liberally—their beautiful church is completely finished—they have erected several large brick houses, and have a flour mill, thought to be exceeded by few in the United States; also, hemp and oil mills.—They have been joined by a number from Germany in the present year.

A settlement of Swedes is about to be made in their neighbourhood—they appear to be associated something like the Harmony Society, and to have the means of prosecuting business to advantage. A few Englishmen have purchased 32 quarter sections lying not far distant, to be immediately improved.

The Harmony Society had this year 400 acres in wheat, 50 rye, 30 oats, 20 barley, 430 corn, 20 flax, 100 grass, and also raised hemp, peas and beans—and expect to make several barrels of wine from their vineyard.

MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

A captive found.—Gov. Cass, of Michigan Territory, advertises for the relatives of John Taylor, who has lately escaped from the Indians on Red River, near lake Winnepe. It appears that in 1790, when he was about nine years old, he was stolen by the Indians from the banks of the Ohio, and has been with them ever since. He speaks no English. The whites pursued the Indians, and in a conflict, the chief, Black Fish, was killed, which it is thought will lead to a discovery.

ILLINOIS TERRITORY.

By a census just taken, it appears that the population of this Territory is sufficient to entitle it to be erected into a state.

MISSOURI TERRITORY.

Death of Col. Daniel Boon.—As he lived, so he died, with his gun in his hand. It is stated that early in last month, Col. Boon rode to a deer-lick, seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while seated thus concealed, with his old trusty rifle in his hand, pointed towards the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breach of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he

breathed out his last so gently, that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand, just in the act of firing. It is not altogether certain, if a buck had come into the range of his gun, which had been

the death of thousands, but it might have intuitively obeyed its old employer's mind, and discharged itself. This hypothesis being novel, we leave the solution to the curious.

ART. 10. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

ALL THE WORLD A KALEIDOSCOPE.

SHAKESPEARE informs us that "all the world's a stage;" divines have remarked, that "all the world's a hospital of incurables;" and writers of other classes have given it such appellations as their judgment, their prejudice, or their fancy, suggested. For my own part, I think that the world, with all its freaks, its inconsistencies, and its crimes, is but a *Kaleidoscope*; a proposition which, as my readers may find some difficulty in conceiving, I shall proceed with all due exactness to illustrate and apply.

Now, I am aware that, as an answer at once to this proposition, it will be urged that the Kaleidoscope is quite a new invention; and that, consequently, I must have totally mistaken the colour and character of the world, before I could have found or fixed such a resemblance. To this I shall only reply, that, without at all disputing Dr. Brewster's patent, or claiming the invention for any of those philosophers, dead or living, whose names have been mentioned as the authors of the discovery, I think I can prove, by evidence the most satisfactory, that the world both is and ever has been a Kaleidoscope, from the very days of Adam to the present time.

For what, let me ask, is a Kaleidoscope? It is a machine in which, by means of an optical deception, a few pieces of tawdry glass and tinsel acquire apparent symmetry and beauty, adjusting themselves in a ceaseless variety of novel and amusing forms, and leading us to hope that each new change may be still more attractive than the last. Such is also the world. Divines, and moralists, sacred and profane, have all concurred to tell us that it is a scene of "vanity and vexation of spirit;"—but who, let me ask, believes them? Seen through the kaleidoscope of youth and inexperience, this same world is all beauty and fascination. Its vagaries and incongruities are forgotten, or perhaps even appear perfectly symmetrical and regular. It is impossible to convince men, till time or a Higher Power convinces them, that all this scene of apparent delight and brilliancy is but an optical illusion, which the next moment may destroy. Yet this fact is equally certain, notwithstanding the incredulity of mankind: nay, we often perceive it in the case of another, when we cannot in our own. When, for example, we see a child surveying with eager eye its first shilling, and summoning

up all the powers of its invention to know in what manner to expend the apparently exhaustless treasure, all the world, except the child itself, must be perfectly convinced that he views his solitary coin through a kaleidoscope, which has multiplied it in his imagination to an extent which the result cannot possibly justify. The same remark may be applied to the thoughtless spendthrift and the sanguine heir. And when, a young lawyer, just eating his way to the bar, sees maces and woollsacks floating before him; or a young divine, mitres and lawn-sleeves; or an apprentice, civic chains and titles; or a youthful beauty, splendid equipages and establishments—all which every spectator is well convinced there is not the most remote prospect of their ever enjoying—must we not say that such characters employ a kaleidoscope, which though it may amuse their imaginations by its phantoms, has no power to regulate their judgment to a due perception of the illusions with which they are surrounded?

In short, imagine that every man keeps his own kaleidoscope, fitted up and adapted for his own peculiar powers of vision, and which will therefore seldom suit any other eye. One person, for instance, views every thing through the kaleidoscope of *party*; and it is astonishing with what powers of optical deception this particular kaleidoscope is often furnished. I have seen instances of this in the late election. An individual, for example, of flagrantly immoral habits; or another of revolutionary and destructive political principles; or another of hopelessly wayward and inconsistent character; or another of blind, indiscriminate unmeaning attachment to what is called "the high" or "the low" party, instantly becomes, when viewed through this kaleidoscope, all that is consistent and worthy of approbation. The very darkest shades in his character assume an apparent symmetry and beauty. Indeed, so powerful an instrument is a party kaleidoscope, that I never knew a bad man, or a bad measure, either in church or state, that might not be made to appear for a moment tolerably respectable by its aid.

The controversial kaleidoscope has much the same effect. I have known, for example, many a man, after taking up a system of religion which appeared, and justly so, to every other person, harsh, confused, and disjointed, expatiate upon the unity and

congruity of his scheme, and point out, with no ordinary self-complacency, how perfectly the tints were blended and the parts adjusted to each other. A good Calvinistic or Arminian kaleidoscope can perform wonders in this way; though, unluckily, as but one person can look through the same aperture at the same time, and in exactly the same disposition of the objects, it seldom happens that the kaleidoscopist can impart to others the exact views which have made so great an impression on his own mind. Two forms or colours which appear perfectly to suit each other in one position, become displeasing the moment that aspect is changed; and it is often quite impossible, even for the individual himself, to recover the original position which so much delighted his imagination. Indeed, having found, by repeated experience, innumerable inconveniences in managing Calvinistic and Arminian kaleidoscopes; and, particularly, having discovered that although in some positions each will do very well, in others it will present objects in very disgusting forms, and with very unnatural distortions; I have been induced in my own practice to blend the two instruments, or rather to select from each the best and fairest gems, and to combine them as well as I was able in order to form a third, which, though not altogether perfect, seems to answer my purpose tolerably well. I have found the same plan useful also in many similar cases.

Having thus endeavoured cursorily to prove that "all the world's a kaleidoscope," I trust your readers will not object to my stating the moral advantages which I think they ought to derive from the discovery. The chief benefit that occurs to my own mind, is the importance of being aware of the illusions to which we are subject, and the necessity of adjusting our kaleidoscopes as well as we possibly can for the purpose of our true happiness and welfare. For this end I would recommend every man frequently to open his kaleidoscope, and examine its contents. An apparently small alteration will often produce a most important and beneficial change in the character of the images which lie before him. Does he, for instance, view the world as one bright and glaring scene; thus both neglecting a better world, and preparing himself for innumerable disappointments in this? Let him convince himself of the illusion: let him view, in their simple form, and colour, and magnitude, those objects which have so greatly enraptured his eye, but which, upon minuter inspection, will prove to be but beads and baubles, shreds of finery, and fragments of variegated glass; of which the only wonder is, how they could appear for a moment, or under any possible illusion, so interesting and splendid to a rational and immortal being. The young and gay and sanguine observer, will

often derive much practical advantage from discovering how much he has been deceived by mere impression, and how little real worth and reality there often is in many of the most gay and glittering scenes which pass before his enraptured eye. On the other hand, the gloomy and unhappy will find not less advantage in adopting the same process. It was, perhaps, but one sombre object that gave the melancholy tinge to the whole kaleidoscope, and which being taken away, or a few more cheerful objects thrown in, the general appearance would be materially improved. Why, then, constantly select the most distressing appearances, and place before the eye the most dark and lowering hues, when, notwithstanding all the miseries ever existing in the world, there is an infinity of brighter shades, and more cheerful objects, with which we may lawfully enliven our sphere of vision. Indeed, the mixture and succession of dark and light, of grave and cheerful, is always so uncertain, and oftentimes so rapid, in the kaleidoscope of life, that it would be worse than folly, in any thing human, to rejoice without sorrow, or to sorrow without rejoicing. The very next turn may change the whole scene: the liveliest images may succeed to the most melancholy, or the most melancholy to the liveliest; disorder and deformity may give way to symmetry and beauty, or beauty and symmetry to deformity and disarrangement. To hope, therefore, in adversity, and to be humble in prosperity, to correct our views of life, and to be prepared for the approach of death, is not less the advice of Reason than of Scripture.

[*Christian Observer.*]

NEW DISCOVERY IN OPTICS.

A very interesting and important discovery has lately been made on the increase and projection of light, by Mr. Lester, engineer. As this discovery will form a new era in optics, a record of its history must prove interesting to the scientific world, and, as such, we shall briefly lay before our readers the following account of it by a correspondent.

Mr. Lester being engaged at the West-India Docks for the purpose of applying his new mechanical power, *The Converter*, to cranes, by which the labour of winches is performed by rowing, &c. on taking a view of the immense spirit vaults, he was forcibly struck by the inefficient mode adopted to light those very extensive and wonderful depôts,* which is by a cast-iron cylinder of about two feet in diameter, and two feet deep, placed in lieu of a key-stone in the centre of each arch;—these cylinders are closed at their tops, and each furnished with five plano-convex lenses (bull's

* One of which is nearly an acre and an half in area, and is supported by 207 groined arches and 207 stone pillars.

eyes) of Messrs. Pellatt and Green's patent, which are admirably adapted to the conveying of light in all situations, except down a deep tube or cylinder, where the refraction they produce, (in consequence of their convex forms) betwixt the angles of incidence and reflection, prevents the rays from being projected into the place intended to be lighted. This refraction throws the light upon the concave sides of the cylinder, where it is principally absorbed, instead of keeping the angles of incidence and reflection equal.

From these observations, Mr. Lester concluded, that a lens might be so constructed as to prevent this refraction, and commenced a course of experiments for that purpose. He succeeded by obtaining the proper angle of the incidental rays with a mirror, and finding the scope of the cylinder sufficiently copious to admit the reflected rays into the vault, provided the refraction of the lens did not intervene. The same angle produced by the mirror he endeavoured to retain upon the sides of the lens, by giving it a different form, a peculiar part of which he intended to foliate. But having met with insurmountable difficulties in this process, he concluded, from the striking appearance of silvery light upon the interior surface of that part he intended to silver, that metal would represent the light by retaining that form, and, brought down below the edges of the lens, might produce the desired effect. In his attempt to accomplish this purpose, by holding the body in a vertical position between the eye and a candle, a flash of light was instantly produced, by representing the flame of the candle magnified to the size of the whole of the inner surface of this piece of metal, and gave an increased light upon the wall opposite to him. After this discovery, he had several pieces of metal formed, retaining the same angle, but of various diameters, and found to his great surprise, that, although their area were greatly increased, the representation of the flame still filled them without the least diminution in the quality of the light, but with an increased light against the wall, in proportion to the increased area of the surface of the metal.* How far this power and effect may extend, is not at present ascertained; but it is believed that a zone of light of the same quality and effect may be produced to an inconceivable extent. Some idea may be formed of the powerful and important results that may be derived from this discovery, by reasoning philosophically on its

* This invention is not confined solely to light, but the increase of heat keeps pace with the increase of light, and both in the ratio of the area of the surface.

The apparatus is so constructed as to be placed upon a candle, and sinks down with the flame, without either flooding or waste.

principles:—Let a candle or any other light be represented in a mirror at a given distance from the flame, and the eye of the spectator be placed so as to view its reflection nearly in the cathetus of incidence. Let him mark the quantity of light represented in the mirror, and such will be its true quality when forming a zone of represented flame of double the diameter of the distance betwixt the real flame and the mirror.

If a candle be placed before a mirror, its flame will be represented; and if a thousand mirrors are placed in a given circle round a candle, the candle will be represented a thousand times, and each representation equal in brilliancy, if the mirrors are at equal distances from the flame. Suppose that the thousand mirrors were united in such a form as to bring all the represented flames into one flame, of equal brilliancy with the real flame of the candle. For the same law of nature by which the flame is represented a thousand times in as many mirrors so united, it would be represented in one flame if the mirror be made of a proper form, and placed in a proper position to receive the rays of light that emanate from the candle in the direction of the angle of this peculiar formed mirror.

As the light of a small candle is visible at the distance of four miles in a dark night, what must be the diameter or circumference of that zone of flame be that is produced by this discovery from one of the gas lights in the streets of London? Thus two lamps or stations would be sufficient to light the longest street, when its position approaches to a right line, as the diameter of the zone may be made of the same diameter as the street; and as the rays of light that are increased by this invention diverge from the luminous body, all parts of the street would be filled with light. Many are the minor advantages that will be derived from its application to domestic purposes, for writing, reading, and working by candle or lamp light. This, like Dr. Brewster's kateidoscope, is another instance of the effects to be produced by mirrors.

It appears that the great impediment to improvement and discovery in this branch of the science of optics, has arisen from the difficulty of foiling glass to the various forms necessary, in lieu of which we have been compelled to use metallic substances. These difficulties once removed, a vast field of important discovery will be opened on the nature and effect of light. May not many of the phenomena that are observed in the air, such as *halos* round the sun, be produced by this principle, the rays falling upon a denser medium than air, and thus producing a zone of light? &c.

The further particulars of this important discovery we hope to lay before our readers in a future number.

[*Philosophical Magazine*

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE MAN.

There is so much of philosophy mixed up with common show, in the exhibition of *Ivan Ivanitz Chabert*, that we presume on some account of the phenomena he exhibits being acceptable. This person, and a Signora Girardelli, have recently revived the public attention to certain curious powers, either naturally possessed or artificially communicated to the human frame. We have not seen the performances of the lady, but from the report of friends, and a very clever and accurate account of them in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, and from our own remarks upon those of the male. "*Fire-proof*," we shall endeavour to bring the matter sufficiently under the eye of our readers.

The power of resisting the action of heat has been claimed, and to a certain wonderful degree enjoyed, by persons in all ages. Much of imposture has been founded upon it, and much of injustice perpetrated under its operation. By the ancients, and by the comparatively moderns, by Hindus and by Christians, it has been made the test of truth or the trial of faith. Sophocles mentions it in the *Antigone*, and Virgil and Varro tell us, that the priests of Apollo on Mount Soracte would walk over burning coals with naked feet. The priests of the temple of Feronia were, according to Strabo, equally incombustible. The *Saludadores* or *Santiguadores*, of Spain, pretended to prove their descent from St. Catharine by this ordeal, and one of them carried the jest of imposition so far, that he went into an oven and was literally baked to a cinder. The earliest instance of fire ordeal in Christendom occurred in the fourth century, when Simplicius, Bishop of Autun, and his wife (married before his promotion, and living with him after it,) demonstrated the Platonic purity of their intercourse, by putting burning coals upon their flesh without injury. This miracle was repeated by St. Brice about a century after; and it is generally known to what a monstrous pitch the trial by fire was carried through many succeeding ages, when craft was canonized and innocence martyred upon frauds like these. Pope Etienne 6th condemned all trials of this kind as false and superstitious, and Frederick the 2d prohibited them as absurd and ridiculous.

From being the object of religious belief, and of judicial importance, the fetes of human salamanders descended into itinerant wonders. About 1677, an Englishman, named Richardson, exhibited in Paris; and M. Dodart, an Academician, published in the *Journal des Savans*, an explanation of his performances on rational principles. They seem to have been of the same nature with those of Madame Girardelli and M. Chabert; chewing and swallowing burning coals, licking a hot iron with his tongue, &c. In 1754, the famous Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, distinguished himself in England,

an account of whose exploits is contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1755: and so late as 1803, the incombustible Spaniard, Senor Lionetto, performed in Paris, where he attracted the particular attention of Dr. Sementini, Professor of Chemistry, and other scientific gentlemen of that city. It appears that a considerable vapour and smell rose from the parts of his body to which the fire and heated substances were applied, and in this he differs from both the persons now in this country.

In M. Chabert's bill the following are announced as the "extraordinary proofs of his supernatural power of resisting the most intense heat of every kind; and he pledges himself that no slight of hand, as is usual in these things, will be practised:

1. He will forge with his feet a bar of red hot iron.
2. He will undergo the torture by fire, as used in the Spanish Inquisition.
3. He will drink, positively, boiling oil.
4. He will drop on his tongue a large quantity of burning sealing wax, from which any of the company may take impressions of their seals.
5. He will eat burning charcoal.
6. He will inspire the flame of a torch.
7. Will bathe his feet in boiling lead, and pour it into his mouth with his hand.
8. Will pour the strongest aqua-fortis on steel filings, and trample on it with his bare feet.
9. Will rub a red-hot shovel on his arms and legs, and hold it on his head until the hair shall be too warm for any by-stander to hold his hand on it.
10. He will pour vitriol, oil, and arsenic into the fire, and hold his head in the flames and inhale the vapours.
11. He will eat of a lighted torch with a fork, as if it were salad.
12. Will pour aqua-fortis on a piece of copper in the hollow of his hand.

Of these undertakings, what he actually did was as follows:

1. He took a red hot iron, like a spade, and repeatedly struck it or stamped briskly upon it, with the sole of his bare foot. The foot was quite cool after the experiment.
2. He held his naked foot long over the flame of a candle, which did not seem to affect it in the slightest degree, though in contact with the skin.
3. Oil appeared to boil in a small brazier, and he took nearly two table spoonfuls into his mouth and swallowed it. In the former experiments there could not, by possibility, be any trick; and in the latter, if there was any deception, it must have been by having some preparation at the bottom of the brazier, which a slight heat caused to bubble up through the oil, and give it the semblance without the reality of boiling. The spoon was, however hot; but we think not so much so as if the oil it had lifted had been really at a boiling temperature.

4. The writer of this notice took two impressions of his seal in black sealing wax dropped on Chabert's tongue. It was very thin, but undoubtedly dropt melting from a lighted candle.

5. He put several small pieces of burning charcoal into his mouth.

6. Not done.

7. A quantity of melted lead was poured into a utensil like a washing copper, into which Chabert leapt barefooted. It did appear to us, however, that he stood upon his heels in a part of the vessel, over which the metal did not flow. With regard to pouring the boiling lead into his mouth, he seemed to lift a small quantity of what either was or resembled boiling lead, from the crucible to his mouth, and thence spit it into a plate in a sort of granular state. We could not minutely examine this experiment, but it is possible that mercury might be introduced to give a fluid the resemblance of boiling lead. Nor is it likely that lead could be lifted in this way with the fingers.

8. Done according to the programme, but it cannot be ascertained that the aqua-fortis was "*the strongest*," and if not, there is little marvellous in the exploit.

9. Nearly correct. He waited some time with a shovel in his hand while explaining what he was about to do; he then scraped up his arm with the edge of it, and subsequently licked it with his tongue, and smoothed his hair with its flat side. The hair felt hot in consequence, but there was no smell, no vapour, nor any appearance of singeing. The tongue looked white and furry—the moisture on it hissed.

10. Not done.

11 and 12 performed as stated. The blazing salad was visible in his open mouth, near the throat, for several seconds, and had an extraordinary effect in lighting this human vault in so unusual a manner.

It is thus evident, that whatever there may be of deception in these performances, there is still enough of the curious to merit attention. M. Chabert asserts, that he is the *only* naturally incombustible being exhibiting; the others using preparations which he disclaims. He is a dark, stout, not unpleasant looking man, and, as he says, a Russian by birth. His story is, that he fell into the fire when a year old without suffering any injury; and a similar accident when he was twelve, from which he also escaped unburnt, demonstrated that he possessed the quality of resisting fire.

Of course we cannot determine what may be depended upon in this statement. How much of the power clearly possessed to resist greater degrees of heat than other men may be a natural gift, how much the result of chemical applications, and how much from having the parts indurated by long practice—probably all three are combined in this phenomena. Of the recipes for rendering the skin and flesh fire-proof, *Albertus Magnus*, in his work *De Mirabilis*

Mundi, writes, "Take juice of marshmallow, and white of egg, and flea-bane seeds, and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards anoint again, and after this you may boldly take up hot iron without hurt." Such a paste would be very visible. "Pure spirit of sulphur," rubbed on the parts, is said to have been the secret practised by Richardson. "Spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice," is another of the recipes. The book of *Horus Pocus* prescribes "1-2 oz. camphire dissolved in 2 oz. aqua-vitæ; add 1 oz. quicksilver, 1 oz. liquid storax, which is the droppings of myrrh, and hinders the camphire from firing,—take also 2 oz. hematatis, which is a red stone, to be had at the druggists, which being put to the above composition, anoint well your feet with it, and you may walk over a red hot iron bar, without the least inconvenience."

No doubt but diluted sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acid, or a saturated solution of burnt alum, being repeatedly rubbed on the skin, will render it less sensible to the action of caloric. Hard soap, or a soap paste rubbed over the tongue, will preserve it from being burnt by a hot iron rapidly passed over it.

After all, however, habit must be a principal agent in the attainment of the very considerable insensibility to heat, which, making every allowance for dexterity and deception, this person evidently possesses. His contact with the hottest instruments was but momentary; and it is well known that blacksmiths, plumbers, glass makers, confectioners, and other tradesmen, whose occupations lead them to the endurance of great fires, are capable of sustaining heat far beyond the powers of other men. Moisture too, skillfully employed, will do much in preserving the flesh from danger. A wet finger may be safely dipt into a pan of boiling sugar, and even without being wet, if instantly withdrawn and plunged in water; a thin crust of sugar may be thus without danger, obtained.

We have thought this subject deserving of the notice we have taken of it. As for the offer to go into an oven with a leg of mutton, &c. we look upon it as one of those quack bravadoes thrown out to attract the multitude; and of a similar cast is M. Chabert's very humane and whimsical invitation, "in cases of sudden fire, if called on, he will be most happy to help any fellow-creature," &c. We should be sorry to remain in the fire till even an incombustible gentleman was sent for, express, to come to our relief; and, indeed, would rather go to visit him, as we advise those to do who agree with us in considering these extraordinary performances as very different from mere slight of hand and show.

[*London Literary Gazette.*]

DESCRIPTION OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, the capital of the county, and of all Scotland, stands upon three ridges of low-lying hills, and on their intermediate vales. It was formerly much confined in its limits, consisting chiefly of what is now termed the Old Town; but its extent has been considerably increased by the buildings on the north, termed the New-Town, and some handsome streets and squares, which have been built on the south. What is called the Old Town covers the middle ridge, with the shelving declivities on each side; and on the south side, with the bottom below, and the rising ascent of the next ridge, about a mile in length. Its principal street extends in a tolerably even line, between east and west, terminated on the west by an abrupt rocky eminence or precipice, on which the castle is built, and descending with a gradual declivity to the east, in the hollow at the foot of the ridge, where the palace of Holyrood House is situated, on a plain called St. Ann's Yards, or the King's Park: from this plain, on both sides of the hill, two vallies extend the whole length of the high street; the southern one occupied by the Cowgate, a narrow mean lane; the other terminating in a marsh, which was lately drained, called the North Loch. The high street, which runs along the side of the hill on the ridge from the castle to the palace, on account of its length, width, and the height of the houses, is remarkably striking. Nearly in the middle of the high street stands the Tolbooth, an ugly and ruinous pile. On the south side of this disfigured building is situated the fine Gothic church of St. Giles. Near to this is the Parliament House, now occupied by the Court of Sessions, well worth the stranger's attention. In the middle of the close or square, which is before the Parliament House, there is a handsome equestrian statue of Charles the II. in bronze, in which the proportions are admirably observed. On the opposite side of the high street, a little to the east, is the Royal Exchange, founded in the year 1753. It is a handsome building, in the form of a square. At the corner of the high street, formed by the South Bridge, is the Tron Church, founded in 1637, but of late much modernized and improved. Proceeding farther east, the street takes the name of Caugate; on the north side of this street is a handsome church, and the whole is terminated by Holyrood House. This is a large good building, in the form of a square, the greater part being built by James the V. and completed by Charles the II. Adjoining the palace is the small ruinous chapel of the Holyrood, or Holyrood, which was set apart for a chapel royal, and for the knights of the order of the Thistle; it was founded by David the I. in 1128, and completely destroyed by the Presbyterians, when their reforming zeal laid waste every thing which had the appearance of idolatrous worship. The houses in the Old

Town are piled to an enormous height, some of them amounting to eight, ten, and even twelve stories; each of these were called lands, and the access to these separate lodgings was by a common stair, exposed to every inconvenience arising from filth, steepness, darkness, and danger from fire. Such, in some measure, is the situation of the Old Town at this day.

The New-Town is situated on an elevated plain, beyond the basin which once contained the North Loch, on the most northern of the three hills, north from the old city, and united to it by the North Bridge, and an eastern mound composed of the earth and rubbish dug from the foundations of the buildings in the New-Town. It was begun to be built in 1767, and the general plan, the streets, the buildings, and the police, can scarcely be too highly praised. The new buildings are of stone, regular, beautiful, and elegant. They consist of three large parallel streets, and two inferior ones, though containing many handsome houses, running east and west nearly a mile in length, intersected with cross streets, at regular and convenient distances. North is Queen's-street, about one hundred feet broad. South is Prince's-street, similar to Queen's street. The middle is George-street, terminated on the east by St. Andrew's square, and on the west by Charlotte's square. York-place is a noble street, connecting Queen's-street with Leith-walk. Duke-street and Albany-row are in the vicinity of York-place.

On the south side of the Old Town, the streets are not near so elegant and regular, but many of the buildings are extensive and handsome. The largest square in Edinburgh, George's-square, is situated in the south side of the Old Town. There are besides several other squares in this, as Nicolson's, St. Patrick's, Brown's, Argyle's, Alison's. Besides St. Giles and the Tron Church, already mentioned, there is at the west end of Prince's-street, a handsome church, called the West Kirk. In George-street, is St. Andrew's Church, a very handsome building, with an elegant spire.

The other principal buildings are, the Register Office, at the north end of the North Bridge, a handsome edifice. Nearly opposite is the theatre, neat but small, by no means so elegant as might be expected in such a metropolis. On Leith Walk are concert rooms, fitted up in an elegant style. The University is at the south end of the South Bridge. Nearly opposite is the Royal Infirmary. Analogous to this house is the Dispensary, a neat plain building in Richmond-street. The Lying-in Hospital is in Park-place. Halls for medical purposes in Surgeon's-square, and in Richmond-street. Opposite St. Andrew's Church, in George-street, is the Physicians' Hall, with a portico of eight handsome Corinthian pillars in front. The High School in Edinburgh has long been deservedly noticed for the scholars it has produced. Besides the High

School, there are four established schools in Edinburgh, under the patronage of the town council, and numerous private schools, where every branch of education is taught at a moderate rate. The other public buildings erected for charitable purposes are, Herriot's Hospital, an elegant Gothic pile, founded in 1628, finished in 1650, for the poor and fatherless boys of freemen. Watson's Hospital, a neat modern building, founded in 1738, for children of decayed members of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh. The Orphan Hospital, Trades Hospital, Trinity Hospital, Gillespie's Hospital, three charity work-houses, an Asylum for the Blind, and several other charitable institutions. In philosophy and general literature, Edinburgh possesses many societies and institutions: The Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Antiquarian Society, the Speculative Society, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, another for the Sons and Widows of the Clergy, and several Societies for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. In fact, Edinburgh is the seat of science, politeness and elegance. The population of Edinburgh is above one hundred thousand.

[European Magazine.]

ANIMAL REMAINS.—MAMMOTH—CROCODILE.

There have been recently discovered in the parish of Motteston, on the south side of the Isle of Wight, the bones of that stupendous animal supposed to be the Mammoth, or Mastodon. Several of the vertebrae, or joints of the back-bone, measure thirty-six inches in circumference: they correspond exactly in form, colour, and texture, with the bones found in plenty on the banks of the Ohio in North-America, in a vale called by the Indians Big-bone Swamp. Also, in the parish of Northwood, on the north side of the island, the bones of the Crocodile have recently been found by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of Newport. They seem to have belonged to an animal of that species, whose body did not exceed twelve feet in length. Their calcareous nature is not altered; but the bones of the Mastodon (found on the south side of the island) contain iron.

NATURAL HISTORY: PROPAGATION OF FISH.

The propagation of fish is perhaps one of the most obscure matters in this branch of science. It was formerly a common custom in some of the Scottish rivers, to "fish the waters," as it was called, by torch light during the spawning season, during the latter end of November and beginning of December. On these occasions a boat furnished with a strong light was navigated in quest of salmon, technically denominated *Bills* (quasi *Males*, we suppose) which when discovered were immediately speared. A

witness of one of these expeditions relates the following fact:

"Two fish of a moderate size, perhaps about 18 inches long, were squeezed into a hollow space, resembling the rut of a cart-wheel, about 8 or 9 inches wide, and rather more than two feet long, which they had evidently dug in the center of the stream. It was in a shallow, about 20 yards above a pool of considerable depth. They were not even disturbed by the glare of the torch-light; and were, for the sake of further investigation, left in the same state in which they were discovered. Next day there was no appearance of the hollow; on the contrary, the spot, which had been accurately marked, was, if any thing, rather higher than the rest of the gravel. In about three weeks or a month after the spawn had been thus deposited, the spot, and for a considerable distance around it, was covered with a *glairy* substance, resembling the spawn of frogs, which seemed to bind the sand and gravel together, so as to prevent their being acted upon or moved by the current. About the beginning of February this substance seemed to be disappearing, and one day, about the middle of the month the gravel appeared to be actually heaving up and down. A considerable fall of rain raised the river, and prevented the tumult being turned over with a spade at this critical period; and when the water fell to its former level, no vestige of the *fish burrows* remained. The pool below was, however, investigated, and found to be swarming with myriads of fish, many of them so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. In a week they had increased in size considerably; in a fortnight the pool was much thinned, and the fry could be traced nearly a mile down the river; by the middle of March some were an inch and a half long, and in May seven dozen were caught with the rod and fly, generally from four to five inches in length. They were moving in shoals, and making their way to the sea. The writer adds, that in the spawning the breeding fish are followed into the small rivers by a species, called *spawn-suckers*, who dig up and feed on the deposit: the young have also many enemies, but still the increase is prodigious.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Enter the House of Commons as the Temple of Liberty; do not dishonour that Temple; preserve your freedom as the pledge of your integrity. Read, inquire, hear, debate, and then determine. Do not without inquiry approve of, nor without good cause oppose, the measures of the Court. The true patriot will lend his assistance to enable the King to administer justice, to protect the subject, and to aggrandize the nation. Avoid bitter speeches; you meet not to revile, but to reason. The

best men may err, and therefore be not ashamed to be convinced yourself, nor be ready to reproach others. Remember that your electors did not send you to Parliament to make your own fortune, but to take care of theirs. When you do speak, take especial care that it is to the purpose; and rather study to confine yourself to the subject with brevity and perspicuity, than to indulge yourself in the unnecessary display of a flowery imagination. If you feel all right within, you will scorn to look round the House for support; for be assured that God, your conscience, and your country, will support you.

In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest Productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable, but not improbable, account:—A merchant not only heard the name of Bonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of this tyrant in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was

not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking.

Professor Burdack in his report respecting the Anatomical Institution of Königsberg, mentions the following singular will: "From the 19th of November, 1817, to the 19th of March, 1818, 26 human bodies have been dissected here. Among them I must mention that of M. Kanter, late a teacher of music in Königsberg. This well-informed and scientific man, even in his last will expressed his wish to promote the welfare of society. He bequeathed his landed property to some establishments for public education, and his body to the Anatomical Institution. On the 23d of December, the funeral procession proceeded to the house of the anatomical institution, where the friends of the deceased, who followed in 18 carriages, delivered the body to me. In conformity with the will of the deceased, on the 30th of December, Dr. Von Baer delivered, in the presence of a number of professors, physicians and students, a lecture on broken bones and ruptures, with demonstrations from the body."

ART. 11. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, and in the Private Practice of the Reporter, during the month of August, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 6; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 8; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 20; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 11; Phlegmone, 6; Phrenitis, (*Inflammation of the Brain*), 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 4; Otitis, (*Inflammation of the Ear*), 2; Cynanche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*), 4; Cynanche Trachealis, (*Croup or Hives*), 1; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 2; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 13; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 1; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 15; Hastitis, (*Inflammation of the Female Mamme*), 2; Gastritis, (*Inflammation of the Stomach*), 2; Enteritis, (*Inflammation of the Intestines*), 2; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 3; Icterus, (*Jaundice*), 2; Rheumatismus, 4; Hydrothorax, (*Dropsy of the Chest*), 1; Cholera, 23; Dysenteria, (*Dysentery*), 21; Erysipelas, (*St. Anthony's Fire*), 2; Rubecula, (*Measles*), 2; Rubecula et Pertussis, 2; Urticaria, (*Nettle Rash*), 2; Vaccinia, (*Kine Pock*), 8; Dentitio, 3; Convulsio, 2.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 4; Vertigo, 7; Cephalalgia, 6; Colica et Obstipatio, 12; Go-

lica Pictorum, 2; Dyspepsia et Hypochondriasis, 22; Hysteria, 2; Mania, 1; Paralysis, (*Palsy*), 1; Epilepsia, (*Epilepsy*), 1; Asthma et Dyspnoea, 5; Bronchitis Chronica, 3; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 8; Ophthalmia Chronica, 3; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 8; Pleurodynia, 2; Lumbago, 2; Menorrhagia, 1; Dysmenorrhoea, 2; Dysuria, 2; Ischuria, 2; Amenorrhoea, 7; Conceptio, 3; Diarrhoea, 22; Leucorrhoea, 3; Scirrhus Uteri, 1; Hydrops, (*Dropsy*), 2; Vermes, 7; Tabes Mesenterica, 1; Syphilis, 7; Urethritis Virulenta, 6; Tumor, 4; Contusio, (*Bruise*), 6; Luxatio, 3; Fractura, 2; Vulnus, 4; Ustio, (*Burn*), 2; Abscessus, (*Abcess*), 4; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 10; Scabies et Prurigo, 12; Porrigo, 3; Herpes, 3; Eruptiones Variae, 7.

The same sultry and oppressive weather which characterized so great a portion of July, continued at intervals till the 22d of the present month, after which the temperature was sufficiently mild, and sometimes rather cool. The hottest days were from the 2d to the 6th, inclusive, the thermometer ranging from 84 to 88°, in the shade, at two o'clock P.M.—and on six other days, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 21st and 22d, it marked from 80 to 85°. From the 23d to the conclusion of the month, the mercury was never higher than 77°. The average temperature of the whole month is equal to about 72° 1-2, which is full 4° 1-2

short of the average temperature of July preceding. Highest temperature of the mornings, at seven o'clock, 84°, lowest 60°, mean 67°; highest at two o'clock P. M. 88°, lowest 67°, mean 78° 2-3; highest at sunset 81°, lowest 63°, mean 72° 2-3. Greatest variation in 24 hours 19°. —Barometrical range from 28.34 to 31.04 inches. Winds chiefly from the S. and S.W. except in the latter part of the month, when the N.E. prevailed. The quantity of rain that has fallen is equal to nearly five inches, of which more than one-half fell on the 8th and 9th. Thunder and lightning have been comparatively rare.

The extreme intensity of the recent summer heats has increased, as was to be expected, the general disposition to disorders of the human constitution; and as a proof that this month has been uncommonly pregnant with diseases, it may be mentioned that the mortality has not only, in the aggregate, increased, but the number of deaths is greater than has occurred in any one month since the epidemic visitations of yellow fever. It is infancy, however, that has chiefly suffered, for as respects adults, the city appears to have been as healthy as is common at this season of the year. The results have been particularly fatal to children. The deaths under two years of age are indeed numerous, amounting to more than one half of the total of deaths of all ages. Heat and cold have a powerful influence upon the human frame. Extraordinary degrees of the latter are not more cruel to old age, than are extreme intensities of the former to the tender sensibilities of infancy.

Whooping cough is still epidemic among children, and, as will be seen by examining the annexed monthly bill, has been a considerable outlet to human life. Fevers have been fewer, and, in general, less severe than in some of the preceding months. The deaths from typhus are not equal to one half of the number for July. Asthenic cases have been rendered more permanent by the relaxing effects of the hot season. A few cases of Rubeola have been observed, and in two instances it was conjoined with Pertussis. But the predominant complaints (besides Whooping Cough) have been disorders of the *Primæ viæ*, and of the *hepatic system*. *Cholera*, *Dysentery* and *Diarrhœa* have, as is usual at this season of the year, been epidemic, and productive of more than common mortality.

A determination to, and increased discharges from, the intestinal canal, are, in many instances, of evident advantage to the constitution, and on this account should seldom be suddenly checked. With persons of plethoric habit, for instance, or with those who are subject to severe affections

of the head, a spontaneous *Diarrhœa* will sometimes avert the stroke of an impending apoplexy. The premature use, therefore, of tonic and stimulating remedies to check these evacuations before they shall have done their duty by unloading the blood vessels, or by thoroughly cleansing the interior of the body, is a practice often attended with much peril. Calomel and rhuubarb, or some other appropriate evacuant, are the first medicines to be employed; after which, the discharges become excessive, or continue too perseveringly, they may be restrained by astringents and tonics, and particularly by the exhibition of opium. Frequently, however, the original source of *Diarrhœa*, is a deranged and vitiated state of the stomach, and, in such cases, an emetic of ipecacuanha often succeeds in effecting a removal of the complaint, when other means have been assiduously tried in vain.

The deaths stated in the New-York Bills of Mortality for the month of August are as follow :

Apoplexy, 3; Burned or Scalded, 3; Cancer, 2; Casualty, 7; Cholera Morbus, 24; Consumption, 46; Convulsions, 21; Diarrhœa, 10; *Drinking Cold Water*, 3; Dropsy, 7; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 15; Drowned, 3; Dysentery, 40; Dyspepsia, 1; Fever, 7; Fever, Bilious, 3; Fever, Typhous, 18; Flux, infantile, 31; Gout, 1; Hæves, 1; Hooping Cough, 20; Inflammation of the Brain, 3; Inflammation of the Chest, 10; Inflammation of the Bowels, 10; Inflammation of the Liver, 4; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 3; Locked Jaw, 1; Manslaughter, 1; Measles, 1; Mortification, 1; Old Age, 8; Palsy, 2; Sprue, 5; Still-born, 14; Stone, 1; Stranguary, 1; Suicide, 3; Tabes Mesenterica, 16; Teething, 11; Ulcer, 3; Unknown, 6; Worms, 3.—Total 386.

Of this number there died 132 of and under the age of 1 year; 66 between 1 and 2 years; 17 between 2 and 5; 9 between 5 and 10; 10 between 10 and 20; 31 between 20 and 30; 43 between 30 and 40; 21 between 40 and 50; 19 between 50 and 60; 19 between 60 and 70; 12 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90; and 1 between 90 and 100 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M. D.

New-York, August 31st, 1818.

CORRIGENDA.

In a few copies of the present number, in page 421, the name of the author of the pamphlet on the Canal is supposed to be Talmadge; it should be Haines.

In the last number, the Sonnet to the Kaleidoscope is erroneously ascribed to the writer of the foregoing effusions—that Sonnet should have the signature N.

CONTENTS

OF

VOL. III.



No. I.	Page	Page	Page
Art. 1. Original Communications, viz.— J.G. on an inaccurate Mode of Expression in common Use.—An Historical Essay on the Rise and Progress of Civil Liberty in Asia.—Biographical Sketch of the late Geographer, John H. Eddy, of New-York.—Three cases of Gun-shot Wounds, communicated by Dr. W. Thomas.—Second Memoir on the Genus <i>Aphis</i> , by C. S. Rafinesque.—Memoir on the Crystallization of snow, by Dr. P. S. Townsend.	3	Art. 9. Poetry.	63
Art. 2. Review of Forsyth's Remarks on the Antiquities, Arts, and Letters of Italy.	21	Art. 10. Monthly Summary of Political Intelligence.	67
Art. 3. Review of Maclure's Geology of the United States.	41	Art. 11. Domestic Occurrences.	74
Art. 4. Review of <i>Caudus</i> , and of <i>Howard</i> , on the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.	43	Art. 12. Reports of Diseases.	<i>ib.</i>
Art. 5. Review of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, with the Notes of Professors Jameson and Mitchill.	51	Art. 13. Cabinet of Varieties, viz.—Madame Deshoulières, the French Poetess.—Anecdotes of the Court of Portugal.—Instance of Female Intrepidity.—Extraordinary perseverance.	70
Art. 6. Original Communications, viz.—Letter of Dr. John Stranger on a Fossil Elephant, lately discovered in Virginia.—D. D. on the Causes of the Salivation of grazing Horses and Neat Cattle.—P. H. on a singular Numerical Coincidence.—K. on some Statements in the Review of Ellis's "Embassy to China."—M. Nash, on the Mode of determining the Latitude.	60		
Art. 7. Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.	63		
Art. 8. Religious Intelligence.	65		
		No. II.	
		Art. 1. Original Communications viz.—Garden, on the Fascinating Power of Serpents.—Description of the Hot Springs of the Washitaw, by S. H. Long.	81
		Art. 2. Review of the Corsair, a Melo-Drama.	83
		Art. 3. Review of Elliott's Sketch of the Botany of South-Carolina and Georgia.	96
		Art. 4. Review of Bristed's Resources of the United States.	101
		Art. 5. Review of Purity of Heart, or Woman as she should be.	105
		Art. 6. Review of Blake's Treatise on the Practice of the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.	106
		Art. 7. Cabinet of Varieties, viz.—Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.—Remarks on Mexico and the Mexican Language.—Tiflis.—On the Identity of Water-spouts and Whirlwinds.—Nar-	

No. II.

Art. 1. Original Communications viz.—Garden, on the Fascinating Power of Serpents.—Description of the Hot Springs of the Washitaw, by S. H. Long.	81
Art. 2. Review of the Corsair, a Melodrama.	83
Art. 3. Review of Elliott's Sketch of the Botany of South-Carolina and Georgia.	96
Art. 4. Review of Bristed's Resources of the United States.	101
Art. 5. Review of Purity of Heart, or Woman as she should be.	105
Art. 6. Review of Blake's Treatise on the Practice of the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.	108
Art. 7. Cabinet of Varieties, viz.—Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.—Remarks on Mexico and the Mexican Language.—Tiflis.—On the Identity of Water-spouts and Whirlwinds.—Nar-	

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
relative of the attempt to Assassinate the King of Poland.—New View of London.—Biography of Baron C. W. de Humboldt, and Baron F. H. A. de Humboldt.	110	Art. 10. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.	222
Art. 8. New Invention.	129	Art. 11. Religious Intelligence.	224
Art. 9. Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.	133	Art. 12. Poetry.	225
Art. 10. Religious Intelligence.	138	Art. 13. Monthly Summary of Political Intelligence.	226
Art. 11. Poetry.	ib.	Art. 14. Domestic Occurrences.	227
Art. 12. Monthly Summary of Political Intelligence.	141	Art. 15. Cabinet of Varieties. Meteorological Retrospect.—Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.—The Arctic Expeditions.—Jeu d'Esprit.—Tour of the Crown Prince of Bavaria.—Anecdote of Professor Jahn.—Antiquities.—Anecdote of Fouché.—New Kind of Gas.	229
Art. 13. Domestic Occurrences.	151	Art. 16. Report of Diseases.	230
Art. 14. Analecta, viz.—Ingliš, on the Formation of Ice on an Alkaline Solution.—Dry Rot.—New Opinion in regard to Pompeii and Herculaneum.—Manuscripts of Herculaneum.—New Comet.—Polar Ice.—Count Von Kunhelm.—Physical Phenomena.—Coffee.—Russian Embassy to China.—The Greek Church.—Extraordinary Circumstance.—French Translation.—German Literature.	152		
Art. 15. Report of Diseases.	159		

No. III.

Art. 1. Review of M. M. Noah's Discourse.	161
Art. 2. Review of S. Woodworth's Poems.	165
Art. 3. Review of the Fudge Family in Paris.	168
Art. 4. Review of Eaton's Index to the Geology of the Northern States.	175
Art. 5. Review of Women; or Pour et Contre.	178
Art. 6. Review of the Anecdotes of Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff.	186
Art. 7. Review of Demetrius, the Hero of the Don.	201
Art. 8. Review of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.	206
Art. 9. Original Communications, viz.—R. N. K. on Burying Places in Cities.—Hitchcock's List of Errors in the Nautical Almanac.—P. Q's Answer to J. G.—Singular Effects of Cold on the Ignition of Gun-Powder.—Staples on the Propulsion of Vessels by Air.	210

No. IV.

Art. 1. Review of Demetrius, the Hero of the Don, (concluded).	241
Art. 2. Review of Coote's History of Europe.	242
Art. 3. Review of the Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America.	244
Art. 4. Review of the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.	269
Art. 5. Review of Scott's Lord of the Isles.	274
Art. 6. New Invention.	285
Art. 7. Original Communications, viz.—Papers read before the Lyceum of Natural History, July 13, 1818.—S. W. G. on the Salivation of Horses.—Queries by the late John H. Eddy.—Columbian Printing Press.—Indigenous Productions of Pennsylvania.—Mr. Blunt's Answer to Mr. Hitchcock.	289
Art. 8. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.	296
Art. 9. Monthly Summary of Political Intelligence.	303
Art. 10. Domestic Occurrences.	307
Art. 11. Analecta.—On Flax Steeping, and its Effects on the Colour and Quality.—Account of a Meteor.—On the Kaleidoscope.	310
Art. 12. Cabinet of Varieties. Anecdote of the Emperor Joseph II.—	

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Anecdote of a Russian Princess.—		nelon.—Heylin.—Peter the Great.—	
Dog Mime.—Antique Ring.—Anec-		Hogarth.—Orme.—Anecdote of Dr.	
dote of Christian IV. King of Swe-		'Garth.—Spartan Oath.—Anecdote of	
den.—Presence of Mind. - - -	316	the Earl of Marchmont. - - -	388
Art. 13. Report of Diseases. - - -	319	Art. 11. Report of Diseases. - - -	398

No. V.

Art. 1. Review of Rambles in Italy. -	321
Art. 2. Review of Hogg's Brownie of	
Bodsbeck. - - - - -	334
Art. 3. Museum of Natural History.—	
Rafinesque's Discoveries in the West-	
ern States.—Engrafting Spurs of	
Cocks upon their Combs.—On the	
Mongrel Races of Animals.—Mit-	
chill's Description of the common	
Seal of the Long Island and New-	
York Coast. - - - - -	354
Art. 4. Original Communications, viz.—	
Progress of the Human Mind from	
Rudeness to Refinement.—Journey	
to Paris in 1802.—Staples vs. Busby.	358
Art. 5. Literary and Scientific Intelli-	
gence. - - - - -	372
Art. 6. Poetry. - - - - -	375
Art. 7. Monthly Summary of Political	
Intelligence. - - - - -	376
Art. 8. Domestic Occurrences. - -	379
Art. 9. History of the British and Fo-	
reign Bible Society. - - - - -	382
Art. 10. Cabinet of Varieties. Descrip-	
tion of the Plague in Malta.—Natural	
History of Algiers.—Present State of	
Barbary.—Perpetual Motion.—Ger-	
man Literature.—The Arctic Expedi-	
tion.—Hail.—St. Andrew's Cross.—	
Frederick the Great.—Memory and	
Recollection.—Lord Chatham.—Fe-	

Nó. VI.

Art. 1. Review of the Literary Cha-	
acter. - - - - -	401
Art. 2. Review of Considerations on the	
Great Western Canal. - - - -	413
Art. 3. Review of Milman's Samor, Lord	
of the Bright City. - - - - -	422
Art. 4. Museum of Natural History.—	
Rafinesque's Discoveries in the West-	
ern States. - - - - -	445
Art. 5. Original Communications, viz.—	
Account of Captain Partridge's Pe-	
destrian Tour.—On the Importance	
and Restoration of the Nose.—Jour-	
ney from Paris to England, (via Hol-	
land,) in 1806. - - - - -	448
Art. 6. Literary and Scientific Intelli-	
gence. - - - - -	458
Art. 7. Poetry. - - - - -	461
Art. 8. Monthly Summary of Political	
Intelligence. - - - - -	462
Art. 9. Domestic Occurrences. - -	469
Art. 10. Cabinet of Varieties. All the	
World a Kaleidoscope.—New Disco-	
very in Optics.—The Incombustible	
Man.—Description of Edinburgh.—	
Animal Remains: Mammoth, Croco-	
dile.—Natural History: Propagation	
of Fish.—An Old Man's Advice to a	
Young Member of Parliament. - -	472
Art. 11. Report of Diseases. - - -	479

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